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The Missions of the American Jesuits

Mission fields scattered over the whole world have been assigned to the spiritual care and material support of the various Provinces of the Society of Jesus in America. The American Jesuits gladly accepted these mission charges, and, with the prayers and generous cooperation of zealous friends, are reaping an ever-increasing harvest of souls.

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A foreign-home mission, of which important sections, principally in the island of Mindanao, in the city of Manila, and the two leper colonies of Culion and Cebu, are entrusted to the Jesuits.

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Home missions among the colored in southern Maryland. These two mission fields are cared for by the Jesuits of the Maryland-New York Province comprising the Middle Atlantic States. The Province Mission Procurator is

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These two mission fields are cared for by the Jesuits of the Missouri Province which comprises the States of Colorado, Iowa, Illinois (southern part), Kansas, Minnesota, Missouri, Nebraska, North and South Dakota, Oklahoma, Wisconsin and Wyoming. The Province Mission Procurator is

Rev. James R. O'Neill, S.J.,
221 N. Grand Blvd., St. Louis, Mo.

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3220 43rd St. S.E., Portland, Ore.

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Rev. Edward P. Tivnan, S.J.,
Boston College, Chestnut Hill, Mass.

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

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St. Anne's Church, Rock Hill, S. C. (Box 485)

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A foreign mission in the northern section of India, administered to by the Jesuits of the Chicago Province which is made up of the States of Illinois (northern part), Indiana, Kentucky, Michigan and Ohio. The Province Mission Procurator is

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1076 W. Roosevelt Rd., Chicago, Ill.

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Foreign missionary work in Nanking, Shanghai and other sections of China, is entrusted to the Jesuits of the California Province which comprises the States of California, Nevada, Utah and Arizona. The Province Mission Procurator is

Rev. Edward C. Menager, S.J.,
445 Phelan Building, San Francisco, Calif.

CHINA

Süchow 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



Dressed up in tribal finery. Sioux Indian girl, Holy Rosary Mission School, Pine Ridge, South Dakota.

They Chose to die

Mabel A. Farnum

"And in this remote tabernacle of the wood there comes, like the long clear call of bird in yonder tree-top, the realization of those eternal principles which stirred so strongly in the breasts of three heroes of God, Isaac, Rene, John."

A visit to the Shrine of the Jesuit Martyrs of North America—located at Auriesville, N. Y.—led the noted Catholic authoress to write down her impressions of the sacred place of pilgrimage as she viewed and studied it on a September day.—Editor.

STILL September noontide at Auriesville. Silence everywhere save for the dulcet call of a bird and the hum of bees busy in midst of the clover. Amber sunlight falling aslant on slopes of jade and flecking the foam on the waters of the Mohawk until it is changed to a glittering mass of opalescent gems.

No footfall of eager pilgrims, pressing forward to the venerable Chapel of Our Lady of Martyrs, or the newly built Coliseum, or, more slowly and solemnly still, up the stony pathway to the Hill of Prayer where the Christ of the Mohawk stretches across the slumberous valley His everlasting arms of love.

No voice of preacher echoing through the leafy ravine where the bones of Martyrs fertilize the dust. . . Silence, solitude everywhere, as it was in the beginning of creation, when the Spirit of God moved upon the waters and set the eternal hills in their place.

A little child in dress of Our Lady's own blue, toddling from the Coliseum, her wee hand grasping a flower.

A gray kitten trotting demurely along the greensward, past the Twelfth Station, near the apex of the Hill. . .

Somehow the thought of the savage Iroquois who here did to death the heroic trio who loved them too well never comes to mind. You forget the barbaric gauntlet, the cruel pointed sticks, the ragged conches tearing nerve and fibre brutally apart, the hellish bedizenment of the rude children of the forest who danced for glee as they tortured their innocent prey. For here you come into the presence of the human soul sanctified by spiritual heroism, into the company of men who, having joy put before them, endured the Cross.

Even the sunlight seems garish as you remember, and you feel the urge to seek some cool and verdant nook, there to pause beneath aged trees that witnessed high and holy and terrible things in the centuries ago—to think on pain and love and on love and pain.

A PEBBLED road fringed with woodbine and rambling blossoms, winding down, down, into the ravine. Cool, fragrant, wistful growing things making grateful the air—the aroma of pine, the breath of autumn blooms. Hidden rivulets, gurgling low in their beds of fern and moss, flowing freely as once the blood of Martyrs' ran. All nature, offering new and exquisite points for meditation on a glorious fulfilment of the very pith and marrow of the (Turn to page 141)

Setting up the Cross

James A. Creane, S.J.

great light; and to them that sat in the region of the shadow of death, light is sprung up." For soon, Christ, the Son of God, was coming among them, as a Man among men, to be their King and to call them "out of darkness into His marvelous light."

NOTHING particular happened that day. But remember this, that it was the feast of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross. The setting up of the Cross in Santalistan was to be the work of the missionaries among the Santals. But to set up the Cross meant first to shoulder it. Do not for a moment imagine that the reaping of the consoling harvest of two thousand souls, whom we were able to present to our King on His birthday as our Christmas offering, has been one grand glorious triumphal march across the harvest fields. Far from it. The cross has always and everywhere been in evidence in our work among the Santals. Our Rt. Rev. Bishop knew whereof he spoke when he said: "It is only through the cross that we can hope to win the Santals for Christ."

The Santal missionaries have often enough had a taste of the burden of the cross. I shall not here detain you with an account of what others have had to endure. They can do that far better than I. Ask them to tell you of the obstacles in their way, of the difficulties they had to overcome, of the opposition they had to fight against, of the physical hardships they had to endure. One of them showed me a sore on his foot the other



Father Francis J. Stoy, S.J., was Father Creane's first companion in pioneering among the Santals. Like the giant roots of the tree are the roots of paganism in India.



HERE I am at Pindara, a Santal-Mahle village of Patna Mission, India. It is now 9:00 P.M. The village is asleep. But I shall keep a vigil tonight. For it is the eve of the feast of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross, a day memorable in the annals of Santal Mission history. It was on this feast just four years ago that the Sacrifice of the Mass was offered for the first time among the Santals in Patna Mission.

How well do I remember the occasion and the circumstances! The village was Simra, and the altar the earthen ledge of a Santal house. Gathered around were, besides a couple of Christians whom I brought with me, a number of curious onlookers, all pagans. The darkness of night was just giving place to the light of day; the sun was just rising above the horizon in the east. How beautifully these events of nature typified what was about to happen in the world of grace! For of these poor Santals it was soon to be true, as of Zabulon and Nephtali of old, that "the people that sat in darkness hath seen



A Santal pagan offers a sacrifice in a rice field. A number of small chibous are brought in a basket; each is made to eat a grain of rice while a certain formula is recited; then the head of each is cut off and offered to the "bonga" or evil spirit.

day and told me how he got it. He was going across country barefooted in the rainy season. He came to a stream and started to wade across. The swift current swept him off his feet, carried him down stream, hurling him like a plaything against the boulders. Another Father told me how he had walked some forty miles one day with a stone bruise on his foot. He arrived at the railway station just after midnight, and despite his hunger and thirst, fasted till he arrived by train at Bhagalpur next day and said his Mass. So I might go on telling incident after incident of what the Fathers have had to endure, but I shall leave the telling to them. Let it suffice here to tell you of a few little thrills of my own.

I TRIED to build a school at Simra, the scene of that first Mass. I finally succeeded, but you have no idea of the worries it cost me. I was first refused land. When a site was offered and I started to build, I was stopped once by the *tasildar* and once by the Santals themselves. After the school was built, the headman of the village started an opposition school. The school was at last put an end to by thieves who robbed one of the teachers, started a fire under his bed

while he was asleep, and tied the door of his house shut from the outside. After that no teacher would stay there.

One time I was taking some girls to a boarding school when I was met by *Arya Samaj* propagandists. Fortunately, Father Milet was with me. They fought and argued with us for about half an hour, trying to take the girls away from us. It was only after we summoned the police that we finally got away.

The boys were coming into our Bhagalpur boarding school after their Christmas vacation one year. A group of Hindus were on the train with them. After much heated argument with the teachers who were accompanying the boys, they threw all off the train. A most miserable night followed,—thunder, lightning, rain, cold. How our sympathy went out to the boys that night! Next day we brought them in under police protection.

A RIDICULOUS report full of lies, two and a half pages of typed charges against me, was sent into the District Magistrate with the result that he sent me a letter which was tantamount to a reprimand. It was

only after I had an interview with him and explained matters that he realized the absurdity of the charges.

I brought in two girls to our boarding school with the full permission of their parents. The girls themselves were happy and glad to go. But it happened that the mother of one was absent at the time of their departure. Then some intriguer put them up to accuse me of taking the girls against their will. They accordingly lodged a case against me in the court of the Sub-divisional Officer.

A telegram came to me one day from one of my catechists, asking me to come out to him immediately. I did so as soon as I conveniently could, as I feared he might be seriously ill. But what happened was this: he had been preaching at times in the bazaar. To put an end to that, some Hindus seized him one day, tied him and beat him, robbed him of all he had and then



When a threshing floor in Santal land becomes a pulpit for Father James A. Creuse, S.J.

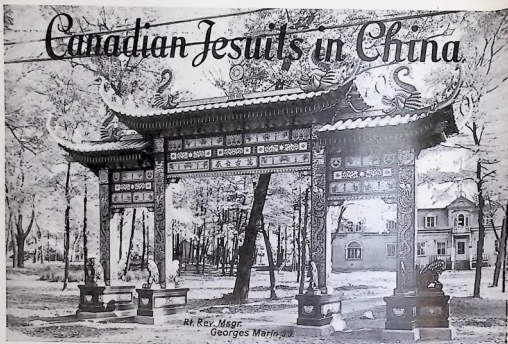
turned him over to the *daroga* for custody. To shield themselves, the shrewd Hindus brought a case against the catechist for trespassing.

Two years ago I had an attack of enteric fever, or was it something else? (The doctors did not agree in their diagnosis.) Whatever it was, it put me out of business for four months and gave me a two months' vacation in the hills. Only recently I had another attack of fever which was the occasion of a sixteen mile *palki* ride to the nearest railway station.

