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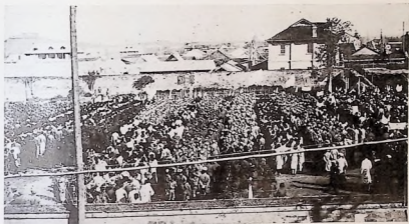


Michael, a catechist at Chuhari, a station in the American Jesuit Mission of Patna, India, explains by chert the two ways through life: the one, through Christ, to salvation; the other, away from Christ, to perdition.

"We are Attacking!"

James F.

Kearney, S.J.



Says the author: "Incomplete view of a mass meeting of ten thousand students, photographed from our window."

COLLEGE RICCI, our calamity college, looks today as if it had been already bombarded by the Japanese; perhaps it may be tomorrow.

During the First Battle of the Marne, Foch, I believe, sent to Joffre a message somewhat like this: "My left

wing is broken, my right is encircled, my center is giving way; I have ordered an attack." Put that into the original French and you have the history in short of Collège Ricci. Few colleges in China have registered as many casualties as ours during the six years of its existence.

Our buildings were originally the home of a wealthy Chinese. At his death, the institution became a military barracks, then a school for girls, and in 1926, a Jesuit college. About fifty boys reported for the opening in the second half of the year.

IN 1927, civil war raged furiously over Nanking, the army of the south occupied the city, and at nine o'clock on the morning of March 24, two Jesuit priests were murdered at Ricci. Exact details are difficult to ascertain. One account has it that Father Vanara heard soldiers entering the gate, stepped from his room to inquire politely what they wished, and was answered by a shot that killed him instantly. Father Dugout, who lived up-stairs in the room I now occupy, heard the firing and hastened down, only to be shot on sight. The remains of the two priests, horribly mutilated, were later dragged out to the tennis court where they lay for days, until some Chinese Christians paid for leave to carry them away for burial. Thirty thousand dollars were officially offered in compensation for the death of Father Dugout, who was a French citizen. The mission would not accept the money; you can't pay for a missionary's life with pieces of silver.

Collège Ricci was a soldiers' barracks for that year. The venerable Father Bureau opened the second chapter in its scholastic history. He had been almost martyred

on the same day as the other two, at Hansemen, the local Catholic church, when a soldier aimed at his head with a heavy crucifix. The Father parried the blow, and only a thumb was shattered. To the astonishment of all, he returned later to the scene of his near martyrdom, and with the necessary documents in hand came over to regain possession of Ricci, which was then gradually evacuated by the soldiers. Half the property had been taken over definitely by the government, without compensation, and serves today as the Ministry of Industry. Ricci was renovated, and in the Fall of 1928, there were fifty pupils present, under the direction of Father Roberfroid.

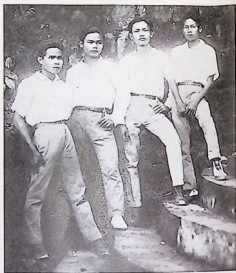
CHAPTER three began when the first American Jesuit Fathers, Father Moore and Father Lennon, arrived from Shanghai to join Father Roberfroid in the Fall of 1929. That year the student body numbered eighty-three. However, there were some Communists secretly present, for in November the Ricci Memorial slab was found defaced with slogans in black paint: "Expulsion of foreigners, Confiscation of school property, Emancipation from Imperialism," etc. Three youngsters were found guilty and expelled. In December, the city was threatened by a rebel army; many students went home; and the Fathers were warned to be ready to leave at a moment's notice. In the middle of January came a student upheaval. Calumnies were spread against the Director, and the students refused to go to their class rooms till sent by Father Moore. When a disloyal teacher was dismissed, protest meetings were held and violent but futile efforts made to expel the Director; a wild year, indeed. (Turn to page 189)

Lepers Who Smile and Act

Hugh J. McNulty, S.J.

GREGORIO, one of our many blind men, was dying. He was happy. Is a soul in Purgatory happy just before its release for Heaven? Gregorio was going to Heaven. I had given him the last sacraments, and he had begged me to give him a small crucifix. I went back to the house to get him one—and it seemed to put more meaning into his confession and Holy Communion—it helped his poor tired fever-stricken head to think. But to my surprise he could hardly take it from me: all his fingers and thumbs were gone, rotted off almost to the last joint. The poor fellow!

Strange I had never noticed the absence of his fingers when I was giving him Extreme Unction! The good Filipina Sister of Charity helped me and she must have covered his horridly deformed finger stumps with her own holy hands as she presented his dried palms for the Holy Oils. And she is our best organist and pianist. Two thoughts raced through my mind: first—not much



Formerly Cullion lepers, these young men, now pronounced "negative" by the doctors, are free to return to their homes.

vanity about this refined and cultured young lady and her clever piano fingers.

And the other thought was about another pianist, St. Cecilia—blind, too, and her fingers martyred, just like Gregorio. St. Cecilia will surely meet Gregorio in a day or two in Heaven,—and wouldn't it be just like her to set him down at Heaven's piano of gold and make him play angel music with his fingers on again?

Well, I had to place the little crucifix carefully in his dried-up cracking stumps of hands—afraid he might let it fall—and to let him get some notion of its size. Oh, he knew its meaning! You should see him kiss it with his poor, dried and broken leprosy lips. It evidently helped him to know the nearness and the dearness of Christ. How often our Lord in Holy Communion had sanctified Gregorio's lips!

BUT what about the smiles? Well, I passed down the long line of the bright bamboo tin-roofed pavilions to visit my friend, Billy, who is twelve years old. Billy was lying there in his short breeches, and his legs looked like so many bones

The leper, whom the American Jesuits meet and minister to in Cullion, P. I.



just wired together and not a bit of flesh on them—his fair light-brown skin was turned black and dark-grey, and on his shins and knees it was drawn tight and cracked and broken like old dried leather. Not a move without discomfort,—and full of fever! Yet when I reminded him that

I would bring our Lord to him again to-morrow in Holy Communion, he smiled in the loveliest gratitude and joy. And I said to myself: how easy it is to make a soul in Purgatory happy! He will be endlessly happy in a day or two in Heaven.

Then I went to boy number two. Patsy you would call him—here it is Patricio. He is in pretty good condition, in fact he is a bit fat: his horrid open sores are doing well with their bandages—sixteen bandages. Fever pretty often—but well enough "to jolly"—and as

I jolled him, his splendid happy boy disposition came out in winsome smiles,—his big blue eyes full of life, but sad for a moment sometimes. He made me lean down to whisper: "Padre, don't forget to give me Communion—Jesus Christ in the Host—to-morrow morning." Pat is all right for a long time yet—it may be a hard siege, he is only twelve years old, but his kind often recovers. We are sending one young man home soon with a perfect skin—some of his fingers are gone, but he is cured—"negative" the doctors say. He is twenty-two years old. He came here when he was ten. It took twelve years of painful injections to cure him.

His name is Felix, which means "happy." And he is playing right up to his name.

THE third smile was from Tomas. He is eleven years old and all wasted away like Billy, but not quite so bad looking. His face seems plump and fat, but no, it is swollen up and bloated; it is even breaking down in spots, rotting leper spots,—"terrible" if you did not know him. But Tom was a leper all his life—all the eleven years, and suffering innocence is always holy. If you could see Tom receiving Holy Communion, you would know that he is holy; it is the one real joy in his little darkened life. That is the reason he smiled!

Tom is going to Heaven very soon. We all thought he was sound asleep—he had turned over on his side in the next bed—eyes closed and quite motionless. I tiptoed around to that side to say a little prayer over him and see if his poor face was much worse. To my surprise his big soft childish eyes opened with a smile and he said to me: "I was wishing it was tomorrow morning so I could receive Communion again." He was not asleep at all, but waiting for my passing word of comfort about our Lord and Communion.

BUT our lepers not only smile, they also act. One afternoon I was invited to a play given by the Children of Mary. It was given in our larger house, the house of the Children of Mary, which, by the way, represents \$12,000. Its building was one of the biggest struggles that the two missionary Fathers ever had to encounter. In fact, it is not all paid for yet. But when people begin to know more about Culion we hope to get more contributions, because all our Catholic houses—or let us say dormitories, though many are regular domiciles—have to be built by the priests, the Government supplying generally, though not always, about one-fifth of cost.

Out on the boards came a group of young ladies. It was a play in three acts, written in the Tagalog dialect, and the chief character, a young lady of about twenty, who carried her role with surprising cleverness, was the author! I exclaimed: "She must have come here as a college girl!" "Not at all!"—On the contrary, I learned that she had come here when she was about eight years old and had received all her development here. The idea of the play was this: one of the girls in the Colony had become negative, and it was announced that if she continued to be so, she would probably go home. Several of her girl friends, some of them negative and some of



Some of the music makers—though lepers all—who bring cheer to Culion's thousands of exiles.

them wishing to be negative, were regularly comparing notes on how they came through their medical examinations and what the decisions were. When a girl brought back bad news from the clinic there was a little crying, and she would say: "Am I ever going to get home to see my dear ones?" But then another girl would rush in with the good news that the doctors had told her she was steadily improving. This made cosy chats and congratulations and plenty of superb acting. The climax of the play was the decision that the author was to go home on the next boat. Of course, such a line of thought, presented with clever local touches and good acting, quite gripped the audience which was ninety per cent lepers. It was one of the best little plays I had ever seen, and my interest in the situation was magnified beyond telling when I learned that the girl actress, the author, had received all her development right here in Culion, and mostly from the good Sisters. In the play one of the girls played doctor and filled the bill magnificently, bringing in even some of the regular expressions of our well-liked medical personnel; and there was a nurse cleverly impersonated. Bandages and face patches of adhesive gave a realism, which one will get only among the lepers who smile and act in Culion.



The author (right) and one of his missionaries from Canada: Father Auguste Gagnon, S.J.

With this present account the author brings to a close the story—begun in our June issue—of his first official visitation of the new Canadian Jesuit Mission in China.—*Editor.*

YAOWAN. This is the center of the eastern section. Here, again, I was met by Scouts outside the walls. At first I thought they were those of Yentow who had taken a short cut and arrived at Yaowan before me. No, amongst these I recognized former students of Sutsien.

Tushan. Father Tsang was expecting me for three o'clock, and had posted in the steeple a boy who had orders to ring the bell when he would see two bicycles coming on the road. He did see two bicycles and he rang the bell. I was to arrive only at five. In the meantime the Christians, assembled in the church, finding the time long, went home for their suppers, and finally when I did come, their reception was somewhat disorganized. It was, therefore, very simple and according to my tastes.

