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CHINA

Suchow Mission.

CANADIAN INDIAN MISSIONS

Caughnawaga, the Iroquois mission near Montreal, is in charge of the Jesuits of Lower Canada. The Province Mission Procurator for these two Missions is

Rev. Louis J. Lavoie, S.J.,
653 Chemin Ste-Foy, Quebec, Canada

CANADIAN INDIAN MISSIONS

The Indian missions along Lake Huron and Georgian Bay, those north of Lake Superior, and those along the Albany River are cared for by the Jesuits of Upper Canada. The Province Mission Procurator is

Rev. Joseph Leahy, S.J.,
160 Wellesley Crescent, Toronto, Canada

American Jesuits are also laboring in other missions not assigned to the American Provinces.

Contributions for any of these missions may be sent to the respective Province Mission Procurators or to

JESUIT MISSION PRESS **257 FOURTH AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.**

This Canadian Indian squaw packs her papoose away in a portable crib that in its framework and embroidered color scheme is restful both on the shoulders and on the eyes.

Father Gagnieur and the Indians

name that has been borne for generations by a leading man of the tribes, noted, I believe, for his wise counsels."

AS the correspondent listened, the hands of the gray man in the long black robe that had been eloquent in gesture were now folded in his lap; the Gallic volubility seemed to tire, and the keen blue eyes behind the gold-rimmed glasses seemed to film over for just a moment while the inward eye of his mind turned back upon the panorama of forty-three years of life amongst the aborigines of the northern lake regions. For four years Father Gagnieur lived in Manitoulin in a mission sacristy, and most of his days and nights were spent in travel up and down the north shore of the channel and among the scattered islands. His lodging was invariably the rude cabin of the Chippewa; sagamite—corn meal mush,—his daily fare; pork, a relish, with now and then the luxury of a potato. His travel was by snowshoe and dog sledge in the Winter, and in Summer by canoe. When in 1891 he was caught in a blizzard off Drummond Island in the North Channel, he was dragged ashore half dead by his faithful dogs. Again, the dogs going at headlong speed once jumped a wide crevasse, carrying sledge and rider with them.

After the four years in the Georgian Bay region, he went to take charge of the mission in Fort William at the far end of Lake Superior. He came to Sault-Ste. Marie, Michigan, in September 1895, succeeding Father Joseph Chambon, S.J., and here he has lived since in the parish house of the Holy Name of Mary. His black-robed figure is familiar to those who travel from Spanish River, below the Soo, to the stations on the Rapid River above Escanaba, Michigan. When asked to dilate upon the customs of his Indians, the beloved missionary summed up the traditions of his people with all the dignity and authority of a last will and testament as follows:

"WHEN I came among them nearly forty years ago," he said, "English was not spoken by the natives in all this region of the northern lakes. Today even those who can speak with the white man in the English tongue keep up the Indian language in their homes.

"It is a mistake to suppose, as many persons seem to suppose, that their habits are superficial, lacking only the influence of civilization to become better. The Indian population of this region is decreasing—not fast, but steadily, and mainly because it is so hard to teach them that they must have fresh air in their dwellings.

"It is a mistake to suppose, as many persons seem to suppose, that their language is simple. There are more than 100,000 words, yes, nearly 200,000 words in the Chippewa tongue. After thirty- (*Turn to page* 93)

HE spoke from long and varied experience as a Canadian Indian missionary.

"The Indian is an individualist. Centuries of contact with the white man have not changed the basic mental attitude of conservatism that from the beginning has been the problem of the missionary. Much has been accomplished, but there is much—oh, so very, very much!—that remains to be done."

This epitome of the Indian character was offered recently by a famous Canadian Jesuit missionary, Father William Francis Gagnieur, S.J., who was born seventy-two years ago at Guelph in Ontario, of a native French father and a Scottish mother. For the last forty-three years Father Gagnieur has been a familiar figure in the forty missions that stretch from the lower islands in the Soo River to the middle reaches of Lake Superior and down to the region of Green Bay.

At the age of thirty-two, this modern successor of the renowned Jesuit missionaries, Brebeuf, Jogues, Lalemant and their fellow North American Martyrs, came from Montreal to Manitoulin Island in Northern Lake Huron to revise a book of liturgy for the Indians of the Manitoulins. Following the traditions of his illustrious brethren, he cast his lot with the Indians and was adopted almost immediately as a member of the Chippewa tribes of the Manitoulins, and honored with the title, *Pekinawgay*.

"*Pekinawgay* I am to this day among the older members of the tribes, those who do not speak English, those who send for me from Drummond Island to Escanaba, in their times of troubles, whom I visit at their bedsides when they are ill, and whose graves I bless when they are called away. The meaning of the name? It is a

Up to the Eagle's Nest

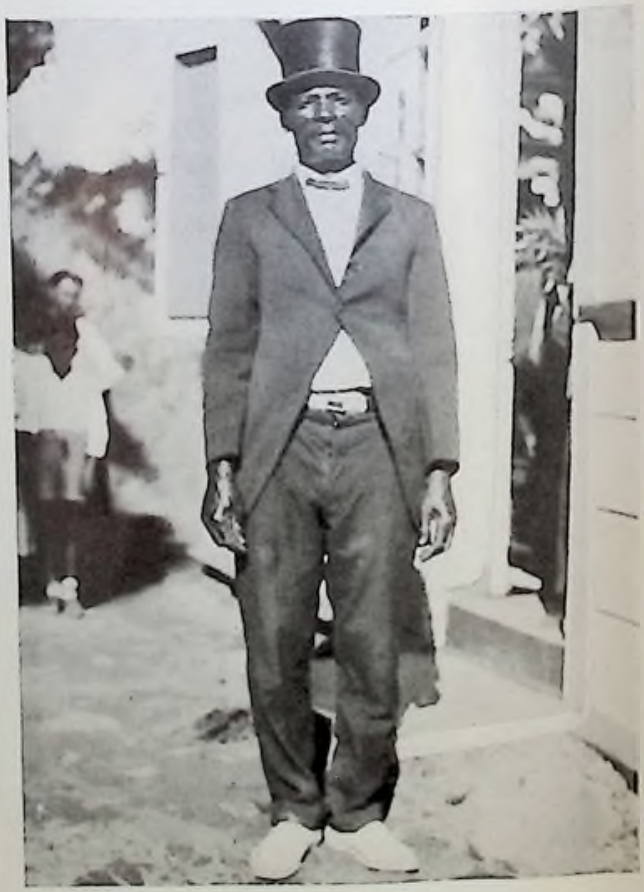
David R. Dunigan, S.J.

The newly consecrated St. Joseph's chapel, erected in an eagle's nest of the Jamaica mountains by Father Oliver Skelly, S.J.

IN the heart of the Jamaican mountains, far from town or even the King's highway, is a narrow trail, which, like many others, winds its rough way through rivers, up ravines, along the giddy sides of cliffs, among the shadows of forests, up, up, up, losing itself here in a tangle of vines, appearing there ahead, beckoning, intriguing, tantalizing, until at last it twists out of sight near the summit. Unlike the others, however, this trail seems rather proud in its rocky sort of a way. And why shouldn't it be? It is the guide, a rugged guardian angel, that leads scores and scores of mountain folk up to an altitude of three thousand feet to keep an appointment with God.

Year after year, the trysting place was a bleached, crumbling cabin, perched upon a shelf on the mountainside. There, in the most genuine poverty, the poor Christ met His children, the poor Blacks. But of late, the rain had been intruding through the roof; an army of rodents and insects were destroying the walls, and decay was causing beams to sag dangerously. The priest who regularly made the trip to Mount Joseph, Father Oliver Skelly, S.J., had long realized that a change was imperative, but when he cast about for means, he found none handy. Nevertheless, after some years, a sufficient fund, gathered chiefly from generous friends in the States, made possible the erection of a modest little building of wood.

Every stick of material had to be brought up the trail on muleback or balanced on the heads of faithful parishioners. But come up it did, and building operations began. It is true that the poor people of the district were able to contribute next to nothing financially, yet, during this period, many of them gave unsparingly to the cause their time, their strength, and even their food. The work went on slowly, but with the spirit which animated the cathedral-builders of old. A notch was cut into the side of the mountain and the dirt carefully placed to widen the artificial platform they were building. Patiently they worked away, and at the end of a year or so, they had the pleasure of seeing the last bit of altar painted, the final bench set in place. Perhaps



Chairman of the Reception Committee, Mt. Joseph, Jamaica, December 6, 1931.

the decoration and "carvings" would not thrill the soul of a Ralph Adams Cram, but the essential points were satisfied: it was large enough; it was strong; it was neat and clean;—then, over and above this, in every twirl of ornament, in every stroke of red or gold or blue paint, was the pride and love of a guildsman, giving to his work the best that was in him.

THE day of dedication was set, and Bishop Emmet came on from Kingston for the ceremonies. Many miles away from the little church, His Lordship was forced to leave his car and take to horseback. It was not a new experience for the missionary Bishop, but a trip in a saddle up a mountain trail is not pleasant even for the natives. On this particular day, additional miles were added to the journey in order that His Lordship and the episcopal party, including Father Ford of Linstead and two Scholastics from Kingston, might go by way of May River and have lunch there in the priest's cabin.

This mission was reached without mishap, and Father Skelly offered his visitors what hospitality his little community afforded. Plates had been borrowed, one here, one there, from over the countryside, and the Pastor had brought along his own knives and forks from Port Antonio, so the table was as worthy of a Bishop as the people's combined efforts could make it. Native vegetables and tinned goods (brought over the mountains for the occasion) were prepared by a faithful parishioner who had "cooked fo' de Fadders since 'eighty-five."

A SLIGHT cloud, however, from the Reverend host's standpoint, occurred to mar the festivities. The paddles of an ancient ice-cream freezer, which had been borrowed miles away and brought to the mission with the necessary ice at a cost of much labor the night before, crumbled in the process of making the cream and filled the precious dessert with powdered wood and splinters. The accident was not discovered until the time came to serve the cream. The makers had gathered around in pride and anticipation to await the removal of the lid. It was lifted off. They saw the mixture. And the poor boys sat down on the wet earth and cried.

When the meal was over and good-byes were said to the little throng who had gathered to "see a Bishop," the party set out on their precipitous road to the eagle-nest at Mount Joseph. The ponies, bred in the hills, picked a way through stones and shrubs, and kept their footing amid the wet rocks in a manner equaled only by their human rivals, the mountain people.

At last, after some two hours, the ridge of the mountain was reached and the end of the trip was near. A few minutes later, the Bishop, riding on ahead, rounded a corner where the ridge rose sharply into a summit, and there beheld the object of his journey, the chapel of St. Joseph, perched defiantly on its lip of land some fifty feet above the trail. The little space which served as a churchyard was crowded with brightly-dressed parishioners, and the cries of "Bishop come! Bishop come!" gave way to a roar of applause upon his appearance. As the episcopal party mounted the path up to the chapel, little children in white went before the Bishop's horse, strewing the way with leaves and flowers. As he dismounted, His Lordship was showered with more flowers and tokens of welcome, including a sprinkling of talcum powder.

Bishop Thomas A. Emmet, S.J., reading the prayers that "made a church" out of St. Joseph's chapel. To His Lordship's right is Father Joseph Ford, S.J., and on his left, Joseph Leroy, S.J., and Father Oliver Skelly, S.J., the pastor.