Our missionary menu and daily routine of cross country tramping would not appeal to every type of individual. None of us find the short native cot or the hard earth the most comfortable place for a short night's repose.

BUT the hardest things to bear have not been such as I have mentioned. No; they have rather been the disappointments in my work among the people, frustrated hopes, opposition from the least expected sources. These are the things that try (Turn to page 142)

Canadian Jesuits in China



Rt. Rev. Msgr.
Georges Marin, S.J.

The artistic Oriental arch at the entrance to the Chinese Mission Procure of the Canadian Jesuits in Quebec.

Monsignor Marin—former Associate Editor of JESUIT MISSIONS for the Lower Canada Province—went to China in 1928. Last Summer, (July 1, 1931), the Süchow Mission was detached from the Nanking Mission and entrusted to the care of the Canadian Jesuits, and Father Marin was named Apostolic Administrator of the new Prefecture Apostolic. The following is an account of his first visitation of the mission.—*Editor.*

RECENTLY when I made a tour of our new Süchow Mission I much regretted I had not "Baby Austin" to make the trip. When I left Sutsien some months ago to take up in Süchow my duties as Apostolic Administrator, the roads were still in a horrible condition,—in many places submerged, owing to the torrential summer rains. Useless to think of bringing "Baby" along with me, just then, so I decided I would first visit the districts easily accessible by rail.

Tasukia. An hour and a half ride from Süchow brought me to Father Lecoindre's parish. From the train the traveller gets a glimpse of the steeple of the church recently built by Brother Sauvé. A ten minute walk, and here I am in front of the mission compound. In spite of a sprained knee he got by falling on the cellar stairs a few days ago, Father Lecoindre came out to receive me. The worthy *Curé* boasts of apartments of unheard-of luxury. Just imagine! Nine rooms! On entering you find yourself in the parlor which is also

the dining room. To the right, the priest's room; another one to the left, for an occasional visitor. "But where are your other six rooms?" I asked. The *Curé* laughed heartily and led me to a corner at the back of his room. It is the kitchen! When the cook is in it, he and the stove are a crowd. Just opposite, another room of equal dimensions that is indulgently called a lavatory. Above the rooms, two small attics, and below them, two tiny cellars. Now, count up. Are there not nine rooms in all? You should visit the stables! For himself Father keeps an old nag whose ribs threaten to wear through the skin, and so thin that I would think twice before mounting him. For his catechist, a tiny black donkey that fairly disappears under its rider.

Father Lecoindre, a veteran of the Süchow Mission, has twenty-five years of missionary labors to his credit. Conversing with him is extremely interesting, most instructive,—but his profound humility in dealing with his young Superior fills me with confusion.

TANGSHAN. This parish is the "Far West" of the mission, sixty miles away from Süchow. Father Lafortune, who was at the station to meet me, took me to the church where the faithful had gathered for the customary ceremony, the distribution of holy water. Tangshan with its 4,000 Christians is the most important district, and Father Lafortune finds it necessary to erect another school.

Yangchwangtsi. October 2 was the feast of the Holy Angels to whom the church is

(Turn to page 142)

A House that Understands

Joseph G. Doherty, S.J.



I wasn't much to wonder at, though a palace in disguise. Four walls there were, if walls they might be called, and a roof, a poor, weak thing, a prey to emotions, a covering that wept or smiled when the heavens did the same. A floor? Why, yes,—two, in fact,—a few bare boards up front, and God's good brown earth down back. But one never sees the few bare boards up front, not down in Jamaica, B. W. I., in the house that understands. They would be boards, bare boards, in any other house, but who could be so matter of fact, so practically practical as to see boards in the richly carpeted flooring of a throne-room? God's good, brown earth would be nothing but just plain dirt to such a person, but can you imagine the knights and ladies of a royal court kneeling upon other than marble mosaics? Not in the house that understands!

Some of our modern homes, (some of them are only houses) are unfamiliar with the structure that older and stylish dwellings know as ash-sheds, and though in their own humble way these lowly buildings are the architectural relatives of houses, I wonder how many of them would be willing to acknowledge the house that understands as a brother. If houses think, and sometimes I think that they do, family pride must color many of their thoughts, even those of an ash-shed, and since family pride disowns the family "black-sheep," I am afraid that ash-powdered noses would reflect an ash-shed's pride, and the house that understands would be considered an outcast. To tell the truth, it is not an ash-shed. As for being a member of the high-toned Garage family,—why, even a poor, old, battered wreck of a Ford that might be condemned to confinement within its walls would so shudder with horror and disgust that it would cease to be even a poor, old, battered wreck of a Ford.

What is it, then? Well, just to be Irish,—what is it that has four walls and a roof, that



"A floor? Why, yes,—two, in fact,—a few bare boards up front, and God's good brown earth down back."

is not a garage, nor yet an ash-shed, and that has nobody in it? You will never guess, so here is the answer—it is a palace! "A palace?" say you. "A palace!" say I, and though you may not dare deny it, I know that you demand proof, and so, to make a long story longer, let us begin according to the rules at the beginning.

THE first week of January, 1931, found the good Pastor of Brown's Town, in the Dry Harbour Mountains, stretching his purse and his furnishings to provide for two young men from Kingston who desired to search the neighboring caves for dead Indians. The Dry Harbour (Turn to p. 142)



"You have guessed it!—not an ash-shed, but a church, nay, a palace, and it is to be found in Somerset, tucked away in the green folds of the Dry Harbour Mountains."

The Monahan Memorial

John A. Pollock, S.J.



We have one doctor, a "Doctor Santos, of the Provincial Hospital, who very generously donates his services on his only free afternoon."



HAD just reached home when—"Padre, José was here just fifteen minutes ago. He wants you to attend his wife. She gave birth this morning and they cannot stop the bleeding. She is very weak, and they fear she will die."

"Did you tell the nurse?"

"Yes Padre, she has already gone with José."

Such was the message awaiting me the other evening.

Of course, as soon as I could get the Viaticum and

Holy Oils, I started to hike the mile down the road to José's house. Thank God, the nurse had gone ahead in my car. She arrived just in time. The poor woman could no longer recognize those about her. But a half hour later, when the Padre arrived, she was already on the road to recovery.

And so another life was saved by the Monahan Memorial



Our nurse "is a gem, a splendid type of a kindly, gentle, devoted and efficient Filipina nurse."

Hospital. Before we had the Hospital and the nurse, many a mother died in childbirth. It was sad, because almost all of them could have been saved, only, no one knew what to do or how to do it. And so in the past, dozens of lives had been lost in this outpost of civilization.

True, the Government maintains a hospital in the Provincial Capital, and that is not so very far away as the crow flies, but alas, mine is not a flock of crows. The road is long, and usually so rough and rugged that it is scarcely safe to transport a patient to that hospital.

Then, too, one must pay for treatment there as well as for the transportation. Either of these items of expense is sufficient to eliminate any of my flock. For here in the mission of Jasaan, we are poor, dirt poor, unbelievably poor. So poor are we that any day the fish do not bite, my folk go hungry. For they have no money to buy even a can of sardines! In half the towns of this mission there is not even the pretense of a store, so poor are the inhabitants.

THE Jasaan people are grateful for the Monahan Memorial Hospital, and the majority are beginning to realize the advantages it affords them. A goodly crowd of patients flock there day after day. Many of these visitants are expectant mothers, of whom we always have plenty, for the modern American sins are

unknown among these simple folk. We pour forth our thanks to Almighty God, because since the advent of the Hospital, we have not lost a woman in childbirth, nor a child. This is the record of a year and a half. Just three weeks before the Monahan Memorial Hospital was opened we lost the last Jasaan mother in giving birth. Prior to that it was almost a monthly occurrence. So it is with reason that Jasaan rejoices in its mission hospital.

Every Friday our nurse conducts a class for mothers on the proper care of babies. This is well attended, and undoubtedly has done much to account for our lowered rate of infant mortality. Two months ago she conducted a baby contest, and the prize winners were really worthwhile specimens, not the pot-bellied, spindle-legged type tourists always see and deplore, but chubby healthy infants who would gladden the heart of any mother anywhere. And modern American mothers please note this. The first prize for the three months old class was taken by a mother who entered in this contest her tenth baby! God bless our Jasaan mothers!

THE Monahan Memorial Hospital is a front-line hospital, far from the important centers. We maintain a minimum staff, namely, one nurse, duly trained, registered, experienced. She is a gem, a splendid type of a kindly, gentle, devoted and efficient Filipina nurse. Her hours, occasionally short, are only too frequently quite long, and she is on call twenty-four hours a day. Of course, there is no place to go for recreation, for this is an exceedingly small town, and our neighbors are smaller, as you may guess if Jasaan is the center of the mission.

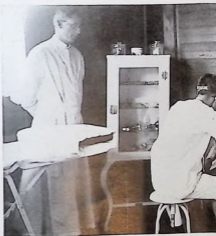
Occasionally our "staff" asks a day off, but readily cancels her leave, if a case develops anywhere in the length or breadth of this mission. You see, the "Monahan" serves not only the town of Jasaan, but all the towns embraced in the mission of Jasaan, and it is the only thing of a medical nature within a long radius. So our nurse is called on many a trip. If the Padre happens to be off to a mission station in the car, it usually means the nurse will hike. But she is game and self-sacrificing.

Her task is not easy. Centuries of unhygienic living are not done away with by one word of one weak woman. The young mother may be willing, yea eager, for the suggestions of the trained nurse, but in this land, flaming youth is not a torch of revolt but a beacon of obedi-

ence and submission. The door, grandly opened with her instructed "cures."

Sometimes it is hard to help people see we are obtaining saved; so we carry on through the die-hards, who insist they should die early and

AS this is a hard we have on-



Father John Pollock, S.J., and "the 'Monahan' serve Jasaan."