SUTSIEN. My parish for the last three years. Naturally I feel quite at home here both with the Canadian missionaries (Fathers Coté, Plamondon and Brother St. Jean) and my own Chinese flock. Simple as it was, the reception was fully cordial. The Christians flocked to the church, and the ceremonies over, came to see their former *Chen fou*, (Father). The school children presented me with an address. My little friends

Canadian Jesuits in China

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

of the neighborhood, also, came to chat with me as they used to do.

Strange as it may seem, Sutsien, a center where there is no Chinese missionary, is the place where I took most meals in the Chinese fashion. The evening of my arrival the domestics offered me a dinner. The following noon, it was the professors' turn to do me the same honor. The same night Chinese politeness obliged me to give a dinner in honor of a very influential man of the town,—a pagan, with whom I have had friendly relations—who had just presented me with a magnificent gift. It was a splendid occasion to study and practice Chinese etiquette. I learned how gifts are to be presented. The donor is accompanied by a friend; they are followed by a band, after which are brought the gifts in full evidence. While I was entertaining my guest in the parlor, the *pien* or decorative frames bearing Chinese characters written in black on paper of gold, purporting to interpret the donor's greetings, were nailed on the wall. At the north end of the room, a silver escutcheon in an embroidered case was laid on a table, and two long red tapers adorned with golden characters were lighted on each side of it. Then the donor and his friend proceeded to make the triple deep bow, first to the gifts, then to the missionaries present. The dinner followed, in which the strictest Chinese etiquette was observed—with occasional lapses, naturally, on the part of the missionaries.

SUINING. At nine o'clock the next morning, away I sped with "Baby Austin," and in an hour and a half I was at Suining with the youthful Father Paul Siu, the first native priest of the Sūchow Mission. The extreme poverty of the people had induced him to accept a large number of pupils and catechumens. This extra strain is burdening his finances heavily. He mentioned the word "famine" several times, but what can I do if nobody comes to my aid? My children beg for bread, and I have none to give them.

Howkiachwang. Here I am back again at the west end of the mission. With "Baby?" No! In the vicinity of Matsing a spring broke. I sent the machine back to Sūchow and continued on horseback. Howkiachwang, an ideal spot! All the buildings are in good condition, the house is quite comfortable, and the orchard is an exceptionally fine one. Then, with Father Beaulieu you are always at home. After hearing numerous confessions, we chatted about a thousand and one things long into the night. Next morning was (*Turn to page 189*)

The Sioux Indian Boy

Floyd A. Brey, S.J.



From his earliest years the Indian youngster learns to be at home in the saddle.

IT was the execution scene of my eighth grade boys' play, Holy Rosary Mission, Pine Ridge, South Dakota. Someone was going to be killed, but how? Perhaps you think that fifteen healthy Sioux boys budding into robust manhood would do it up in real tomahawk fashion, with much wrangling over the prized scalp-lock. Add to this a few glittering bowie knives, a flurry of feathers, and several uncouth outcries, and the curtain, you say, might well drop to the approving grunts of the audience.

Well, the curtain did not drop just then, but something else almost did. The boys were bringing to a very successful close the six-act patriotic play entitled, "A Noble Spy." They had taken a strong liking to the whole idea about three weeks before, and had meanwhile given such splendid response that the ordinarily heavy work of staging was transformed into a venture as gratifying as it was constructive.

For the mob scene, the whole tribe of seventh graders sufficed. In the accompanying picture you can see how they looked. The tall boy sitting on the box is Irving Jumping Eagle. Parenthetically, let me add that his high-jumping record is five feet two. Just behind him

"It was the execution scene of my eighth grade boys' play, Holy Rosary Mission, Pine Ridge, South Dakota."



is Joe Bad Wound, standing. Joe is reticent most of the time, but the spirit of this mob of Britishers so seized him that his impassionate cries of "Spy! Spy!" quite prevailed.

In the villainous role of informer on the noble spy, Nathan Hale, Peter Running Horse made his theatrical debut. Pete can be seen almost in the center of the large group-picture, without coat or hat. He sometimes signs himself "Pedro," and happens to be a good sprinter, as well as an all-round athlete.

OH, yes, about the accident at execution. Something like that must fill the need of anticlimax in every tense drama. But first I ought to tell you about the setting for this particular execution. Real evergreen trees outside a good imitation fence; canvas tents in the offing; a gallows with dangling noose in center stage. There was little trouble in getting the trees, for this Holy Rosary Mission, like most places on Pine Ridge Reservation, has plenty of them. Brother George came back with a dozen pines which the spy and company prepared for stage. For tents, Joe Blue Horse used his skill at carpentry; the fence was made of inverted stage-wings. Staging this play was quite easy, for the boys are intelligent and willing workers, and quite handy with tools. The gallows that night were (Turn to page 190)

Over the Trails to Dolby

Thomas W.

McKey, S. J.



The following account is really a letter by Father Thomas W. McKey, S. J., written to his Superior, Father Joseph L. McElmeel, S. J., of Nulato, Alaska. The trip described, covered a distance of three hundred miles and more over difficult trails.—Editor.

"Napo was the first to give trouble, and before we got very far we had to take him out of the lead."



WAS feeding the dogs, or I should say, cooking for them last Friday, April 15, when Van brought me your wire about Pitka. At supper I told the Sisters about it and they said that Dick Pitka was in town; so after supper I looked him up and asked him about his father. Dick had no intention of telling me anything about his father, i. e., asking me to come, etc.; but when I questioned him he told me his father was pretty sick and was asking for the priest. I talked it over with the Sisters then, and on their advice decided to go to him at Dolbykakat.

I had lent six of the dogs to McGinty that day, and he surprised us all by making the round trip, fifty miles, in one day, returning at ten to six. I bought some fish for our dogs and his, too, that evening, but he left it over at his camp—"not so dumb,"—and so, as I had only cooked for three, I had to buy more for the six who had made the hard trip. They were tired, and Buster had a bad cut in his foot, for there was a fight when another team was passed. So there we were with

five tired dogs to start out with. Nancy and Toxi were fresh, Fancy we must leave home with Buster. Seven dogs I knew were not enough for such a trip, and our sled also should have steel runners, for the snow was soft and wet most of the time. When talking to John Summers about my difficulties, I was told to go and see John Tilly who had just come in that day, and ask him for his sled. He not only gave me his sled—a beauty—but his four dogs, who were also tired, having made a thirty-five mile run that day.

NOBODY knew how long the trip would take—nor could we gamble on the weather; and we were told there was no dog feed at Dolby; therefore we had to take plenty, about ninety pounds, I think. I had everything arranged and ready for an early start, and was able to turn in finally at 12:20. I was up at 4:30, called Daniel, one of the young men of Nulato, and said Mass for the Sisters at 5:00. We finally got away at 6:30. I forgot to mention that as we had no dog moccasins the Sisters came to the rescue and made about fifty that night; and we surely needed them. Napo was the first to give trouble, and before we got very far we had to take him out of the lead. We tried John's little dog, Ruby, but she refused to lead and kept turning back. Then we tried his other leader, Fred, and had more success, but he is far from being a good leader. He wanted to double back and turn off on every side track or snowshoe mark he passed. We kept him in the lead from then on, and before we got back he proved to be fairly good.



Leaving headquarters at Nulato en route to the Yukon Trail and the dangers of a long missionary trip.

We reached Koyukuk about 10:00. Dominic and his wife set us up to a nice lunch and loaned us a new thermos bottle and filled it with coffee. All of Koyukuk had just pulled out about an hour before and would be ahead of us. Dick Pitka was also ahead of us, having left Nulato at 11:00 the evening before. We pushed on. The trail was still pretty hard but quite slanting, and that kept us both busy—Dan on the skis and myself on the runners. Napo had developed sore feet before we hit Koyukuk, and an hour or so after leaving that place refused to work at all; just lay down and let himself

We did not find a suitable place till about five o'clock. It was in a little thicket of woods off the trail. We had a hard time here, for the snow was four feet deep; and getting the dogs unhitched and bedded was no easy job. We cut little spruce branches for each dog to lie on, and they were soon curled up and asleep. Daniel was wonderful, and I learned much from him on this trip. With one of his snowshoes he dug a hole in the snow and lined it with spruce branches—I guess an old sourdough like yourself knows how it is done. He built a fire at one end, and then we had our supper of sandwiches and hot



A cabin in northern Alaska. A sheltered nook in the land that silence holds captive. "No picture I have seen," says one missionary, "so well portrays the peculiar spirit that broods over these forgotten places."

was dragged along. We had his feet in moccasins but it did no good, so we had to take him out and let him run behind.

WE reached Johnnie Yatil's cabin where we hoped to take a few hours rest, determined to push on when it got cool again, about 3:30. The trail was getting soft now and the sled would sometimes break through. Yatil's cabin is about twenty miles above Koyukuk; so we figured we were making about five miles an hour. When we got there we saw it was useless to stay, as there were already about six families in full possession—and such a din and howling of dogs! I met them all (not the dogs), and we rested our team for about half an hour. We had passed Dick Pitka asleep in his sled about an hour out of Koyukuk. I suggested to Dan then that we go on slowly and look for a good place to make camp, where we would rest and start again about midnight; for we saw that the night was the only time to travel. He agreed and so we started off again.

coffee. After that we fed the dogs and turned in, deciding to start again about midnight—it was then 7:00. I woke often, for I was almost too tired to sleep,—and this was my first night to sleep out. The bed was comfortable but not quite long enough for me, for I like to stretch out. If I stretched out, my feet would be over the fire. In turning once I got two terrible cramps, one in each leg, and for some time writhed in agony trying to get them out. Many short prayers were said that it would not rain and that the weather would turn cold, and that we would be on time.

I WOKE Dan at 12:00. He groaned and said the bed was so comfortable, so I said we would stay another hour. The fact that we were not invited to stay at the cabin sort of hurt him, and he told me several times: "No room at the inn, Father." But we decided afterwards that we had a much better place; and I, for one, was far more satisfied. Here it was clean and the air was pure and fresh. We finally got up at one and started getting ready. It was quite dark, (Turn to page 190)

On Huron's Shores

J. Edward Flaherty, S.J.



OSHKAMO-SAGING

—"The place at the mouth of the river where the serpent comes again to the top of the water," is the quaint name which our Ojibways give the place; but as the train speeding me along the shores of Lake Huron drew near the little Ontario town, a prosaic conductor called out: "Spragge."