AT the door, the reception committee was present and anxious to fulfill its duty. Addresses of welcome were read; then, when the formalities of introduction were completed, the Bishop proceeded to the sacristy.

As the Bishop led the procession forth, an old Negro turned to one of the party who was standing by and whispered:

"Please, Fadder, I'm glad His Lawdship come. I helped build dis, and now His Lawdship's making a *church* of it!"

Iodine *and* Pills!

W. J. Birmingham, S.J.

Brother W. Dreier, S.J., the jovial medical missionary for coughs, colds, sore throats, measles, whooping coughs at St. Francis Mission, South Dakota.

THE title of this story sounds like a—— but I am anticipating.

"Here, you, open your mouth!"

"Now, stick out your tongue!"

"Ach, no, not at me, you little dickens!" and the rest of the line of little Indians laughed as they saw the smile on the Brother's face.

Out came the tongue, wide the mouth, as a slim stick of iodine-soaked swab painted the surface of the boy's mouth and throat.

"There you are!" laughed the Brother, and he tweaked the hard, chubby cheeks of the coughing, grimacing youngster before him and sent him on his way.

"Next!" called out the Brother, and another mite stepped up before him for a repetition of the painting.

THE incident? Just one of the daily precautions taken to prevent the spread of coughs and colds among the youngsters at either of the two Jesuit missions among the Sioux Indians in South Dakota, St. Francis and Holy Rosary. The doctor? In this instance, Brother Andrew Waible, S.J., of St. Francis. In other instances, another Jesuit lay-Brother or a Franciscan Sister. For, indeed, sicknesses do visit our mission schools. Coughs, colds, sore throat, measles, whooping cough, and the other varieties of childhood diseases all visit a mission in one year or another. And there are reasons for such visitations. Of the four hundred and fifty students at St. Francis, the girls alone are blessed with the warmth of overcoats upon their backs. The boys scamper about with only a sweater or a blazer to protect them against the blasts of a South Dakota wind. Add to this, the cramped quarters in both boys' and girls' buildings, and you have an almost ideal situation for the fostering of contagion and disease. However, owing chiefly to the ability and watchful care of Brother Waible and Sister Berchmans at St. Francis, and of Sister Victoria at Holy Rosary, the consequences of such visitations have not been too serious. When need requires him, the Reservation Doctor is called in, while at times, more dangerous cases are removed to the hospital itself.

For over thirty years Brother Waible has ministered to the aches and pains of his two hundred red-skinned charges. Within the last year, however, two major operations have so sapped his strength that Superiors found it necessary to replace him in the infirmary. I[n] his office slipped the quiet but jovial Brother W. Dre[ier] S.J., another veteran of the missions. His selection w[as] a happy one. The Brother is much beloved by all t[he] Indians of the Reservation, both young and old. S[o] well do they think of him that they address him sim[ply] as *Chie*, "Brother." And there is no evidence of fam[il]arity. They simply love him. Tall, and heavy of bo[ne] with big hands, he also has a big heart, the whole o[f] which has been spent unstintingly in the service of t[he] Sioux for twenty-seven years. In his regard one ca[n] not but be reminded of the "laughing nun" in "Me[re] Marie of the Ursulines." While Brother Dreier wo[uld] not lay claim to the perennial sunshine of spirit of Me[re] Saint Joseph, we do feel that his sympathetic und[er]standing of the Indians is akin to the true insight a[nd] sympathy which the young Ursuline evidenced toward[s] her beloved Hurons.

ON the girls' side, Sister Berchmans has a well o[ut]fitted infirmary, the tidy rooms and white enamel[ed] beds of which almost invite girls to become sick a[nd] enjoy their comforts. Before Sister Berchmans' ti[me] Sister Agatha had given St. Francis many of her n[u]merous years of nursing experience. She was and st[ill] is an expert nurse, an R. N., in fact, and the writer hi[m]self is able to vouch for the efficacy of her treatment[s].

At Holy Rosary, the proximity of both boys' a[nd] girls' infirmaries led to the merging of the two with [a] Sister remaining in charge. It was a satisfactory savi[ng] of time, space, money and men. The fame of the vario[us] nuns who have been in charge of this infirmary is w[ell] known about the Pine Ridge country. Sister Bertol[a] was in great measure responsible for the beginning of [a] tradition of efficient and successful treatment. From t[he] lips of the young ones the story of her goodly to[il] traveled to the ears of the grown folks. The infirma[ry] at Holy Rosary is now a mecca for almost all of t[he] sick of the Reservation. Though another Sister is no[w] in charge, the fame of the treatments has not decreased. Writing from the mission itself, Father Fenoughty, S.[J.] aptly describes the daily volume (*Turn to page 93*)

The School at Tagoloan

David A. Daly, S.J.

IT fell to me, as Father Sullivan's successor, to complete the school building at Tagoloan, which I tried to do to the best of my ability, by following very closely Father Sullivan's plans and instructions. Now we have a very beautiful school building, thanks to the untiring efforts of Father Sullivan and his good generous friends who supplied the necessary funds. To distinguish the building from the public school buildings—there is one just across the road—which are all painted the same light green color, we painted our's a colonial yellow with ivory trim and willow green sash. With its dark green background of cocoanut palm trees. it makes a very beautiful and inspiring setting. The children who attend the Catholic school may now feel a righteous self-respect, as they no longer have to attend school in dingy, makeshift class rooms on the ground floor of the priest's house.

The building at Tagoloan, erected by Father Daniel Sullivan, S.J., and the school children of St. Mary's.

BECAUSE of delays, we had to postpone the blessing several times. In fact, the children were occupying the building and classes were going on before the painters had finished. Finally, on St. Ignatius's Day —St. Ignatius is the secondary patron of this mission— we held the dedication. Very Rev. Father James T. Hayes, S.J., the Superior of the Philippine Mission, was in this section at the time, and very graciously consented to officiate at the celebration and bless the new building. At eight o'clock we had a Solemn High Mass, attended by all the school children, a large number of the townspeople and many of our Jesuit missionaries in this section of Mindanao, who came to add solemnity to the occasion, even though it was a matter of much inconvenience to some of them. Father Kienle, my former co-worker at Talisayan and my successor there, made a rough sea trip of thirty miles in an uncomfortable little launch, to say nothing of another thirty miles over real rough roads in an auto truck. Father Consunji, a Jesuit Filipino, preached a stirring sermon in the native dialect. You would have to hear Father to appreciate what a fine preacher he is.

Father David A. Daly, S.J., dispensing the consolations of religion to a bereaved family of Filipinos at a funeral in Talisayan, Mindanao, P. I.

AFTER Mass, when the *Veni Creator* had been intoned, we all went in solemn procession to

(*Turn to page* 94)

Babu

John A. Morrison, S.J.

Many a recalcitrant Chamar "Babu" surrenders unconditionally at the threat of a visit from Bettiah's police force on parade.

SARASWATTIE is a Chamar village whose little thatch and mud houses, shaded by occasional palm and nim trees, hide behind the bamboo thickets of a tiny stream near the outskirts of Bettiah in Patna Mission, India. The Chamars are one of the lowest castes in Hindu society and when one considers the character of what has been their traditional work for centuries, it is not surprising that their Hindu brethren will not have them as outside neighbors in their large towns. For the Chamars are leather workers, and their duty is to handle the hide of animals from the time that it is on its original owner, until it has been properly prepared and fashioned into shoes.

One morning as I came from breakfast I found Mahon, one of my Chamar friends, waiting for me. His "Salaam, Father Saheb" was quickly followed by, "Father Sahib's wife's sister's son, will you please come?"

"Very well, Mahon. Wait a few minutes until I get my medicine, and I will go with you."

SARASWATTIE was not far away, and in a few minutes we were walking down its dusty little road towards Hanif's house. It was a little distance back from the road, and together with other Chamar houses, formed a kind of compound with one of the village wells in the center. Here and two buffalo hides drying in the sun, stretched upon the hard packed ground of his front yard, and I was grateful not to be the sick person in his house where perhaps the malady was a severe cold or the grippe. Under a shed-like thatch workshop, several Chamars were busily cobbling, and near the well, a few women were also squatting their hips, were discussing the low price of shoe laces and what could be done about it. They knew that Jhumrees was ill, as gathered round as we approached Mani's house.

I stood outside the door, but, "Come in," said Mahon and I entered. As many of our friends as could, came in with me, and the rest jammed into the doorway, effectively cutting off the only source of light. Jhumrees lay upon a pallet in a corner of the single-room house. Her symptoms were quickly recognized, and as I bent over her sit up to take the remedy, one of her folded saris fell onto the floor rolled a ten-month old fragment of child humanity.

SCARCELY strong enough to move, the mother turned eyes upon her first-born—but naked little Babu (babies) spend a good part of their waking hours either crawling upon the bare ground or straddling seven-year-old sister's hip, and Jhumrees was content to let him be there. Babu, however, half the usual size of a ten-month-old, besides he was very sleepy, and the ground was very hard,—and cold. Babu howled. "Chup," (be silent) said Jhumrees, and wearily handed her bride and joy into her arms.

In Hindustan many babies never reach their first year, even with healthy mothers, and after years of nursing for my patients I was careful to inquire about her child. A baby boy to an Indian mother is the greatest gift. No Peringee nor silky Persian cat claims her care. Dogs were made to watch houses and play with children; cats to keep the rats out of the rice when she has no children the gods must be supplicated with frequent bowls and an occasional goat. Brahmans, the gods upon earth, must be feasted. If these measures fail, the Indian mother meekly submits with very little grace and bears the ill-concealed contempt of her fellow

women as best she can. Yes, Jhonarees could take care of Babu, and Ram Krishna who lived down the road had a goat, and milk was obtained for six pice a day.

JHONAREES' fever dragged on for some ten days, and instead of improving, she became gradually weaker and weaker. Medicine was not enough, she needed care and nourishing food, and, although Muni was willing—after his own fashion—he could give her neither. An egg beaten up in a glass of milk was prescribed, but the Chamars did not eat eggs, it was against their caste laws, and Jhonarees got no egg-nog. Babu, shut up all day with his mother, became fretful and peaked. Soon we would have two sick people on our hands.

"Muni," I said "you must take your wife to the hospital. There the Sisters will take good care of her, give her good food and medicine, and she will get well. She cannot get well here."

"Give her more medicine, Father Saheb; she will get well."

"She needs more than medicine, Muni; she needs good food and care, and you can't give her these here."

"Yes, Father Saheb."

"You will take her to the hospital then?"

"No."

The Chamars have a dread of hospitals. To them the funeral pyre is just one step beyond.

"Very well, Muni, I can do nothing more. Jhonarees will die. Salaam." And I turned to go.

"Babus" are not the only care of the mothers of India. Breaking rocks and manual labor according to their caste likewise fall to their lot.

The author, John A. Morrison, S.J., at Pataliputra, the ancient site of Patna City.

If Jhonarees had just then breathed her last, Muni could not have looked sadder.

"Wait!"

"You will take her to the hospital?"

"Who will take care of Babu?"

"She can take him with her; the Sisters will not object."

"But will they feed him?"

"Don't be foolish; of course they will."

"I will take her, Father Saheb."

MORE than a month passed. The next time I saw Babu, he was waiting for me in his mother's arms in our compound.