Hospital, who vent his only free after a hard trip to Jasaan day afternoon, was. Recently they on his return trip, he a ford, and was at such disasters, of a devoted, self-ber please, that he for his services; pay the hire of h

For nearly a year of my stations, and the nurse both in clinic was doing people who could alas, our funds p continue that clinic

Just at present slight cost. We because the people

Father De Smet

Approves *Joseph P. Melchiors, S.J.*



IN my mind's eye I can still see a picture of one of the saintly Indian missionaries—long since gone to Heaven,—starting out on a missionary trip from Holy Rosary Mission, Pine Ridge, South Dakota, ten or twelve years ago. He is sitting in his old yellow buggy, his frail body crippled and almost bent double with rheumatism, contracted through exposure, while in his frail hands he grips the reins that must guide his unruly ponies. He will be gone for perhaps a month or six weeks, visiting his scattered flock and dispensing the sacraments. Often he will be cold and hungry, but he will make light of that as long as he still has the strength to pursue his arduous apostolate. Many a time he will be forced to drink muddy alkali water from the creeks, and sleep on the bare ground.

Compared to this arduous mode of travel, the modern Indian missionary has a rather easy time of it. In place of a team, he drives a missionary auto. This is indeed a blessing for him, though by no means an unmixed one. Father De Smet and his brave pioneer comrades never had to worry about flat tires or engine troubles. By good fortune they escaped the bitter experience of being stuck in a mud hole, with water and mud two inches over the hubs, and not a living soul within fifteen or twenty miles. Shaggy and unruly though their ponies were, they would flounder and wade through huge snow drifts through which the modern Indian missionary must all by himself dig a miniature Panama Canal, or spend the night on the open prairies.

WHEN the old missionaries were ready to take up the trail, they would simply hitch up Prince, or Tiger, or Nigger, or Caesar, and away they could go without the back-breaking labor of cranking, even when it was twenty degrees below zero. Moreover, these brave heroes never had the mental agony of not knowing from where their next gallon of gasoline or quart of motor oil was coming. They could find water and grass for their teams almost anywhere. As devout missionaries, they, too, made many



Father Joseph P. Melchiors, S.J., caring for one of the details that never worried Father De Smet and his brave pioneer comrades.

novenas, but they never had to make one after another to beloved patrons and saints, that some kind friend or benefactor be inspired to help them trade in a missionary auto so worn that it threatened to stop every mile. At least they were spared that trouble.

BUT with all that, I believe that the great and illustrious Father De Smet would still approve. If he had to make the rounds of my own six chapels, which are the farthest on the Pine Ridge Indian Reservation, my firm conviction is that he would turn his beloved horses free once more to roam the range, and devote himself to mastering the mysteries of shifting gears, free wheeling, generators, carburetors and spark plugs. One trip would convert him. When the roads and trails were dry, he would be filled with admiration at the rapidity with which a round trip of three hundred miles or so could be accomplished, and he would be overjoyed that long sick calls could be answered with at least a chance that the missionary would be in ample time to administer the last sacraments to the dying. In fact, I can hear him saying: "God bless you, my son. Carry on!"



Out on the lonely prairie and away from any highway is St. Lucy's chapel where Sioux Indians come to Holy Mass and the sacraments.

We Visit Pilgrim Springs

Aloysius G. Willebrand, S.J.



THE first and most lasting impression formed by one visiting the Bering Sea country is one of desolation. It begins with the long voyage over the Pacific Ocean, which one must make in order to reach Alaska, when for six or seven days one looks over the vast watery waste not broken even by the sight of a passing ship. It is continued by the first sight of land among the barren Aleutian Islands. Grand they are indeed, with high ranges of mountains, but their grandeur is that of a vast, untillable wilderness.

The first sight of Nome with its old weather-beaten wooden buildings does not change the impression. It is a town whose glory is passed. Once a booming mining city, its flourishing days have vanished with the gold which was the reason for its existence. However, the large church built in better days is still useful, for in the Summer, Nome is a sort of rendezvous for the natives from various parts of the Seward Peninsula and the surrounding islands.

If you journey north of Nome, the sense of desolation continues. By train you pass range after range of barren and treeless hills, and vast expanses of tundra, broken here and there by swamps, and cut by small rivers. Then the rest of your journey must be on foot, along a sort of a trail marked by stakes. Your way lies along the foot of a hill, past a few lakes, and over a sort

of plain until you reach a river which you must cross with a little boat, and then—are you still in far northern Alaska? Behold before you, fields of turnips, potatoes and wheat, surrounding a group of neat little buildings! You have arrived at Our Lady of Lourdes Mission, Pilgrim Springs, Alaska.

AT this place, hot mineral water bubbles forth from the earth, through many small vents, over a considerable area, and it is surrounded by some tillable soil. It has been chosen as the location of our little mission. The small buildings are neatly and practically arranged, and stand as a living monument to the judgment of the Fathers, and to the skill and industry of the Brothers who planned and built them. The first building is the mission chapel, and it also contains the residence of the Fathers, and the large boys' dormitory, all in a neat, compact and well constructed little unit. The long and largest of the buildings is the children's building. It contains the girls' and boys' work and playrooms and dormitories, and the mission kitchen and dining rooms. The small building is the residence of the good Ursuline Nuns and the school. The other buildings are warehouses, barns, etc.

On the playground, perhaps, you will see our girls and boys happily playing various games, or swinging, or coasting with their little sleds. There are girls and boys from all parts of the Seward Peninsula, from King and the Diomed Islands and from (Turn to page 143)

An Alaskan First Communion class. The Ursuline Sisters have done heroic work in the northern missions.





His Excellency, Bishop Augustine Haouisée, S.J., Vicar Apostolic of Nanking, in whose territory Shanghai is located.

THE glaring headlines of our American newspapers tell only part of the story, and that the least dramatic. Even if they told all, no pen picture, accompanied with the best of photographs, could convey fully the import of the clash between the Chinese and Japanese troops to the unfortunate Chinese people as well as to the soldiers themselves. The daily booming of cannons, the clicking of machine guns, the ominous whirl of Japanese planes bomb-laden and death-bearing, the barbed-wire between us and the Con-

Between the Li

Charles D

cession, and the swarming of the country about with Chinese soldiers burrowing into trenches everywhere and hiding machine gun nests behind stout earth-bag fortifications—all this told us only part of the story at Zi-ka-wei. To grasp it fully, one has to see the mangled bodies in crowded improvised hospitals, see the long lines of refugees fleeing, from all they have to they know not where, and at night see the tale of thousands of wrecked homes flung onto the reddened sky. Just a few words about this other phase of the war that is more easily felt than described.

The first question that may rise in the minds of interested friends is: how many of the missionaries are among the wounded and refugees? A rather large number—that is, among them, giving food and clothing to one and medical aid to the other. But wounded missionaries? Thus far, none have been reported, although quite a few of them, priests, Brothers and Sisters, have been in dangerous circumstances. Perhaps the narrowest escape is that of Father Farmer, S.J., (formerly a Methodist minister) who was passing from the Hong-k'eu church to the residence, when a stray shell burst overhead, damaged the gutter of the roof of the church, and fell about twenty feet from where the Father was. Among temporary refugees are the staffs of two large schools in the Hong-k'eu district, one of Brothers, the other of Sisters, that had to seek safer lodgings in other parts of Shanghai. It is needless to say that everywhere the number of students fell off at least half, if not altogether.

THE second question may be: what are Catholic missionaries, with the help they receive from friends, doing to relieve those in utter distress? The answer is not only consoling, but colorful, and shows clearly the Church's true mission of mercy to those in need, whether friend or enemy, Christian or pagan, worthy or otherwise. Let us pass in quick review the chief good works got under way at the suggestion and with the direction of His Excellency, Bishop Augustine Haouisée, S.J.

On Sunday morning, February 12, after untiring personal efforts, Father Jacquinot, S.J., succeeded in obtaining a four hours' truce from the beligerents. In the Sha-pei quarter where the Shanghai fighting had been the worst, several hundred families had been trapped on an island triangle:

Chinese troops on one side, Japanese on the other and a barbed wire river creek on the third. Shells and bombs and fires kept them in constant danger. Thanks to Catholic endeavor, Father Jacquinot led a small army of Sisters, flying the Red Cross banner, into the unfortunate quarter to bring the good news to the poor people and help them escape before the bullets began flying again. Even in such danger, all did not leave the homes they still hoped to keep. Some two thousand individuals, however, took advantage of the truce. One poor old fellow who claimed a century and a year to his credit, hesitated between his home with uncertain life to certain life and uncertain home, and finally decided to stay. "I have lived long enough anyway," he said, and so remained amid the shot and shell.



"What a sight the long line of homeless families presented! A crowded stream of humanity with their all done up in a cloth dangling on a bamboo pole, or . . . dragged along in a ricksha, or pushed in a wheel-barrow!"

nes at Shanghai

Simons, S.J.

A similar expedition—though this time for wounded soldiers—was made two days after the Chinese troops

withdrew from Shanghai. The wife of the Chinese commander, Tcheng-Ming-kiu, called on Bishop Haouisé and begged him to send rescuers to the wounded left behind in the evacuated territory. Harm was feared for them if they fell into the hands of angry Japanese soldiers. A day was spent in getting the Japanese Admiral's permission, and then, on another Sunday morning, March 5, twelve hospital Sisters, with two priests, a Brother Infirmary, and twenty odd Jesuit Scholastics from Zi-ka-wei as stretcher-bearers, passed into the No Man's Land of China. This expedition, however, bore little fruit. At the last moment the Japanese officials forbade us, on the plea of danger, entering the districts where there had been recent fighting. Unexploded bombs, grenades, that the least movement may set off, had already caused casualties among Japanese troops stationed there. However, we did have the horror of seeing war-stricken districts. Nothing I know of can compare with it, unless it be the ruins of some unearthed Italian village, buried for centuries in its shroud of lava and ashes. And we also had the joy of bringing some eight or ten poor creatures, sick or wounded, from their hard bed on the ground at death's door, to that Christian care which we hope will mean more for their souls than it can possibly mean for their wrecked bodies.

THESE two expeditions attracted the most attention, but perhaps did the least amount of good of any of the Catholic works in Shanghai. From the first moment of hostilities, our institutions began caring for the wounded. Within a week, the medical students of Aurora University (Jesuit School) had all volunteered to assist the doctors. The School itself was soon turned into a hospital, in part, continually caring for at least three hundred wounded. Eight other Catholic institutions did the same, with the result that between sixteen hundred and seventeen hundred wounded soldiers are actually under their care.

