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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.

## PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

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.

## COLORED MISSIONS IN MARYLAND

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

Rev. George J. Willmann, S.J.,

501 E. Fordham Road, New York, N. Y.

## AMERICAN INDIAN MISSIONS

Home missions among the Indians of Wyoming and South Dakota.

## BRITISH HONDURAS

A foreign mission in Central America among the native Caribs and Maya Indians.

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.

## ALASKA

Foreign-home missions among the Eskimos and Indians of Alaska.

## AMERICAN INDIAN MISSIONS

Home missions in Washington, Idaho, Oregon and Montana.

These two important mission fields are served by the Jesuits of the Province of Oregon which comprises the States of Washington, Oregon, Idaho and Montana. The Province Mission Procurator is

Rev. Edward A. McNamara, S.J.,

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

## JAMAICA, B.W.I.

A foreign mission field in care of the New England Province of the Society of Jesus. The Province comprises the New England States. The Province Mission Procurator is

Rev. Edward P. Tivnan, S.J.,

Boston College, Chestnut Hill, Mass.

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

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

## SOUTHERN STATES MISSIONS

Home missions among the white and colored people of the rural districts of the Southern States. This broad field is being developed by the Jesuits of the New Orleans Province which embraces the territory of the Southern States. The Province Mission Procurator is

Rev. Patrick A. Ryan, S.J.,

St. Anne's Church, Rock Hill, S. C. (Box 445)

## PATNA, INDIA

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

Rev. Leon A. Foster, S.J.,

1076 W. Roosevelt Rd., Chicago, Ill.

## CHINA MISSIONS

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. Hugh C. Donavon, S.J.,

University of Santa Clara, Santa Clara, Calif.

## CHINA

Sichow 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



The grotto of the world-famous cave of Manresa in Spain, where Iñigo de Loyola, the founder of the Jesuits, whose feast is celebrated on July 31, received the inspiration which gave to the world the Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius. The lesson of detachment learned in this cave of Manresa is still able to bring order into a disorganized world.

# A Jubilee of Joviality

Robert L. McCormack, S.J.



The Jubilarian: Father Robert A. Henneman, S.J.

**I**N a pamphlet recently published by JESUIT MISSIONS, ("Father William Stanton of Belize") we read these significant lines: "February 16, 1906, was a red-letter day for Father Stanton. It marked the arrival of a missionary companion, Father Robert Henneman, S.J. Stanton was jubilant. Father Henneman was an old friend and a stalwart worker. The two talked and laughed and planned till night paled into dawn." Readers of this magazine are not unacquainted with the heroic and romantic life of Father Stanton; or, if they are, they should not remain in such unfortunate ignorance with his life in this convenient edition. Less than four years after the event recorded in these lines, Father Stanton was forced to return to the States from his loved mission among the Maya Indians of Benque Wejo, British Honduras, and in a few months a fatal cancer had eaten away all life from the young and vigorous missionary. But Father Henneman carries on in the mission of British Honduras, and on July 26 of this year, he will celebrate his golden jubilee, the fiftieth anniversary of his entrance into the Jesuit Novitiate at Florissant, Missouri, where he preceded Stanton by five years.

Take your red pencil and underline these words in the above quotation: "Stanton was jubilant, an old friend and a stalwart worker, talked and laughed and planned till . . . dawn." In these phrases you have a glowing record of the jolly missionary of the "bush." All who know the stalwart worker, find in Father Henneman a friend, and are jubilant when his arrival is announced.

**B**UT what characteristically marks Father Henneman is the reference to his laughter. The heartiness of his laugh is a tonic and an encouragement to all who come within the radius of its merry charm. It is the ripply cheer that comes as the spontaneous outpouring of good nature in a man who is tremendously interested in human incidents and who loves human souls with a Christly love. Pleasantry is easily associated with the beaming smile of the aging missionary. Whether prefecting boys at St. Mary's College, Kansas, or instructing others at St. John's College, Belize; whether as a pastor, high school principal, or "bush" missionary; whether with his Religious brothers, Catholic laymen, or unbelievers, Father Henneman has laughed with and at people, and has spread sunshine in his wake.

Today he laughs jubilantly with his fisher-folk on the cocoanut lined isle of Ambergris Caye. For there he is a pastor of San Pedro. And his laughter is good to hear as it rings out clear, sincere, over the billowing Caribbean. For it reminds one that a missionary priest is not a gloomy saint who has lost all interest in the pleasant things of life, but is still responsive to the humor of the ways of man.

Father Henneman goes about his work smiling at his people, laughing at the funny situations he is continually meeting or creating, humbly forgetful of any heroism in his own generous life. When he narrates the accounts of long trips through the bush, it is only a hint you are given of his going from one little mission to another for weeks at a time, pestered by beasts and gnats and vermin, meeting no white man, living in primitive huts, working with unresponsive Indians in an unprogressive woods, traveling on horseback through deluging rains or under a burning tropical sun. He does not stop long on the heroic part of this work, but he lingers on the tales of how he and his missionary companion would sit up late into the night after the return to headquarters, laughing over the events at home and on the trail until their sides hurt and the tears ran down their cheeks.

**A**S he tells of the struggles against the vices and tribal superstitions among the Indians, he will tell you jokingly of how the people called him *Padre Bravo* because of his gruff manner in talking with them when he scolded. His living in a thatched hut with Father Stanton in the one room that was their dining room, kitchen, bedroom, (hammocks take up little space during the day) office, and recep- (Turn to page 165)

# Hallowed Spots of Ontario

Robert C.  
McElligott, S.J.

**L**IKE priceless gems set in a royal diadem are the ancient mission stations and holy death scenes of our Jesuit Martyrs. The big center jewel, the present Martyrs' Shrine, Fort Ste. Marie, near Midland, Ontario, stands over all, its brilliance intensified however by the lesser gems, the smaller mission stations which encircle it and



add their own particular radiance to the center jewel.

A short walk down the mighty hill on which the lofty Shrine stands sentinel over the river Wye and the marsh land about, brings us to the site of Fort Ste. Marie. True, little remains of this once secure structure. All that we can see is four heaps of stones which used to support the bastions of an oblong fortification, 175 feet long by 90 in breadth. Between the bastions ran strong palisades, and within the walls were a private chapel, a dining hall, quarters for the donnes and two large rooms for Hurons under religious instruction. Outside, a church, hospital and a large cabin for visitors were erected, and around all was a lofty palisade. Here it was that Brebeuf and his companions gathered to consult on the problems of the missions, to make their annual retreat and, in rest, to recuperate the vigor untold toils had greatly sapped; and it is here their mangled remains were buried after their heroic martyrdom in 1649.

**F**ROM Fort Ste. Marie to St. Louis, the village at which Brebeuf and Lalemant were captured, is but a distance of two miles. The ground—for the village no longer exists—is in the hands of the Historical Society of Canada, which on September 15, 1923, unveiled here a bronze tablet suitably mounted on stone in memory of these two missionaries.

About five miles further on to the southeast we come

to St. Ignace, the scene of diabolical torture and Christ-like forbearance as displayed when on March 16, 1649, Brebeuf and Lalemant were cruelly done to death for the Faith they sought to bring to savage hearts. The exact site of the destroyed village has been difficult to determine.

**A**S we travel somewhat to the southwest for nine miles, our journey will bring us to St. Joseph, known by the Indian name of Teanaostaiaie. In 1638 it was the largest town in Huronia. Father Daniel was ministering to his Hurons on July 4, 1648, when the Iroquois attacked. The Father urged his flock to escape while he, radiant in all his vestments, went forward to meet the enemy, who in turn, amazed at his undaunted courage, stopped and stared at him, but coming to themselves, shot forth a volley of arrows and a discharge of gunshot. Daniel fell, dead, and into the burning temple they cast his lifeless body, which was reduced by the intensity of the conflagration into impalpable dust. Hence there never will be found relics of this hero who perhaps in his desire to live unknown and alone for God would have it so. Last Summer a generous benefactor purchased this land for the Jesuit Fathers. In 1925, a farmer named Fitzgerald miraculously recovered his sight by merely rubbing his eyes with clay taken from this hallowed spot. One of the (Turn to page 165)

# Blood on the Balasan

Richard A. Welfle, S.J.



The author, Richard A. Welfle, S.J., stops for a little business at a wayside bazaar.

this spot has completely won my heart. One day, early in my acquaintance with it, I came upon a small slab of stone planted upright in the sand just at the water's edge. It had a white thread tied around it, was smeared with bright red *sindur* powder, and bespattered with blood. And chicken feathers were strewn round about upon the sand. This same day, I observed one of the hill-folk making a low, reverent salaam to the stream, and then he tied a piece of colored cloth to a bush nearby, before venturing to cross. Moreover, as he cautiously picked his way from boulder to boulder through the rushing current, several coins were dropped into the water. Now all this was mysterious enough to arouse my curiosity, and upon inquiry, I came to know that the Balasan is a sacred stream quite as holy as the Ganges in the worship of the Hindu of the plains.