"Look Father, Babu is sick."

"How long has he been sick?"

"Four days."

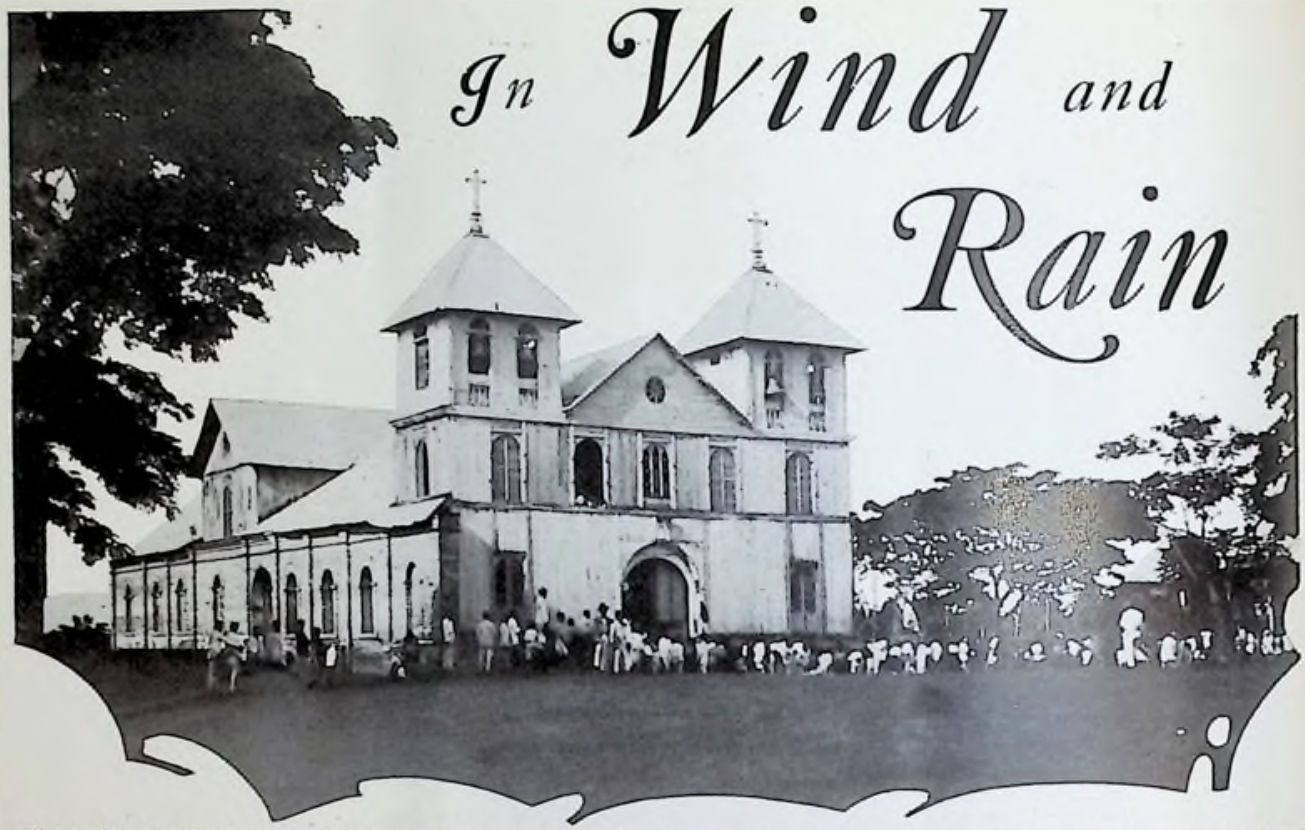
"What seems to be the trouble?"

She told me. From my medicine kit I brought the remedy that Babu needed, and together we prepared to administer the dose. Babu smelled battle from afar and prepared to resist. Jhonarees, however, would not be bluffed. Her youngster was wearing a little shirt; certainly there was no use in spilling medicine on a fairly clean shirt, and Babu, fighting gamely, lost the first encounter.

Next he was held flat on his back in his mother's arms, and while Jhonarees skillfully restrained kicking brown legs between her arm and side and held one flying arm in a firm grasp, the Father Saheb corralled the other active member and poised the bottle. It was not necessary to open the mouth. Chamars in Saraswattie could hear that Babu was in trouble.

Now it seems an established fact that Chamar babies do not choke; so at a convenient time Babu's oral cavity became suddenly filled,—and overflowed into eyes, ears, and over that area which a little (*Turn to page* 94)

In Wind and Rain



The parish church of Jasaan, Mindanao, P. I., where day after day, even in baguios of wind and rain, the hearts of Christ and a faithful Filipina keep their sacred tryst of love at the Communion rail.

John Pollock, S.J.

SOFTLY came the summons:

"Father, your dinner is ready."

But as the words were spoken a call came from downstairs, "Father, there is a woman wants Communion."

"Very well, where does she live?"

"In Bubuntugan." (This is the next town to the north, more than a mile away.)

"Ask the messenger if she is seriously ill. Can she wait until I take my dinner?"

"Oh Father, she is not sick; she is here in the church with her companions."

And then the whole story came out. It was Anga, the living saint of this mission, and two of her holy friends. It was also the First Friday, and I had missed them at the altar-rail that morning. It was the first time I ever knew them to miss.

What was the trouble today? Only the river. Rain in the mountains all day yesterday sent the river up, up, up. By early morning it was running six feet deep over the bridge. This river often goes over the bridge.

TO return to Anga and the holy women,—when they found the bridge impassable, they sat down and waited. But the river continued to carry things with a high hand, and soon it became evident that this would be no three hour flood, but one of our occasional three day floods.

Whereupon the holy women returned to Bubuntugan, visited the seashore, and finally prevailed upon their husbands to bring them in a dugout along the coast, five miles or more around the point. Hugging the shore, except at the two mouths of that turbulent river, they finally reached Jasaan at high noon, their long fast unbroken.

What reward, think you, will the Sacred Heart find for these loving generous hearts? Yes, their skins may be brown, their bodies frail, their minds but slightly educated, but their hearts, ah, their hearts are given in full and unstinted measure to the Sacred Heart of the Master. They may never have traveled, they may be buried in a far corner of God's earth, but they love the Lord of that earth. They have never seen a railroad, nor street cars, nor paved streets, they have never seen a city, but they have seen the Lord God, and Him they know and love and serve.

THIS Anga walks the three miles, here and back, of the rocky, hilly dirt road, mud or dust, rain or shine, no, I won't add hot or cold—not here! But I can add wet or dry, and when I say wet, I mean *wet*. But the weather never stops Anga, never keeps her from Mass and Communion for a single day.

She is past fifty, this frail woman, her family raised, her daughters all married, one son away studying. She hopes and prays he will go on to the priesthood. May God grant her mother's heart that consolation! Truly is this Anga a servant of God. May my readers join her in praying God to continue His blessings on this poverty-striken but devoted flock.

Beneath the flowery kimono of Philip (to the reader's right) beats the heart of a modern Japanese Tarcisius.

Little Philip

Joseph Messner, S.J.

IT was on my first Easter Day in Japan, that Philip, the youngest son of a distinguished citizen of Tottori, made his First Communion. Knowing the sad conditions in which the boy was living, I have rarely said with more devotion the words: "The Body of Our Lord keep thy soul to eternal life."

True, his mother is a fervent Christian. She never misses her first Friday Communion. During Lent, she comes regularly every day even though it means half an hour's journey to the mission station. But Philip's father is a staunch pagan. In spite of a solemn promise, given before his marriage, to have all his children baptized, he never has allowed any of them to be brought to the Holy Fountain. Thus it happened that the eldest son died unbaptized last year in January while serving in the army. His mother was inconsolable, but the father's mind remained unchanged.

HOW then did Philip receive Baptism and Holy Communion? As a boy of three he had fallen seriously ill, so that the doctor had declared his recovery hopeless. The missionary, called to the sick-bed by the worried mother, without hesitation administered to him the holy sacrament, secretly and without consulting the father, as the Church advises to do in such circumstances.

Philip, however, contrary to all expectation, recovered. Grown older, he came to the mission station every Sunday with his mother, and there attended the catechism class. Easter came. Philip's father went away on a journey. His mother had asked me to prepare the boy for Holy Communion. Now everything was ready.

"But," the mother said, "I do not know when the boy will be able to go to Communion again, for his father would never allow him to leave the house without breakfast and come to church on Sundays."

Easter passed, a day of great joy for little Philip. Low Sunday came. Early in the morning on that day the door of the churchyard was pushed open, and in came Philip.

"Why so early, my dear?" I called out to him in surprise. "Your clock must be rather fast." For it was seven, and Mass on Sundays is at nine o'clock.

"No," answered Philip, "our clock is all right, but I should like to go to Holy Communion. That is why I rose early to be back before my father notices my getting away."

Since that day, the brave boy has succeeded again and again in stealing away from home, unobserved by his father, to feed his soul, hungering after the Bread of Angels. Let us hope that Philip, in years to come, will be able to do much for the Church in Japan.

Clothes may not make a woman, but they do make these poor children of Tottori happy.

Father Mac Miss

Leo A. Cullum, S.J.

THE priest rushed up to the ticket office, bought a ticket, grabbed his bag and, with a glance at the clock, headed for the open gate fifty yards away. Slowly the big iron frame slid shut. Its clang halted the priest in his traces and he stood looking uncertainly towards the tracks as the big train shivered and slowly started to move. Then he dropped his bag, pushed his black felt hat back on his head and stood for a moment in doubt. After a second he drew a time table from his inside overcoat pocket and scanned it as he picked up his bag and turned toward the waiting room. There he halted before a bench with a sole occupant, an interested and sympathetic spectator of the little drama just enacted.

As his eyes met the priest's, the stranger ventured commiseration. "Tough luck," he said.

The priest settled himself down beside him with a sigh of resignation. "Well, it could be worse. There's another train in forty minutes."

"Not bad. Not bad. As long as it does not cause you any serious inconvenience."

The priest was taking his breviary out of its case. "No. I am in no special hurry. I wanted to see a crowd off for India, but I'll have a couple of hours with them anyway."

The man raised his eyebrows in interrogation. "Missionaries?"

"Uh-huh." The priest had almost found the place by this time and was anxious to dispose of matins, and not at all eager to enter into conversation with this chance companion.

"Well, that's a crowd I'd like to see miss their train or boat or whatever it is they take."

"Who?" The priest was only half attentive.

"Why, the missionaries. In fact, all missionaries."

THE priest closed the breviary, with his forefinger as a marker, and looked over his shoulder at the stranger. "Why do you say that?"

"Because I'm all against this missionary activity that has been carried on so fervently around here during the past few years. Why, I have a friend, whose boy was sent to the Philippine Islands a couple of months ago. A fine upstanding lad. I never was so sore in my life. I think it's a shame to be sending men out of the country that way when there is such a need of priests at home."

The priest put his breviary into his pocket. "Is it your idea then that no missionaries should be sent from a country until there is no work for them to do at home?"

"Yes, siree. We have lots of luke-warm Catholics, not to mention a hundred million non-Catholics, who will give them all they want to do."

"Well, I'm afraid your opinion offers a radical departure from the traditional practice of the Catholic Church."

"Why? How's that?"