Getting off the train, I followed a small boy guide across railway tracks, through narrow lanes, between huge piles of lumber, up stairways, along trestles, down more stairways, up hills, down the other side of hills and finally arrived at the home of the seventy-eight year old veteran Indian missionary, Father Joseph Richard, S.J. I stepped inside, and with that gesture entered upon a four-day sojourn in a Canadian Acadia.

THE singing was responsible for much of it. Each evening, Father's choir of young people would assemble on his verandah to practise their Mass music. That over, they would sing all the old folksongs of the French-Canadian. In French and in English they sang, passing from one language to the other with delightful ease; and as their voices broke the stillness of the Summer twilight, the quiet little village seemed to nestle down to a still more peaceful quietude; the noises of the little saw-mill town died away, and we lived again in seventeenth-century New France when the habitant was breaking virgin soil, the footloose *coureur de bois* roving unscathed forests and descending unmapped streams, the Blackrobe living and dying a martyr life in the wigwams and hunting grounds of a savage race.

One morning we visited an Indian graveyard where the troubled children of the forest sleep their last unbroken sleep. Threading our way through the island channels, we finally rounded a headland and beached our launch in a little cove, the shores of which were heavily wooded and devoid of any signs of habitation. In a small clearing some twenty-five yards from the water's edge the cemetery began, and extended back into the woods. An Indian graveyard is singular in that a little house made of laths with a small single roof and a tiny



Father Joseph R. Richard, S.J., the seventy-eight year old veteran Indian missionary of Spragge, Ontario. His faithful dogs shared with him the difficulties of many a long sick call, as they pulled his sled over dangerous trails.

door is erected over each grave. Besides this dignified doll-house some of the more highly honored graves have inside the house, resting unsupported on the ground, a second single roof. Pagan Indians tell us that the door is to permit the soul to pass in and out, and at this door they place food offerings. When night comes the first wild animal that happens along makes away with the food, and the deluded redmen think it to be the soul of their departed relative.

ON the Sunday of my visit, we drove ten miles to Algoma to say Mass. This parish was not under Father's care, but his missionary heart could not bear to see these people go without their Mass, no matter what trouble it entailed for himself. We made the occasion a glorious picnic for the three altar boys and the six or seven choir girls. While they romped on the beach, we older folks beguiled away the afternoon by discussing the intricacies and beauties of the Algonquin tongue. As we sat there near the bright dazzling sand, watching the wheeling of gulls over the waters of Lake Huron—the *Mer Douce* of the *Jesuit Relations*—struggling with Algonquin words, our minds could not but rove back to scenes of three hundred years before when another race of stalwart Jesuits, of Martyr Saints, paddled by these shores, walked through these forests, preached to dusky braves in the idiom about which we were conversing.

Perhaps it was the result of the old French folksongs of the previous evening, perhaps the subduing spectacle of the poor pagan burial place, perhaps the effect of wind whipping in across the miles of sun-plashed waters, or perhaps merely the call of the wild primeval that thrilled us like the sound of the sea shell which we as children held to our ears. But at any rate, our glorious Martyr Saints seemed vividly near to us as they were to these simple naive children of the woods.

"Not Too Far"

Daniel A. Creed, S.J.

HERE is a Jamaican proverb that runs this way: "Rock a ton a ribber bottom no know sun hot,"—which quite possibly admits of this interpretation, namely, that unless I also have a pain in the left side of my left ear or had once upon a time, I can hardly really appreciate and, therefore, scarcely sympathize with my friend who has the palpitating ear. This is quite to the point—because it is also true that unless you live and see and hear and suffer sometimes with the people of the Hills of this Sunny Land of Jamaica, B. W. L., you will never understand them.

The "Bush Parson" does not claim to understand them fully, but he will try to give you a few impressions gathered in various places, in many strange corners of the bush and amongst a people that are as distinct in their individual traits as any other race or tribe.

The missions of Brown's Town are on very historic ground. The section is called the Dry Harbour Mountains. One day I asked a native just why these mountains were called dry. He replied that it was because it never rained in these places. Well, perhaps it never rained then, but it surely makes up for it now. The missions are high up in the hills, and when a stray cloud passes along, it seems to hesitate over beautiful Brown's Town and then decides to stay; and the result is that the ground is fairly dampish a goodish part of the time.

AND speaking of mountains, this is the place for mountains, all kinds of them, right in my territory . . . small ones . . . nice ones . . . gradual ones . . . sudden and very rocky ones . . . and through these the "Bush Parson" must travel to see if there may be some covering little sheep that has strayed or will stray way up on the side of a steep hill, all covered, as is usual with the hills of Jamaica, either with twisted trees of pimento or the short deep green of coffee bushes or the ever waving leaves of the banana. . . . You can barely make out a small neat thatched one or two room hut, that is called by the hill dwellers—home. You just sit your horse, or as is more likely, your tiny donkey and stare and say, "Now, how in this wide world am I going to get up there?" And you think, why, in all the places of the island, this creature had to pick this place. It is on the side of the hill. And then you say to encourage yourself, "Well, if they come down to this road, and they must come, sometimes anyway, I can." So like a gay cavalier you gently prod your beast or . . . well, you prod him anyway and go up. When you reach the top you feel that you had better stay there because the descent may be a bit swift.

On one occasion, this "Bush Parson" had a trip of this kind. The place from which he started was mentioned in the June number of *JESUIT MISSIONS*—Som-



Mr. Raleigh James, foreman and builder, chief catechist and major-domo of the Brown's Town Mission.

ton. A tiny place tucked away from any, and, so it seems, from every place. Well, it seemed that there was one "Pickny" who was "on dying," and would the Fadder "go-see." The Fadder wanted naturally to know where the place was, and how far. He had been fooled by the answer to the same question on previous occasions. The answer was, "Not too far." Well, the distances must have been measured by the mind and not by actual rule. This time, also—"How far, my dear?" "Oh, Fadder, not too far." "Where?" "See it there." I looked up a hill almost perpendicular in height and said, "Yes, I see it there all right; but just what kind of a goat do you think I am to get up there?" because I could not see any path. Well, two men accompanied me and they suggested that they should go in front of me. I protested and said, "Not on your life. One goes in front and one goes in back, because if I ever start slipping down this hill, I'll need something soft to land on for the rest of my descent to the bottom." The "Bush Parson" is no Alpine climber but his respect for them increased into admiration by the time he reached the top,—and also his amazement at the ease with which these guides walked up. I am almost sure that they could walk up the side of the Empire State Building in New York.

THE "Pickny" was dying from tuberculosis, a young one about seventeen years old, and she lay on her bed in a one room hut . . . clean . . . yes. The floor, the color of the red clay that is characteristic of Brown's Town, not much furniture, save (Turn to page 191)

A Bargain



Chryssom is not the hero of the present story, but he is one of the outstanding Santal boys. At present he is at Christ Raja High School at Bettiah. Please God, he may be a priest some day.

I AM sure that you have felt the thrill of getting a bargain. Perhaps it was at the "Dollar Sale" at the millinery counter; perhaps a good second-hand Ford fell to your lot for a song; perhaps Uncle Bill couldn't meet the payments on his five-dollar-down radio de luxe, so you took it over for a trifle. However, I think that you will admit there is a bit of self-satisfaction in putting over a deal, and likewise you feel somewhat justified in getting "puffed up" about it. So you will excuse me if I seem to puff a bit about a bargain I engineered here in Santal Land in India's Patna Mission.

There was no doubt about it. The boys were back for another year. And a hundred and eighty strong! Bhagalpur's Santal Boarding School was a bedlam; the rattle of tin plates and the clanking of the ever-present oil bottles was nigh deafening. Half naked little fellows were running all over the place shouting unintelligible Santal. Old boys were leading newcomers through unfamiliar quarters; others, feeling the chill of the oncoming evening, were already at my door begging for blankets. And how these little brown chaps can plead their cause!

Opening day at our Santal school was anything but what one familiar with American boarding school life would expect. There was no hearty hand-shaking and boisterous joshing, no hustling of bulky trunks and over-stuffed suit cases, no mutual recounting of Summer jobs and escapades. To the contrary: they greeted each other with a smile and a few words,—that was all. And a Santal's luggage at its greatest is no burden. It generally consists of a small bottle of mustard

oil, a few odds and ends of rags, a small bundle of sticks to be used as tooth brushes, and for the more fortunate of the crowd, an extra *dhoti* or loin cloth. All this is bundled into another small cloth about the size of a small hand towel and then tied to the end of a bamboo stick. There was no need for them to question each other about vacation jobs. All, assuredly, had been herding goats and cattle since they left school a month before. The larger boys, perhaps, helped thresh the Winter crop of rice. There is little variety of occupation in Santal Land. The Santals for the most part are farmers, pure and simple.

TO describe that crowd of boys would fill too much space. Suffice it to say that they ranged in size from little fellows, not many years out of babyhood, to six footers, broad shouldered and deep voiced. However, there was one little chap in particular who caught my attention. I first noticed him when he came to my room for another blanket; the one I had already given him was torn. I was taken with the youngster at once, and so I couldn't refuse his request. In fact, I might have given him the whole school had he asked for it. Such was Saibu, the only Mahle in the crowd.

The Mahles are the "lost" tribe of the Santals. Their history is completely lost in the maze of an unknown past. Their origin is a matter of conjecture. In language, religion, superstitions and general customs, there is little or no difference between them and their Santal neighbors. Their occupation, however, keeps them apart. The Mahles are basket weavers, their only art and industry. Father Creane in his relentless quest for souls came upon them in his far-flung territory. He soon learned that they were ready to listen to the Word of God, so he set in at once to win them over to Christ the King. Saibu was the first fruit of Father Creane's work among



Teachers and boys of the Santal school at Bhagalpur. Seated in center (left to right): Richard T. Mehren, S.J., Father Francis I. Story, S.J., and Father Leo P. Frank, S.J. The little hero of the story is fifth from the end, second row from the bottom at left side of picture.

n Santal Land

Richard T.
Mehren, S. J.

the Mahles, and he was certainly worth Father's best efforts.