THESE hill-folk, however, are not genuine Hindus. Their religion is not easy to name. Hinduism has undoubtedly made its inroads. For instance, on the night of the Hindu feast of *Diwali*, innumerable little lights pierce the velvety darkness of the valleys,

giving the very pretty effect of gazing down upon an inverted patch of star-lit sky. And among the Bhotias, who have come through the snowy pass high up in the mountains, down from the bleak plateau of Tibet, Buddhism appears in very definite forms. Their Lama monasteries dot the hills, and it is a familiar sight to behold an uncouth Tibetan, with his long pig tail, and done in greasy sheep-skins, sauntering along, incessantly plying his prayer-wheel, thumbing his rosary, and mumbling over and over again: "*Om mani padme hum!*" (Hail to the jewel in the lotus!), the mystic words that are supposed to gain for him the Heaven of eternal bliss.

BUT for all that, it is safe to say that these observances of Hinduism and Buddhism are in the main but thin veneers over primitive animistic beliefs. Demonolatry is at the root of most of the religious practices of the people, and it takes the form of exorcisms and bloody sacrifices, for protec- (Turn to page 165)

No effort is required to fall in love with nature along the banks of the Balasan, whose cold crystal waters come dashing through dark ravines and tumbling over rocky ledges down through the picturesque foothills of the Himalayas, to be debouched out upon the yellow sands of Bengal. Its shining, twisting ribbon of silver, and foaming sun-streaked pools, contribute richly to the surrounding beauty. The steep, terraced slopes that rise up thousands of feet from its boulder-strewn banks like never-ending stairs are green with fields of tea, and the hot, moist ravines with their choking tangle of creepers, bamboo copse and matted cane brakes, display the wild luxuriance of a virgin jungle. Here are the haunts of the jackal, the jungle-fowl, the barking-deer, and brilliantly colored warblers, bright as jewels. Great clusters of giant ferns, and flowering rhododendrons appear in riotous profusion.

All this is magnificent indeed, but the beautiful Balasan boasts one spot that is nothing less than enchanting. It lies just below the little town of Kurseong, where the Jesuit scholastics in India pursue their theological studies. At this particular point, the capricious Balasan makes a right angle bend, and with ceaseless din beats its molten silver into iridescent spray against a sheer wall of rock. From the opposite bank, a precipitous slope, smothered with exuberant greenery, springs up three thousand feet.

"No effort is required to fall in love with nature along the banks of the Balasan, whose cold crystal waters come dashing through dark ravines and tumbling over rocky ledges down through the picturesque foothills of the Himalayas."



The haunting beauty of

# War in a Chinese University

Francis A.  
Rouleau, S.J.



A student officer of the Jesuit "Aurora University" of Shanghai.



LIFE in a Chinese university, Aurora University of Shanghai, has whirled along this past year in a bewildering tarantella of anti-Japanese agitation and gaudy parades, with classes desperately sandwiched in between military drills—and all this dressed up in the colorful frippery of oriental imagination and industry.

"We are the avengers of our nation's wrongs!"—the tocsin call, thundered with prophetic fervor, rolled through classroom and laboratory, galvanizing into action the immense motive power of Chinese youth and marshalling the schoolboy hosts to a place in the sun. The distraught professor has had to sleep, so to say, with his clothes on. Fanned up in the schools and gathering terrific momentum with every fresh student demonstration, the juvenile cyclone bowled collegiate work upside down, gyrated mightily up to the capital, pitched cringing government leaders out of office and only shied with an abrupt back current when Japanese bombs began dropping in the neighborhood.

"Our own dashing young battalion, once gorgeously swathed in all the braid and flash of West Pointers, dwindled down almost over night to a puny awkward squad."

IT all broke out, this dramatic flare-up, when those dispatches came sizzling in from Manchuria. The repercussion was instantaneous. Fortunately, our student body—splendid chaps on the whole, pattering around in their satin robes with an elegance that would make a society ball look like a cheap road show—is drawn largely from the better families of ancient Sinim. Nor did the French Fathers, shrewd and seasoned educators in the Orient, show any mind to discard their traditional system of discipline, even though ebullient extremists were paralyzing the bulk of Chinese colleges and turning them into hotbeds of political disorder. This well-balanced attitude, naturally enough, created for the University tremendous "face" in official circles. To be sure, the tether must not be fastened too close: Chinese youth are just now keenly conscious of their mission as potent factors in the transitional crisis of the race, and our scholars, healthy enough youngsters, clamored for their legitimate share of patriotic activity. This youthful energy was not discouraged by the Fathers at the University, but every effort was made to guide the youth aright in their patriotism.

They exercised it aplenty. "It is better to die than to become slaves of the *hsiao jen*, Little Men!" they would utter, grimly, fervently, as, burnt out after a round of turbulent patriotism, they would stumble into my room one of an evening to talk over the day's achievements.

NO doubt they meant it, too. The plan of campaign was two-fold: organization, concurrently with all Chinese student bodies, of a vigorous anti-Nipponese boycott, and the whipping into shape of a military unit, destined, if need be, to withstand alien territorial aspirations. Posters smeared all over with flaming hieroglyphics and plastered against every wall and telephone pole in Shanghai, bespoke, crudely enough for the most part, the relative effectiveness of the first system, while companies of uniformed young men, swinging along gallantly at all hours of the day, displayed a buoyant



determination to keep out the aggressor by force, even at the risk of limb and life. Thus blossomed out the legion of the "Dare To Die's." All this magnificent blaze of national sentiment moved along majestically enough for a while. Yet, with most of the colleges gone berserk—the Jesuit University was almost alone in carrying on in this part of the country—it soon became apparent that our students, however well intentioned, could not hold out indefinitely in the face of the pressure battering against the Aurora by meddlesome armies of outside striking students. To make matters worse, a clique of clever mealy-mouthed communists managed to squeeze their way into the compound.

THEN the fireworks began. The older and saner chieftains were ousted or shunted to the sidelines, the sober elements browbeaten into scared acquiescence, and youthful effervescence capped for some explosive venture later on.

The explosion came swiftly enough. Egged on by outside trouble-breeders, the nimble cabal hatched up a scheme of undergraduate disorder, one mid-December day, and pounced upon the invasion of Nanking, scheduled for the to-morrow, as an occasion to force a spectacular uprising. Scholastic fever was well over a hundred degrees. To save "face," some of the lads had themselves called home, pretending some family wedding or funeral or what-not.

That same evening a notice was tacked on the official bulletin board. It bore the cryptic but imperious order: "The usual Winter vacations have been advanced and will commence immediately."

Outwitted, the handful of student agitators scurried off, frothing at the mouth, while the mass of the pupils, radiant over this unexpected saving of "face," quietly booked passage for home to await less troublous times. Those wily Jesuits!

OVER a month later. The curtain rings up on the second scene amid a bedlam of battle that disor-reopening of classes, barely a week or two after the tions in the Chinese city, make the buildings in the countless pulse and rattle with disturbing frequency, while thousands of thousands of refugees, fleeing the tempest of the frontiers, clutter up the principal avenues of trade,

and shamble by in an endless and pathetic parade. The sky is incandescent: immense billows of smoke, brilliantly illumined by burning temples and market-places, by thousands of homes and shops, heave and roll upwards like the stage setting from Dante's Inferno.

"How cruel the Japanese are!" my lads would tell me during this crucial period as I'd stick my nose into their rooms to see that everything was O.K. With faces glued against the frosty windows, they would gaze out over the black blanket of roofs to the north, look on in sober bitterness at the great blotches of orange blowing against the dark skyline.

But while Chapei crackled with flames and rocked with devastating shells, the political fires in the Shanghai schools smoked out, curiously enough, with startling swiftness. Believe it or not, the irrepressible "Dare To



Chinese soldiers blockade a street to defend a section of Shanghai near the Foreign Settlements.

Die's" were actually shirking roll call. And our own dashing young battalion, once gorgeously swathed in all the braid and flash of West Pointers, dwindled down almost over night to a puny awkward squad.

Anyway, there was a bigger and more creditable role to play in all this horrid show of ruin and death. Military hospitals, crammed full of shell-torn Chinese flesh, were calling for help. Briskly, heroically, our medical students hustled out behind the trenches, with tools and anesthetics to do their part in salvaging human lives. Earsplitting fire in the vicinity made the task a sickening one, but they hung on doggedly; and it soon became known that our Christian representatives, always alert to soul that our Christian representatives, always alert to spiritual nursing, were working in a bit of consoling spiritual ministry among the mortally wounded. This, of course, was as it should be.

LATER on, when the opposing forces hooked up savagely in the nasty Kiangwan sector, north of the city, war with all its uncanny trappings elbowed the Aurora at close quarters. On official request, two of our big buildings were hastily con-

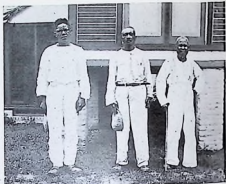
# Visiting the Lepers' Home

*Sister M. Francis Xavier*

**I**N this beautiful isle of ours, Jamaica, B. W. I., where the sun perpetually shines o'er majestic hills, rippling springs and luxuriant vegetation, there stands an abode forgotten—loathed by the indifferent—often unremembered by the good, who are otherwise so thoughtful.