"You know, when the twelve Apostles started out to convert the world, there were many, many Jews who were still unconverted."

The stranger had apparently heard this argument before and had an answer pat. "Oh, that was in the days of the early Church, of its first expansion. But the same methods can't be applied in normal circumstances."

"No? How about St. Augustine, St. Boniface, St. Isaac Jogues? And how about St. Patrick?" The priest thought he knew an Irish face when he saw one. "If he had used your line of reasoning, you'd probably be worshipping around a fire on the Hill of Tara, going around in a sheepskin, and venerating a block of wood."

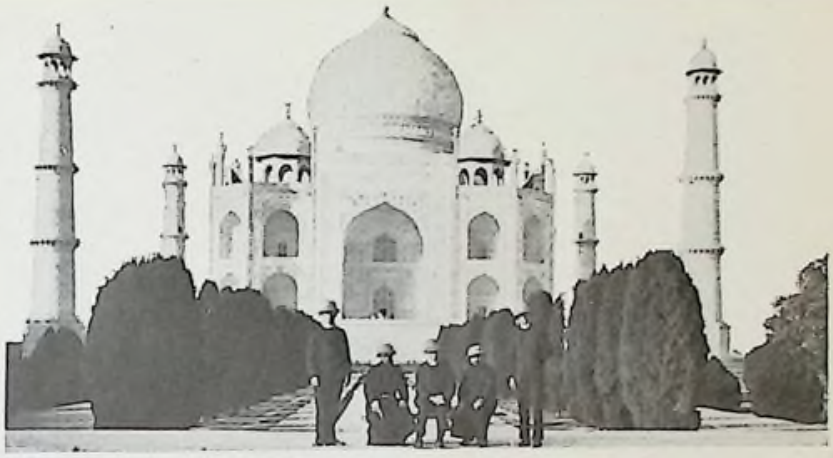
THIS stopped the stranger for a minute. It was bringing the war into home territory. "Well, I guess they had enough priests wherever Patrick came from, —France or wherever it was," he answered lamely.

"Enough priests! There are never enough priests, that is, good ones; and one poor one is more than enough. One St. Francis Xavier is worth four thousand nine hundred and seventy-two Friar Tucks, and yet in the Catholic Directory they'd each count for one priest. Enough priests! I'd like to know when you'd say a country has enough priests."

The stranger hemmed a while and said, "Hm. Well, for example, when there are enough priests to keep or make every individual a good Catholic." The man presented the definition hesitatingly as one will a definition made up on the spur of the moment.

The priest whistled. "Phew, that's a large order. Certainly if we wait for that heavenly day we'll never be bothered with foreign missions. We'd want about four priests

s a Train



to an individual, and all the choirs of angels helping out, and there would still be a good portion of your lukewarm Catholics and your hundred million non-Catholics to keep them in a sweat."

The man laughed goodnaturedly. "That's not fair, pouncing on my extempore definition that way. I was only speaking roughly,—enough, that is, to make the country generally Catholic."

"Of course. And I was only joking when I pressed the point. Nevertheless, I think your definition manifests a false point of view. Don't you see that no *number* of priests can force people to accept religion? Faith cannot be forced."

"Granted. But certainly we ought to provide for our own first," objected the man.

"We ought to provide for our own *also*. If a mother had two children and only food enough for one, she wouldn't say, 'Well, I'll feed John and let Tom starve. Later I may get some food for Tom.' No. She'd give some to each. The other course would be ridiculous. Pardon me if I seem a little vehement. This question has become a sore spot with me."

THE stranger was a good sport. He smiled, "Go ahead. Apply the screws."

"The fallacy of your point of view is this. It supposes that there is a direct ratio between the number of priests in a country and the spiritual progress of the country. Whereas the fact is that beyond a certain point, there is a tendency to lose in quality what is gained in quantity."

The stranger looked puzzled. "I do not see why that should be."

"Oh, I do not say that it need be so, but the fact is that it is so. A country is at its best spiritually when the faithful feel the need of priests, when they have to hustle to support seminaries, to drum up vocations. Then they appreciate the sacraments and the Church. Then the priests themselves feel the importance and crying need of their ministrations and are on their mettle to give twenty-four hours a day to the Lord."

"I must say that I still don't get you."

"Well, let me illustrate. What is the ideal condition for health and happiness in everyday family life? It is neither in circumstances of dire poverty nor of plentiful opulence. It is in the home where there is enough wholesome food,—things like oatmeal and Irish stew—where there is comfort, provided one's tastes are not Epicurean, where everyone has to bounce out of bed in the morning,—in other words, where the family has a safe lead on want but has not hopelessly outdistanced it."

"And you say the same holds for the Church?" The stranger had dropped all pretense of rebuttal now and had become an attentive pupil.

"In practice, yes. And that is why statistics on the ratio of priests to laity are unreliable. We think because twenty-five laborers can lay so many miles of track a week, that so many priests ought to be able to bring a definite number of souls to Heaven. It is not all as simple as a problem in fourth grade arithmetic."

THE loud-speaker started intoning: "Train for Midvale, Southneck, Nashtown . . . " The interruption brought the priest to a halt. "Gracious," he said. "I'm getting oratorical. Wouldn't you like to send out for a soap-box?"

His companion grinned. "By no means. Go ahead. I ought to have to pay tuition for this. But say, doesn't your contention make you president of the League for Diminishing Vocations?"

"Not at all. It makes me arch-enemy of the Association-for-the-Propagation-of-the-Idea-that-Vocations-are-to-be-Fostered-by-Merely-Human-Methods-to-the-Exclusion-of-God. Vocations to the priesthood, and the success of the work of priests depend on the grace of God. And a country that thinks it will increase its clergy and propagate Christianity within its borders by skimping in the matter of foreign missions forgets that for one priest sent to the missions God can give in return ten good priests. A country which refuses to send priests to the missions, far from conserving its strength, is turning aside from one of the most fruitful sources of increase."

"A sort of a spiritual application of the much used economic principle, 'The best way to save money is to spend it.'"

"Right. A country ought to give, even though in need itself, and trust to the good Lord to make up to it in some other way."

"I must say that this is the first time I have ever heard that point of view. I always thought that the ideal condition would be when every small group of Catholics had its own zealous priests and its church, so that no one ever had to want for the sacraments and Mass and devotions and sodalities and so on."

"That is the ideal condition. I only object to your method

(*Turn to page* 95)

APRIL, 1932 VOLUME VI, No. 4

JESUIT MISSIONS

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Spanish Jesuit Missionaries

THE "dissolution" of the Jesuits in Spain has called forth many a sympathetic and well-merited tribute from various sources. Most of these dwelt fittingly on the many activities for souls carried on by the Spanish Jesuits in their own country. We deem it a privilege here to point out the foreign mission work entrusted to the Spanish sons of St. Ignatius.

Today, forty-six members of the Province of Castile in Spain are laboring in the Wuhu Mission in China, and forty-two Jesuits from León, Spain, have charge of the Anking Mission, also in China. Jesuits—thirty-nine in number—from the Basque country in Spain are missionaries in the Caroline, Marianne and Marshall Islands, southeast of Japan, while eleven other Basque Jesuits are pioneering in the new and little known Mission of Manabi-Esmeraldas in Ecuador. When the German Jesuits were forced to leave India in 1916, on account of the World War, the Spanish Jesuits from Aragon took over the Bombay Mission, and today there are 127 members of the Society laboring there.

To this number of 265 Spanish missionaries must be added other Jesuits from Spain who are still at work in the Philippine Islands, and others scattered in the vast stretches of South America. In both of these extensive mission fields the Spanish *Padres* have in the past done exceptionally splendid work in building up a Catholicity that stands today as a glowing tribute to the heroic labors of the missionary sons of Spain. Whether they are facing the unknown perils of tropical jungles, or the bullets and bayonets of Chinese brigands, or the dangers ever present among savage tribes, the Spanish Jesuit missionaries are, one and all, striving with might and main to push on with that unselfish devotion to Christ and His Church which they learned from a study of St. Ignatius and his spirit back in the sacred shrine of Old Spain,—Manresa and Loyola, dear to every Jesuit the world over. No persecution, whether at home or in fields afar, will ever be able to extinguish their zeal.

Shanghai's Native Catholics

WERE foreigners obliged to leave Shanghai, what would happen to the 200,151 Catholics of the Vicariate Apostolic of Nanking, in which the war-infested city is located? The answer to that question, as pointed out in a recent issue of *Fides Service*, is another argument for fostering a native clergy. We trust that the foreign Catholic missionaries will not be forced to leave the Nanking Vicariate, but if they do, they will leave behind them: 85 native Chinese priests, 22 Chinese Brothers, 323 Chinese Sisters, 317 catechists and 1,420 teachers. With this splendid personnel, the Church would carry on in Shanghai, even if the foreign missionaries were forced to depart. Just another manifestation this, that the Church is neither eastern nor western, neither American nor European nor African nor Asiatic,—but she is, as Christ established her, universal, Catholic, in her priesthood and her people, as in her doctrine.

A Stay-at-home Missionary

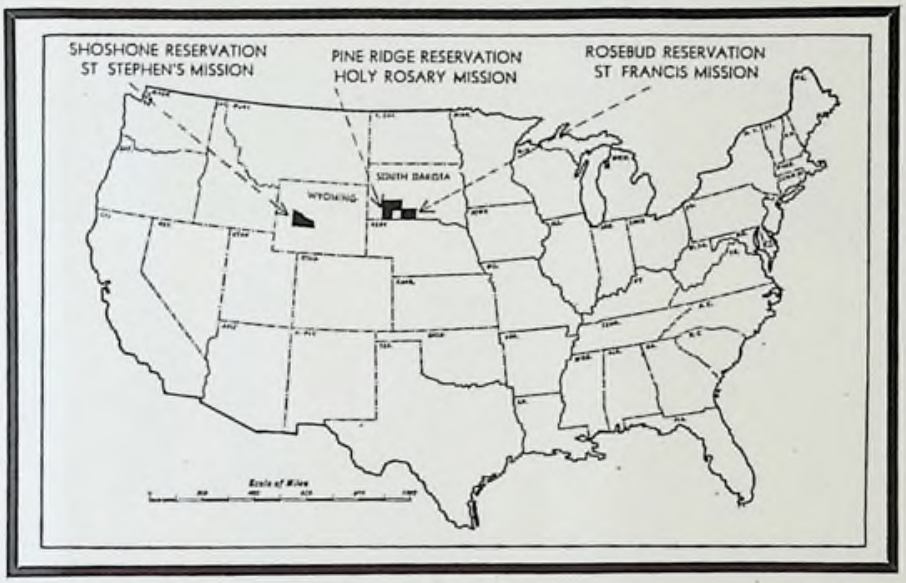
IN one of its issues, the *Catholic Mission News*, weekly news sheet of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, calls attention to the mission work of the Irish workingman, Matt Talbot, one of God's gentlemen. We feel that the account has something in it to stir us all to a deeper mission interest, based on a more thorough understanding of the value of immortal souls in the eyes of God. Talbot certainly never considered missions as something to be supported only casually, and not at the cost of sacrifice. The account, entitled "Matt Talbot and the Missions," is as follows:

"Informed Catholics know about Matt Talbot, the poor Dublin workingman whose Cause of Beatification is to be introduced at Rome. His penances and mortifications, with fasts, heavy chains and wooden pillows, have been written about, but little has been heard about his work for the missions.