Saibu was, indeed, an attraction. He was a lad of eight years, and these eight years had not been very generous in flesh and bone. There wasn't much to the little Mahle, but what there was, was genuine. In spite of his lean years and size, Saibu had a well-developed personality worthy of a youth of eighteen. His smile was irresistible. As I look back, I am inclined to think that Saibu realized this great asset and capitalized accordingly. I shall never forget how his eyes would fairly dance as he talked, or, when he was provoked to anger, how they flashed like orbs of fire. The Mahle was everlastingly cheerful and with a way about him that singled him out from that large crowd of Santals. Being the first of his people to come to the school, we were particularly careful in looking to his wants, which, when I come to think about them, were truly many. But this is to be expected more or less from a boy who hadn't been away from his little village far in the jungles. The odds and ends that one sees about a school and mission station, naturally caught his eye. But it didn't take long for the novelty to wear off, and Saibu fell into the humdrum routine of the school. Each day added to this little boy's popularity, and he soon became the favorite of both the Fathers and the boys.

As yet, our little Mahle was not baptized. Father Creane had left that to the Fathers at Bhagalpur. He would care for the odd folks in the village. But a stranger would never pick out Saibu to be a pagan, much less a demon-worshipper,—which he had been. His devotion and outward piety were exceptional for a lad of eight years. He wanted to be baptized; he wanted to become a Christian; he wanted to receive Holy Communion with the other boys at daily Mass. And I'll assure you that it wasn't a case of "follow the

leader." It was a consoling sight to see Saibu, pagan though he was, kneeling alone in the quiet of the chapel, saying his beads before his Prisoned King. He made frequent visits to the Blessed Sacrament during recreation. From his first day in school, Saibu was never without his rosary. He wore it about his neck.

There was time for prayer and time for play in Saibu's daily schedule. And he threw himself whole-heartedly into both at their proper time. Despite the fact that he was a "little shaver," his size did not deter him from mingling with the larger boys and participating in their sports. And whenever there was a joke in order or a chance for a bit of fun, I invariably found the little Mahle in the midst of it.

But Saibu's days at Bhagalpur seemed numbered. About a week before he was to be baptized, his father came to visit him, to see the school which Father Creane had told him so much about, and, perhaps, to check up on the good Father's veracity. Whether the school did not measure up to his expectations, or he didn't want his boy to become a Christian I cannot say, but this was sure, Saibu was to return with his father to his jungle home the following morning. Personally, I think that it was his lonesomeness for the little lad that prompted the change. Saibu's inimitable smile could not but be a ray of sunshine in any home, be it ever so humble. The die was cast, however, and no argument could change the old man's stand. Saibu, too, was likewise determined to stay at Bhagalpur; he was determined (Turn to page 191)



JESUIT MISSIONS

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Getting Off to a Good Start

SCHOOL bells will be ringing soon. Summer camps and Summer sports will be but a pleasant memory as our young people prepare again for a year of intellectual training. Much of the success of the year will depend on the start. If the beginning is well made, there is good prospect of final success. This beginning will affect Catholic student life in many ways, but especially in the spiritual and intellectual fields. It is most important that both begin well and with enthusiasm.

Among the spiritual activities of the year, we trust that mission work will play a big part, both for its value in Catholic lay activity, and especially this year because the missions are in dire need. Always working on a narrow budget, the missions have ever had to struggle on as best they could. But the struggle is becoming tragic, and Superiors of missions are facing the sad duty of closing down one after another of their establishments. Advances made at the cost of heroic effort and sacrifice have been brought to a halt, and an enforced retreat has begun.

The material support from America has lessened considerably; the natives are unable to help very much; and so the missionaries have no alternative but to retreat. Even Mass stipends, which at least helped them to get personal sustenance, have decreased. Missionaries and mission procurators are at their wits' ends to know what to do next.

Can the Catholic student body of America rise to the occasion and do very much to save the missions? We think it can. Our young people can be most generous, and if only they can be brought to realize that the fate of the missions this year rests in part with them, they will measure up to the occasion—even though a bit of the heroic be demanded.

May we urge professors and teachers and all who have the direction of student activities in hand to give the missions an important share of their energies this year—right from the start? Surely none of us is willing to

see Christ's Cause in the missions suffer a notable defeat this year. But let us bear in mind that we must get the mission work off to a quick start—else it will be choked by a multitude of other interests which, though good in themselves, must be given second place if the missions are to be kept from suffering a setback that will tell its story in the sadly lessened number of souls brought to the True Fold this year.

How Catholic Is India?

TO many, India is just a vast unknown country, the land of millions of Hindus and Mohammedans, infested with tigers and elephants and all sorts of dangerous beasts and reptiles. Better informed people have some notion of India's ancient history and culture, but few, perhaps, realize what Catholicity has accomplished there. True, the Catholic numerical strength of 3,630,945 (India, Burma, Ceylon and the Malay States) appears weak in face of India's total population which is placed at approximately 351,000,000.

However, there is a strong and vigorous and rather ancient Catholic body in the south of India, dating back to the days of St. Francis Xavier and the reign of the Portuguese. One sign of deeprooted Catholicity there is in the number of native priests and in the fact that more than one diocese is ruled by a native bishop. Another mark, and one well worth emphasizing here, is found in the fact that a number of young men, finishing their high school or college training, are eagerly offering themselves for apostolic missionary work among the pagans of northern India. Letter after letter coming from the Bishop or the Superior of Patna Mission in northern India, where the American Jesuits are at work, tells the story of young men offering themselves generously—in fact, they are pleading for admission into the Society of Jesus in order to give themselves to the work of converting their countrymen. Rigid financial restrictions alone have forced Superiors to set a limit on the numbers that can be accepted. Surely, these many vocations should be a consolation to the Catholics here in America who have been giving generous support to India's missions. They are a striking tribute, too, to the missionary priests and Sisters whose apostolic zeal, after the grace of God, has stirred up in India's young men so generous a desire to spend themselves that Christ may reign in India.

Another Editor to the Philippines

JESUIT MISSIONS loses another valued Associate Editor. Father Vincent I. Kennally S.J., sailed for the Philippine Islands on July 30, less than a year after Father Joseph Reith, S.J., who had given three years of tireless energy to building up the magazine. In the case of Father Kennally as in that of Father Reith, we can only say that our loss is the Mission's gain. May their work for souls be blessed by a rich harvest! By his cheerful and untiring zeal, his humble and generous spirit of cooperation, Father Kennally will soon prove himself a valued member of the mission which during the past year has been experiencing Father Reith's boundless and unselfish energy in working for souls.

American Jesuits in China

TWELVE members of the California Province of the Society of Jesus: five priests and seven scholastics, are at present stationed in China. Though not as yet assigned a definite mission territory, they have opened up Gonzaga College in Shanghai, and have also been helping the French Jesuits in parish work in Shanghai and at Ricci College in Nanking. The first California Jesuits went to China in 1928. In addition to the work undertaken in Shanghai and Nanking, one scholastic is teaching at Aurora University and two are engaged in study at Zikawei.



THE Pope of the Missions has recommended as the mission intention for September—

Catholic Action on the Missions—which may be defined as the apostolate of the Faithful who, under the leadership of their bishops, assist the Church of God to fulfill in a certain manner her pastoral ministry. While it is the desire of His Holiness that the sons and daughters of the Church should engage in Catholic Action everywhere throughout the world, still, His Holiness believes that today there is very special need of Catholic Action on the missions.

In recommending this intention for September, His Holiness is in reality merely giving a title to a spiritual platform whose various planks have been expressed in the monthly intentions for some years past. Foremost among these planks are the following: the increase and better organization of catechists on the missions; medical missionaries; lay-Brother missionaries; works of charity like those conducted by the Society of St. Vincent de Paul and the various Sodalties of Our Lady; organized effort to prevent or to diminish the use of opium; associations formed for the erection, sustenance and defence of Catholic schools, and for their equipment with radio and moving picture facilities—since, as His Holiness proclaimed in His Encyclical on the Christian Education of Youth, these not only may not prove harmful to Christian virtue, but may even be of no mean use.

That these planks in the platform of Catholic Action may be realized to the full on the missions, Catholics are urged to pray particularly that their apostolic ef-

THE MISSION INTENTION

for SEPTEMBER

Catholic Action on the Missions

forts for good may not be neutralized, destroyed or entirely counteracted by the scandalous

example of bad Catholics, who, led by the allurements of the flesh, migrate to mission lands.

In China at the end of 1930, there were 166 centers of Catholic Action with a total membership of 9,400. In other mission territories this program of Catholic Action has not yet been suf-

ficiently understood by the Christian converts, or has been exercised in an inordinate manner, as is wont to happen whenever the laity mingle unduly in ecclesiastical affairs.

It is difficult to single out any one means of activity, be it the apostolate of prayer, of good example, of conversation or of the press as being more apostolic than another. God, whose ways are numerous, will fructify each and all with His enlightening and sustaining grace and from their composite influence will draw countless souls to the knowledge of the one True Faith.

May the Sacred Heart of Jesus hear and grant our prayers that on the missions Catholic Action may be better known and practised by all, without exception; that it may be subject always to the proper ecclesiastical authority, and that it may continue to progress in peace and in a spirit of solid piety for the greater glory of God and for the salvation and perfection of the souls of men. Surely no one can reasonably doubt but that all those who satisfy the desire of His Holiness belong to the number of those whose names, as St. Paul predicted, are written in the Book of Life.



AFIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUITS

IRAQ

In "Al Baghdadi," a spasmodic journal, published by the American Jesuits in Baghdad, appearing when mood and weather permit, Fathers William A. Rice, Edward F. Madaras and J. Edward Coffey, introduce the readers of *Jesuit Missions* to the following Arabian customs:

"At the Requiem Mass for President Doumer in the Carmelite Church here, we observed that one man wore his fez (called also *tarboosh*) all during the ceremonies. Up north recently, we observed others wearing their headgear during Mass. That's nothing to marvel at. It is the customary thing here to keep one's head covered in the house, unless one is wearing a European style hat. Maybe the reason is that oriental headgear doesn't furnish a convenient brim to take hold of. But whatever the reason, you have the fact.

"Dignity forbids you to carry a large bundle on the street here. As a consequence the town is overrun with small boys, carrying palm-leaf baskets, who are always on your trail to see if you're going to buy something. Our cook, Santo, comes home from market each morning with a small boy trailing behind to carry his purchases for him. So you see, there's a touch of aristocracy even about our hired help. Two cents, by the way, is considered ample wages for one of these boys, ordinarily.