In St. Jago de la Vega, the Spanish name for the once proud Capitol of the isle, one mile from the center of the town, on the Salt Island Road, there runs a long, high and formidable-looking wall, divided in the center by high gates quite in keeping with the drab enclosure.

The passerby looks, and with a shrug of the shoulders, hastens on, heedless of the pain and patience of the isolated lepers, the great majority of whom are doomed to live and die behind those weird grey walls, heedless, too, of the loving care bestowed on the afflicted ones by those charitable souls devoted to the alleviation of the



*Before the charity of Christ entered the world, these lepers of Jamaica, B. W. I., would have been outcast even from the thoughts of their fellow-men.*

suffering leper. It is evident that a higher motive urges on these good nurses than a small weekly pay, as money could never compensate their edifying and untiring attention to the wants and comforts of these helpless afflicted people.

**T**HE spiritual welfare of the Catholic inmates of the Lepers' Home is looked out for by Father Francis J. Kelly, S.J., in charge of the Spanish Town Mission. Besides attending to sick calls at the Home, he goes there on the Wednesday after the second Sunday of each month at 3:30 P.M., has devotions in honor of the Sacred Heart, preaches a short sermon and gives Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament. Again on Tuesday of the following week he goes to the Home at about 6:30 A.M. and offers up the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass and gives Holy Communion to those who are able to assist at Holy Mass and also to those who are unable to leave their beds in the wards.

The Home stands on ten acres of land, four of which are under cultivation. The produce is used in the dietary of the inmates.

The leper population in Jamaica now stands at about three hundred, as revealed by the Census of 1920, of whom one hundred and twenty are in the Home. There are two classes of patients admitted to the institution. Those unable to provide for themselves, and a paying class, but no visitor could observe any distinction in the care and treatment of the two classes. Patients who are poor and unable to provide themselves with treatment for the disease are received under magistral order; then there is a vagrant class, subject to arrest, and if they cannot satisfy the magistrate that they are in a position to segregate and support themselves, the Law orders their admission to the Home, subject to the approval of the Governor.

**L**EPROSY in Jamaica is rapidly decreasing, owing to the medical care at the Institution. Doctor L. A. P. Wynter.

Acting Medical Attendant in charge, continues the policy of securing the best modern medical treatment for the disease, with the result that in many cases, conditions are considerably relieved and cures effected.

In 1875, there (Turn to page 166)

*Two faithful souls, the Misses Leon, who have served as catechists in the Lepers' Home for over thirty-three years.*



# The Jesuits and the Uniates

John J. Keegan, S.J.



ALTHOUGH the Jesuits have worked among the Uniates in Constantinople, in Syria and in Egypt, still, no Jesuit has changed from the Latin Rite and become a member of the Armenian, Syriac, Maronite, Chaldaic or Coptic Uniates. But in October of 1924, with the most cordial approval of the Holy See, two Jesuits of the Byzantino-Slav Rite began a small Oriental Mission in the Archdiocese of Vilna in Poland, in the parish of Albertyn near the city of Slonim. Next year there were three new Jesuit priests of the Oriental Rite added to the staff at Albertyn, and so they decided to start a new center of operations at the parish of Synkowicze. Finally, in November of 1926, they began at Albertyn a Jesuit Novitiate of the Oriental Rite with three novice scholastics and three novice lay-Brothers. About the end of 1928, they started a residence at the city of Vilna

where the Latin Archbishop is residing. In the early Fall of the year of 1931, the Novice Master of the House of Probation at Albertyn was appointed by His Holiness as Rector of a new Oriental Seminary in the city of Dubno. The Jesuits' progress in this new departure was slow but sure. In November of 1930, they had nine priests, thirty-four scholastics and eight lay-Brothers, all of the Oriental Rite.

IN Rome there are two Fathers who belong to the Byzantino-Slav Rite. One of these is Father Javorka who is Rector of the Russian College, a College founded by Pius XI, in 1929, to prepare priests, especially of the Byzantino-Slav Rite, to labor for the Catholic Church in Russia. The other is Father Joseph Schweigl, who, besides being Spiritual Father in the Russian College, also gives lectures in the Oriental Institute. Outside of Rome there are two Fathers of the Byzantino-Slav Rite; one is Father Charles Bourgeois, a Frenchman, who is a missionary and a writer stationed at the Pontifical College at Velehrad in (Turn to page 167)

*His Excellency, Nicolaus Czarniecki, D.D., Apostolic Visitor, officiating at a solemn service in the Oriental Mission of the Jesuits. To His Excellency's right is Father P. W. Piskiewicz, S.J., and to his left are Father de Regis, S.J., Master of Novices (Oriental Rite) and Father A. Dabrowski, S.J., Rector of the Pontifical Seminary (Oriental Rite).*



# Canadian Jesuits in China

The author, Superior of the new Canadian Jesuit Mission of Süchow China, formerly Associate Editor of *Jesuit Missions*, continues the report of his first visitation to the mission territory. The June issue carried the first part of Msgr. Marin's account.—Editor.



A T -  
SING.

Father  
Dubé

met me at Yanglow, the station nearest Matsing. To honor me in fitting manner—to give me "face," as we say in China—two catechists on horseback accompanied us all the way. En route we stopped at a village for the convenience of a number of Christians who had gathered to meet me. We were served tea in the house of one of the notables. To hear the Christians speak of Father Dubé in such enthusiastic fashion makes you conclude that the missionary is very devoted to his flock. The truth is that he is extremely active. His district is a very large one with over 3,700 Christians. Moreover, Father Dubé is very affable, always smiling, ever ready to lend a helping hand, "all things to all men." He is one of the most popular men in Matsing—even amongst the pagans—and everyone has a good word for him.

**L**ICHWANG. The next hop brought me to Father Paul de Gelees' district.

"Good-day, dear old Father Paul!"

There he was at the station, waiting for me, riding-whip in hand as becomes a jockey. We mounted the horses and we were off to the mission close by.

"Take the lead, Father Paul," I said, "I don't know the road."

"Let the reins loose; the horse knows just where to go."

Father Gagnon, invited over from Fenghsien, was standing in front of the residence. He told me that, arriving a short time ahead of me, he had been welcomed by the full peal of the church bells that was intended for me.

At "Royal Palace," Father Paul's mission, you are always sure of a warm, fraternal, royal welcome. When speaking of his flock, he always names the villages by



Rt. Rev. Msgr. Georges Marin, S.J. (right-center) with some of his missionaries of the Süchow Mission, China.

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

their Christian names. "Here are the school boys of St. Felix; over there, those of St. Lin, etc." I almost thought I was back in the Province of Quebec.

Father Paul accompanied me back to the train at Tangshan. While passing through the villages, I was astounded to see

the number of men who knew Father Paul and who spoke to him familiarly on the way. "Father, medicine for the eyes, please."—"Father, some quinine, please."—"Good-night, Father, how are you? Where are you going?" To everyone he says a kind word, if medicine he cannot give, and all go away happy. All are "His Little Friends." From the train, I caught sight of Father Paul on his white Siberian, going full gallop along the railway line, and waving his hat in the air to bid me *au revoir*. What a sterling old missionary! He is now seventy-four years of age, is as straight as an oak and can make fifty miles a day on horseback, and in the worst of weather. To him the saddle is as good as a rocking-chair. After riding the whole day long, he will, before retiring, spend long hours before the Blessed Sacrament; and the following morning, he is the first up and about.

**S**INPI. I was quite tired when Father Tsai and I arrived at Sinpi after a twelve-mile bicycle ride from the station, going against a strong wind. Yet a great many Christians were waiting at the mission to go to confession. The next morning, although a Saturday, over 300 came to Holy Communion. A delegation came to me to ask special aid for their district which is in sore need. The times are really very hard for this region. Here, nothing is to be seen in the fields, the crops having been long submerged by the heavy floods of last Summer. But what can I do? What can I answer? To refuse is hard in such circumstances, but refuse I must, not being able to give them anything more than they have already received.

Yentow. The wind had changed (Turn to page 167)

# The Unfrozen North

John F.  
Dempsey, S.J.



Father John P. Fox, S.J., one of Alaska's heroic missionaries.

Flood tides which were frequent enough in the region of Hooper Bay brought with them on this occasion a legion of derelict icebergs which advanced over the borders of the low-lying coast. In desperation the flock and its pastor had recourse to God for assistance. Morning and afternoon the beads were recited in the presence of the Blessed Sacrament. And yet the hour of their delivery was not come.

"When our dear Lord," Father Fox writes, "did not seem to hear our prayer, we took the processional cross from the chapel, and, after saying some appropriate prayers from the missal, we planted the cross at the water's edge, with the prayer that our Lord might not let the waves pass this limit. And, thanks be to God, they did not. From that time the water began to recede, and by the time Benediction was ended that evening, the wind also began to die down. I immediately announced a general Communion of thanksgiving for the next morning—which happened to be Thanksgiving Day. I think that we thanked God with becoming fervor for the protection given us. After all, the few things

we have lost can be richly replaced by the Giver of all good things."