"Before the Great War, Matt Talbot did not earn more than four or five dollars a week, yet he gave as much as 150 dollars a year to the Chinese Mission Society for the education of priests—in addition to supporting his mother for a long time, and contributing to other charities. His comparatively huge donations were revealed by himself one day in a dispute with a foreman in the yard where he was employed. Talbot said the foreman should subscribe more largely, as he himself, a poor laborer, had given 150 dollars a year. This was said in no boastful spirit, but as a stimulus to others. Talbot's sister relates that he told her he had 'finished three priests and was at the fourth'—meaning that he had paid for the education of three and was then paying for the fourth."

May the good example of Matt Talbot stir us all to greater action in behalf of souls. He had little of this world's goods, was not learned as the world views learning—but his wisdom was of Heaven. And he had a true missionary heart, one that beat in unison with Christ and His Church. He had learned through a study of Christ Crucified the great value of immortal souls, and he wanted to do all in his power to save those souls.

American Jesuits in S. Dakota and Wyoming



THE sections of the North American Indian Missions which are entrusted to the Jesuits of the Missouri Province lie in the States of South Dakota and Wyoming. The Sioux Indian Reservations, Pine Ridge and Rosebud, are in South Dakota, extending north from the Nebraska State line.

Holy Rosary Mission is about five miles from Pine Ridge, the headquarters of the Reservation. A large boarding school, accommodating some 400 Indian boys and girls, is located here. Twenty Jesuits: 7 priests, 2 scholastics and 11 Brothers are assigned to the Mission, but five of the Fathers are on the road much of the time, visiting their 23 widely scattered mission chapels,—one or other of which is 100 miles from headquarters.

St. Francis Mission has its headquarters about seven miles from Rosebud, the Reservation center. Though the Reservation itself is smaller than Pine Ridge, St. Francis is somewhat larger than Holy Rosary, since it cares for well over 400 Indian children. Nineteen Jesuits: 7 priests, 3 scholastics and 9 Brothers are assigned to the Mission, but the Fathers have to attend 30 mission stations scattered all over the Reservation.

The mission trips to these stations, as also to those on the Pine Ridge Reservation cared for by the Fathers at Holy Rosary, are long and tiresome in Summer, but positively dangerous in wet weather and in Winter, for, often enough, the roads become mere trails as they lead off to some mission chapel or lonely Indian log cabin or tent. There are about 7,000 Catholic Indians to be visited on the two Reservations. At both St. Francis and Holy Rosary Schools, the girls' departments are in the care of Franciscan Sisters, of whom there are some forty-five valiant workers at the two schools.

St. Stephens Mission is in Fremont County, Wyoming, and is established for the Shoshone and Arapahoe Indians. Three Fathers and two Brothers are stationed there. Besides conducting a school, the Fathers also visit the Indians in their homes.

The Mission Intention

for APRIL

Contemplative Orders and the Missions

PLEADING for Contemplative Orders and The Missions, the Pope of the Missions states in his encyclical *Rerum Novarum*, February 28, 1926, "Contemplatives will obtain from Heaven a wondrous abundance of graces." Even today, Contemplative Orders are fulfilling this prediction, both by adopting mission territories as objects of special prayer, and by actually establishing houses for contemplative life in the missions themselves. By December, 1930, due chiefly to the zeal of the Benedictines of S. André, Lophem-lez-Bruges, Belgium, 289 mission territories and 114 seminaries had been adopted by houses of Contemplatives in Europe.

That the monastic life is essential to the progress of the Church in pagan lands is evident, when one considers how pagans link monasticism and religion indissolubly. Thus, India and Ceylon have their Buddhists and Sanyassis (Penitents) in monasteries and hermitages; Islam has its Marabouts and its communities of dervishes; Tibet is monastic throughout the entire framework of its society; China has its bonzeries or houses of pagan religious; while Burmah has no less than 80,000 bonzes. Nay more, Buddhism has even gone afield and has erected its heathen temples in London, Berlin, Paris and Los Angeles.

In the words of Charles de Foucauld, "The Hermit of the Sahara," "The word is much, but example, love, prayer are a thousand times more."

Today there are houses of example, love and prayer established by the Trappists in Jerusalem and Aleppo (Near East), in Nagasaki and Hakodate (Japan), and in Yangkiaping and Chentingfu (China): by the Discalced Carmelite Nuns in the Near East, India, Indo-China, China, Australia and Madagascar: by the Cloistered Sisters of St. Clare in Jerusalem: by the Premonstratensians in Madras and Africa, and by Benedictines in Africa, the Levant, India, China and Japan.

AFIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUITS

CANADIAN INDIANS

Brother A. Parent, S.J., writes from Holy Cross Mission, Wikwemikong, Ontario:

"**Father O. Labelle, S.J.,** finds the Ojibway language exceedingly beautiful—though also quite difficult. He has now been welcomed to the Indian circles, for on the Feast of the Epiphany, in the evening, our Indians gave him the name, *Go-Minodee*, which means 'He who has a kind heart.' So he has received the great name of our beloved **Father Eugene Papineau, S.J.,** who died last Summer. My own name is, *Sagaushi*, which means 'The ear (of Indian corn, etc.) has begun to appear.' It is a name well adapted to a farmer. **Father Victor Renaud, S.J.,** came to spend eight days with us while Father Labelle was making his retreat preparatory to his Last Vows which he pronounced on the Feast of the Purification, February 2."

* * *

From Little Current, Manitoulin Island, **Father Leopold Porcheron, S.J.,** writes:

"Please pray for the future Catholic school at Sheguiandah, which was supposed to be built three years ago, and, on account of different circumstances and in spite of the great efforts of the late **Father Eugene Papineau, S.J.,** is not yet built. Also the continuance of the separate school at Little Current. This is the only separate school in the whole of Manitoulin Island. Its existence is necessary to keep up the faith amongst Catholics who are always mixed up with Protestants. But the financial situation of the school makes its existence always uncertain."

* * *

Father Joseph Couture, S.J., writes from his mission headquarters at Longlac, Ontario:

"Even poor as they are, pretty nearly everybody was present at midnight Mass here, and so it meant work for me. My house was filled all day long, and I had many confessions to hear. Those of the white people who saw that for the first time were very much impressed by the piety of our Indians, when they saw all of them receiving Holy Communion and singing their hymns with their whole heart. Truly, it is the great consolation of the missionary.

"Here we have very little snow, and there is no ice on Lake Nipigon as yet, and it is the same on many rivers. I don't know if I will be able at all to travel this Winter. I hope it will change, for it is too much of fine weather for me; I need more dogs' weather."

Though this picture shows Father R. J. Richard, S.J., back in 1915, starting out to visit his Indian missions of Ontario, he is still—at the age of 78—deeply engrossed in his mission work at Sprague, Ont.

ALASKA

Writing on board the steamer, *Northwestern*, under date of January 27, 1932, **Very Rev. Francis M. Mensager, S.J.,** Superior of the Alaska Missions, says:

"Just think, I have to look out for thirty-seven mission stations, three large boarding schools, seventeen Jesuits, and twenty-two Sisters. All this takes money. The other day I told some one, if I were certain to make ten dollars a day by going to prison I would gladly go there, as we find it harder than ever to pay our bills. I suppose we shall have to eat more fish. I am sorry that we all cannot do like our Eskimos, i. e., eat a few pounds of raw fish, top it off with a little drink of seal oil, and call it a square meal. But somehow, the white man's gastric apparatus shudders at the very thought of such a diet. We shall do what we can and shall reduce our expenses to the very minimum.

"I am traveling with Harry Blunt, the expert aviator, who recently rescued our two Brothers when they were lost. When **Father Hubbard** was here Blunt piloted the plane for him. This man thinks that an airplane is the only method of travel for the Superior of the Alaskan Missions, and that if our pilots are trained by Alaskans, they are bound to make a success of flying. It is certain that a plane will help me to visit our isolated missionaries, and that it will cut down considerably on expenses. Do not fear for me, for I shall fly safely. Only I must fly if I am to do what is expected of the Superior of the Northern Alaskan Missions."

* * *

From Pilgrim Springs, Alaska, **Father Aloysius Willebrand, S.J.,** writes under date of December 6, 1931:

"Again the departure of our monthly mail gives me opportunity to get out a few news items which may be of some interest.

"We are now in the midst of Winter. About two weeks ago the sun made its last peep over our range of mountains, and since then it has never put in its appearance. Our days are very short. At three o'clock it is pitch dark. The long darkness is a rather depressing feature of life in the far north.

"With the coming of Winter, the Arctic storms have put in their appearance. On the day before Thanksgiving, the wind was so violent that our girls and boys could hardly go to Mass. It was not without difficulty that I was able to make my way to

From Baltimore, Md., to Alaska is a long journey, but the missionary zeal of Father Edward J. Cunningham, S.J., surmounted all difficulties. He has given years of splendid service to the Church in Alaska.

the convent to say Mass for the nuns. Yesterday a bad blizzard made impossible my weekly visit to Arvinak of Mary's Mount. I go every week to say Mass in our little chapel there. The snow was blowing so badly that we could not see from one building to another.

"At Mary's Mount there is a very nice little congregation of Catholic Eskimos. Whenever the priest comes the entire village gathers into the church. I usually find a good supply of wood and a nice warm fire awaiting.

"One of the principal events of the past month was the butchering of our year's supply of reindeer meat. The boys drove the herd to the mission, and butchered what we needed. They made us a present of two steers each."

PATNA, INDIA

Patna's Bishop, **Rt. Rev. Bernard J. Sullivan, S.J.**, under date of December 29, sent a long and interesting letter about happenings in Patna. Part of the letter follows:

"The depression has hit us hard, and we have had to consider how we could retrench in Patna on every side. We have done what we could, but in the Santal field it would be fatal to retrench very much at the present time, because our enemies are getting more and more organized, and will do much to hamper our work and even try to destroy it. I spent ten days in the Santal field in November, covering about seven hundred miles and visiting ever so many stations and prospective sites, for future developments. The 2,000 Catholic Santals live in several hundred villages. This, as you can readily see, means that the Fathers have to tramp a great deal in order to look after their new Catholics. Their work is killing. God only knows how long they can continue to combine convert-making work with the care of Catholics already in the fold. An almost endless number of zealous priests could find full-time occupation in our Santal field. We could place twenty of them tomorrow, for besides our 200,000 Santals, about 600,000 more in Santal Parganas have not heard the word of salvation. What a field for Xaviers! So pray God to 'create' the ordained priests we need to push on with convert work and to care for what we already have. Then, too, we must remember the great field for missionary efforts north of the Ganges, where difficult as conversion work is, it must be carried on with no small staff and output of means.

* * *

"**Father Francis M. Brown, S.J.**, is deep into building at the High School at Bettiah. Imagine him trying to tell his workmen how to build a stairway, —in Hindi without knowing Hindi. He tried to use an intelligent boy from the High School to interpret for him. Father Brown finally gave up, saying that the boy knew neither English nor Hindi, since he was from the south of India. Father, himself, of course, will soon learn Hindi—and Indian. Send us many more like him.