"It was up in Mosul a few weeks ago that we were initiated into the novel art of sleeping on the roof. The first night we found it somewhat chilly, although it had been quite hot that day. Fortunately, we had provided for such a contingency by bringing up blankets with us, and we didn't lose much sleep. But the second night we woke up to find that it was raining. Imagine! In a regulation bed underneath the stars, and the rain coming down. What to do? We peeked across at one another slyly through half-closed eyes, and saw that neither was stirring. So we just drew the sheets over our heads and waited for the rain to stop; which it did after a couple of minutes.

"We'll tell you more about that Mosul trip of ours later. Just now we want to develop the subject of sleeping al fresco. When we returned to

Baghdad, we found that it had become altogether too hot to sleep indoors any longer. So we told Daoud, our man-servant, to put the beds up on the roof. You may wonder about the technique of it all. We did. Well, you simply get ready for bed in your room as usual, and then pick up your alarm clock and hie yourself to the house-top. What a relief! As soon as you step out on the roof, you are caressed by a cool breeze from the river. Then you drape the blanket across the end of the bed (you'll probably need it before the night is over) and you stretch out. 'How marvelous,' you exclaim to yourself, 'how magnificent, how superb, how delectable, how paradisaical, how—how—!' and there you run out of adjectives. Such are the Arabian nights."

CANADIAN INDIANS

Father Joseph Cadot, S.J., is one of the veteran missionaries among the Indians of Canada. He now has charge of Saugeen and Christian Island Missions. A non-Catholic, writing in a Canadian newspaper, pays a well-deserved tribute to the venerable missionary.

"Father Cadot's charges are not ones that yield a fat or lucrative living. His home is unpretentious. The one thing that abounds is his welcome which he extends to all. The little



Father John A. Mifsud, S.J., of the California Province, has been assigned to the new American Jesuit School in Baghdad, Iraq.

Jesuit priest prides himself on the friendships he enjoys. Protestants, Freemasons and Orangemen of the highest ranks, he laughingly tells you, have accepted of his hospitality, and they have been ever true friends. It is true, he has a beaming way, a radiant sociability which sets you immediately at ease. Optimism, cheerfulness and kindness are outstanding features of this remarkable man. He draws sunshine from no niggard store, and in turn spreads it in the pathways of those who are in most need of good cheer.

"Father Cadot has turned a portion of his home into a clubroom which is a center of activity for members of both denominations. Here the men gather in the evenings, read the papers, reviews, magazines, and under the guidance of this godly man their views on questions of the day are directed."

AMERICAN INDIANS

An enthusiastic worker for the Indian Missions sends a letter to tell of her years of "free time" work for the Indians. Few people, perhaps, realize the use they might make of so ordinary a thing as sugar bags. The lady requests that her name be withheld, but the Editor feels sure that she would not object to having it sent to people who might be interested. Hence, if you want further details, please write to *Jesuit Missions*. The letter that follows explains itself.

"I am writing to ask a favor. The subject of this favor is sugar bags. Most people in this country buy their supply of sugar in bags. These bags are made of a good quality of muslin and can be used to make clothes, quilts, underclothes, comforters, handkerchiefs, etc.

"I have been making handkerchiefs for the missionaries for a number of years. I have been thinking of how many missions could be helped if we had more sugar bags to make into the various useful articles. These bags could be solicited by Sodalties and Church Societies. They are no cost to anyone—except the shipping. The Indians can wash, bleach or dye them to suit themselves.

"Sugar bags can be of considerable help if we can get them from a sufficiently large number of people. Most people throw their bags down the in-

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

This real depression letter from Father Joseph Lucas, S.J., of Cagayan, P. I., is a shocking challenge to those American Catholics whose mission-mindedness is still in a dormant state:

"The year has been such a hectic one, filled with unthought of extra burdens, and the Fathers are so few, that I am like a checker player moving, being moved or jumped. Since the beginning of Holy Week, I've been practically alone, with more parish work than an ordinary New York pastor, which precludes any great superior supervision, as Vicar trying to keep up on marriage cases, settling disputes and probing dispensations, and as Director of Propagation, endeavoring to spur on the missionaries to greater efforts, most of whom are thoroughly exhausted. These jobs alone require endless correspondence, and yet the whole Mission of Cagayan depends almost entirely on my correspondence with benefactors in the States. With my utter inability to write, the crisis and depression both there and here, and the worry entailed in wondering how long we can continue, and the loss, one by one, of projects of lesser importance, the situation is a precarious one. We have seen our wonderful advance halted, and now it is only a question of how far we can retreat. Fortunately, we have gained a prestige that may carry us through till better times. Our backs are against the wall, but we'll battle to the finish. It seems a pity to see a life work go down, but I've done the best I could, so will have no regrets. The whole Mission of Cagayan (some 35,000 souls) would not support a missionary living on corn and minnows, with an occasional banana or coconut, and this is a central house with constant visitors.

"The Protestants expend no money on the common people, but spend it lavishly on educating the young leaders. They simply live around the High School, and every intermediate valedictorian of every barrio and



Missouri Province Scholastics assigned to the Sioux Indian Missions of South Dakota. (Left to right: Charles J. Boland, S.J., who goes to St. Francis Mission; James G. Hogan, S.J., and William J. Fitzgerald, S.J., both going to Holy Rosary Mission.

crucifier—and some express surprise when I ask them for their old bags.

"Please think over the idea—and help if you can."

CHINA

Two Canadian Jesuits laboring in the new mission of Sūchow, China, tell something of the horrors of famine in their section of the country. Brother Aza Soulligny, S.J., writes:

"In China, too, misery is very great. Inundations and drought came, and in their wake, famine with its faithful companion, brigandage. The number of the wretches who die of hunger is beyond reckoning. Arriving very late one night in Sūchow city, I witnessed a sight that drew tears to my eyes. Here and there on the street were starving wretches leaning against a wall or huddled in a corner. Here an old woman who seemed to be all alone in the world; there an old man, so wasted that his gaunt frame made me shudder with horror. Yonder, a beggar-woman bearing in her fleshless arms two children whom she was trying to protect from the biting cold. A harrowing sight it was! Their faces and hands were blue from the cold and their teeth chattered in a most sinister way in the icy December wind. All through that sleepless night they will await the rising of tomorrow's sun to continue begging the bit of bread that will prolong for a few days their pitiable existence."

Father Philippe Coté, S.J., writes: "The notables of Poutse had sent me a long letter asking my help in the relief of the famished in their region. 'I will go to Poutse,' was my answer, 'and then we'll see.' Some days later, I arrived at the gate of Poutse, and there, at the entrance, an awful sight struck my eyes. Four thousand famine stricken Chinese—all in tatters—crowded the street through which I passed. The children, by far the greater number, had hardly anything on their backs, and the wind was fairly glacial. For my part, I did not feel that my thick Chinese robe and my warm woolen

underwear was too great a protection against the blast. Many of these poor wretches had come from the country to beg, and, naturally, had no roof they could call home."

BRITISH HONDURAS

The event of the Summer was the three day celebration held in honor of Father Robert A. Henneman, S.J., who was celebrating his "Golden Jubilee" as a Jesuit. Since Father Henneman had given to British Honduras thirty years of his priestly life, it was most fitting that the Colony should pay him tribute in its capital city, Belize. The formal program opened with Solemn Mass "coram Pontifice," and was sung by the Jubilarian himself. His Excellency, Bishop Joseph Murphy, S.J., preached the sermon. Very Reverend Father Anthony H. Corey, S.J., Superior of the British Honduras Mission, was the Deacon of the Mass, and Father Joseph Kemper, S.J., was Sub-deacon.

During the three day celebration, the Jubilarian was the recipient of many a hearty greeting, and words of congratulation were on many lips. A special program was held in Cathedral Hall the first night. On the other two nights, special programs were presented by the men of the Cathedral parish and by the Alumni and College boys of old St. John's. At the close Father Henneman held a reception.



Left to right: Fathers Anthony R. Kuenzel, S.J., and Bernard C. Zimmerman, S.J., of the Missouri Province, who have been assigned to the British Honduras Mission, and Francis J. Coffey, S.J., assigned to St. Francis Mission, South Dakota.

municipal school, is offered a free education at Silliman (an institute of violently Protestant tendencies). In reality, he simply becomes a working student and servant, but it works, and they have a leader to work upon. Our Dormitory was doing yeoman's work against this form of proselytism, and it was with regret that I had to close it down. Our Catechetical Schools (eleven of them) were our only approach towards winning the people in the thoroughly Aglipayan towns, and in closing these we lost respect and prestige. If we could keep our Central School going for the year, I think we could still sing victories, but it is in a precarious situation. Building it, took everything we had and sent us into debt—nothing left for maintenance. Though it seems to be tempting the Lord, we are starting it, and trusting to the Lord to see us through. We realize fully that if we lose the school, it's just a question of packing our little kit bags and traveling, with or without the smile. Of course, we'd like to turn that corner around which the better times are supposed to hover, but it certainly doesn't seem close. The locusts, millions upon millions of them, have come and are stripping every tree and plant upon which the people, even the wealthy, are almost totally dependent—etc., etc."

Father Martin J. O'Shaughnessy, S.J., of St. Rita's Church, Balinasag, Misamis, pleads in like vein:

"Every little bit helps, especially these days. Schools have opened again and one is at his wife's ends to have the ready cash for teachers' salaries."

"All our schools have an increased enrollment. In St. Rita's, the number registered went far beyond my expectations, especially in the first grade. In fact, I'm lacking about thirty benches. Our trouble here with a proud, *mestizo* *Presidente* only enhances our reputation. Whatever success we have had is due to our schools and, with God's help, they must not close."

Father Alfred F. Kienle, S.J., the author of "After Five Years," which appeared in *JESUIT MISSIONS* for May, writes from the rectory of the Church of Mt. Carmel, Talisayan, Oriental Misamis, Mindanao, P. I.:

"From all sides comes the report of the depression and its effects, namely make every *Centavo* go twice as far as it ever went before; only spend what is absolutely necessary; stop repairing and building, unless you have money specified for such. And there you are. We are just starting the most crucial year in the history of these parts, and if we can only ride out the approaching storm; if we can only keep on going for the next twelve months, everything will be O.K. by all of us. But if we have to stop, well,

RENOWNED
JESUIT MISSIONARIES



ST. CHARLES GARNIER, S. J.