"The few things we have lost," here referred to, include boats and large quantities of coal-oil and gasoline. Father found, however, that greater damage had been done at Kashunak than at Hooper Bay. Seven inches of water had flooded the chapel floor. The natives had lost much food and other supplies, and all the wells were filled with sea water. This last item proved a decided hardship, since they had to wait for snow in order to obtain water to drink.

BUT all was not yet over. December seventh brought storm winds from the southeast. By night they had switched to the south—which meant disaster for the mission if they lasted for more than twelve hours. The dogs, who sensed the imminent danger, set up their howling during the night, but were unheeded until the catechist, in whose mind the vivid memory of the former flood still lingered, came to rouse the priest. "By the time I had put on some clothes, hip boots and parky, some of the dogs were already in two feet of water. . . . I hurriedly unsnapped the chains of one dog after another and brought them to the house where my catechist grabbed them and brought them inside. Though none of the dogs were more than a few yards from the house, by the time I came to the last one the water was almost too high for my hip boots. In fifteen minutes it had risen one foot."

When the animals were safe, the priest and his helpers set to work to clear the chapel floor before the water rose further. Feverish work it was, and not unmingled with fervent prayer. As on the former occasion the wind had driven high iceblocks in over the land, so now they came again with impact enough to dislodge the chapel from its foundations. As (Turn to page 167)



Sacred Heart Mission chapel, Kashunak, Alaska, one of the stations in Father Fox's mission at Hooper Bay.

# Good Morn



The author presents two reasons why Xavier called the Philippines "The Isles of Hope."

THE title above is not only a salutation; it is a statement of a fact. The particular morning of which I speak was a very good morning. To start with, I got up feeling pretty good. These tropic beds just don't seem to agree with me, and, no matter how late I retire, I am always glad to get up as soon as the house bell sounds the rising hour. What! You did not know that a Philippine bed differs from a regular bed? Well, you just try using a very thin straw mat instead of your mattress, and in place of your bedsprings put a tight stretch of rattan like

you have in the cane seats of chairs, and see how you like to lie on it. Oh! it will be cool all right, for that is its purpose; but it will be hard, too, and unyielding.

Masses in Mindanao, P. I., begin early before the tropic sun is up, and Mass is always a joy, especially in my mission at Cagayan where many devout Filipinos receive Holy Communion. The mystic and mysterious side of the Mass makes perhaps more of an impression on our Orientals than it does on the people of America. And I am always conscious of a deeper atmosphere of the catacombs and the early Christians when I look out into the dusky church (the sun is just beginning to rise) and see the majority of my congregation garbed in the white dress and blue sash of the Immaculate Conception or the brown and white of St. Anthony, while all are wearing black or white veils on their heads instead of awkward relics of Empress Eugenie or some other style of headgear.

THIS particular morning, before the Mass I had confessions; and then there was a wedding to perform. The bride and groom had been prepared the evening before, and I had insisted that they must be on time for the Mass or I would not be able to marry them. Time is not an important factor in this land of *mañana*, and most of our people observe "carabao time," which means no time, or anything within two to six hours of the appointed hour. On this occasion there was no delay, and, dressed in their finest, the bride and groom stood before me in the middle of the main aisle of the church and pronounced the marriage vows and passed the rings and the coins from the cupped hands of the groom to those of the bride, as is the custom in the Islands.

Every morning I go over to our parochial school to teach Catechism to the higher grades. I had hardly begun the class this morning when I was called out on an urgent sick-call. I hurriedly got my sick-call box (it contains about everything necessary to administer all seven sacraments and the sacramentals, too. You just can't tell what you will need in this land which was torn asunder thirty years ago by the error of Aglipayanism that swept priests and people into bitter schism). The man who came for me had a bicycle; but riding bicycles is an art I never acquired, so I ran beside him while he took my kit and rode. In the nipa hut to which I was brought I found a dying child, unbaptized.

The parents had deferred the sacrament, and this was the result. The doctor was present and said the child would live at least a short while. So I began to perform the ceremonies prescribed by the Church. I had not gotten far beyond the placing of the salt in the mouth of the infant when I noticed a change come over it. A half moment later I was pouring the water and saying the words that made a new friend and child for God. Death was very near and I had not long to wait to console the bereaved



The faculty of St. Augustine's School, Cagayan, Oriental Misamis, Mindanao, P. I. Seated (left to right): Father Joseph Lucas, S.J., and Father Joseph Reith, S.J.

# ing!

Joseph Reith, S.J.

mother and father who bore their loss with Christian resignation.

ON the way back to the school, I turned a corner and, lo and behold! I was at the head of a funeral procession of another child making its way to the church. The coffin was supported on two bicycles that had been joined together with bamboo strips to form a suitable conveyance.

How short the journey from birth to burial for so many of the babies! Lack of sanitation, shortage of food and medical attention, tuberculosis—what destruction they hurl upon the innocent babes who seem to live only long enough to put on the nuptial garment of God's Baptismal grace for the Eternal Spouse! The prayers of the burial service of children become almost a matter of memory for the priest from such frequent repetition over the rude wooden or pasteboard, tissue-paper-covered coffins that are gently placed upon the floor of the church for a final blessing before they are carried to the graveyard.

My class period was over when I returned to the school, and I was considering how we could best adjust ourselves to the many needs we have in the school when a second sick-call came. My knowledge of Visayan is sadly imperfect, and I may have misunderstood the boy when he said it was a sick baby. My interpreter, however, said it was a sick woman; but, as a matter of fact, after a quick journey under the broiling sun, I found a sick old man. He was lying on his only bed—the floor of his nipa hut, and pretty far gone. He had been a good man, the father of a large family that was grouped around him, praying for him. He had previously had the attentions of the priest in his sickness, and I gave him all the help I could for his final journey. He did not live long after my departure, for late in the afternoon they brought his body to the church for burial. Very, very few Filipinos in Mindanao are buried from a Requiem Mass. The local law prescribes that a body must be buried within twenty-four hours after death,



Luckily, or rather, through the gracious designs of God's Providence, Father Reith had baptized little Christopher the day before he died.

and it is usually altogether inconvenient or impossible to make the necessary arrangements for the Mass. All, however, are brought to the church for the burial service before they are consigned to the grave.

I THOUGHT that would be the end of it for the morning, but in passing through the church to our convento, I saw two little groups, each with a nursing tot as the center of attention. That meant Baptisms, of course. There is a set time for administering this sacrament, but it is observed mainly in the breach. Time is made for slaves; and, anyway, these babies were brought down from the mountains, far off, and no one would think of reproving the solicitude of the good parents (Turn to page 168)



Part of Father Reith's "Children's Crusade," summoned from Cagayan to solemnize the Lumbia fiesta and to discountenance the Aglipayans.

# JESUIT MISSIONS

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## A Challenge and An Answer

INDUSTRIALLY and commercially, the United States has long been in the forefront of world progress. True, like most countries of the world she is suffering under the present panic of depression, but out of this temporary setback she will emerge, we trust, to a more vigorous growth. Her very progress and daring in fields of industry and commerce have, however, too often given her the reputation of utter materialism. While admitting that in many instances she has laid herself open to this accusation, we hold that at least in her Catholic members she has given evidence of something far more noble. When the world challenges her to prove that her people have a love for higher things and a willingness to make sacrifices for them, she can point with justifiable pride to the growth and vigor of her Catholic institutions, educational and charitable, to her increasing numbers and the fervor of her members. But we feel that in particular she can meet the challenge by pointing to the many young men and young women who answer the call to the priesthood or the Religious life, and especially those who, in the vigor and bloom of youth, are answering the call to leave home and loved ones and all to serve God in the foreign missions.

The figures for last year and the year previous were impressive. It is as yet too early to give numbers of departing missionaries for this year, but even now the exodus of our heroes—though they would never call themselves such—is beginning. The seventeen Jesuits going from the Maryland-New York territory to the Philippine Islands, the four California Jesuits going to China, others going to India, to Jamaica, B. W. I., to British Honduras, to Baghdad in Iraq, to the Indians of America; the eighteen Maryknoll missionaries going to the Orient—all these—and their number will increase greatly during the Summer months—are Catholic America's answer to the challenge as to whether or not American Youth can measure up to the heroic.

And as they go, these warriors in a spiritual combat cast to the rest of us a parting challenge of their own: a challenge to some of us to follow in their footsteps, if God has given us a vocation to serve Him in the missions as priests or Religious, a challenge to all of us at least to pray for their success, and, where possible, to help on their work by material assistance. Let us not forget that in their persons is a challenge from Christ, their Leader and ours. Well then may every Catholic ask himself or herself the question: "What is my answer to this loving challenge of Christ and His missionaries?" The Master looks into our hearts and awaits the answer.