* * *

"**Father James R. Gibbons, S.J.**, is bent on convert work amongst the Ouraons in north Champaran, but unfortunately he is bound down by the cares of Chakni. As soon as we can get sufficient increase of workers, we shall release Father Gibbons for the work he has so much at heart. The Ouraons are close to the borders of Nepal, and we have our hearts on that country too. Unfortunately, contact with the forbidden realm of Nepal is impossible at present, and there seems to be no hope of a change of policy in the near future. There is hope, however, of using converts in the neighborhood, and if we can not go ourselves, we hope to send the Church there. Pray God for a solution of all difficulties that are keeping Patna's millions away from Christ."

CHINA

The California Jesuits, who opened up Gonzaga College in Shanghai only last Fall, are very close to the area in which fighting is going on in China. Their friends will be interested in extracts taken from two of their letters.

Under date of January 3, **Father John A. Lennon, S.J.**, writes:

"Our first few months of the new school passed happily with our two groups of students, Chinese and foreign. The student movement of the past month, which caused most of the local middle schools, colleges and universities, including *L'Université L'Aurore* to close their doors for a time, left us untouched, owing to the small number of our Chinese boys, and to the fact that all, for the present year at least, are Catholics.

"We had a very happy reunion here during the Christmas holidays, with **Father Kearney** down from Nanking and all the scholastics present; it was the first time that all the 'Californians in China' gathered together under our own roof, to say nothing about sitting around our own 'festive board.' The thoughtful kindness of our relatives and friends at home helped materially—and, of course, spiritually, to make this Christmas memorable."

* * *

Under date of February 2, **Father Pius L. Moore, S.J.**, Superior at the College, writes:

"We are having real war. I mean real near us. All day we hear the guns

The new chapel, gift of an unknown American benefactress, at the Khrist Raja High School, Bettiah, Patna Mission.

booming and see the air-craft dropping bombs in the war zone. We are in the French Concession, about three miles from the conflict. You know, Shanghai is a large city (over three million). We are as well protected as any, up to the present. No one can foretell how the struggle will end. The Chinese are making every effort to cope with the situation. Thousands of refugees, some carrying birdcages, old wall-clocks, China vases and carved tables . . . are coming into the Concessions. In their panic, they seize on anything. The poor Christians almost storm the Fathers' residences, begging them to accept their valuables for safe keeping, while they flee for safety. A truck drove into our College grounds, with all the supplies of a large embroidery store, asking me to store it all away till the war is over. Taxi fares from the war zone to the French Concession (I was told) run from fifteen to twenty dollars. But the Chinese pile everything into a taxi, except their pigs and chickens. I saw a fine limousine filled to the 'roof' with loaves of bread. But you get all this perhaps in the papers."

JAMAICA, B. W. I.

Father Leo T. Butler, S.J., contributes a few items of interest from Jamaica:

"The new convent for the native Sisters is rapidly approaching completion, and they hope to enter it by the first of March. Only half of the building will be finished, as the rest must wait for more vocations and also the necessary funds.

* * *

"The plans for the new mission chapel at Yallahs are being gone over and building operations will soon commence. At present Father McHale is like Moses, hidden beneath the bulrushes, as that is what his temporary chapel is like.

* * *

"**His Lordship, Bishop Emmet,** blessed a set of stations for the lepers at the leper home. These poor unfortunate people may make the stations as often as they wish from now on.

* * *

"Last week the Chinese enrolled on the records of the Baptismal register reached the high tide mark of eight hundred. Ten years ago they numbered scarcely a dozen. When we reach a thousand we'll celebrate.

* * *

"St. Joseph's Sanatorium is again reaching out. This time they are putting up an extension for accommodating the nuns. Heretofore they have been living up under the roof. They will now have their own spacious quarters."

* * *

David R. Dunigan, S.J., notes that "**Father Henry MacLeod** is now stationed at Port Maria, while **Father Countie**, who had that mission up to

RENOWNED JESUIT MISSIONARIES

ST. ANTHONY DANIEL, S.J.

ANTHONY DANIEL was born on May 27, 1601, at Dieppe, in northern France. Like the Maid of Orleans, he spent his youth among the flocks in the rolling hills of Normandy.

Although destined by his parents for the bar, he entered the Society of Jesus in 1621, and made his noviceship at the College of Rouen. In 1630, he was ordained and stationed at the College of Eu. In 1632, in company with Father Ambrose Davost, he set sail from his native France and arrived at St. Ann's Bay, Cape Breton Island. From 1639 to 1648, the Iroquois continually menaced the missionary's efforts, especially at Teanaostaye and at Cahiague near the present Hawkestone, Ontario. Finally, the dreaded day of destruction dawned, July 4, 1648, as the Iroquois descended upon Teanaostaye while Daniel was celebrating Mass. Still in his Mass vestments, a Shepherd Staunch to the end, he ministered to the spiritual wants of his beleaguered flock until he himself expired in death, shot through the breast. The Iroquois took the body, dishonored it, and then cast it into the roaring furnace of the chapel, thus obliterating all relics of the Martyr's body, but kindling an undying, apostolic zeal in generous hearts throughout the world.

recently, has returned to King[s] teach in the college.

"**Father Daniel Creed's** ho[use] Brown's Town was looted dur[ing] absence (to say Mass in one [of] other stations) shortly after his C[hrist]mas Garden Party, and abo[ut] pounds in silver was taken. A larger amount, which he did not the opportunity to deposit in the because of the holiday Saturday caped detection in a secret place. This is the second robbe[ry] the same station within about a

"**Fathers Edward M. Sullivan, John T. McGrory,** of the New land Province Mission Band, ar[rived] on the island Christmas Eve to out until Summer. Their assis[tance] will be very much appreciated, we have been running with a 'S[kele]ton Crew' for almost a year.

"**Father Jeremiah O'Keefe** Christmas morning in the saddle r[ode] out to Pisgah to say Mass. D[uring] the year, however, he is station[ed] the college as Master of Third F[athers] and Prefect of Discipline.

"Plans have been drawn up work will begin shortly on a pr[iest's] residence at Mandeville.

"The annual Garden Party at W[ood]chester Park was held on Boxing D[ay] (the day after Christmas) and ret[urns] to date seem to indicate that it financially as well as socially succe[ss]ful. It is one of the chief means realizing money in Jamaica for Vic[ari]ate purposes."

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

When asked about the present strength of Aglipayanism in Mi[n]danao, **Father James G. Daly, S.J.**, re[p]served:

"Do not receive the impression t[hat] Aglipayanism is nearly broken up these towns. The roots here are de[ep] and for many years the *paniporis* w[ill] I think, find enough pesos on wh[ich] to live comfortably. It will req[uire] much patience and prayer to get the roots, which run from the cen[ter] way back into the barrios, where t[he] root terminals have a tight hold."

* * *

Father James G. Daly, S.J., repo[rts] that:

"**Father T. Gallagher, S.J.**, is co[n]ageously starting his drive in Mi[s]mis, Mindanao, P. I. You have y[our] New York, New York; we have o[ur] Misamis, Misamis. His drive at Mis[a]mis will include no little physical e[n]ergy in stopping leaks in another re[c]tory, together with his spiritual m[in]istration to a large district. I kn[ow] you will follow Father Gallagher your charity and prayers. **Fath[er] Lewis O'Neill, S.J.**, is another th[at] maturge in Oroquieta, the capital [of] this province of Occidental Misam[is]. He is greatly encouraged with t[he] spiritual harvest he is gathering, e[s]pecially with the large number of H[oly] Communions and the impressive pr[o]

cession of the Blessed Sacrament on the feast of *Cristo Rey*. **Father Gabriel Font,** who will be celebrating his S.J. jubilee in 1934, September 4, as *missionarius excurrens* is a miracle of never-failing enthusiastic zeal and energy equaled only by his patience, charity and cheerfulness. I tell Father Font that for his jubilee, to the gift of our prayers we shall grant him a furlough to make a pilgrimage to JESUIT MISSIONS. What interesting stories Father Font would have for you, after his twenty-five years in Mindanao. The important work that **Father Joseph Reyes, S.J.,** is doing in this province is evident from the program enclosed. He directed a Sacred Academy given here at Jimenez last night by the Saint Cecilia Choir, Jimenez branch. This marked the inauguration of Father Reyes' campaign for well trained choirs in all the towns on this coast. After Father Reyes has organized and trained the choirs in the different towns, he plans to have all the choirs meet at some central place for a recital by the combined choirs of Occidental Misamis. Father Reyes is communicating his own zeal and enthusiasm to the choir members. The success of the inaugural entertainment promises well for the future of the Saint Cecilia Choirs of Occidental Misamis.

"Before signing off, let me say a word about **Brother L. Garcia, S.J.,** whom we call Brother Provincial, since he is the sole Brother in Mis. Occ. He is the modern proof of bilocation, so efficient is he in looking after the material needs of the Fathers in the different towns. When I was reading about the Alaskan plane for the missions, the thought occurred to me that Brother Garcia might find a hydroplane serviceable as steward of a province."

An ideal arrangement would be one Brother with each priest.

AMERICAN INDIANS

From Holy Rosary Mission, Pine Ridge, South Dakota, comes the following summary of the Winter months:

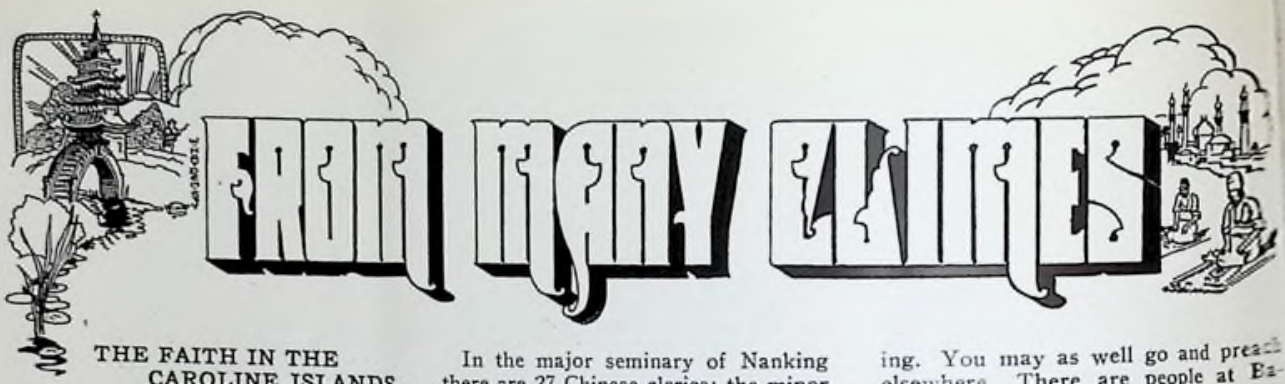
"Holy Rosary Mission has had an early and a severe Winter this year, a full month of snow and a record drop of temperature to twenty-five degrees below zero before Christmas. The temperature has remained between freezing and ten below. This evenly cold temperature is better than many thaws. Of course, bills for coal and feed for the stock run high. **Father Joseph Zimmerman, S.J.,** was more troubled by the conditions of the weather than were the rest of us.