ST. CHARLES GARNIER

was born in Paris in the year 1666. He studied classics, philosophy and theology at the Jesuit College at Clermont, and joined the Jesuit Order in 1624. In 1636, accompanying St. Isaac Jogues, he sailed for work among the Hurons, and upon arrival in Quebec, was dispatched immediately to Huronia. His interest in prison inmates while still a student at Paris, prepared him for the difficulties in work among the Indians, and his patience caused him to be called the "Lamb of the Mission." Withal biographers relate that his zeal brooked no delay. Neither distance, nor danger of death could prevent him from hastening to the stake to baptize captives of war.

After three successive efforts his persistence at last won the Tobacco Nation. Finally, when the Iroquois swooped down upon the unprotected Mission of St. John, Father Garnier proceeded to the church where he exhorted the Christians as follows: "Pray to God and flee by whatever way you may be able to escape. Bear about with you your faith through what of life remains and may death find you with God in mind." While ministering to the dying, he was struck by two bullets from a musket and later, while dragging himself towards a dying Indian to absolve him, received two blows upon the temples, one on either side, which penetrated to the brain. On December 7, 1649, the eve of the feast of the Immaculate Conception, a dogma which he had vowed to defend, this saintly Martyr of Christ yielded up his soul to God.

I would rather not say any more about it.

"Would you believe it? There is not one Mass Intention in this house tonight, and not much prospect of any, since Very Rev. Father Hayes, S.J., wrote a few days ago that there were none to be had at the Procure in Manila. Can you get some Masses for us, please?"

"It is not pleasant or welcome news to your Office to hear about our difficulties. It seems that stories of success and progress make better reading. At present, it looks as if we are no longer on the Band Wagon, or if we are, the band is not playing a very lively air. Be that as it may, we still have plenty of confidence in God's most wonderful Providence over all of us, and we look to you for more and more assistance and prayers, so that the work of the Lord may not suffer at our hands."

ALASKA

Just before the ice on the rivers broke in May, Father Aloysius G. Willebrand, S.J., sent a letter from his station at Pilgrim Springs, Alaska.

"We are now beginning the month of May. Heavy snow still covers most of the tundra, but it is vanishing rapidly under the warm wind and bright sun. Soon the ice on the rivers will break and Summer will be here.

"One of the most interesting events of the next month was the visitation of the Jesuit Superior of the Alaskan Missions, Very Reverend Father Francis M. Menager, S.J. He was brought here by Captain Woodley. Before landing here they had flown to King Island to visit Father Lafortune, S.J., and his little flock. They found Father well and doing splendid work. Father Menager and Captain Woodley were the first who ever made the hop to King Island. To land on the ice far out in the sea where no plane had ever been before was not without danger. On leaving the Island, they flew to our little mission in about an hour. After Father Superior had finished his visitation of Pilgrim Springs he and Captain Woodley took off for Kotzebue, and from there they planned to fly to Nulato.

"The attendance at our little school here at Pilgrim Springs is increasing. Yesterday three new arrivals almost literally dropped from the sky. A plane made its appearance and landed on our field. What was our surprise when we found that the pilot had brought three little Eskimos, a little girl and two little boys from Kotzebue. Their mother was dying, and so they were sent to us. They will form our first little group from that most northern mission of ours—Kotzebue."

JAMAICA B. W. I.

Many events worthy of note took place in the Jesuit Mission in Ja-

Jamaica during the Summer months. Among these should be cited the following: 1. The annual First Communion of the children of the Holy Trinity Cathedral; 2. The departure of His Lordship, Bishop Emmet, of Boston, where he administered Holy Orders at the Jesuit house of study, Weston College, Weston, Mass.; 3. The departure of "Bush Parson," Father Daniel A. Creed, Pastor of Brown's Town and outlying stations in the parish of St. Ann, and Father William T. McHale, who has been in charge of the missions at Holy Rosary, Harbour Head, Yallahs and Morant Bay, for a much needed rest in the United States; 4. The sacred concert held by the sea in aid of the parish at Port Henderson; 5. The administration of the Sacrament of Confirmation to sixty-eight candidates in Father Francis J. Kelly's parish at Spanish Town; 6. Father Joseph Ford's May procession at Donnington; 7. Father Jeremiah O'Keefe's Corpus Christi procession at Toll Gate; 8. Father Oliver B. Skelly's Sacred Heart procession at May River; 9. Father James Becker's First Communion celebration at Montego Bay; 10. Father Henry C. McLeod's sermon at the May procession in Port Maria, and Father John T. McGrory's successful mission at St. Ann's Bay.

PATNA, INDIA

Father Henry Westropp, S.J., after sixteen years of strenuous missionary life in India, has been ordered by the doctors to take a rest. He has come to the United States to recuperate, and also to visit old friends of Patna Mission. Before he went to India, Father Westropp was the much-beloved Blackrobe among the Sioux Indians of South Dakota. In fact, Father

Westropp has been a winner of hearts among every type and class of people to whom his apostolic mission has brought him during his most active life. Just as he never forgets his friends, his friends never forget him. The Indians of South Dakota never quite got over their parting with him seventeen years ago when he left for India. On more than one occasion they have petitioned his Superior to send him back to them. They have, too, on occasion collected their little sums of money to send him for his work among the pagans.

The people of India will tell you the same story. Father Westropp worked for a while among the Doms, the poorest and lowest class of Patna Mission. In a month he was their "Father" too, and when later on he was sent to work among the Santals three hundred miles away, his Dom friends would walk the whole distance to see him once again, entirely confident of a warm welcome and immediate relief in their needs—and they were never disappointed.

Truly, Father Westropp is a "Missionary of Two Hemispheres," as the Editor of *Catholic Missions* of New York has called him. He has been equally successful with American Indians and East Indians, with the rich and with the poor, with the men in cities and with the people of the villages.

During his short stay in the United States, before he returns to Patna, Father Westropp can be reached by mail addressed to 1911 West 30th St., Cleveland, Ohio. He expects to remain away from India for some six months, but his heart's desire is to get back again as soon as possible to give the rest of his life's energy for the salvation of Patna's millions of souls.



A smiling little Miss of the Himalayas is a bit shy—not at Michael D. Lyons, S.J., of Patna Mission, India—but at the photographer.

Father Charles Miller, S.J., whose address is: Catholic Mission, Gajhi, Chakal P. O., Monghyr District, India, has had "neighborly" visitors recently. He writes:

"Day before yesterday a tiger killed a large buffalo not more than forty yards from my door. The water in the dam is the only water hole for miles around, and the tiger got the buffalo at noon when it came for a drink. A tiger also mauled a buffalo belonging to the headman of nearby Baradish. So we are sleeping inside these nights. Better sweat inside the house than inside a tiger!"

Reporting on his mission, Father Miller says:

"Last week, in one afternoon, two villages sent delegations requesting me to visit them. 'We know that your religion is a good one. Only send some one to instruct us and to teach our children.' That is what I hear when I go to the villages.

"Yesterday a catechist reported to me that in one pagan village two entire families had asked for instructions. Today a pagan came to ask me to send some one to instruct his family. His boy was baptized a year ago. Just as I was about to begin this letter to you, a man brought his two little boys for the boarding school. The three had walked over eight miles through hilly country. 'My village people told me to ask you when you will come to instruct them,' he said. That is the fourth or fifth time they have asked me. You can well imagine how it hurts me to turn them away, for I cannot accomplish much among them till I can afford to hire a catechist who will teach, while I visit my mission of 3,500 square miles."



Very Rev. Charles F. Arnold, S.J., Superior of the Jesuit Missions in Jamaica, B.V.J., lends his help and encouragement to the work the native Sisters are doing for Jamaica's little ones.



FROM MANY CLIMES



SOCIAL ACTION ON THE MISSIONS

Solid Christian instruction must be the basis for this action. Sound Catholic principles must be inculcated—all men are brothers and equal, there are no superior and inferior races, every man has a soul which is free and immortal, an intelligence which is ready to be developed, a heart ready to beat for and give out its life blood for an ideal of goodness and justice.

In the work of education, schools must be founded where the soul of the people will be taught the love of work, the sense of duty, beauty of character and the necessity of discipline which alone can form a sturdy Christian stock.

Hospitals must be founded, dispensaries and pharmacies. If with the limited means at our disposal at present we have been able, as for example in 1929, to care for more than 11,000,000 sick in the dispensaries of missionaries and Sisters, what work we should be able to do were the organization complete!

Charitable institutions must be founded to care for the orphans, widows, the young, the old, the blind, the crippled and the outcasts of society.

The love of the fields should be instilled in the people. They should be encouraged and aided in acquiring their own little plots. In the industrial districts the betterment of the working conditions of his flock should be the interest of the pastor. In a word, he should be ever at their side to make their worries his worries, their successes his successes. Thus they will remain ever devoted to him, looking upon him as a kind solicitous father. (F. S.)

CATHOLIC EDUCATIONAL WORK IN CHINA

The report of the Synodal Commission for December 1931, carries the following statistics for educational work in China during 1931, and reveals the immense development Catholic schools have reached.

The Catholic University of Peking, directed by the American Benedictines, has 530 students; out of a total of ten universities in the city, the Catholic University is one of the only two now functioning. The Aurora University of Shanghai, under the Jesuits, has an

enrollment of 180 students. The Institute of Higher Studies at Tientsin, also under the Jesuits, has 57 students. The figures for the rest of the schools are as follows:

Type	Schools	Boys	Girls
Prayer Schools	4,894	87,658	
"	3,957		79,853
Lower Primary	2,025	61,079	
"	738		32,272
Upper Primary	188	9,212	
"	122		6,581
Lower Secondary	32	3,582	
"	23		1,860
Upper Secondary	10	3,268	
"	6		1,045
Normal	14	467	
"	15		502
Special	78	2,895	
"	44		1,720
Boarding Schools	30	1,136	
"	23		1,021

The figures for the Catholic Youth Associations and for Catholic Action are as follows:

Branches	Members
Catholic Young Men's Association	59 3,235
Catholic Young Ladies' Association	8 420
Men's Catholic Action	257 1,033
Women's Catholic Action	61 1,511 (F. S.)

INCREASE OF CATHOLICS IN CHINA

At the end of the year, 1931, 48,974 conversions had been recorded of adults who received Baptism after due preparation. Catholics last year numbered 2,490,392; they now number 2,530,843—an increase of 40,451.

