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MISSIONS OF THE AMERICAN JESUITS

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

(1) **PHILIPPINE ISLANDS**, a foreign-home mission: a large portion of the Island of Mindanao, the leper colonies of Cullion and Cebu, and educational work in Manila; and (2) **MISSIONS IN SOUTHERN MARYLAND** for Negroes are entrusted to the Jesuits of the Maryland-New York Province which comprises the Middle Atlantic States. The Province Mission Procurator is
Rev. George J. Willmann, S.J., 501 East Fordham Road, New York, N. Y.

(3) **AMERICAN INDIAN MISSIONS** in Wyoming and South Dakota, and (4) **BRITISH HONDURAS** a foreign mission in Central America among the Caribs and Maya Indians are cared for by the Jesuits of the mid-western States that comprise the Missouri Province. The Province Mission Procurator is
Rev. James R. O'Neill, S.J., 221 North Grand Blvd., St. Louis, Mo.

Missions among the natives of (5) **ALASKA** and (6) **AMERICAN INDIAN MISSIONS** in Washington, Idaho, Oregon and Montana are served by the Jesuits of the Oregon Province which is co-extensive with these States. The Province Mission Procurator is
Rev. Edward A. McNamara, S.J., 3220 - 43rd St. S.E., Portland, Ore.

(7) **JAMAICA, B.W.I.**, is the field of the foreign missionary labors of the Jesuits of the New England Province of the Society of Jesus. The Province Mission Procurator is
Rev. Edward P. Tivnan, S.J., Boston College, Chestnut Hill, Mass.

(8) **THE SOUTHERN STATES MISSIONS** are home missions in the rural districts of these States. The Jesuits of the New Orleans Province which embraces the Southern States are tilling these fields. The Province Mission Procurator is
Rev. Patrick A. Ryan, S.J., St. Anne's Church, Rock Hill, S. C. Box 445.

(9) **PATNA** is the foreign mission in northern India administered by the Jesuits of the Chicago Province which is made up of the States of Illinois (northern part), Indiana, Kentucky, Michigan and Ohio. The Province Mission Procurator is
Rev. Leon A. Foster, S.J., 1076 West Roosevelt Road, Chicago, Ill.

(10) **THE CHINA MISSIONS** of the Jesuits of the California Province which comprises the States of California, Nevada, Utah and Arizona are in Nanking, Shanghai and other sections of China. The Province Mission Procurator is
Rev. Hugh C. Donavon, S.J., University of Santa Clara, Santa Clara, Calif.

(11) **SÜCHOW MISSION**, China; and (12) **CANADIAN INDIAN MISSIONS** at Caughnawaga, the Iroquois Mission near Montreal, are in charge of the Jesuits of Lower Canada. The Province Mission Procurator is
Rev. Louis J. Lavoie, S.J., 653 Chemin Ste-Foy, Quebec, Canada.

(13) **CANADIAN INDIAN MISSIONS** along Lake Huron and Georgian Bay, those north of Lake Superior, and those along the Albany River are cared for by the Jesuits of Upper Canada. The Province Mission Procurator is
Rev. Joseph Leahy, S.J., 160 Wellesley Crescent, Toronto, Canada.

Educational work at (14) **BAGHDAD, 'IRAQ**, is entrusted to Jesuits from each of the American Provinces. This work is administered by the New England Province of the Society of Jesus.

Contributions for any of these missions may be sent to the respective Province Mission Procurators or to
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The American Jesuits of the Oregon Province have one Bishop, twenty-three Priests and ten lay-Brothers who are offering the ordinary means of salvation to souls such as these 'mid snow and ice in vast Alaska.



"The school to which I owe my education is called Khrist Raja High School. It is the first Catholic high school in Patna Mission, India."

INDIA SPEAKS

Raphael Paul

FATHER Peter J. Sontag, S.J., our Superior in Patna Mission, India, tells me that you would like a letter from an Indian high school boy, telling you something about ourselves and our school life. But first I must tell you who I am. Raphael Paul, my name, tells you that my father's name is Paul, for, instead of a family name such as you have, we Indian boys simply receive the Christian name of our father together with our baptismal name. So if I were to have sons, their surname would be Raphael.