The care of the refugees is a more serious problem still. Their number is legion, and increases continually. What a sight the long line of homeless families presented! A crowded stream of humanity with their all done up in a cloth dangling on a bamboo pole, or more fortunate, dragged along in a ricksha, or pushed in a wheel-barrow! And yet there is little weeping or other demonstrations of sorrow. All is taken in a stoic, resigned manner. This is truly a wonderful quality in the Chinese race—that taking of the inevitable with a patience and serenity that astounds us "foreigners." Among the hundreds that I passed swarming into the French Concession from fear of the Japanese the day the Chinese soldiers retreated, not one tear did I see nor one wail did I hear—the only word of complaint was that of an old lady who in perfect self-mastery muttered in a low voice "se koh veh zah-ke," "It is unbearable," which only proved that there was deep sorrow running below it all.

Between two and three thousand of the poorest of the poorest refugees are being taken care of by the Fathers and Sisters



"On Sunday morning, February 12, after untiring personal efforts, Father Jacquinot, S.J., succeeded in obtaining a four hours' truce from the belligerents."

in different places in Shanghai. At Zi-ka-wei alone, the boys' College has over four hundred, and the Orphanage another three hundred. Here again that wonderful trait of the Chinese character revealed itself. Huddled together in the poor accommodations that could be given them, with the past wiped out and the future unknown, they seem supremely contented in the rag of a blanket and the bowl of rice that charity is trying to give them all. To carry on this work, the Bishop has issued a circular letter, asking for help.



"From the first moment of hostilities, our institutions began caring for the wounded. The school itself was soon turned into a hospital, in part, caring for at least three hundred wounded."

JESUIT MISSIONS

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JOSEPH GUCHWEND, S.J.

Editor

THOMAS J. FERNY, S.J. JAMES R. O'NEILL, S.J.
LEON A. FOSTER, S.J. CORNELIUS PINDEAU, S.J.
EDWARD A. McNAMARA, S.J. PATRICK A. RYAN, S.J.
EDWARD C. MENAGER, S.J. THOMAS WALSH, S.J.

Associate Editors

E. PAUL AMY, S.J.—Business Editor

Editorial and Publication Offices

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Welcome to Summer Pilgrims

THE two Shrines erected in honor of the Jesuit Martyrs of North America should be especially dear to Catholics of the United States and Canada. The Martyrs' Shrine at Auriesville, New York, is located about forty miles west of Albany, and can be reached by auto or train. The Director of the Shrine, Father Peter F. Cusick, S.J., will be pleased to furnish any detailed information wanted. He can be reached by letter addressed to him at Auriesville. The Martyrs' Shrine of Canada is located at Midland, Ontario, and Father Thomas Lally, S.J., the Director, will be happy to furnish detailed information to prospective visitors.

Both Shrines are very much worth visiting because of the sacred memories that surround them. Auriesville is the site of the ancient Iroquois village of Ossernenon, where St. Isaac Jogues and his two companions won their palms of martyrdom. All who visit the Shrine are deeply impressed by the other-worldly atmosphere that seems to hover over this most sacred spot of the picturesque Mohawk Valley. The Shrine at Midland, Ontario, is equally sacred and famous in the annals of the North American Martyrs, for there, on the banks of the river Wye, was old Fort Sainte-Marie, the residence of the early missionaries, from which they branched out in every direction in search of souls. At Fort Sainte-Marie, too, the Martyrs were buried.

So much of the early Christian history of North America centers around the early Jesuit missionaries that even if a group of them had never been canonized, we should have held sacred the places hallowed by their labors. Now, however, since His Holiness, Pope Pius XI, has canonized eight of these missionaries, their Shrines should become famous places of pilgrimage for every American Catholic. Auriesville and Midland are sacred to the memory of the Martyrs: Saints Isaac Jogues, John Brebeuf, Noel Chabanel, Charles Garnier, Gabriel Lalumant, Anthony Daniel, Rene Goupil and John Lalande—all slain by the Indians between the years

1642 and 1649. The spirit of these Saints lives on in our two great Shrines whither pilgrims come to venerate their memory and to draw strength to imitate their saintly lives. May the number of those who come this year exceed all previous years, for today perhaps more than ever we need some of the valor, some of the virile Catholicity that stamped these Martyrs as the heroes they were. Their courage under persecution and torture, their faith in and their love for God,—these, when studied and prayed over, will give us the Christian fortitude to carry on under stress of pain and sorrow and depression,—for we shall come to realize, as the Martyrs did, that in the last analysis, God and Heaven are alone the things worth striving for.

An Apostolate Among the Educated

TWO young American Jesuits are carrying on an apostolic work in north India which recalls the pioneer work carried on in the State of Georgia during the last fourteen years or so by the Catholic Laymen's Association of that southern State. Determined to disseminate the correct information about the Catholic Church, these zealous workers carried on a campaign—tactfully and peacefully—to see that Georgia editors print only what is correct about the Church. So successful has been the work that today, bigotry and misstatement are as uncommon in the Georgia press as they were common fifteen years ago.

Convinced of the value of such an apostolate, the two Jesuits in north India set themselves the task of spreading information about the Catholic Church among the leaders of Indian thought. The means the two missionaries are using is simply this: they remail scholarly Catholic books, pamphlets, magazines and newspapers to prominent Hindu and Mohammedan editors, writers, collegiate and university libraries, and other persons and institutions which mould the thought of India's millions.

Letters of thanks are already coming in from non-Christians, as the Catholic literature is finding its way to editorial offices and school libraries where hitherto it was unknown. The periodicals sent to Indian editors are frequently quoted, and always fairly. A leading monthly printed, on one occasion, four pages of extracts from one of the Encyclicals of the Holy Father, and added its own favorable comment. In several instances the receiving of Catholic literature resulted in the purchase of more Catholic books by the non-Christian editors.

The two American Jesuits who are carrying on the work of disseminating Catholic literature are eager to reach many more of the 17 universities and 382 colleges in India, and the editors of over a thousand periodicals in English and of a few in the native dialects. But for this work they need more Catholic literature. Readers of JESUIT MISSIONS who are interested in this work may wish to remail their old copies of *Thought*, *The Month*, *The Catholic Mind*, *The Catholic World*, etc. These and others of a similar nature will be gratefully received by Rev. Paul Dent, S.J., or Rev. M. Lyons, S.J., both at St. Mary's College, Kurseong, D. H. Ry., India.

American Jesuits in British Honduras

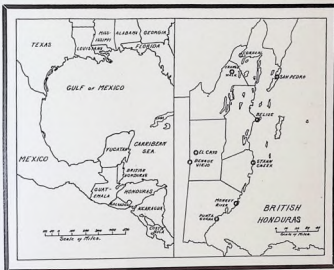
THE Mission of British Honduras are Catholics. The Jesuit missionary personnel numbers 1 bishop, 19 priests, 2 scholastics and 4 Brothers, a total of 26. Of this number, 8 (1 bishop, 6 priests and 1 Brother) are members of the Province of Chicago. There is also 1 secular priest working in the mission at San Roman.

The mission holdings include a Catholic Presbytery in Belize to which is attached the High School of St. John Berchmans. There are 8 mission residences with churches attached, situated respectively at Mesopotamia, Benque Viejo, El Cayo, Corozal, Orange Walk, Punta Gorda, San Pedro, Ambergris Caye and Stann Creek. To these residences there are attached more than 30 other mission posts with

chapels.

On September 10, 1931, the Mission of British Honduras was visited by a tragedy unique in the annals of missionary misfortunes. A tidal wave and hurricane razed to the ground St. John's College of Belize, and when the final toll of bodies was taken, 6 Jesuit priests, 4 scholastics and 1 Brother were numbered among the dead.

Under the leadership of the Rt. Rev. Bishop Joseph Murphy, S.J., and the Very Rev. Anthony H. Corey, S.J., a period of reconstruction has begun, and it is hoped, that, aided and abetted by the prayers and support of American Catholics, the brief but fierce Gethsemane of "The Tragedy of Belize" may be succeeded by the dawn of a glorious resurrection.



THE MISSION INTENTION

for JUNE

Central America
and the Antilles

THE population of Central America and the Antilles is 32,000,000 and, with the exception of the anti-clericals of Guatemala and the enemies of Religion in Mexico, the majority are Catholic. Racially, the whites, that is, the Creoles and immigrants number 480,000 in Costa Rica, two-thirds of the population of Cuba and three-fourths that of Porto Rico. Elsewhere they are a minority. The Indians have almost disappeared from the Antilles but are the majority in Central America. The Blacks or Mulattos are the majority in the Antilles. They number nine-tenths of Haiti's 2,300,000 people, one-third of the population of Cuba and are the vast majority in Jamaica. The Indians of Central America and the Antilles were first brought to the knowledge of Europe by the discoveries of Columbus. Their origin

is debatable. In hopes of gold, the Conquistadores attempted to impress them into economic serfdom. Later they abandoned this attempt in order to enslave the Negro, ten thousand of whom every year were transported from Africa for work in the mines, tobacco fields, sugar centrals and fruit plantations. Nevertheless, both the natives and the slaves had vigorous defenders among the Catholic clergy, prominently the Dominican, Bartolome de Las Casas, Juan de Zumarraga, the first bishop of Mexico, and the Jesuit, Peter Claver. The University of Saint Thomas was opened in Santo Domingo in 1538, the University of Lima in 1551, and the University of Mexico in 1553, each with a faculty of Theology for the formation of priests. Franciscans, Dominicans, Augustinians and Jesuits, labored (Turn to page 144)



AFIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUITS

JAMAICA, B. W. I.

At Morant Bay on Sunday afternoon, March 13, the long-looked-for opening of the Church of Our Lady of Lourdes took place. Owing to the presence in the island at the time of His Excellency, Archbishop Caruana, Apostolic Delegate to the Antilles, the function was marked with even greater impressiveness than was formerly anticipated, as His Excellency himself performed the ceremony of laying the cornerstone of the building. His Excellency, Bishop Emmet, S.J., assisted the Archbishop, as did Father W. F. McHale, S.J., the pastor of the church, and the other clergy who were present: Fathers Leo Butler, S.J., Joseph Ford, S.J., Adolph Vidal, Edward Sullivan, S.J., and Messrs. Dionysius Cruchley, S.J., and David Dunigan, S.J.