However, the figures for even this year would have suffered a decrease if conversions had not been made; the decrease would have been 8,523. Still, these figures are much lower than those which showed the lamentable losses of the previous year; in 1928-30 the decrease, without conversions, amounted to 32,336. These oscillations in the figures are readily understood after considering the damage wrought by the civil war, epidemics, floods, famine, red propaganda and communist invasions,—and all these, with their consequent emigrations which here and there have depopulated whole regions. Greater increase will come with increase of native clergy.

A VALUED SPIRITUAL HELP

A zealous Canadian lady, deeply moved by the story of the persecution against the Jesuits in Spain, recently sent to Jesuit Missions what she termed her "Spiritual Offering for the Jesuit Situation in Spain." God bless her for her great charity! Her Spiritual Bouquet was as follows:

Masses Heard	100
Holy Communion	100
Spiritual Communions	200
Hours of Adoration	75
Visits to Blessed Sacrament	200
Benedictions of Blessed Sacrament	200
Rosaries	100
Acts of Mortification	100
Acts of Charity	100
Acts of Humility	100
Acts of Love	1,000

DEATH OF BISHOP PERINI, S.J.

Word has been received that on June 28, Mis Excellency, Msgr. Paul Perini, S.J., Bishop of Calicut in India, was called to his eternal reward. Bishop Perini was named Bishop of Mangalore in 1910. He was especially notable in the mission world for the fact that after laboring tirelessly at the head of the Venetian Jesuits to build up the Diocese of Mangalore, he proposed to the Holy See that it name a native Indian as ruler of the diocese; and upon acceptance of his suggestion resigned his see in 1923, to permit the nomination of the late Bishop Valerian de Souza. Bishop Perini became head of the new Diocese of Calicut, composed of territory where, in great part, missionary effort was unknown. (F. S.)

DEATH OF IRISH JESUITS IN HONG KONG

On June 21 and 27 the hand of death rested heavily upon the new Irish Jesuit Mission in Hong Kong. Father Michael Saul, S.J., died of cholera on the feast of St. Aloysius. He had been laboring in Hong Kong for less than two years and had proven himself to be an invaluable member of the Mission. Father Joseph McCullough, S.J., details of whose life work and death have not yet come from the Mission, attended Father Saul during his illness, and himself fell a victim to the dread cholera. He died less than a week after his companion. God often uses death as a means of meriting conversions.

"WE ARE ATTACKING!"

(Continued from page 171)

Chapter four found Father McGreal as the American representative at Ricci. Towards the end of the year one ultimatum after another was sent, stating that two class rooms and the boarders' dormitory and study hall must be destroyed to make way for a new city boulevard. All right; but to carry on, the school needed a group of five houses belonging to us but occupied during the civil war by one of our former teachers. He had rented the houses out and was making a good income. Though smilingly admitting he had no right to be there, he smilingly refused to move; and even an appeal to the Chinese courts did not get him out. In his case, possession has been all tents of the law.

CHAPTER five commenced last September. Father McGreal's tranquil character made last year quite tranquil,—but after him the deluge! I had scarcely arrived when the Japanese invaded Manchuria. That affected nearly every college in China, not excluding little Ricci, planted within a stone's throw of the government buildings, and a witness of every sort of patriotic demonstration. Military training under government officers was in vogue in all schools. Thousands of students poured into the capital from every direction; there were mass meetings, window breakings and other outbursts of Communist culture. Though our youngsters refused to share in any of the violence, study under such circumstances was a forgotten art. Suddenly the Director, Father Roberfroid, was ordered away by the doctor to prevent a complete breakdown; and to cap the climax, a general student strike was ordered in Nanking and other cities. We declared mid-year vacations, and in the meantime, the long delayed demolition of our buildings was undertaken. That is why it looks as if we had been bombarded.

To sum up: since 1927, two Fathers murdered, a semi-Communist outbreak, half our property appropriated by the government, five of our houses unlawfully retained, and

half our remaining buildings now demolished! Since there are no accommodations for boarders, and room for only two of the usual four classes, we are closing down, of course? We are not! "We are attacking!" This is simply following the traditional policy of Catholic missionaries when merely human prudence would urge by all means to turn back.

CANADIAN JESUITS IN CHINA

(Continued from page 174)

Sunday. A large congregation filled the church; 250 people came to receive Holy Communion.

Sankwanmiao. Is a country district. Yet you cannot see the church at a distance, for it has neither steeple nor tower. Father Kia, like all the Chinese missionaries from about Shanghai, could not speak a word of mandarin when he first came to Süchow, and was obliged to study just as hard as any new Canadian missionary.

Fenghsien. I had promised to dine the next day with Father Gagnon, and as it was pouring rain I left my horses with Father Kia who lent me his cart. Father Gagnon was in bed with a fever. The doctor, (Brother Souigny) had given strict orders. Although in bed, Father Gagnon was still the interesting and gay companion he always is. The heavy rains gave me a good excuse for passing here two enjoyable days,—enjoyable on account of the two gay missionaries, not for the little religious persecution they are at present undergoing.

TAITAOLOW. Father Thaddaeus Zi is joy incarnate. He and his twin brother, Father Simon Zi, are two jolly fellows. I tell you! When those two are at table along with Father Courchesne and Father Gagnon you can't hear yourself speaking. Like many twins, it is as hard to distinguish them one from the other as it is two drops of water. Taitaolow is remarkable for its fervor and gives great hope and consolation. Next morning, I returned to Fenghsien. In the afternoon arrived,—well, was it Father Thaddaeus or Father Simon? Yes, it was Father Simon of Wutwan, on

his way to Sankwanmiao to preach a retreat. Stopping at Taitaolow to see his brother, he learned of my presence here and dropped in to discuss several matters with me.

Peihhsien. Saturday morning I mounted Father de Gelees' Siberian for the twenty mile hop to the last center I had to visit. Father Ho is a native priest. His church is in good condition, but his residence, a wreck! The worst in the whole mission! The walls that have not yet crumbled are leaning terribly; the doors and windows are things to let the wind pass through; and the floor is like an undulating landscape. Yet Peihhsien is one of the largest parishes of the mission and will have to be divided pretty soon.

WUTWAN. Although Father Simon Zi is away, I decided to go down, just the same, to see the buildings of the mission. But there he was at the entrance of the residence at my arrival! No, it was the other drop of water, Father Thaddaeus, playing a trick on me. It's worth while to have such a trick played on you. It does such a lot of good to hear the loud laugh of Father Thaddaeus.

Wutwan is not fervent, but Father Simon would not be his brother's twin brother if he were downcast on that account. He is, on the contrary, full of hope for the future. The population is largely nomadic. When the harvest is poor, many return to their native Province of Shantung, only to return if famine menaces them over there.

Our predecessors—the Jesuits of France—have toiled very hard in the Süchow Mission for nearly half a century. For many long years their efforts bore no fruit. Suddenly, a rapid and magnificent growth of Christianity broke the hardened soil of paganism, and it is progressing steadily. Today we have 54,000 Christians. But they are not yet perfect Christians,—by far! Ours is the task of giving them a greater intelligence of Catholic ideals,—an arduous, an immense task! And then we cannot neglect the pagans who come to us begging to be instructed. But we are as yet unable to attempt the con-

version of the masses. We have not the time! Nor the means! We are but a handful of priests to cope with three millions.

THE SIOUX INDIAN BOY

(Continued from page 175)

ready; the prisoner on hand; the audience hushed. Grim and unmoved stood the executioner, Brennan Lone Hill, in forbidding black attire, awaiting the signal to spring the death-trap. Then the British officer advanced to take the last words of Nathan Hale. Without warning the tragedy became almost humorous. From my place in the orchestra-pit I saw the rear center wall heave, and hesitate, and then deliberately fall in toward the spectators. I wondered what Jake Left Hand or Wilbur Black Feather, who were nearest the calamity, would do. One of them leaned over the fence and pushed back the wall erect. This helped for about ten seconds; then the wall sank again. The tilt of fifteen degrees of the wall section was there to stay, and so the attendant mob across the fence ignored the mishap. Later the blame was fixed on an open window back stage, and a strong breeze.

To beginners the Sioux boy is a paradox. He certainly was to me at first. One side of the picture shows him on horseback, galloping carefree over the prairie toward a single-roomed log-cabin which is preeminently a home. Under its sod roof, the typical Indian hut, where even an alarm clock is a luxury, does

not furnish the best cultural background for our young brave. And yet, at closer range, is he not, to a great extent, cultured?

Turn over this picture, and you find the modern Sioux boy verifying the paradox. You see him delighting a critical audience by his acting. He picks from the library shelves "Oliver Twist" and "Treasure Island," and their kind. By his free-hand sketches of western life he would provoke the envy of most white boys. If left alone with a Victrola, he chooses records that often favor the classical. And as for musical proficiency, the boys who have learned at the Mission to play band instruments can be counted by the dozens. If we call culture the "appreciation of the finer things," then the trained Indian boy, as I have come to know him, is cultured.

OVER THE TRAILS TO DOLBY

(Continued from page 177)

as the moon was obscured. As the weather was still warm, the snow was soft; so we had quite a time hitching up. Dan had finally to do the job on his snow shoes. We started at 2:00. I could barely distinguish the leader in the dark. We had not gone five minutes when we were in the midst of a beautiful dog fight—or two, I should say, for the team split into two sections, each half fighting a separate battle. Dan rushed to the head with his ski as a weapon and I floundered through

the snow slashing with the whip. The fight did not last long and no damage was done. That was the last fight of any consequence, as from then on the dogs were too tired to think of fighting.

This was Sunday morning. We were going to try to say Mass at a tent reported to be about twenty miles up the trail. For this reason I took nothing to eat before starting—neither did Dan. We reached the tent about 7:00, but found no place where Mass could be celebrated. It was a low tent used only as a shelter, and the only furniture it boasted was a broken down Yukon stove. I could easily have made an altar on top of a shelf of snow outside if I had had something level to lay on it. But I decided it would be more prudent to forego saying Mass this time. We then lit a fire, had some breakfast and gave the dogs a short rest. While we were eating our sandwiches and Postum (terrible stuff!—By the way, Dan and myself have decided that our slogan for the next trip will be "more and better eats"—I do not know what idea you have about food for the trail, but we did not have half enough. I have been teasing the Sisters about it. I guess they were afraid of the weight. To vary our diet of pressed-meat sandwiches, I had to eat some dried fish that we brought for the dogs). Well, to get back to the narrative—while we were eating, along came Andrew Asmalka on his way to Nulato for supplies. We invited him to share our humble meal.