## Consoling and Heartbreaking

HIS Holiness, Pope Pius XI, has insistently urged upon missionaries the need of forming a body of native clergy in their respective missions. Superiors of the various Jesuit missions throughout the world are striving to carry out this most praiseworthy recommendation of the "Pope of the Missions." But alas, too often the difficulties in the work come—not from lack of young men who offer themselves for the service of the altar—but from the limited finances of the missions. It is most consoling for a Superior to find sterling Catholic young men among the natives—in some cases already equipped with a high school, and possibly a college education,—eager to enter the seminary or the novitiate; but it is heartbreaking for a Superior to be forced to send these same young men back to the world simply because he has no money to see them through the remaining years of their training. In most places, a sum of money far lower than it costs to educate a seminarian in the United States is sufficient to carry a young man on in his course to the priesthood. Would not this be a splendid work to be assumed by our mission circles, sodality or parish groups, or even by self-sacrificing individual Catholics? What a consolation it would be for the generous donors to know that there are at work in the missions one or more native priests who have been educated at their expense! No small consolation would be found in the thought that daily at Mass these zealous priests would remember their benefactors, perhaps even long after the latter have passed out of this life. May the number of Catholics, positively interested in this work so dear to the heart of our Holy Father, grow steadily, so that in all mission countries there may be built a strong body of native Catholics under the guidance of their own native priests!

## Please Note

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





# AFIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUITS

## PATNA, INDIA

"But why shouldn't they be so?" exclaimed Very Reverend Mother M. Joanna Damascena, Mother General of the Sisters popularly known as The English Ladies and as Mother Ward's Daughters, after she had visited the Santal mission fields in the Patna Diocese.

"I was deeply moved," she said in a conversation with Very Rev. P. J. Sontag, S.J., Superior of the American Jesuits in Patna Mission, "to see the lives of sacrifice both Fathers and Sisters are leading—nothing short of heroic—and yet all beaming with happiness. But why shouldn't they, with such a beautiful harvest? My only regret is that I cannot send fifty Sisters instead of five—and myself one of the fifty!"

"But why shouldn't they be happy?" is what you, too, would ask if you could see the work they are carrying on. Living in mud houses, eating the food of the Santal aboriginals, for the most part, and separated from all that we consider civilization, these "English Ladies" from Munich, Bavaria, have found their place in life, teaching thousands of pagans the truths that both console and point out the way to eternal salvation.

\* \* \*

His Excellency, Bishop Bernard J. Sullivan, S.J., writes from Patna Mission:

"We are preparing the way to reopen the question of full recognition of our rights to buy and build among the Santal Parganas. Government recognition so far, while being of some use to us, is far from what we desire and seriously need; hence we are having a few friendly talks with officials, and we feel that they will be disposed to reconsidering the terms of last year's letters, and we hope that they will make larger concessions this year. May I ask the prayers of your readers for this important intention? We want to dedicate our big center, when we get it, to Christ the King.

"Our Blessed Lady is our special Mediatrix, and this for special reasons, one of which is the fact that the opposition Protestants are maligning her terribly. They have gotten out a book in Santali, attacking our little Catechism, point by point. Their

work is most grossly ignorant, if not deliberately malicious. Mary, the Saints, the Church, the sacraments, etc., are derided. According to them, we are the Roman Catholics—the Romans, that is, those who killed Christ, etc. You can see, therefore, our reason for longing to spread devotion to Mary and to give her many a 'St. Mary's Convent' among the Santals. Pray, and beg for prayers, that the Church, persecuted in so many lands, may have freedom for Her work for souls even in our little corner of Santal Parganas."

\* \* \*

Richard T. Mehren, S.J., writes that there has been a good amount of chicken-pox and some cases of pneumonia among the boys at the Santal school at Bhagalpur.

\* \* \*

Father Henry Westropp, S.J., gave retreats at Rawalpindi, and on his return to the Bhagalpur Boarding School, he was stricken down with heart trouble. He received the last sacraments, but rallied, and seems now on the road to recovery.



Another former Associate Editor of JESUIT MISSIONS (1930-31) goes to the Philippines. Father Vincent I. Kennedy, S.J., ever smiling and cheerful and eager for missionary labors, will leave for the Islands this Summer.

John Morrison, S.J., had the consolation of preaching the Passion sermon at Dinapore during Holy Week this year.

\* \* \*

Father Francis M. Brown, S.J., who went to India in the Fall of 1931, is now secretary to His Excellency, Bishop Sullivan, and resides at the Bishop's House at Bankipore. Father Raymond H. Mullen, S.J., who held this position before, has been ordered to take a rest at the hospital conducted by the Good Shepherd Sisters at Bangalore.

\* \* \*

Father W. Marquard, S.J., who has been in India for several years, has been appointed Acting Pastor of the Bettiah parish. Bettiah has perhaps the largest Catholic population of any town in Patna Mission.

## PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

Father James G. Daly, S.J., writes from Jimenez, Mindanao, P. I.:

"I am deeply grateful to JESUIT MISSIONS and all our devoted benefactors who are helping us under your inspiration. I remember Father Petit liked to tell us about the P. O. where angels receive and dispatch all the mail. Assure our good benefactors that we are sending much mail there for them, registered and stamped with the gratitude of our hearts, even if crowded hours of missionary work retard the flow of our missives through the channels of Uncle Sam's P. O.

"Jimenez holds the public procession to honor our Lady of Lourdes on the Sunday after the calendar feast. Sunday is a convenient day for the laborers on the farms, and for the distant parishioners. For one week before this Sunday it was raining day and night, but Lourdes did not disappoint us for our Sunday procession. It was an active day, and I thought it a more active night at 1:00 A.M. the following Monday morning, when I returned from a sick-call to which I was summoned when I was preparing for the night's rest after the active day.—Here I had an interruption, and strange to say, it was to bless the remains of the sick person about whom I was just speaking. I did not know the person had died until I saw the name painted on the crude wooden

coffin in which relatives and friends carried the deceased to the church for the priest's blessing. The dead person was well prepared for Heaven after receiving all the Last Sacraments on that eventful night of the Sunday of the Lourdes procession. Surely we now have a powerful advocate to plead the cause of the missions here. It is not so common here in the Philippines for the dead to be buried from the church with Mass. Very few can afford to be embalmed and the law requires burial within a very short time. Cemeteries are at times far away and the church may be also, as in the case of the burial of the deceased that I have been telling you about. It was after 5:00 P.M., when the corpse arrived at the church. The coffin was carried on the shoulders of men by means of bamboo poles, and the rough road was over hilly country and over a river without a bridge. Some more pages from a Mindanao diary later on."

Father Joseph L. Lucas, S.J., notes: "The depression, of course, is holding us back from the giant strides we were making, but we still try to stumble along gaining more souls for Christ."

Father Luis Pacquing, S.J., writes: "Tetuan is a rather large parish of at least 16,000 inhabitants. Since I came here after the death of the late Bishop Clos, I started to visit the various centers of Tetuan, saying Mass each Sunday in a different place, and it has worked nicely so far; the religious life of my flock has revived a bit, though not completely. My attention is focused principally on the

younger people, for the indifference the Protestants are spreading amongst them is very pernicious. Here on the next block they have the so-called 'Ebenezer Seminary,' fully endowed, though there are but a handful of students brought from without, since from Tetuan proper there are but two families that joined them. Just a month or so ago I started the Boy Scouts, and am equipping them with everything, for by themselves the boys can't afford to buy their clothes. This means a hundred and fifty pesos expense. Where shall I get the amount? I do not know yet, but God is good and has so far helped me out in my activities. Your check has come to get me out of debt, at least partially, and relieved me of my monthly expense for salaries of teachers. There are 150 teachers and in all they receive 180 pesos monthly. The church cannot even cover the ordinary expenses."

#### ALASKA

Very Rev. Francis M. Menager, S.J., Superior of the northern Alaska missions, writes to tell the following story about one of his zealous missionaries, Father Joseph McElmeel, S.J.

"Our dear Father McElmeel of the Nulato district, Alaska, is the main actor in a little anecdote which he tells with great gusto. When he landed in Galena last Winter, drawn by his seven malemites, he immediately was surrounded by a large group of Tinneh Indians, his parishioners who love him very much for his untiring kindness, entire devotedness and constant cheerfulness among all the galling happenings of Alaska missionary life. Father Mac greeted all his



Father Mark J. McNeal, S.J., a veteran missionary of Japan and the Philippine Islands, and of recent years professor at St. Andrew-on-Hudson, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., will return to the Philippines this Summer.

children with a big smile and a hearty 'Hello,' then proceeded to business.

"'Anybody sick?'"

"'No Fadder.'"

"'Any baby to be baptized?'"

"'Ye, Fadder,' says old John, adding, 'You know Mary, that good woman, Mary he got girl . . . little girl . . . new girl . . . Mary got girl three day now . . . cute baby yet . . . you Fadder come . . . baptize . . . Baptism good for baby . . . baby not baptized, no go to Heaven . . . no see God.'"

"'All right, I go,' says Father, following the spokesman, and the crowd following him.

"'Father enters the house and greets Mary:

"'Hello, Mary, you got baby, nice girl, eh, good.' And Mary smiles.

"'Father prepares everything for Baptism. Then he starts:

"'Mary, what name do you want for the baby . . . nice name, eh?'"

"'Father starts calling off names, hoping one will strike Mary's fancy.

"'Agnes is a good name. Do you want me to call the baby Agnes?'"

"'No, Fadder.'"

"'Baptista, then?'"

"'No, Fadder.'"