The Novena of Grace in honor of St. Francis Xavier was held for the first time in the Church of the Holy Cross. Father G. F. McDonald, S.J., the pastor, conducted the services.

On Sunday, February 28, twenty-seven children and five grown-ups of the Chinese Mission, received the sacrament of Confirmation at the hands

of His Excellency, Bishop Emmet. Before administering the sacrament, the Bishop questioned the children in regard to the meaning of Confirmation. It was extremely gratifying to note the diligence with which the children answered each question. One could hardly keep back a smile when the childish voice of a little girl not more than six Summers re-echoed throughout the Cathedral in her pleasing eagerness to reach the kindly ears of Bishop Emmet.

The ceremony was, as usual, very touching in its solemnity. Quite a number of people were present, among them being some of the passengers from the S. S. Vulcania, a tourist steamer then in port.

After Confirmation the children met our foreign friends personally. So delighted were these friends that they presented Sister Antoninus with ten dollars as a treat of ice-cream for the little ones.

On Saturday, March 19, Port Maria was glad to welcome Dr. and Mrs. H. F. MacLeod of Boston, Mass., the parents of Father Henry C. MacLeod, S.J., pastor of the church here. Dr. and Mrs. MacLeod arrived in Kingston on Thursday, the seventeenth, on board the Zacapa. On their arrival, Mrs. MacLeod was presented with a beautiful bouquet by friends of Father

MacLeod. The doctor and his wife are charmed with what they have seen of the island. Before leaving Kingston they called on His Excellency, Bishop Emmet and also Very Rev. Father Charles Arnold, S.J., the Superior of the Jamaica Mission.

Recently a gentleman, not a Catholic, purchased a property near the little township of Yallahs. Desirous of having the property blessed, he invited His Excellency, Bishop Emmet, the Very Rev. Father Arnold, S.J., and Father W. F. McHale, S.J., over.

There the blessing took place, in the presence of all the laborers on the estate. The Bishop addressed the men, and the talk he gave made a very great impression on them. Father Superior also spoke. In the course of his address the following amusing incident occurred.

Father Superior to the laborers: "Which is more important, your body or your soul?"

The laborers: "The soul."

Father Superior: "Of which should you take more care?"

The laborers: "The soul."

Father Superior: "Of which are you taking more care, your body or your soul?"

The laborers: "The body."

The owner, in the course of his remarks, generously offered to give all assistance in his power to any of his laborers desiring to get married, and offered his house for the marriage celebrations. He himself is taking great interest in the mission at Yallahs, and will, we trust, find his way into the flock one day.

The entire ceremony of the blessing of the property was an edifying and interesting episode.

CHINA

Father Emile Müller, S.J., who sailed last October for the Canadian Jesuit Mission of Sitchow, China, is having his first missionary experiences:

"Yesterday, Sunday, brought me unspeakable joy. For the first time on pagan soil, I conferred Baptism. Fifteen new Christians! They are not my converts, but Father Courchesne's. Yet, they are mine,—my first Christians! Pray God that a host of them may soon follow, and that these new



The "doctor"—in fact, Very Rev. Father Francis M. Menager, S.J., Superior of the Alaska Mission, aboard the "Little Flower," leaving Holy Cross for a missionary trip down the Yukon.



George H. Dunne, S.J. (left) and Paul W. O'Brien, S.J., who have been assigned to the California Province Jesuit Mission in Shanghai, China.

Christians may lead truly Christian lives. It is not easy for them. These poor peasants hardly ever see the priest, and as yet know very little of our Catholic Religion. We need a great number of missionaries. Our Chinese are good. In general they would make excellent Christians if they could be cared for properly. But the time? The means? Doubtless our most pressing need is a school where catechists would receive proper formation. Yes, but that means more money!

"Last Christmas was my first in China. Since my ordination to the priesthood, every Christmas has appeared to me full of fresh significance, and ever more divine. But the last one has surpassed all others by far. God is extremely good to his children, both white and yellow; you know it, and I know it too; but we never cease realizing it, and that is an abiding consolation.

"On December 24, I was on the crowded train, en route for Lichwang. A gentleman came up to me and said: 'Wang suang Chen fou!' (Good day, Father!) Then followed a stream of sounds that conveyed no meaning to me. I succeeded in making him understand that I speak Chinese very imperfectly,—that he uses words unknown to me,—that I have been in China for only a few months,—that next year I will be able to speak fairly well—in so many little sentences I had practised with my Chinese professor. Finally, we understood each other—at least we thought so. But, by this time I had become an object of intense curiosity for all the other passengers on the car. Others tried to enter into

conversation with me. But I already had had enough difficulty in extricating myself from the first bit of conversation! So, with my best smile (one must always smile in China!) I told my interlocutor: 'My dear sir, I cannot understand a thing!' and I proceeded to recite my breviary."

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

On the afternoon or evening of June 5, at the Church of St. Ignatius, Eighty-fourth Street and Park Avenue, New York City, an impressive farewell ceremony will be held for the Jesuits going to the Philippine Islands this Summer. The sermon on the occasion will be preached by Father Charles G. Herzog, S.J. Professor of Theology at Woodstock College, Woodstock. His Excellency, Bishop John J. Dunn, D.D., will be present in the sanctuary, and it is expected that several Monsignori and a number of priests will attend. Friends and relatives of the departing missionaries are invited. In addition to the seven Scholastics, whose pictures and names were listed in the May issue of JESUIT MISSIONS, the following Jesuits have been assigned to the Philippine Missions. Fathers Bernard F. Doucette, William J. Dow, Vincent I. Kennally, James P. Moran, Francis X. Reardon and Mark J. McNeal. Another scholastic: Joseph M. Geib, S.J., and Brother John E. Abrams, S.J., have also been appointed for the same missions.

Father Thomas J. Murray, S.J., Vice-Superior of the western section of the island of Mindanao writes:

"Here in Zamboanga we have a pretty large and busy parish. In addition we have to tend outlying stations that are not easy to get to and get out of!!! We have a full school—Kindergarten, seven grades and a four-year high school.

"Thank God, I have able assistants, some of whom you may know. Father

Victor Pascual, S.J., does most of the parish work in Zambo itself. Father Kerr J. Keane, S.J., works like a Trojan in the schools. Father John Lim, S.J., takes care of the barrios and does a lot of writing.

"I pinch hit, go out to the sticks and make myself generally inconspicuous. In January I went to Jaro, Iloilo, to give a retreat to the Carmelites and make my own retreat. The day after I returned I set out for the island of Basilan. Then I started to paint the church here which is a disgrace. Thanks to your gift it is beginning to look more like a house of God."

Father Lewis O'Neill, S.J., writes more about his companions in the field than about himself:

"On the West Coast, Father Thomas Gallagher, S.J., has finished the big work on his rectory and school at Misamis. Father James Daly, S.J., will have the full course next June in his school at Jimenez. Father Joseph Reyes, S.J., has been doing great work in the towns of Tudela and Clarin, and organizing the St. Cecilia Choirs in the towns along the West Coast. On the Last Vow Day of Fathers Reyes and Eusebius Salvador at Jimenez, the St. Cecilia Choirs came from five towns and gave a big concert in honor of the two Fathers. At Oroquieta, the Holy Rosary School will open the fourth grade."

Father Martin J. O'Shaughnessy, S.J., is grateful for the mite that he receives:

"I'm acknowledging one dollar received from one benefactress and ten dollars from a family of benefactors. Though small, they are gold mines in these days of arrests, revolutions and war at our back door.

"The morning was spent on a sick call—backwoods lanes, mud and water. Ford would quit manufacturing, and go in for aeroplanes instead, if he rode over that snake-like trail. Any-



Joseph M. Geib, S.J. (left), and Brother John E. Abrams, S.J., both of the Maryland-New York Province, who have been assigned to the Philippine Missions.

body else remembering me? Best of luck to you and to me."

Father Walter Hamilton, S.J., urges the need of vocations:

"What we must stress is lack of priests here. The harvest is ripe indeed, and we are struggling to hold the fort. If young men, vacillating in choosing or rather following out their vocations, could but visualize conditions here, the beauty of the Church in places where the Faith has been preserved incorrupt, the tender true instincts of the people; if parents now opposing their sons' vocations would but realize the sacrifices that have been made to pass down to them the Faith, and that the same law of sacrifice still urges, still obtains, that blood is the price paid for immortal souls, then, I believe both parents and children would be more generous, more like the great St. Peter in leaving all and following Christ."

BRITISH HONDURAS

Father Herman J. Tenk, S.J., has returned from British Honduras to the United States for a few months' rest. He had not left the British Honduras Colony since he first went there twenty-one years ago as a missionary from the United States. Both as a builder and as a missionary he has won the affections of the missionaries and the people in the Colony of British Honduras.

His Excellency, Bishop Joseph Murphy, S.J., spent part of the month of April visiting Corozal and the outlying missions. He writes:

"Up in the bush stations for a couple of weeks confirming. Thank God, we are all keeping well. Father Marvin O'Connor's 'basilica' at Mesopotamia in Belize is going up finely. We hope to open it in July.

"Father Joseph B. Kammerer, S.J., has been suffering from rheumatism. He needs an assistant. Come down! Pray for us, and ask our friends to pray for us and help us in our needs. May God bless you and all who help the Belize Mission in its difficult time of reconstruction."

CANADIAN INDIANS

Father T. H. Desautels, S.J., has succeeded, after much labor and difficulty, in producing a most valuable prayer and hymn book in the Ojibway Indian language. At a missionaries' meeting held at Spanish, Ontario, some years ago, the need of such a book was declared essential. As no one present seemed inclined to venture upon the task, Father Desautels arose and affirmed, "I will print that book." The missionaries smiled and said, "You don't know any music!" "I don't," replied the Father, "but I will learn." We have today the evidence of Father Desautels' magnanimous decision in the form of a book containing 265

RENOWNED JESUIT MISSIONARIES



BL. GIROLAMO DE ANGELIS,
S.J.