WE pushed on soon, the trail winding across lake after lake, some of them really large. Several of them took over half an hour to cross, so I guess they were two or three miles wide. We were trying to make Minuk's camp, where Daniel's uncle lives. We were making a little progress but it was terribly hard on the dogs. Dan felt that we were near his uncle's place, so we decided to keep going for a while longer. It was here that Dan rigged a gee-pole on the sled. After a short time we turned into a long slough and saw someone in the distance, fixing traps or something. Dan said: "That's uncle!" When we came up to him, it proved to be Cosmas,



In his little St. Anne's Church at Rock Hill, South Carolina, Father Patrick Ryan, S.J., has done untold good for the Church in the rural districts of the South.

Edan's brother-in-law. He told us we were only a short distance from the camp, which we reached in about half an hour. We found out later we had made about three miles in as many hours!!!

(To be continued)

"NOT TOO FAR"

(Continued from page 179)

za small table, a box that served for a desk and a chair; and she was coughing her life away. She had not been baptized but she wanted to "jine" before she went Home. Some good soul had been preparing the ground and had been instructing her and urging her to "jine" a real Church. The good sowing was done and she received Baptism, went to confession, received Viaticum, was anointed, and then, as it has happened and will happen all the world over, a look of peace and quiet and blissful contentment stole over that wasted brown face and I felt that God had taken charge of that "Case" and there would be no bungling now.

A BARGAIN IN SANTAL LAND

(Continued from page 181)

to be a Catholic. Our hearts went out to the little chap as he went from Father to Father asking each one to plead his cause. And there were others whose help he sought. During that day I found Saibu tucked away in his favorite corner of the chapel fingering his beads. His eyes would always be riveted on the Tabernacle.

The day for the little Mahle's departure dawned. Bright and early he packed his little bundle of sticks, his bottle of oil and his rags. Now he was ready to start, but not until he had said "Good-bye" to the Fathers. The boys were filing into the chapel for Mass. Saibu looked out through watery eyes to see the last pair in line disappear through the chapel door. He turned away and began to cry as though his heart would break. Nothing was left for him but the hard trek home through the jungles to his village, to the monotonous task of herding the goats, to the *bongas* (devils). I approached the pair with a heavy heart, I must confess, but I still had

a trump card up my sleeve—and it was an ace at that. I played it.

"You had better hurry along or you'll miss your train," I began. The railway would take them thirty miles of their journey.

"Train!" retorted the old man. His deep black eyes sparkled at the mention of the word. "We have to walk, Father. I have no money."

"Don't worry about the money. I'll take care of the fare." And I immediately reached into my pocket to see if I could back up my proposal. Fortunately, I had a few annas to help along the cause. "Here you are, but I only have enough for one fare, so you'll have to go alone. Hurry along, now, or you'll surely miss your train. The station is two miles away and you just have twenty minutes to get there."

And with this I slipped eleven annas into the old man's hand and began to lead him to the gate. Meanwhile, I kept up a rapid-fire talk about the wonders of a train ride. The old Mahle was, indeed, captivated with the idea. He had only seen a train a few times, and never had ridden in one. The very thought of such a glorious treat completely overshadowed his longing for the

boy. The train ride was what he wanted now. With the eleven annas (roughly, twenty-five cents in American money) tucked away in his tightened fist, he struck a fast pace down the dusty high road to the station and disappeared. I turned and looked for Saibu. He, too, was gone. I hurried to the chapel and found him in his accustomed corner. As I entered, he turned, mopped his wet eyes with the end of his *dhoti*—and smiled. I had played my ace and won. A week later Saibu was baptized. He took the name of Albert.

Albert's faith was not a superficial thing as some may be inclined to think. He had a dogged conviction of the Truth that was remarkable in a boy of his age and condition. And he carried his conviction home into a hotbed of pagan superstition. Imagine Father Creane's surprise (and our pride) when he chanced into Albert's village one hot Summer day to find this "little champion of the Faith" scolding the backward members of his family for their lack of Faith, deriding their devil-worship, and expounding reasons why they should embrace the Catholic Church. There is no *bonga*

Our Contributors

"We are Attacking!" says FATHER JAMES F. KEARNEY, S.J., of the California Province, as he recounts the checkered career of Ricci College in Nanking, China, where he has been stationed during the last year.

Lepers Who Smile and Act will win the sympathy of any reader even as they have won the apostolic heart of FATHER HUGH J. McNULTY, S.J., of the Maryland-New York Province, Jesuit Superior at Calton, P. I., the largest leper settlement in the world.

In this issue, Rt. Rev. MGR. GEORGES MARIN, S.J., of the Lower Canadian Province, concludes the story of his first visitation as Superior of the missions of the *Canadian Jesuits in China*.

The Sioux Indian Boy of South Dakota has captured the heart of FLOYD A. BREV, S.J., of the Missouri Province, who taught last year at Holy Rosary Mission, South Dakota.

That the Alaskan Missionary is no stranger to perilous northern travel is proven forcibly by FATHER THOMAS W. McKEY, S.J., of the Oregon Province at Nulato, Alaska, as he tells of a sick call trip by dog-sled of more than three hundred miles *Over Huron's Shores*.

At one of the Jesuit mission stations *On Huron's Shores*, J. EDWARD FLAHERTY, S.J., of the Upper Canadian Province, discovered idyllic settings which carried him back to the days of New France.

"Not Too Far" may mean a short distance for the native of Jamaica. B. W. I., but FATHER DANIEL A. CREED, S.J., of the New England Province, and for years a missionary in Jamaica, has found that too often the native measures his miles like the proverbial American farmer.

RICHARD T. MEIEREN, S.J., of the Chicago Province, strikes *A Bargain in Santal Land* in Patna Mission. The author, in his delightfully interesting narrative certainly "sells" Saibu, the hero, to his readers.

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

paja (demon worship) while Albert is around. He sees to that. I am confident that Albert will stand his ground, and be a great credit to the mission in after years. At least, I'm convinced that the chance is worth

the eleven anna train fare. Aren't you? I often wonder whose twenty-five cents it was that "bought" our first Mahle. Some widow's mite?



The Memoirs of St. Peter. By James A. Kleist, S.J., Ph.D. The Bruce Publishing Company, Milwaukee, Wisconsin. Price \$2.50.

In a day and generation when the very sources of Christ's message to mankind are being challenged and disputed, no more welcome explanation of the Gospels can be found than "The Memoirs of St. Peter or The Gospel According to St. Mark, Translated into English Sense-Lines." The scholarly yet widely popular technique of the author is entirely worthy of one whose long and intimate acquaintance with the classical languages has fitted him in a unique manner for the work which he has conceived with such an apostolic purpose and executed so ably. The translation of St. Mark's Gospel into "Sense-Lines," each line containing a complete thought, is alone worth the cost of the entire book; while the appendix of theological comment upon questions which have confused the Catholic laity for centuries is, we hope, merely a promise of much more that is to come. Scholarship, which too often is sacrificed on the altar of learning for learning's sake, is dedicated here to the principle that all men are to be drawn back to God through the infallible medium of the Word of God. The author's apologetic contribution is a model that may and should be imitated in this age of scepticism by Catholic scholars throughout the world.

The Pilgrim, official publication of the Pilgrim Society of St. Anne de Beaupre, Inc., 225 New York Building, St. Paul, Minn. Subscription price \$3.00 a year in advance.

With real pleasure and sympathy, Jesuit Missions welcomes the most recent Catholic publication, "The Pilgrim," a monthly magazine intended to foster interest in the Shrine of good St. Anne de Beaupre. Volume I, No. 1, is graced with the Imprimatur of Most Reverend John G. Murray, D.D., Archbishop of St. Paul.

Preparation for First Communion. By William J. Smith, S.J. **Peanut, The Big Little Man.** By Gerald Kelly, S.J. Price five cents each. **The Ruling Passion, and Christ the Modern.** By Daniel A. Lord, S.J. Price ten cents each. These four

pamphlets are publications of The Queen's Work Press, 3742 West Pine Boulevard, St. Louis, Mo.

In "Preparation for First Communion," William J. Smith, S.J., with the simplicity and the familiarity of the children of God, tells children the meaning of Communion and how to prepare for the first reception of the King.

In "Peanut," moral grandeur is shown to be compatible with a puny frame and, moreover, to be the spiritual recipe for making big little men.

In "The Ruling Passion," Father Lord writes finis to the story of the rich young man, vividly portraying as he does so, the effects of refusing a vocation to the Religious life and of allowing one's ruling passion to rule one's life.

In "Christ the Modern," the same author, writing in his most virile style, makes capital of history in order to show to a skeptical world that the moral principles of Christ are as timely in our day of depression as they were when He first preached them from the Mount of the Beatitudes. Talking in straight lines as the shortest cut to the consciences of his readers, he unmasks the immorality, the insincerity and the hypocrisy of American pharisees much as Christ the Modern exposed the loathsome duplicity of their Judean prototypes. May we soon hear from our Catholic pulpits messages of Christ's truths as direct, as unequivocal and as devastating as is this latest broadside from the editorial sanctum of The Queen's Work.

In This Issue

	Page
Frontispiece	
Catechist at Chulari, Patna Mission, India	170
"We Are Attacking!" James F. Kearney, S.J.	171
Lepers Who Smile and Act Hugh J. McNulty, S.J.	172
Canadian Jesuits in China Rt. Rev. Msgr. Georges Marin, S.J.	174
The Sioux Indian Boy Floyd A. Brey, S.J.	175
Over the Trails to Dolby Thomas W. McKey, S.J.	176
On Huron's Shores J. Edward Flaherty, S.J.	178
"Not Too Far" Daniel A. Creed, S.J.	179
A Bargain in Santal Land Richard T. Mehren, S.J.	180
Editorials	182
American Jesuits in China	183
The Mission Intention	183
Afield with American Jesuits Renowned Jesuit Missionaries St. Charles Garnier, S.J.	186
From Many Climes	188
Our Contributors	191
Grateful Acknowledgments	192

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St. John Brebeuf: "If Jesus wishes us to die, how happy we shall be. If He wishes to let us live, may He likewise be blessed."

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