"'Cecilia, eh?'"

"'No, Fadder.'"

"'Dorothy?'"

"'No, Fadder.'"

"'Father Mac goes through about ten more names, wondering how long this is going to last. Finally he says:

"'Well, perhaps you want me to call the baby Mary, like her mother, that is a fine name. What?'"

"'And to Father's great surprise comes the good woman's answer:

"'No, no, Fadder. Mary good name.



(Left to right) Fathers Bernard F. Doucette, S.J., William J. Dow, S.J., James T. Moran, S.J., and Francis X. Reardon, S.J., are four of this year's contingent of American Jesuit missionaries for the Philippine Islands. Fathers Doucette and Moran are from the New England Province, Fathers Dow and Reardon from the Maryland-New York Province. On June 8, 1932, Fathers Dow and Moran left New York for the Pacific coast en route to the Philippines.



girls in the Mohammedan schools, where they never learn anything about their own religion, and are obliged instead to study the Koran—it is simply heart-breaking.

"There is an American high school here in Baghdad, under Protestant auspices, which is attended by nearly four hundred boys, of whom over a hundred are Catholics. Daily bible-reading is a part of the curriculum. Recently a Moslem was invited to give a lecture to the students, and he expatiated at length on the thesis that Mohammedanism is the beginning and the end of everything good or worth while, and that whatever of good there is in Europe or America has been derived from the principles laid down in the Koran.

"If we had the means to open a full-fledged high school this coming fall, we could fill it without difficulty. And everybody tells us that not only the Catholics will flock to us, but Moslems and Jews as well. But setting up a house and school cost money. One doesn't realize how many things enter into the make-up of a school until there is question of the money to buy those things. Of course, we haven't the means to build at present. We shall simply have to rent the best thing we can find, and then hope that in the years to come we may somehow be able to get the money together that will enable us to build. \$100,000 wouldn't go far back home in building and equipping a high school. But here, where bricklayers get about seventy-five cents a day, we could put up a magnificent school for that sum. We're depending on you to help us with your prayers that this project of ours, which has been undertaken at the explicit wish and direction of Our Holy Father, Pius XI, will have the means of meeting the needs of the Catholics here.



Father Joseph I. Gatz, S.J., of the California Province, who has been assigned to the American Jesuit mission in Shanghai, China.

"A Catholic college or university could have an immense influence in this country of 3,000,000 souls. It is a tremendous opportunity for us Catholics to do an immense amount of good. Iraq is the leading Arab country, and it would undoubtedly have its effect on the other countries of Arabia. That may sound a bit ecstatic and perhaps like the first fine enthusiasm of a new-born rapture. But it's a conviction derived from a bit of observation and study. Frankly, the first impression one gets on coming into this country and seeing what there is to see and hearing what one doesn't see, is not an impression that tends to make one go off into a frenzy of enthusiasm. We should say that the opposite is rather true. Some day when we have the leisure we'll give you a graphic picture of Baghdad and Iraq, including all the dirt and misery and squalor and poverty and ignorance and superstition and fanaticism and disunion and whatever else there is to spoil the King's sleep o' nights.

"Our new address reads thus: 11/45 Murabah St., Baghdad, Iraq. The 11 is the house number, and the 45 a kind of street number, added to the name of the street for good measure, we suppose. Our house is on the river front, just a short distance from Baghdad's main thoroughfare, New Street."

#### AMERICAN INDIANS

Father Leo C. Cunningham, S.J., of Holy Rosary Mission, Pine Ridge, South Dakota, is ever the alert apostle, looking out for the spiritual welfare of his Indians. He sends the following letter to the Editor:

"I have a project that I think is for the interests of the Sacred Heart of our Lord and is very important. It is in accordance with the intention which Our Holy Father has proposed for the Apostleship of Prayer for the month of April—namely, Christian Education. I am anxious to interest you in this project and to obtain your hearty co-operation.

"At the end of May, twenty-three Indian girls are being graduated from the Eighth Grade here at Holy Rosary Mission, and at Porcupine two girls are being graduated from the Eighth Grade of Our Lady of Lourdes School. These girls have been protected during long years and have been trained according to Catholic ideals. Next September, they are free to go to Government high schools where in one or two years they are apt to lose their Catholic ideals and be much unfitted to take their part in forming Catholic homes. It seems to me to be of the utmost importance to do something right now, in spite of the hard times, to safeguard these girls and to conserve the religious training which they have received.

"Here at the mission, our school is taxed to its capacity. It is not



Father J. Edward Coffey, S.J., of the Maryland-New York Province of the Society of Jesus, is sailing in June for Baghdad in Iraq.

practical to start a Ninth Grade here, at least for the girls. At Our Lady of Lourdes, Porcupine, we have the Sisters of the Humility of Mary. I think they are well suited to undertake a small boarding school for these older girls. I have already spoken to their Reverend Mother General, and she is most sympathetic with the idea.

"I must build in order to have dormitories, dining-room, kitchen and classroom. A frame building is all we plan. Work must begin soon if we are to open our boarding school next September.

"This school is to be free to Indian girls. We shall have to supply food and clothing as far as possible. You may wonder how I intend to keep up my school, once it is started. As you know, clothing and food and fuel will have to be furnished. These Indian children cannot be expected to give any tuition. I think I can beg most of the clothing for the students. A large garden and a dairy herd will furnish the required food. Money for fuel and for other necessities will have to be begged from friends, although at times we may raise a little money from sales and plays.

"Tom Fast Wolf, Raymond Big Crow and other Catholic Indians have told me how anxious they are to have their daughters remain a few more years in a Catholic school. Depression or no depression, we can have a Catholic Ninth Grade School for these girls. I feel that our Lord and His Blessed Mother desire it."

Father Cunningham has received the gracious approval of His Excellency, Bishop John J. Lawler, Bishop of Rapid City, and of his Superior, Very Rev. A. C. Riemer, S.J., and he hopes to have the project under way by September.



# FROM MANY CLIMES



## DEATH OF BROTHER TUDANCA, S.J.

In the month of January, 1932, Brother Victoriano Tudanca, S.J., after having completed eleven years of feverish missionary activity in the Caroline Islands, passed to his eternal reward. This zealous lay-Brother was born in Spain, March, 1889, and entered the Society of Jesus in March, 1908. In the year, 1921, he was sent to the Caroline Islands with the first band of Spanish Jesuits who were invited by the Japanese Government to preach the Faith to the islanders. His last years were spent in Truk and his last work was the construction of a stone church for the worship of God.

## S. P. F. FINANCIAL REPORT

The amounts received by the United States branch of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith for the year 1931, and distributed by the Superior General Council in Rome at its 1932 Plenary Session, were listed according to dioceses in the most recent report of the Society.

\$979,334.66 was received from diocesan offices.

\$70,655.60 was received through the National office.

\$6,094.24 interest brought the total figure to \$1,056,084.50.

Expenses, mostly for printing and distributing 1,214,075 copies of Catholic Missions, amounted to \$73,368.81.

The total placed at the disposal of the General Council in Rome by Rt. Rev. Monsignor William Quinn, the National Director, for distribution among the missions, was \$982,715.69.

Some dioceses have been more active than others, but the final total of money collected is a splendid tribute to the Society for the Propagation of the Faith and to our American Catholics who have been so generous in a year of trying financial depression.

## MEDICAL MISSIONARIES

### FOR PATNA

The need of medical missionaries in mission lands, particularly in India, is terribly urgent today. The soul contacts made by these missionaries constitute their best apology. With this in view for some time, the Rt. Rev. Bishop Bernard J. Sullivan, S.J., of Bankipore, Patna Dist., India, has

been planning a medical mission in the Santal country and has invited the Society of Catholic Medical Missionaries of Washington, D. C., to undertake it. This will be the first time that a unit of Catholic Medical Missionaries has settled in a mission conducted by American Jesuits. However, in order to be able to accept the invitation, the Society of Catholic Medical Missionaries needs more vocations, young women who are ready to give their lives to God in the service of the sick in the missions. The Society conducts a hospital for women and children in Rawalpindi, in the far north of India, and is also in charge of the School of Nursing of a large hospital in Dacca, and conducts maternity and welfare centers in the same city. Patna is situated between these two missions and will,

therefore, be a good connecting link.

The Society of Catholic Medical Missionaries is a Religious Community, whose members bind themselves to the observance of the evangelical counsels of poverty, chastity and obedience. Three kinds of Candidates are admitted:

First: Medical members include doctors, dentists, pharmacists, nurses, technicians, etc., who are graduates of recognized schools.

Secondly: Non-Medical members devote themselves to non-medical work (sacristy, social service, office, household, etc.), inevitably connected with the undertakings of the Society at home and abroad.

Thirdly: The Society also admits and trains for medical and non-medical work young women desirous of becoming missionaries.

The Society was founded in 1925, and approved by His Grace, Archbishop Curley of Baltimore. Information may be obtained from

Anna Dengel, M.D.  
Catholic Medical Mission House  
Brookland, Washington, D. C.