BLESSED Girolamo De Angelis was born in Castrogiovanni in Sicily in 1567, of a pious family of gentlefolk. When only about fifteen years old, he entered the Novitiate of the Society of Jesus at Messina. Scarcely had he commenced his noviceship when he began to plead earnestly to go to the missions of Japan. At last he obtained his fervent wish from the Father General, Acquaviva, just when his ordination was approaching. He was sent to Japan in spite of the fierce persecution then raging there. For twenty-two years he exercised his ardent apostolate there, in the midst of great hardships and perils. At last, betrayed and denounced to the authorities, he was condemned to death together with the catechist, Simon Jempo, who was received into the Society of Jesus, and shared with his master the ordeal of imprisonment and torture in one of those prisons in which, as Blessed Charles Spinola wrote, "all the five senses had their special tortures." He was burned to death at the age of fifty-six years, of which he had spent twenty-two years as a Jesuit missionary in Japan.

Ojibway hymns covering all essential Christian doctrine and devotion, and divided according to the liturgical year, not to mention a respectable proportion given to prayers. The thought, doctrine, metrical quantity and grammatical form of every line, nay, of every syllable, in the 500 pages had to be revised from existing works, or entirely composed, and music found or constructed for each hymn. The missionaries say that the work is practically faultless. It may be remarked that Father Desautels, in spite of his many years spent in mission hardships, composed a great part of these verses while traveling on the train to and from his missions. While this book was being written, Father Desautels, in addition to his routine duties, daily catechism class, singing practices and evening services, delivered an average of 260 different Indian sermons a year.

PATNA, INDIA

Father Aloysius S. Pettit, S.J., last year a zealous missionary in the difficult though soul-satisfying Santal territory of Patna Mission, is now Superior of the Khrist Raja High School at Bettiah. Though he did not intend the following letter for publication, the Editor feels that Father Pettit will pardon his publishing it. It is too full of the apostolic spirit, and it unfolds too much of a true missionary's soul to be filed away and forgotten.

"If I had only a dollar for every letter that I have written since your last November's letter was received, I'd be dead long ago from starvation. I have simply not written. It's a bad policy. If my own mother were not the saint she is, she would be blaming me most severely for not writing her more in what are beginning to be her last days. Say a prayer for her, please. In the rounding out of her ninetieth year, when her life seems to be beginning to flicker out, she is still glad that she has sent me on over here for the 'harvesting.' Will we ever get to the height of sanctity that our mothers have reached before us?"

"Yes, I am back again at Khrist Raja. Am I glad to be back? Really. I have found so much work to be done wherever I went since I landed in India about eight years ago that I have simply been glad always. The glamour that has been thrown around missionary work does not and cannot always stay. Missionary work is certainly not all baptizing. It takes a long time to make a Catholic, and longer to make a better Catholic; and too often the beginning and the ending of the process is absolutely unknown to us."

"I was happy with the Santals. I suppose that was because I am so 'simple' myself! And I found the other Fathers among them very fine men to work with. Everybody was just so busy that he was thoroughly happy. Tramping kept the bodies in trim."

There was little danger of the gout. The beds were easy to leave. The inside of the huts stuffy. These are some of the advantages which ordinary people forget. We had comparatively few difficulties to face in the upward climb to Heaven!

"And consolations? In the last three months that I was there the Lord fed me with something better than a Baptism a day.

"And now it's the High School. We have hopes of one Baptism among our boys during the year! What a difference! And we have a new house, and a new cook who promises well, and a new stove coming, and water that runs right to your room, and knives and forks and things.

"In spite of all these differences I am dreaming dreams. I am thinking that some way or other Almighty God is going to make of this school an instrument for much good in the conversion of pagans. It may be in the future, years later. But the dreams stick. We in the High School are going to start something. We can do it. We can influence little by little, day after day. We can insist upon Catholic principles and ways. We can pray and teach to pray. Eventually we can and will baptize; or we'll open the road for some one else to do so.

"Do you believe it? Can you trust us for some years? Can you pray for us and keep us going for that long? Then we are sure."

* * *

Father John Kilian, S.J., the indefatigable Santal apostle, has this to say about Christmas in his section of the Santals where only a few years ago there was not a single Christian:

"We had a good Christmas, but oh, the rain! It rained all day on the twenty-fourth. Instead of 800 or 900 Santals, I had only a little over 400. I had no place to put the crowd. My chapel was packed to capacity. The place, eleven feet by seventy-five, was really not meant for more than 300. I began the ceremonies by baptizing sixteen catechumens. About 250 of the people received Holy Communion at midnight Mass. Father Considine, who was here on a visit, (he is the representative of the *Fides Service* at Rome) was celebrant. Father Leo Frank, S.J., was sub-deacon and I was deacon. It was the first Solemn High Mass in my territory since Christ our Lord was born in Bethlehem.

"Christmas night we had a fine pantomime show, portraying the birth of our Lord. The girls and boys, trained by the good Sisters, were costumed in clothes borrowed from the Bankipore Convent School. One girl read, recited, and sang the whole story of Christ's birth; the others joined in the chorus. After the show, we had some fireworks and then supper. I had provided two pigs and the people themselves had brought their own rice."

AMERICAN INDIANS

Father Stephen E. McNamara, S.J., is the well beloved pastor at Pine Ridge, South Dakota, the headquarters of Pine Ridge Reservation of the Sioux Indians. Sometime ago he sent the following lines to tell of his Christmas celebration for the Indian children:

"I am rather a poor hand at publicity. So much of our time out here is put in doing the most ordinary things. It is true, we are dealing with Indians and are in mission work here at Pine Ridge. I might have something out of the ordinary if I were located out in the camps with more of the full-bloods around. But at Pine Ridge I am just a small-town pastor with a parish in the transition period. Practically all my Indians speak English and have adopted all the white man's ways."

Telling of a generous benefactress,

Mary Black Cat, Mollie Sounding Side, Lucy Lone Soldier, Annie Brown Eyes, Grace Spotted Eagle, Lucy Pumpkin Seed, Grace Iron White Man, Elizabeth Burns Prairie.

* * *

The late Winter marked the death of Mother M. Kostka, one of the pioneer workers among the Sioux Indians at the Holy Rosary Mission, Pine Ridge, South Dakota. Mother Kostka was eighty-one years old at the time of her death. She, with the Jesuit Fathers, inaugurated the great work among the Sioux forty-six years ago. As the first Superiors of St. Francis Mission, Rosebud Reservation, in 1886, she directed for two years the training of the Indian girls, fresh from the tepee and primitive prairie life.

In 1888, the new Holy Rosary Mis-



Father Stephen E. McNamara, S.J., made the Little Sioux Indian maids of Pine Ridge, South Dakota, happy, when he presented to each of them a beautiful "Mama" doll.

living in Brooklyn, N. Y., who helps him annually to give a lot of Christmas cheer to the Indian children, Father McNamara writes:

"The proud and happy possessors of these 'Mama' dolls (seen in the picture) owe their Christmas cheer to a New York lady. For three successive years now she has sent me Christmas cartons that represent a considerable outlay. Through her generosity I have been able to play a real Santa Claus to the Catholic children attending the Government Boarding School. This year we have 102 enrolled there. The generous donation of our benefactress makes my playing of the role of Santa Claus most simple and satisfactory."

Thinking that readers of our magazine would be interested in the queer names of some of the girls in the picture, Father McNamara gives the names. They are typically Indian and, therefore, interesting. Here are a few of them: Nancy Crazy Horse, Ida Dog Tail, Nancy Holy Elk, Violet Red Elk,

mission was ready for occupancy. The Franciscan Sisters, likewise at the invitation of the Jesuits, began under Mother Kostka a record of devoted missionary service which three generations of Sioux gratefully acknowledge.

For twelve years Mother Kostka directed the destinies of the Indian girls at Holy Rosary. When only two years in office, she became a close witness of the Sioux trouble with the Government. Already every white person except the local Religious had fled in terror of the hostile Indians. Warriors in hideous paint and echoing rifle shots were all about. Then came a telegram from headquarters, urging the Sisters to seek safety. Mother Kostka replied: "It is God's Holy Will that we remain at our post of duty, especially now, when we are most needed. We are not afraid, as long as the Blessed Sacrament is left to strengthen and inspire." Her confidence was not misplaced, for the chiefs promised the Blackrobes and Sisters immunity from harm.



FROM MANY CLASSES



GOOD EFFECTS OF DEPRESSION

Several mines in the copperbelt of Rhodesia, South Africa, have been forced to close down, making it necessary for the natives employed to leave the industrial centers and return to their villages, and although this may seem distressing news at first glance, a certain amount of good has resulted. Of all the mines in the northern district, two only are producing today. Thousands of natives and hundreds of Europeans must leave the mines. For the missions it seems something of an advantage, since the natives, except for the relatively high wages they were receiving, had little to gain by living in these industrial centers. Now they must return to their villages where they will live their normal life and where missionaries will have better results in working among them. (F. S.)

THE BIBLE IN INDIA

The circulation of the Bible in India, Burma and Ceylon for the year 1930 reached the enormous figure of 1,297,291, an increase of 30,000 over the figures of 1929, according to an article in the *Times of India* for February 10. These figures are from the returns of a recent census and are most interesting, considering that 1930 was a year of crisis and political disturbance in India, whereas the year previous was a year of peace and plenty.

The circulation of the Bible throughout the country in over 100 languages and dialects has aided its widespread reading. Many and varied are the uses to which it is put. It finds its way to political prisoners in jail in various parts of the country, to hospitals, hotels and boats. The figures for its diffusion during the past year are not yet available, but it is believed that they will reveal an even wider use. (F. S.)