"He got stalled in snow drifts and a new storm on the Cheyenne River monthly mission trip on Sunday, November 22, about sixty-five miles from home, on a trackless stretch of country twenty-five miles in length. Going from his mission in Cuny Table, 'The Stronghold,' famed in history and fiction, his car finally stalled in deep drifts, and he had to walk six miles just before dark to reach the nearest house, his catechist's home, a one-room log shack, with plenty of air and daylight holes. His only bedding on the ground floor was the one blanket he carried with him from his car. As usual, the snow and storm were worse there nearing the Black Hills district. After an eight miles wagon trip to the chapel for Mass on Monday, he sent a horseman twenty-five miles to telegraph home for help. **Brother O'Connell, S.J.,** and two workmen got half way on Wednesday, the second day after, and engaged two men to go with a team; with these and other help, Father Zimmerman reached home on Thanksgiving at 3:00 P.M., having begun his eight-day retreat on Monday in the Indian shack where he took his part in old-fashioned manual labor, cutting some necessary firewood for the Indian's one little stove. Rations were just as scarce as bed clothes and other conveniences at that Indian hostelry; and the community were not surprised to see signs as proof afterwards.

"The temperature at Christmas and since Christmas has been considerably milder. The health, both of the children and the people on the reservation, has been rather better than usual this year, due both to the even temperature and to the splendid medical attention provided by the new hospital of the district.

Father Joseph Melchiors, S.J., knows the trails of the Sioux Indian country. He is a missionary at Holy Rosary Mission, South Dakota.

His Grace, Archbishop O'Doherty of Manila, in the presence of Bishop McCloskey of Jaro and 20 Jesuits breaking ground for the new Jesuit novitiate at Novaliches, near Manila, P. I., December 8, 1931.



THE FAITH IN THE CAROLINE ISLANDS

Very Rev. Juan Pons, S.J., Superior of the Spanish Jesuit Mission in the Caroline Islands, writes:

"The Catholics of one island named Udot, despite the fact that they are living far removed from the missionary and are among Protestants, nevertheless remain fervent. On two occasions, with their own money and by their own labor, they have reconstructed a church which had been destroyed by a typhoon; both men and women took part in this work, not only with willingness, but even with a spirit of penance. One night I arrived among them without having been announced, and immediately they came to me in crowds for confession, and with a tenderness that moved me to tears exclaimed, 'Why does not a Father come to stay with us? We would obey him and we would be good. Now the Protestants are among us and we have no one to defend us, no one who would visit us at the hour of our death.' We have two islands here in Fruk, entirely Catholic, but because we have not been able to attend them properly, the Protestants have entered and have broken the unity of the Faith."

MISSIONARIES IN WAR ZONE

There are 875 missionaries working in the Vicariate Apostolic of Nanking, the district of southern Kiangsu Province in which Shanghai and Nanking are located. Of these, 430 are Chinese. The Jesuit missionaries of the Paris Province have charge of the territory, and they have 103 foreign and 21 Chinese priests here. There are also 64 Chinese secular priests working in the same territory. Besides 45 Jesuit scholastics, there are 36 Jesuit lay-Brothers in the missions of this section; 16 of these are Chinese. There are 58 Brothers of Mary (Lyons, France), six being Chinese. Seven different orders of missionary Sisters are represented in this Vicariate: Purgatorians, Sisters of Charity, Franciscan Missionaries of Mary, Little Sisters of the Poor, Carmelites, Madames of the Sacred Heart, and Presentation Sisters. This last is a native Chinese congregation. In all there are 543 Sisters, of whom 323 are Chinese. The total Catholic population of the Vicariate of Nanking is 200,151.

In the major seminary of Nanking there are 27 Chinese clerics; the minor seminary has an enrollment of 19. There are 228 schools under Catholic auspices in this section, providing education for 21,398 pupils.

The Catholic Action directed by Mr. Lo Pa Hong has 253 associates. There are also 115 enrolled in other circles of Catholic welfare work. The St. Vincent de Paul Society has 29 members. Other imposing figures illustrating the flourishing Catholic life of this part of China are: six hospitals (3,116 beds), four orphanages (1,090 orphans), one home for the aged (309 inmates), five industrial schools for boys (507 learning trades), five workrooms for girls (625 girls being instructed).

In the city of Shanghai the Jesuit missionaries conduct Aurora University which has faculties of Medicine, Law; Letters and the Sciences. Zi-ka-wei Observatory is also situated in this city, and is under the direction of the Jesuits. This Observatory has become famous as a meteorological station forecasting storms and typhoons along the China coast. (F. S.)

MUSSULMAN PROPAGANDA IN AFRICA

Writing of Mussulman propaganda in Africa, His Excellency, the Rt. Rev. Paul Molin, of the White Fathers, Vicar Apostolic of Bamako, French Sudan, notes:

"The greater part of the blacks in our section have embraced the religion of the Prophet but recently. They know little about it and practice even less. They can make the 'salaam' and that is about all they do. They continue to drink their beer, take snuff, smoke and retain all their pagan superstitions and charms. If they prefer Islamism to Catholicism, it is not because of their faith in Mohammed, but rather that they have to make no effort in following him; there is no catechism to learn, no restricting moral code, and especially nothing to forbid polygamy. A catechist told me one day that all the blacks are persuaded that Catholicism is the true way to God. 'That which holds them back,' he said, 'is that they have or wish to have several wives.' Recently a Protestant catechist thought to preach in the villages about Bamako. One of the Mussulmans checked him saying, 'Your religion is good for nothing. You may as well go and preach elsewhere. There are people at Bamako who teach the true religion. They are the Fathers. They speak the truth and they practice what they preach. We do not follow them because it is too difficult.' No one contradicted this Mussulman, who had the courage to speak publicly what the many of them thought in secret.

"There are some Mussulmans who have a courage even greater than this, and have the strength of conviction sufficient to follow what they believe to be right. There are others, even more numerous, who wish to have their children brought up Catholics but they themselves do not dare to be converted. Nevertheless, with the Mussulmans it is but a little fishing with the rod and line that we are doing, and it seems that we will never be able to realize those great catches of the net which have crowned our labors among the pagans, bringing more than 1,200 of them to our catechumenate in less than two years from the region of Segou alone." (F. S.)

JESUIT VICAR APOSTOLIC

Reverend George Weld, S.J., has been named Vicar Apostolic of British Guiana, South America (January 12, 1932). He was born in England in 1883, and graduated from the University of Oxford. In 1922 he went to British Guiana where, besides fulfilling his ministerial duties, he held the post of Prefect of Studies. Besides being a language expert, Bishop Weld is a competent authority on arts and letters.

CHINESE CONVERTS IN JAMAICA, B. W. I.

Thirty Chinese were received into the Church in Jamaica last December, making the total number of Chinese converts in Jamaica 766. During 1931, the number received into the Church was 122. The new converts were received into the Sodality of the Immaculate Conception on the same day as their Baptism, and at the ceremony 3,000 sodalists took part in the solemn procession.

Jamaica is under the care of the American Jesuits. Besides the Sisters of Mercy of Kingston and the Dominican Sisters of Kingston, the Franciscan Sisters of Alleghany, N. Y., are working in Jamaica. (F. S.)

ANTI-RELIGIOUS AGITATORS BALKED

The Inspector of Schools in the Spanish Colony of West Africa, following the diabolical program of his co-revolutionists in the mother country, took the crucifix from a school in Fernando Poo recently, but a few days later, terrified at the uproar of the children and the antagonism of the populace, he was obliged to restore it. The petty functionaries in the colony have been trying to establish themselves in the good will of the new government by imitating the communist hordes at home. When it was decided to remove the crucifix from the schools the Inspector had the supreme bad taste to take the image from a school of African children while classes were in session. He hastened to make up for his blunder, however, when he saw what antagonism he had aroused among the children and how the whole populace joined against him for the outrage. An order to remove the crucifix from the schools of a neighboring locality was quickly withdrawn when it was seen how the first attempt was received. (F. S.)

PRIESTS INTERVIEWED BY CHIANG KAI-SHEK

Four Catholic priests were among those received by General Chiang Kai-shek, until a few weeks ago president of China, shortly before his withdrawal from office. During the fortnight immediately preceding his resignation, the former president called to him several groups of important personalities whom he interviewed on the difficulties of the hour in China. Journalists, scholars, merchants, bankers and missionaries were received in turn by the president. Catholic representatives in the group of missionaries invited were Father Lefevre, S.J., Rector of the Aurora University of Shanghai, Father Jacquinot, S.J., a member of the Committee on Flood Relief, Father Gerey, Procurator for the Paris Foreign Missions, and Father Moulis, Procurator for the Lazarists.

After a lunch in the city the missionaries were conducted to the home of Mr. Chiang Kai-shek in the country near the tomb of Dr. Sun Yat Sen, founder of the Republic. He asked the missionaries to pray for himself, to pray for China in its present difficulty with Japan, and especially in its danger from communism.

Speaking in the name of Catholics, Father Jacquinot told the president that Catholic authorities in China as represented by His Excellency, Archbishop Celso Costantini, the Apostolic Delegate, have already for a long time ordered prayers for peace and the triumph of justice in China. As for communism, he said, Catholics are fighting against it with all their might, teaching in the schools that property and established authority must be respected. (F. S.)

ANGLICAN STUDENTS CONVERTED

Mr, Samuel Chowan, B.A., of Delhi, formerly teacher of the vernacular languages at the Government College of Mussorie, is the second student from Bishop's College (Anglican), Calcutta, to make his submission to the Catholic Church in 1931. Mr. Stephen Satyendra Prasad Sinha, a convert to Anglicanism from Hinduism, came over to the Catholic Church from that divinity school last May. The latter is entering the Papal Seminary at Kandy this month. The Jesuit missionaries who are working in this part of India conduct St. Mary's College at Kurseong. (F. S.)

THERE STILL REMAINS AN EDEN

Charles J. Quirk, S.J.

You may visit many a country
Of golden-aged renown;
You may see the evening beauty
Of a sea-girt, rose-roofed town;

You may travel up the castled Rhine,
Blue vineyards all between;
But there still remains an Eden,
The loveliest ever seen.

It's not Sphinx-haunted Egypt;
Nor Alladin's wonder-town;
Nor debonair New Orleans,
Wearing glory like a crown;

Nor lawn-embowered England;
Nor Naples with its Bay;
Nor all the gorgeous magic
Of pagoded, quaint Cathay.

Yet all may glimpse its beauty;
Quaff its peace; its treasures share:
For this Eden is none other
Than the Holy Land of Prayer.

96,323 CATHOLICS IN JAPAN

Statistics compiled during 1931 show that the Catholics in Japan now number 96,323. This represents an increase of about 3,000 during the past year. Besides the foreign missionaries in Japan, there are 63 native Japanese priests, 224 seminarians and 230 Japanese Sisters. Bishop Hayasaka, Bishop of Nagasaki, is the only native Japanese bishop. It is his diocese that has the largest number of Catholics—54,542, this being more than half the total number of Catholics in Japan proper.

The yearly increase of Catholics (1930-31), is 2,724 or 2.95 per cent.

The natural yearly increase of Catholics (1930-31) is 1.08 per cent.

Thus it appears that the natural increase of Catholics is smaller than that of the population in general, which means that Catholics have fewer children or that a good many fall away from the Church. It is well known that many Catholics are moving from the country to the cities, and that not all of them get in touch with the priest in their new places of residence. Moreover, a number of Catholics are emigrating every year to Brazil, which also would explain in part the comparatively low figures of Catholic children registered as baptized.