## MARQUETTE LEAGUE SENDS \$85,000 TO INDIAN MISSIONS

The annual meeting of the directors of the Marquette League for Catholic Indian Missions was held on Friday, May 6, at the offices of the League, 105 East Twenty-second Street, New York City. Judge Alfred J. Talley, the League's president, presided.

The treasurer's report showed that for the fiscal year beginning May 1, 1931, and ending April 30, 1932, the League had sent to the Indian missions of this country and Alaska over \$85,000. Sixty thousand dollars of this amount was from the League's ordinary receipts and the balance from a substantial bequest that came to the League.

The League for its fiscal year ending April 30, 1931, sent to the missions over \$130,000, \$70,000 of which was from its ordinary receipts. The previous year \$100,000 was sent to the missions, \$75,000 of which amount was from the League's ordinary receipts. During the past six years, the League has sent direct to the missions of this country and Alaska, \$500,000, over \$400,000 of which was from its ordinary receipts.

At the meeting on May 6, the fol-



Brother Victoriano Tudanca, S.J., zealous mission worker in the Caroline Islands, died in January, 1932.

loving officers were reelected: President, Alfred J. Talley; Second Vice-president, Charles A. Webber; Treasurer, Victor F. Ridder; Secretary General, the Right Rev. Monsignor William J. Flynn.

As a tribute to the memory of his father, Henry Heide, Jr., was elected First Vice-President to fill the vacancy made by the death of his father, the late Henry Heide, one of the League's greatest benefactors.

A western bishop recently said: "Considering the Marquette League's comparatively small membership and limited opportunities for soliciting funds, I know of no more effective mission organization in this country. In proportion, I feel it has done as much for our home missions as any other mission aid organization."

## A JUBILEE OF JOVIALITY

(Continued from page 147)

tion parlor, when the insects and bugs allowed them to remain indoors, seems but a lark as he goes into details of how they both tried to remember what "my mother used to do in making sugared peelings" which they set about making from the rinds of their grapefruits. When the contents of the kettle turned black, his companion tasted it and pronounced his scientific verdict: "It's not much on looks; but it tastes just fine if you eat it with your eyes closed." Needless to add, the home-made sweets were consumed.

You almost fail to notice the priestly methods of appealing to the piety of his primitive people by processions, as he chuckles over the time he could not get the people into ranks, because he could not think of how to say "two by two" in Spanish. The more he shouted, "das a dos" the tighter partners clung to one another, but remained in a huddle. If he begins to relate the efforts he had to put into the formation of the Sodality or the Apostleship of Prayer, his merry eyes twinkle as he passes on rapidly to the story of the man who told him he could not go to Mass on Sunday because he had to look for a job; although the same individual had been spending the whole week on a box near the levee. Jolly souls, these missionaries!

**FATHER HENNEMAN** used to love to sit on the long verandas surrounding St. John's Col-

lege, while he spun yarns from his fund of Colony lore and clashed wits with the scholastics, who were always happy in the company of the grand old man of the mission. Now, he has confessed it, the keenest sorrow he feels as he comes across the thirty-six miles of water which separate him and his parish of San Pedro from the mainland of Belize, is the thought that there he will not be greeted with a cheering welcome

## MISSIONERS TO 'IRAQ

George L. Brennan, S.J.

Are you eager for the fray, Knights  
of God?  
Chosen vanguard, do you yearn:  
Do the hearts within you burn.  
As you ride sandal-shod,  
To reclaim a heathen sod  
For your God?

In the darkness groping hearts cry  
for light.  
From a Xavier through the years,  
That far cry has filled your ears:  
May you shine in their night,  
May the day of Faith dawn bright  
With your light!

Knights of God, you are heralds of a  
King!  
On His steeds of Truth you ride,  
And His Gospel is your pride;  
Let the glad tidings ring  
For the souls your toil will bring  
To their King!

In your hearts the Master reigns on  
a throne.  
Armed with power from above,  
May you conquer, too, by love.—  
Leading hearts like your own  
To adore your God alone  
At His throne!

from his Jesuit brethren who were killed when the hurricane of last September wrecked St. John's College.

I feel sure that the readers of JESUIT MISSIONS join with the many friends of Father Robert Henneman both in the States and in Central America who felicitate him on his golden jubilee as a Jesuit. Most of those golden years as a priest, he has spent in the mission field of British Honduras, where he is still doing very active work and still enjoying the doing of it. *Ad multos annos!*

## HALLOWED SPOTS

OF ONTARIO

(Continued from page 148)  
sacred treasures unearthed is a holy water sprinkler now at the Shrine.

**OSSOSSANE** with its fifty cabins housing from 400 to 500 families was the first important mission in Huronia. Warwood Point of today in Nottawassaga Bay marks the site of Ossossane, and here can still be found in abundance the wild vine from which the missionaries obtained the Mass wine. When the mission was identified a crucifix and an engraved stone were found.

At Carhagouha, about ten miles from the Martyrs' Shrine, to which we shall now direct our steps, Father Joseph Le Caron, a Recollect, celebrated on August 12, 1615, the first Mass ever said in Ontario. To commemorate this historical event, the Knights of Columbus of Ontario subscribed a large sum in 1921, and erected a monument where once stood the improvised altar.

When Fort Ste. Marie I was destroyed and abandoned by the Jesuit Fathers on May 15, 1649, they migrated to what is now Christian Island, about twenty miles from the Martyrs' Shrine. The Hurons who had been with them came to this new settlement. Here Fort Ste. Marie II was commenced without delay and was completed by November of the same year. The walls of the ancient fort stand to a great degree intact.

**TOANCHE**, the last place we shall visit—there are many more of interest—lies about six miles northwest of Fort Ste. Marie on the Penetanguishene Bay. It was at Toanche that Father Brebeuf landed in Huronia in 1626. An immense wooden cross has been set up on a huge rock commemorating his arrival. The glorious memories of our Jesuit Martyrs are not to be confined to Fort Ste. Marie, near Midland, where the Shrine is erected, but live vividly in those several places sanctified by the activities of these heroes of Christ.

## BLOOD ON THE BALASAN

(Continued from page 149)

tion against malignant gods and spirits.

Each year, that enchanting haunt of mine becomes the camping grounds for a *mela*, or fair. A day or so in advance, rude thatched huts

are erected, and shopkeepers, jugglers, magicians and *tamashawalas* (players) may be seen striking down the zigzag paths through the tea estates to the scene. Others appear, leading goats, driving a few ducks before them, or carrying a pair of doves.

On the appointed day, the *pujawas*, or those who are to perform the sacrificial ceremonies, appear at the stream early in the morning, fasting. Crowds of both sexes, with their offerings of goats and fowls, soon gather. Fresh leaves and flowers are set afloat upon the stream, and the women wear flowers in their hair. A favorable spot upon the sand is swept clean, and a rude altar erected. This is very simple in design, consisting merely of several green branches planted in the sand around the chosen spot, and one or two slabs of stone erected in the center. The branches are adorned with strips of colored cloth, and the tops of the stones smeared with red powder. This red *sindur* is likewise sprinkled about on the sand, and tapers, flickering in little earthen pots of oil, are placed around the altar. All now purify themselves by bathing in the stream, and the sacrifices begin.

GOATS, ducks, and cocks, are brought forward to the sacrificial minister, and heads are whacked off with great abandon. The people gather the hot blood,

sprinkle it about on the sand, and smear small blood-marks on their foreheads,—this being an essential function of the ceremonies. Portions of the offerings are placed in little vessels made of green leaves pinned together with twigs, and caused to float down the stream. These are for the river god. The rest of the flesh is kept for the feast that is to follow.

The blood-spilling, however, is not ended. All now bathe once more in the stream, and the rest of the day is given over to drinking and gambling and wanton revelry. Quarrels and brawls are by no means wanting, and here the *kukri*, a large ugly steel blade, frequently comes into action.

Now, it is very painful to know that this favorite spot of mine along the Balasan is thus shamefully desecrated each recurring year. How I should like to end it all! But is it not indeed vastly more painful to realize that these poor people, seated in the darkness of paganism, are still ignorant of the only true God and the only true sacrifice that can gain them salvation?

#### WAR IN A CHINESE UNIVERSITY

(Continued from page 151)

verted into military hospitals; and from that time on the trucks would shriek down the street from the war zone and dump at our door cargo after cargo of disabled combatants.

Contact with these mud-splattered crippled defenders of the soil of China—become over night glorified heroes in the eyes of the Chinese—touched off an electric current that wheeled the whole student body into lively motion. Here was a tangible outlet for patriotic ardor. Though unprepared at first for the emergency, the lads soon organized a whirlwind canvass of the wealthy Chinese merchants, and so thoroughly equipped our halls with cots, blankets, operating tables, medical supplies of all kinds, that within a few hours the enterprise was humming along with Red Cross primness and precision. Students of all courses, turned nurses for the occasion, assisted their confreres of the medical school in taking care of over five hundred wounded.

#### VISITING THE LEPERS' HOME

(Continued from page 152)

were in Kingston, Jamaica, eight hundred lepers.