If you were to see me any time, I am sure you would be surprised to see my dress. Instead of a pair of trousers we use a cloth seven feet by three and a half feet, which we wrap around our waist, and then we wear a shirt over it,—we don't tuck it in. Over the shirt, some of us who can afford it wear a coat, but most of us don't.

Now I think you would like a little description of an Indian dwelling place. For instance, take my own house. As most of the Indian houses have mud walls and tile roofs, so my house has also the same. It consists of four houses arranged around a courtyard in the middle. The houses are about twenty feet by sixteen feet, and the courtyard is forty-eight by forty. Here you will see many kinds of different articles. In one corner you will see firewood, in another two or three trees. If you

will look to the eastern side of the courtyard towards evening, you may even notice my mother, in her *sari* and skirt, washing dishes for the family. On the outer veranda you may see a small mill for grinding wheat.

NOW something about our food. We take simple meals which consist of cooked rice, *dal* (pulse) and vegetable, or meat or fish. I think the most strange thing you would notice would be that we put everything in one dish, put the dish on the ground, and instead of using spoon and knife and fork, we use our fingers, and instead of sitting on chairs, we sit on a mat or something of that sort.

At night the mother of the family, in most of the Indian houses, spreads the beddings on a mat on the ground. The father sleeps on one end and the mother occupies the other,—children being in the middle of the big bed.

I did not as yet tell you anything about school life in India. It is the misfortune of most of the Indian village boys that they never get an education. We start going to school when we are about five or six years of age; we sit down on the ground, take our little slate and pencil, then the teacher comes along, takes our hands in his own and

makes us write our Hindi alphabets. This way we spend almost one year, meantime learning our prayers. But when we go to second grade we get benches to sit on and desks for writing.

But I have finished grade school now,—so I must tell you about high school. We have many kinds of games, the most important being football. Hockey comes next. Our school has volleyball and handball in addition. The boys take a great interest in playing handball which was recently introduced and which is, I think, not found elsewhere in India at all. We have horseshoe matches every year, but we have to play the matches among ourselves because other schools don't know anything about the game.

NOW from what I have already said, I imagine you have almost guessed the school in which I study. The school to which I owe my education is called Khrist Raja High School. It is the first Catholic high school in Patna Mission, India. It is situated nearly one mile to the south of Bettiah, the town where I was born. The school itself is completely outside the town. It is built in a very fine and healthful place. It is a two-story building with twenty-four rooms and a big study hall where the boarders prepare their lessons at night. It has about two hundred students but the number is increasing very fast. It has such a small number of boys because it is quite a new school, the formal opening of which was held in 1930. As you know, perhaps, this school is a gift of an American Catholic lady, and so I owe my privilege of attending a Catholic school to an American benefactress. Besides. (Turn to page 213)

Over the Trails to Dolby



Thomas W. McKey, S.J.

The following account concludes the story—begun in our September issue—of a famous sick call trip of over three hundred miles. It is taken from a letter by the author to his Superior, Father Joseph L. McElmeel, S.J., of Nulato, Alaska.—*Editor.*

STILL en route to Dolby. We were received royally by Minuk and his wife, and everything possible was done for us. We were so tired that we did not care much what happened,—at least that is the way I felt. It was then about 3:00. They told us it was about twelve miles to Dolby. Minuk said we could make it, although the trail was bad. He would give us three fresh dogs; we would leave Napo, who had been trailing all day, and most of our load, taking only enough fish for one feed. Cosmas said he would break trail ahead of us with his light team. So we decided to eat something and get an hour or two sleep and start again about six.

The meat Minuk had cooked was not bad at all—I suppose it was reindeer or moose. And we had tea and bread and butter and crackers, and finally stewed prunes. The next question was sleep. Dan lay down on one of the beds and was soon off. We left the dogs hitched and gave them half a fish each. I saw a small tent a little distance over and inquired about it. It was Alexander Demoski's, so I invited myself to take a sleep there. He was delighted. I laid my army parky down on top of his blankets, took off my wet water-boots or rather yours—for I found them upstairs—and they leak like a sieve,—and was soon asleep. I heard nothing till I awoke at ten to six. I aroused Dan and we prepared to depart.