FATHER AVITO STILL A PRISONER

A letter from Father Avito, Spanish Jesuit held a prisoner by Chinese Reds since May 1930, has been received by his confreres in the Vicariate of Anking, Anhwei Province. He states that he is in good health and ready to remain a prisoner indefinitely. "After being given the money for my ransom

we discovered that the bandits had no intention of keeping their word. I am convinced that you should pay no more until I am delivered. The other day a young Chinese came to me and tried to speak with me in English. I told him that I did not understand. Then he spoke Chinese, and still I understood nothing. He put his revolver to my face and said he would pull the trigger if I did not reply. I made a gesture of indifference and continued my reading. Soldiers came then and

more money for my ransom. I am completely rid of the fevers and am growing fat. I am ready to wait a month, a year or as long as necessary, even if I receive no letters. I am tranquil and consoled and offer my little sufferings for our poor Spain." (F. S.)

CONVERSIONS AMONG THE DEPRESSED CLASSES OF INDIA

Forty-seven new converts were baptized February 5, in the two villages of Khera Khurd and Lalpura, of the Coadjutor of the Archdiocese of Agra, His Excellency, Bishop Evangelist Vanni. On the same occasion he administered Confirmation to fifty new converts. The first village is in the district of Delhi, the second in the district of Meerut. A resident missionary and catechist were established in each to take care of the converts belonging to the so-called "Depressed Classes."

In all of India the "Depressed Classes" make up a group numbering 60,000,000. Though so numerous, they have not the sufficient moral force to insist on their rights, and thus they suffer a veritable social servitude. They would like to show themselves inclined towards the missionaries and Christianity, but they do not dare. Once they are organized, the missionaries hope to find it comparatively easy to win them over to the Church, since they have no caste system nor attachment to Hinduism. (F. S.)

VOCATIONS IN MANGALORE, INDIA

Two hundred and thirteen vocations in the first fifty years of its existence is the record of the Students' Sodality of St. Aloysius College, Mangalore, India. Of these, 153 belong to the diocesan clergy, while 56 are members of the Society of Jesus. The Sodality has about 140 members, exclusive of another 100 who make up the Junior Sodality. Of recent years the Socialists have shown more than usual activity in works of zeal and charity. Closed Retreats, Monthly Recollection Days, and the practice of the Holy Hour are some special features. Former members of the Sodality are responsible for much Catholic Action in and out of Mangalore. (F. S.)

REVERIE

Walter J. Handren, S.J.

The air is calm to-night, the nascent moon,
Is flooding the still scene with peaceful light,
Brimming the roofs a silvery white,
And melting the small, land-enclosed lagoon,
Into a quivering pool of molten gold,
A star nay, two, more bright than all the rest,
Are blinking sleepily, as if oppressed
By weariness from watching in the cold.

Who knows? Perhaps in some barbarian land,
A lonely missionary kneels in prayer,
Soothed by that same soft radiance,
Like a balm
Poured from the Great Physician's hand, to calm
And soothe a spirit worn with anxious care,
From tending sheep that cannot understand.

bound me, while a sergeant told me that their chief had been changed and that I was to be brought to his tent. There I found the young man who had addressed me in English and threatened me with the revolver. In Chinese he asked me: 'How long have you been in China?' 'About a year and a half.' 'What did you come here for?' 'To preach the Gospel to the Chinese.' In the meantime, one of the soldiers had me by the shoulders and was menacing me with his gun. Before bringing me back to my prison they asked if, in case of my liberation, would I be willing to make the return journey by foot. 'Yes,' I replied, 'if you give me a guide.' But the whole affair was a farce. Do not give any

THEY CHOSE TO DIE

(Continued from page 123)

Spiritual Exercises. And in this remote tabernacle of the wood there comes, like the long clear call of bird in yonder tree-top, the realization of those eternal principles which stirred so strongly in the breasts of three heroes of God, Isaac, Rene, John.

"Man was created by God for Himself and all other created things are to be used to assist him to accomplish the end of his creation. . . . Therefore, we ought to hold ourselves indifferent with regard to all created things and select and desire such only as serve to conduct us most securely to our last end. In such manner that we no longer prefer health to sickness, riches to poverty, honor to disgrace nor a long life to a short one."

What things did these three men select as most conducive to the end proposed for them by their Maker? Few there are in this day who do not know. For during more than forty years, since first the echoes of the proposed establishment of a great national shrine to the Martyrs of the United States sounded over the land, an ever increasing number of generous souls have sought to know more of these intrepid spiritual warriors and to assist in the holy project of fitly honoring them.

In this powerful Book of the Exercises, then, which is Auriesville, in the sanctuary of the hallowed wood, you seat yourself beneath the friendly trees that rise up like pillars of some great cathedral, and make your meditation. Certain incidents in these men's lives stand out in your memory above others—all are significant of high holiness.

ISAAC . . . The exquisite letters to his mother, when first the thorn of renunciation had entered deeply his filial heart. He would not return to visit his family because duty, consecrated duty, chained him to his post: "I never even thought of laying the matter before my Superior. The pressing obligations of my position do not permit me to leave the house a single day. The prayers I can offer are all the affectionate marks that I can give you of the interest I

take in your welfare." And, bridging the distant years, the letter written to a brother Jesuit in France on the eve of martyrdom: "My heart tells me that if I have the happiness of being employed in this mission, *Ibo et non redibo*. But I shall be happy if our Lord will complete the sacrifice where He had begun it,

THE SHADE

William A. Donaghy, S.J.

One morning rambling aimlessly
Adown a sylvan dell
—Whose leafy whispering where-
abouts

I have no mind to tell—
I found a flower, quite by chance,
Which, peeping sweet and shy,
With fragrant, meek persuasiveness
Allured the passer-by.
Its leaf was gauze, its petals, silk
Whose soft and glossy sheen
Like snowy wings of fairies veved
Above the restful green—
And like an elfin wheel it seemed,
For white its petals spread,
Its center, like a ruby glowed
A dark and somber red—
I stopped, I stooped to better see,
And lo! as I drew near,
I saw upon its silken face
A crystal, dewdrop tear—
"How, how," thought I, "my little
flower,"

"When all the world is glad,
"And springtime instincts fill the air
"That you alone are sad?"
A nearby tree, whose knotted frame
Had felt a century's storm,
My answer gave, two twigs above
Had crossed in cruciform—
And every time the zephyr blew,
At every breeze' toss,
It threw upon my little flower
The shadow of the Cross!
I started, for the Symbol's shade
Inspired a sudden fear—
But then—I recognized the gloom
And understood the tear.

and make the little blood I have shed in that land the earnest of what I would give from every vein of my body and my heart."

RENE . . . Too weak physically to undertake the rigorous training of the Jesuit, yet strong enough to penetrate the wilderness and to annihilate himself in the service of poor benighted heathen. Rene, who, nearing his final immolation, knelt before his father in Christ, Isaac, and took his Vows as a member of the Society of Jesus. For sanctuary only the vast and barren wilderness; for audience none save the swift-footed furry beasts of the field and the birds of the air. Rene, whose broken skull lies some-

where hidden in the ravine, perhaps beneath your very feet.

JOHN . . . who bravely sailed to the Iroquois mission with Father Jogues when that dauntless missionary was journeying for the third time to "the land of his crosses." John, who, seeing the marks of punishment in the hands of the man of God and realizing fully his own peril, willingly entered the frail birch-bark of the Indians, and finally landed upon the shore of his future grave. John . . . whose valor merited the rich reward of sharing the fate of his illustrious friend and companion and who yielded up his lofty soul to God the day following the murder of Jogues.

Late afternoon sunlight drifts down between the embroidered network of the trees. It dims somewhat the page of nature's Exercise Book. Leaves patter like constant tongues that repeat the Martyr's praises. The statue of Rene above the smooth stone which marks the approximate site of his burial by Father Jogues grows gray in the approaching twilight. Our Lady of the Martyrs peeps from between the leaves that almost hide her sweet countenance, high up in midst of a woodland path. She whose loyal sons these were watches over their sanctuary with tenderly vigilant eye.

The Body of the Dead Christ in its cave of natural rock in the clearing shows stark in its whiteness. Soon He will be alone with His stars and moon and His beloved!

Reluctantly you rise and prepare to bid farewell to the sacred place. You go, but you bear with you into the crowded places of life one unforgettable memory, one imperishable ideal that is destined to stay with you all during life.

Out on the grassy hills, over which the statues of St. Isaac and the lily-white Kateri Tekakwitha stand guard, the light is waning more slowly . . . no longer brilliantly penetrating but softly mellowed, like souls come to peace through pain or eyes that have lately been suffused with tears.

As you pass beneath the portals of the entrance to the Shrine, you seem to see, written high above its facade: "For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain."

SETTING UP THE CROSS

(Continued from page 125)

out one's missionary metal, test his zeal and perseverance.

I mention these few little things (and I might have related many more) to dispel the notion which some may have that our Santal work is all rosy. The price of success in all mission work is sacrifice. On the other hand, do not get the idea that we missionaries are always in agony. We are not. Despite the hardships necessarily connected with it, ours is, I think, the most interesting and enjoyable life in the world.

Some one may ask: During the four years that have intervened since the first Mass among the Santals, have you really gotten anywhere, really achieved anything? I think we have. I was a lone worker in the Santal field then, devoting only part time to it, and being entirely ignorant of the Santal language. We had no catechists, no chapels, no teachers, no schools, no Christians, no catechumens.

BUT now we have actually engaged in Santal work, six Fathers and one scholastic. In addition to this we have several others in preparation for it. Four Sisters have been assigned to the work. Two of them are conducting a large boarding school for girls, with an attendance of some eighty children, and two are in the villages assisting the Fathers in their work of conversion and instruction. A large boarding school has been established for boys. We have boys reading in all classes up to and including first year of high school. Among them are a few who are hopeful prospects for the priesthood. Of quasi-chapels, where our Christians gather for Sunday service with a catechist, we have about a dozen. Catechists number some forty. Close on twenty village schools have been established. About two thousand Santals have been converted.

Our personnel and our converts have been increasing with a rapidity that is most consoling and encouraging. The one thing that worries us is our finances. With our ever increasing number of Christians our needs are becoming correspondingly greater. We are in need of many

more catechists and schools, and we have big plans for development that will call for a considerable outlay of money. For this, we are entirely dependent on the alms of the faithful back home in the States.