When one enters through the portals of the grey stone wall of the Lepers' Home in Salt Island Road, near Spanish Town, a most pleasant view meets the eye. To the right and left of a gracefully curving driveway are expansive green swards on which stand large spreading trees, luring one to their shade from the heat of a tropical sun. The air is fragrant with the odor of choice flowers. As one advances up the drive, one's attention is drawn to the well-built, well-ventilated, spacious dormitories in which are rows of immaculately white beds, each provided with a mosquito-net of ample size. These are the quarters for the men, but few are to be found in their beds. They are scattered about, comfortably seated in deck chairs, and are amusing themselves in various ways—happy, resigned, contented. But to bring them to and keep them in this desirable state of mind, what labor, tact, and kindness does it not require of those devoted to their care!

GOOD Mr. E. A. A. Levy, who for the past thirty-five years has been Superintendent of the institution, is very ingenious in improvising little, suitable occupations



Belize, British Honduras, struggling to rehabilitate itself after the hurricane and tidal wave of September 10, 1931, was visited by another disaster recently when fire destroyed fifty-three houses.

in which the lepers often become deeply interested. Those who are able and willing, are permitted to cultivate small plots of land, the produce of which is purchased by the institution and the money paid is used for getting little extra comforts. This provides wholesome occupation for mind and body, and for its psychic effect is an important feature in the treatment of the disease.

The women have an enclosure all to themselves. Most of the patients who are not confined to bed have their own camp fires and cook their little pot according to their own individual taste.

## THE JESUITS AND THE UNIATES

(Continued from page 153)  
Czechoslovakia. The other is Father Karamitroff, a Bulgarian, who has just finished his Tertiarianship in France and is now studying at the Pontifical Institute for Oriental Studies.

Besides these members of the Byzantino-Slav Rite the Jesuits also have five members belonging to the Byzantino-Roumanian Rite who are now engaged in their ascetical and philosophical studies.

ON February 25, at the Curia in Rome was consecrated the small but beautiful oriental chapel dedicated to St. Wlodimir, who brought Christianity to Russia. The chapel of the Oriental Rite is a visible sign or symbol of the unity of all the members of the Society of Jesus, whether they be of the Latin or Oriental Rite. The General of the Society of Jesus, the Very Reverend Father Wlodimir Ledochowski, recalling, no doubt, the words of Pope Benedict XV: "The Church of Christ is neither Latin nor Greek nor Slavonic but Catholic; all her children are equal in her sight," wrote: "You, the members of the Oriental Rite of the Society of Jesus, are not separated from the rest of the sons of the Society, but all of us are of one body, vivified with one spirit, joined in Christ Jesus with one charity, as the Apostle St. Paul says in his Epistle to the Ephesians: 'One body, one spirit, as you are called in one hope of your calling.'"

## CANADIAN JESUITS IN CHINA

(Continued from page 154)  
during the night, and when I left Sinpi we had to fight it again. Finally, quite worn out, I told my companion we would stop at the next village for a cup of tea and a bit of rest. Hardly had we entered the village than flags and uniforms appeared on the street. What could that be? It was Father Zi who had come to meet me with a group of Boy Scouts and a dozen soldiers, in old uniforms. The bicycle being too democratic a vehicle for the occasion, according to Father Zi, I was obliged to mount his mule which one of his men led by the bridle. Then the procession formed. First the flags, followed by the Boy Scouts, the soldiers,—two of whom were devoting all their energy to blowing their bugles—and last of all came a band that mixed a plaintive oriental melody with the shrill notes of the bugle. All along the road, the peasants came out to see what it was all about, and who

was the *ta jen* (big man). At the gates of Yentow, the band resumed its music with still more vigor, and the noise of the firecrackers bursting everywhere, told me just how honorable I was. I am not precisely fond of so much demonstration, but the Christians take so much joy in honoring the missionary that it is impossible to protest. Next morning I sang Solemn High Mass, delivered the sermon and gave Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. I then received the different groups of Christians and then went to take breakfast,—or was it dinner?

(To be continued)

## THE UNFROZEN NORTH

(Continued from page 155)  
soon as the work was done the toilers began the Rosary. Midnight brought the water up through the floor. For an hour this continued, and then the tide changed.

THE priest vested for Mass at five o'clock the next morning—the feast of the Immaculate Con-

## Our Contributors

The golden jubilee of Father Robert Henneman, S.J., is in the mind of his numerous friends and of ROBERT L. MCCORMACK, S.J., a theologian at St. Mary's College, St. Marys, Kansas, *A Jubilee of Joyalty*.

ROBERT C. McELLIGOTT, S.J., of the Province of Upper Canada, and a philosopher in the Jesuit College of Christ, the King, Toronto, rediscovers for our readers in the *Hallowed Spots of Ontario*, the ancient mission stations and holy death sites of Jesuit Martyrs.

The Balasan is a river in India. *The Blood on the Balasan*, which was seen by RICHARD A. WELFE, S.J., of the Chicago Province, and at present in the Jesuit Scholasticate at Katsong in the Himalayas, is the blood of animistic sacrifices, a futile type of the Blood which alone can redeem India's hopeless millions.

FRANCIS A. ROULEAU, S.J., of the California Province, who is teaching English in the Aurora University in Shanghai, colorfully represents the drama of *War in a Chinese University*.

While *Visiting the Lepers' Home*, SISTER M. FRANCIS XAVIER, noted with understanding sympathy the work that is carried on by both Church and State for the welfare of the lepers in Jamaica, B. W. I.

The prayers of His Holiness for the solution of the Church's problems in the Near East will win the interest of our readers in *The Jesuits and the Uniates*, by FATHER JOHN J. KEEGAN, S.J., of the Province of New England.

RT. REV. MONSIGNOR GEORGES MAHIN, S.J., goes native, and by his public visitation gives "face" to Jesuit missions in China.

JOHN F. DEMPSEY, S.J., of the California Province, and philosopher at Mount St. Michael's, Spokane, Washington, tells how Father John P. Fox, S.J., planted a Cross at the water's edge in the *Unfrozen North* and how the waves of the ocean refused to pass.

FATHER JOSEPH REITH, S.J., of the Maryland-New York Province, in his first article for *JESUIT MISSIONS* written as a missionary, describes with oriental realism, a missionary's *Good Morning* in Mindanao.

In *Missioners to Iraq*, GEORGE L. BRENNAN, S.J., of Shadowbrook, in the Province of England, sings of the heraldry of the Cross and of apostolic deeds of high emprise.

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

ception. The villagers were unable to attend, but said the Rosary in common in their community hall. The early hour for Mass was well chosen, because the water made its entrance into the chapel soon after it was ended. But as the water rose,

so also a flood of prayer mounted to Heaven. Aid was sought through the Blessed Mother and the Saints. The disorder in the chapel prevented the priest from exposing the Blessed Sacrament. The tabernacle cross was placed on the second of the altar steps with the prayer that the water would rise no higher. Holy water was sprinkled about as the priest read the *Asperges* and other prayers from the missal. The storm from the southwest continued unabatedly. Nine o'clock it was, and ordinarily there was no hope of a change of tide until one o'clock. The water advanced at the rate of a foot an hour, and as it approached those in the chapel retreated to the first altar step.

Their water gauge was a crude one—the legs of a nearby stove. But it was ever so exact. In consternation they watched the flood rise against it. Unfaltering in their hope, the prisoners would go time after time to survey their prospects from the doorway—and each time they returned to resume their contemplation of that fateful gauge. Outdoors the waves were washing about, and close at hand their storehouse could be seen as it bumped about in the water. Small hope for their supplies, indeed!

AND then—was it simply imagination that made that gauge so constant? Surely the tide was due to rise for four more hours. Suddenly someone returned from the doorway crying, "It's at a standstill!" What had been hope, crystallized to certainty, and the missionary could see that the water was truly receding. The mission had been saved by prayer from a tide which rose elsewhere until one o'clock and took its toll of life and goods!

### GOOD MORNING!

(Continued from page 157)

just because they were not on time. We leave it to the *fiscal*, a kind of sexton, to make all arrangements about the sacrament, the insertion in the register, the fee, etc. (Baptisms, marriages and funerals are our sole source of income and it is not much at that. I have baptized thirty-eight babies and received the sum total of thirteen pesos and fifty centavos,—six dollars and seventy-

five cents.) Little Apollonio seemed to take the Baptism quite stoically, but tiny Buenvenida proclaimed in no uncertain howlings that she was not overjoyed to have salt on her tongue, spittal on her ears and nose, oil on her chest and back and water on her head.

That about ended the priestly administrations of the morning. Of course, there were calls upon our charity—old men and old women asking for a *limus*; and the convento bell just kept up a constant tinkling as the poor people applied, hoping to sell the *pari* a chicken, or some vegetables, or perhaps a piece of needle work. I doubt if any priest in the States is appealed to or applied to more often than the *pari* in Mindanao. When the Angelus rang out the noon hour, I could readily say a prayer of gratitude and sit down to my midday meal of soup, rice, vegetables and fish, fully content that it has been a "good morning."

## Grateful Acknowledgments

JESUIT MISSIONS gladly transmits money gifts to any Jesuit Missionary.

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Gratitude is also expressed for three hundred and eighty-one Mass stipends.

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