The Baptisms for the year June 1930—June 1931 are: Adults, 1,722; children of Catholics, 3,114; Baptisms at the point of death, 2,405. The number of deaths of Catholics during the year is 2,112. (F. S.)

FATHER GAGNIEUR AND THE INDIANS

(*Continued from page 75*)

three years of study I am still studying the Indian languages of this section, and I still have much to learn.

"Conditions today are not so good as they have been. The Indians are more dispersed. There are not so many camps. The wage earners are diffused among the whites. Their contact is too often with the least desirable specimens of the white race. There is very little amalgamation, and as the usual thing the result is not good when amalgamation occurs.

"Keep the Indians together, segregate them, keep them aloof from the whites as much as possible—that is the way, the only way, to Christianize and civilize the red man and his kindred. The reservation has been the real reliance of the past and it is the logical hope of the future."

IODINE AND PILLS!

(*Continued from page 78*)

of business: "At least twice a day a drove of boys, and twice a day a string of girls crowd Sister Victoria's departments with an endless number of ailments. And at any and every hour of the day or night any other members of the community, and people from anywhere and everywhere in the surrounding country come to her to beg her to relieve their pains and woes."

Sister Victoria brought with her to Holy Rosary all of the nursing skill and administrative ability that had made her Supervisor of Nurses at the Sisters' Hospital in Minot, South Dakota. More than that, she brought with her what all of the other infirmarians of these two Missions bring with them to their work, the love of their work, their vocation, and the kindly, patient, cheerful touch of the Good Samaritan Himself, Christ the Divine Healer.

THE SCHOOL AT TAGOLOAN

(*Continued from page* 79)

the new school. First came the Scouts, Boys and Girls, headed by their bugle corps, drumming and bugling most enthusiastically. Then came the school children and the people of the parish, followed by the sponsors, carrying lighted candles —it is a custom here, imported most probably from Spain, to have "patrons" or "sponsors" at the blessing of a new building—. Finally the priests and the band brought up the rear. Arriving at the school, where a small altar had been erected and tastefully decorated by the Sister-Principal and the teachers, the full ceremonial for the blessing of a new school was carried out with all possible solemnity. It was all very beautiful and very impressive and made, I trust, a lasting and ennobling impression on the minds and hearts of all who participated.

THIS year we added another new grade to the school. Next year, if we are able to stand the burden, we shall add still one more grade, and then we shall have a complete elementary school of seven grades in addition to the kindergarten. Our enrollment for the year is 276. At that we had to turn away a fair number of applicants who wished to enroll in grades which had the full complement. The Government Bureau of Private Education, which supervises private schools, establishes a maximum limit to the number of pupils to be admitted to the various grades; beyond that limit we cannot go, so the surplus must be turned away. The new building, fortunately, is all paid for, so I do not have to worry about a mortgage. My present—and future—concern is to keep it running, to gather in enough to pay the teachers' salaries and meet other expenses. At present, from a natural point of view, the outlook is not any too encouraging, but with the aid of the many fervent prayers that are being offered up in our behalf, both here and in the States, we hope and trust that God will provide in the future, as He has done in the past.

THE SANCTUARY LAMP

George L. Brennan, S.J.

Chaste flame of love gleaming on altar-throne,
Thy vigil keep, alone!
Through thy far crimson glow
All graces flow!

Behind the prison-wall of love a Heart,
Thy burning counterpart,
Doth endless vigil keep,

Gladdening the weary eyes of those who weep.

BABU

(*Continued from page* 81)

shirt would have covered, had not a mother's foresight saved unnecessary laundry work. A major explosion followed, but some of the medicine went down. This process was repeated three times, and Babu, game to the core, but hopelessly outnumbered, was beaten, though he never gave up. And the ordeal over, Babu, apparently without a friend in the world, clung to his mother in sheer desperation.

THE medicine must have been effective, for I saw no more of Babu for a month.

Then one evening Muni came, and Muni was in real distress.

"Father Saheb, Babu is dying; *ghanss* (knife), please come," he said, and turning, made for his aswattie at the double quick.

On my cycle, with the medicine kit in my pocket, I caught up with Muni as he reached the first house in his village, but he did not speak. Quite a crowd had gathered in front of his house. They opened a way for me, and there was Jhonarees sitting on the ground, with her unconscious Babu in her arms, an ugly looking cut over his left eye and temple.

They quickly told me what had happened. Jhonarees had been chopping hay with a heavy *ghanss*, (fodder knife). Babu, lying on his stomach, had been an interested spectator from a safe distance. Muni called from within the house. Putting down her *ghanss*, she had obeyed her master's summons. Suddenly she had heard a baby's scream and rushing from the house had beheld her Babu, blood streaming from his forehead. At his side stood a frightened, bawling seven-year-old, Ganesh, the boy from next door, and in his hands was a blood-*ghanss*. In Jhonarees' absence, the unskillful Ganesh had undertaken to chop hay, and Babu had ventured too close.

I TOOK his little hand and felt the pulse. How slow and weak it was. Babu had bled excessively. I examined the cut. It was very deep and perhaps the skull was fractured, for the fodder knife is a heavy and sharp instrument. Chamar babies are tough little creatures, but I was afraid that Babu could not win this last fight. I took a small bottle of clean water from my medicine kit and in a few moments, although Muni and Jhonarees did not know it, their little boy's name was no longer Babu, for I had quietly baptized him, and given him the Christian name of Joseph.

I did what I could further, but that night Joseph, alias Babu, left Jhonarees for the arms of another Mother.

Babu will be very busy until time becomes eternity. More than two million Chamars there are in Patna Mission, and thousands of Babus, but from the dawn of history, the Chamars do not know Christ.

FATHER MAC MISSES A TRAIN

(*Continued from page* 85)

of arriving at the ideal. Mere numbers will not save souls. We could well afford to send the output of a whole seminary to the missions, if in return God would give us one Curé of Ars."

"SOUNDS good," commented the man, thoughtfully scratching his chin.

"It is good. Look at the U. S. This country could not by the widest stretch of the imagination be said to have enough priests. But the U. S. certainly ought to send priests to the missions. As I say, the work of salvation is God's work. He has shown that it is His will that priests go to labor in foreign lands even at an apparent loss to the home country. Why, the Holy Father himself is continually after Americans to go to work in the missions. You don't think His Holiness thinks that our own clergy problem is completely solved, do you? As a matter of fact, he is pointing out a way to solve it. Mission work is a fine spiritual investment, I assure you." The priest looked at his watch and began to make ready to go.

THE loud-speaker again boomed: "Birmingham, Woodlawn, Fox Hills . . . Pelman . . . New York."

"Well there's my train. I'm rather glad I missed that other one," said the priest, rising.

"So am I," answered his new friend emphatically. "By the way, could I give you a check for the missions?"

"You certainly could. But wait. I haven't time now. I don't want to miss this other train, not even for the chance of again haranguing such an attentive and meek audience. Send it to the JESUIT MISSIONS, New York." The priest buttoned his coat and picked up his bag. "Look me up some time. My name's McNulty, New York, New York."

"And mine's Brady, Boston."

"So I was right. It would have been the Hill of Tara, eh?" laughed the priest as he shook hands and turned towards the train.

Why the Mass? (second edition): —By Dom Louis Taufler, O.S.B., and Dom Virgil Michel, O.S.B. The Liturgical Press, Collegeville, Minnesota.

The author offers a twofold answer to his own query: first, because the Mass is the sacrifice of the New Law; secondly, because the Mass is the sublime sacrifice of Christ Himself. In both of the chapters which compose this brochure, the Mass as a sacrifice is explained in a scholarly and satisfying manner worthy of the traditions of the Benedictines. An exposition of the Mass as a sacrament would complete the study.

Small Catechism of The Mass (third edition 1932); **If I Be Lifted Up** (second edition 1931):—By Paul Bussard. The Liturgical Press, Collegeville, Minnesota.

In the "Small Catechism of The Mass," Paul Bussard, Editor of The Leaflet Missal, offers to the Catholic laity a questionnaire on the upward and downward movement of prayer, especially in the sacrifice of the Mass. The action, both of the Mass of the Catechumens, and of the Mass of the Faithful is diagramed. In the pamphlet, "If I Be Lifted Up," the same thought sequence is followed as in the catechism, and the author's observations on the missal, the rhythm of prayer, sacrifice in general, the Offertory, the prayer for the pouring of wine and water, and on Holy Communion are calculated to aid Catholics in making their everyday life a part of the sacrifice of the Mass.

The Art Principle of the Liturgy. —By Dom Ildefons Herwegen, translated from the 4th and 5th German editions by William Busch, 1931. The Liturgical Press, Collegeville, Minnesota.

The art-principle of the Liturgy is the idea of the transfiguration of humanity and its assimilation into the divine life of the Logos, who is the archetype of all art. This idea is exemplified preeminently in the rite of Baptism, in the Mass, in the rite for the consecration of a new church, in the rite for the consecration of a nun. The Abbot of Maria-Laach shows that the Liturgy is beautiful, not because man made it so, but because with man's cooperation it is a mirror of the infinite beauty of God.

Our Contributors

Father Gagnieur and the Indians is a modern epitome of Canadian Indian character pronounced by a spiritual descendant of the North American Jesuit Martyrs. It is as invaluable as a last will and testament of a high type Blackrobe.

DAVID R. DUNIGAN, S.J., of the Province of Maryland-New York, who is teaching in St. George's College, Kingston, Jamaica, B. W. I., penetrates the heart of the Jamaica mountains, and on *Up to the Eagle's Nest* to see a missionary bishop make a church out of newly erected St. Joseph's chapel.

Believe it or not, FATHER WILLIAM J. BIRMINGHAM, S.J., of the Chicago Province, who is completing his final year of theology at Weston, Mass., assures us that *Iodine and Pills!* is the formula by which missionary Brothers and Sisters are opening and captivating the hearts of Sioux Indians on the two Jesuit Missions of St. Francis and Holy Rosary, South Dakota.

The School at Tagoloan is the thing that alternately harrows and consoles the missionary mind and heart of its pastor, FATHER DAVID A. DALY, S.J., of the Province of Maryland-New York.

JOHN A. MORRISON, S.J., who is teaching at Khrist Raja High School, Bettiah in the Champaran District of India, opened the door of Baptism for *Babu*, a winsome Chamar baby, in order that he may play in the gardens of God and in the daylight divine forever.

Rains may fall, winds may blow, but *In Wind and Rain*, FATHER JOHN POLLOCK, S.J., the zealous pastor of a zealous flock in Jasaan, Mindanao, notes that the hearts of Christ and of His faithful Anga keep their daily love tryst at the Communion rail.

JOSEPH MESSNER, S.J., of the Province of Lower Germany, who is working in Tottori, Japan, finds in *Little Philip* the heart of a Japanese Tarcisius.

Father Mac Misses a Train in order that LEO A. CULLUM, S.J., of Woodstock, Maryland, may discuss the relative values of the home and foreign missions with a typical American.

FATHER CHARLES J. QUIRK, S.J., of the Province of New Orleans, in verse of pleasing rhythm discovers that *There Still Remains an Eden* in the Holy Land of Prayer.

Jesuit missionaries around the world will welcome the picture of *The Sanctuary Lamp* as portrayed by GEORGE L. BRENNAN, S.J., who is at present engaged in a study of the classics at Shadowbrook in the Province of New England.

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

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