CANADIAN JESUITS IN CHINA

(Continued from page 126)

dedicated. It is a custom that all the missionaries of the neighboring centers go to help the *Curé* on the day that precedes the feast of the parish. On that day, all the Christians go to confession, and their pastor is not at all reluctant to receive assistance. Then, too, these meetings are helpful in many ways to the missionaries themselves, and they afford a bit of much needed distraction.

Father Tsang (Chinese) met me at the station with his horse and cart, and we drove over to the mission. There the school children were all lined up on both sides of the road in my honor. As I passed, they made the triple profound bow, then away they skipped through the fields, and arrived at the entrance of the residence just in time to form up a second time into a guard of honor.

Yangchwangtsi is the "Benjamin" of the Sichow Mission. Everything is recent and in good condition. Only one thing wanting: a church! Up to now, a temporary chapel has met the needs of the parish. Father Tsang calls his center "The Golden Prison." Golden, for everything here is new; prison, for he is so far away from any of his neighbors. He is quite young, small of stature and very intelligent, as his bright eyes reveal,—unless they be hidden behind his dark glasses. He is a very congenial companion and can speak French so fluently that his Chinese fellow-missionaries call him "The Little Parisian."

(To be continued)

A HOUSE THAT UNDERSTANDS

(Continued from page 127)

Mountains mean little or nothing to you, so it is only right to tell you that they are named after Dry Harbour, distinguished as the first landing place of Columbus in Jamaica, who discovered the Island in 1494.

The caves that abound in the neighborhood revealed none of the secrets of the past, but the magic stretching of purse and furnishings was well worth the trip. Suppose that it did rain, (and in the tropics, rain means rain) and suppose that the roof did leak; suppose that on fair nights the stars did peer through the moss-green shingles of the roof; suppose that the house was cold, and suppose that its bulging east wall was braced up with huge timbers; suppose the canvass army-cot was uncomfortable, and that two heavy blankets did fail to keep you warm, even in the tropics; suppose that the rain-barrel shower-bath was most disagreeably cold, and suppose that the cattle-ticks did banquet on several otherwise healthy portions of your skin,—the hospitality and companionship of the good Pastor were worth it all, and more, and to this you add the house that understands,—well!

You have guessed it!—not an ash-shed, but a church, nay, a palace, and it is to be found in Somerset, tucked away in the green folds of the Dry Harbour Mountains. A palace whose walls are made of mud and wood, "Spanish wall," they call it in Jamaica, and whose roof, the greater part of it, might well be defined as a lot of holes nailed together! A palace, indeed, though the throne-room be paved with soil and a few bare boards, and the throne be a flimsy table! A palace where loyal subjects gather on the Wednesday after the second Sunday of the month to petition favors and thank their King for favors received, and where, on other days, little children gather to be trained as citizens of an earthly and of a heavenly kingdom.

WHAT a careless King to suffer His palace to remain in such condition! Do not say it! You do not mean it, for surely you know that He is the King of kings, and do you not remember His first earthly palace? It was a stable. And the throne? A manger. His royal abode at Nazareth was not much grander than the house that understands. And did not He, Himself, kneel upon God's good brown earth in the garden called Gethsemane? And what of His throne on Cal-

vary, in a throne-room that was roofless, and paved with the hate-twisted countenances of gloating enemies? Now you know why I call it the house that understands, and if you have a room whose appointments and atmosphere afford you a resting place no matter what your mood, and in which you always feel at home, you can readily appreciate why He likes to come to Somerton, to the house that understands.

THE MONAHAN MEMORIAL

(Continued from page 129)
and hence willing to do their bit. They have no money but they give freely what they do have, namely, all the materials and labor to erect the building. They are now making brick in order to complete the lower story. (In this climate the upper story is always built first, and many houses never have a downstairs!) The maintenance, repairs and cleaning are also cared for gratis. When a patient is confined to the hospital, the family provides the food, and also cares for the patient under the direction of our trained nurse. Our hospital is a family affair.

THANKS to the Catholic Medical Mission Board of New York, to whose munificence we owe our start, we are well equipped with surgical instruments, operating table, etc. The original stock of medicines they sent us has long been exhausted, and we are not quite able to keep up to par, but we manage to buy a little now and then. It takes a lot of medicine to doctor all the sick people of ten towns. And our stocks of medicine are sadly depleted.

In the short year and a half of its existence, the Monahan Memorial Hospital has justified the wish expressed by the first of the American Jesuits in this sector of Northern Mindanao, the late heroic Father Monahan. It was his request that gave birth to our mission hospital. The Monahan Memorial is young, is small, is inadequate as yet, but it is saving lives and, more important, saving souls. We are forced at present to keep our expenses down to seventy-five dollars a month, which is pitifully inade-

quate, but all we can afford. With even one hundred dollars a month we could maintain a fairly sufficient stock of medicines. But we are grateful that we have been able to accomplish so much, and we ask all to pray at least that we may be able to continue this work, so dear to the merciful Heart of our gentle Savior, who set us the example of healing the sick.

WE VISIT PILGRIM SPRINGS

(Continued from page 131)
other parts. They are the mustard seed from which we hope, under the miraculous influence of the sunshine of God's grace, will develop the strong and stalwart tree of faith, which will withstand the freezing blasts of all Arctic blizzards.
In the classroom they receive a complete grammar school education. They can converse intelligently in English, and in general intellectual ability, they are well the equals of

the average group of white girls in the same grades, although their store of ideas received from experience is more limited.

MORE important, perhaps, than the education received in the classroom, is their training in practical work. Under the direction of the Sisters they quickly acquire what pertains to good housewives. They learn how to cook, how to sew and knit, and not least, the art of making and mending the native *parkas* and *mucluks* which are worn up here by both natives and whites.
The problem of training boys in useful work is somewhat more difficult. However, they have their times which must be devoted to manual labor, and they have drilled into them the idea that life is partly made up of work. Among other tasks, there is the all-important work up here, of providing fuel. The task of cutting wood occupies a large part of the time of one of

Our Contributors

They Chose To Die is a meditation on the Martyrs of Auriesville, written by MISS MABEL A. FARRUM, a member of "The Boston Pilot" staff and winner of the nation-wide short story contests conducted by "The Queen's Work" and "Extension" magazines.

On the feast of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross, FATHER JAMES A. CREANE, S.J., intrepid missionary from the Province of Missouri, memorialized his fourth anniversary among the Santals. *Setting Up the Cross* in India today means Gethsemane and Calvary before the glory of Thabor and the Resurrection.

RT. REV. MONSIGNOR GEORGES MARIN, S.J., of the Province of Lower Canada, honors JESUIT MISSIONS with an edifying and interesting account of the activities of *The Canadian Jesuits in China*.

In *A House That Understands*, JOSEPH A. DOHERTY, S.J., a theologian at Weston, Mass., with the heart of a missionary and the pen of a poet, writes an intriguing story of mission needs in Jamaica, B. W. I.

The Monahan Memorial, whose work is described with such realistic detail by Father John A. Pollock, S.J., of the Maryland-New York Province, is a medical dispensary directed in the Jasan Mission of Mindanao, P. I., in honor of the valiant defender of the faith and inspiring surgeon of souls, Father John J. Monahan, S.J.

JOSEPH P. MELCHORS, S.J., of the Province of Missouri, who is stationed at Holy Rosary Mission, Pine Ridge, South Dakota, contrasts the old with the new in missionary ways and means, and concludes that *Father De Smet Approves* the new.

We Visit Pilgrim Springs with FATHER ALOYSIUS G. WILLEBRAND, S.J., of the Province of California, and are moved to breathe a fervent prayer for the triumph of the faith in Alaska.

With edifying despatch, CHARLES D. SIMONS, S.J., has forwarded from the war zone in China, a timely and kaleidoscopic report of life and death *Between the Lines at Shanghai*.

WALTER J. HANDBEN, S.J., a philosopher from Woodstock College, Md., in *Reverie* sees the Great Physician's hand pouring down soft moonlight radiance as a balm for the troubled spirits of His missionaries laboring in unsympathetic lands.

WILLIAM A. DONAGHY, S.J., of Shadowbrook, in the Province of New England, sees in *The Shade* cast by two cruciformed twigs in an idyllic dell, a mystic shadow of the Cross.

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

Grateful Acknowledgments

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Gifts for the Missions

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Gratitude is also expressed for one hundred and fifty-eight Mass stipends.

our Brothers and the boys in the Summer, and the work of hauling it requires much hard labor in the Winter. They also have opportunities to acquire skill in the use of tools. Our supply of wood is now becoming exhausted, and our Brother says that the surrounding country can only supply us for about two more years. We hope to be able to install a heating system, which will utilize the hot water of the springs. We have already completed part of it, and it has proved successful. But what we have done is only the beginning. We hope with the help of friends to be able to find means of completing it and of extending it to other buildings.

THE MISSION INTENTION

(Continued from page 135)

to organize 71 ecclesiastical divisions into which Central America and the Antilles are divided. Eleven of these divisions are dependent on the Sacred Congregation de Propaganda Fide. They have a total population of 2,353,040, of whom more than 960,943 are Catholic, with 320 priests.

Rival commercial interests, racial enmity, the emancipation of the English colonies from North America, the spread of the ideas of the French Revolution, all paved the way for the Revolution which ended in Mexico's independence, the formation of the Republics of Central America, and the dismemberment by European powers of the Empire of the Antilles. The greatest peril to the preservation and progress of the Catholic Faith in

this territory today is the growth of Protestantism. There are 890,000 in Jamaica, 206,000 in Trinidad and 78,000 in Dominica. A special "Committee on Cooperation in Latin America" with headquarters in New York has been formed to study collaboration between the sects, the schools, social works, the press and the student activities. Protestant seminaries are established at two strategic points, San Jose Seminary in Costa Rica and Rio Piedras in Porto Rico. There is an agency for the American Bible Society at Cristobal in the Canal Zone and Porto Rico has a native Protestant church.

In the light of this position, the following intentions are with reason recommended to the prayers of the Faithful and the clergy.

1. The persecuted Catholics in Mexico.
2. Increase of vocations in the schools of Latin America and the Antilles.
3. Catholic Schools.

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