We had thirteen dogs now, with Minuk's three light

ones in the lead. We left at 7:00, for it took us a long time to get ready. Cosmas went ahead. Our poor dogs kept falling through, also our sled as it was short and the runners narrow. The three small dogs in front did not break through. This was the worse piece of trail I ever hope to be over. Every foot of it meant hard work for both of us. It led through sloughs and woods and finally out again on the Koyukuk River. In the woods the trail was so crooked that it was hard to keep the sled clear of the trees. We had a near accident crossing one slough. The bottom seemed to drop out of the trail and the sled fell right through till it was almost buried. The dogs went in also, and they were soon struggling to climb out. One of Dan's skis got caught under the sled and he was dragged down till the sled was on top of his leg. Try as I might I could not free him, and he could not get his foot out of the ski. Finally, Cosmas, not seeing us coming, came back on snowshoes, and with great effort both of us got Dan and the sled out. He was not hurt but I was afraid for a while that he would be.

WE finally reached Dolby at 9:30, and as old Pitka was not in any immediate danger, I helped Dan with the dogs. Then I went in and saw the old man. He was lying stretched out on the floor, unable to move. I think that what he has is a stroke of paralysis. He can move one arm a little, but the fingers of both hands are cupped and he cannot straighten them out. There was quite a gathering there. I told the folks that I would hear his confession and anoint him and then would hear the confessions of any who wished to make their Easter duty. It was arranged then that I would say Mass in this cabin at 5:00 the next morning—the low kitchen table was to be raised a little and used as an altar. Although the old man was not dying, I thought it best

to anoint him, for he was in danger, and would not have the chance of seeing a priest again.

It was close to 12:00 when we were ready to turn in; and the turning in meant sleeping on the floor of the store. I lay down just as I was, rolling the rabbit-skin robe around me. The floor was surely hard, but I was too tired to notice it much. Joe was to call us at 4:45, for he was going to get breakfast for us while I was saying Mass. I slept soundly but was awakened by the other two getting out at 4:00—their dogs made a great racket also. Joe Nottie said Dan, in his sleep, was driving dogs half the night and that I answered him several times.

II STARTED Mass about 5:15 on the low table, for they had not raised it much. Several children were asleep on the floor, and Timothy was in bed not three feet from the altar. Seven received Holy Communion, among them Cosmas and his wife. I gave the old man Holy Communion also. I consecrated an extra Host to bring back with me as far as Minuk's, for Alexander Demoski wished to make his Easter duty, and it was the only way.

After breakfast, which was a real one, I went back and consoled the old man as best I could, and the others also, and told them how to help him spiritually in case the end came. Then I gave out some rosaries, medals, etc. We then hitched the dogs and were ready to go, when I was told that a team was coming from up the river, and they thought it was the other Pitka boy (I forget his name) bringing their baby to be baptized. So we waited. It was Pitka all right, but without the baby. He had heard that morning that I was there, and would have brought the baby down, but it was too far. It was impossible for us to go, owing to the condition of our dogs and the trail and the long journey still ahead of us. I explained it to him and he realized everything. Then I told Cosmas to baptize the child, and when they came in after the Spring hunt I would supply the ceremonies. So we were off then down the steep bank to the river at about 7:30.

It was a dangerous piece of trail that lay before us, because it was so badly cut up and full of ruts and holes, snow frozen hard. We had put moccasins on most of the



In Alaska, where the Jesuit missionary has to tunnel his way out of his own house.

dogs, but I was still afraid they would get hurt, falling into these holes. We made it all right in about two hours, arriving at Minuk's at 9:30. While Dan was re-loading the sled and getting the dogs rearranged again, I heard Alexander's confession and gave him Holy Communion in his tent. No rubrics here either, but I think the Lord was pleased, for we could do no better. And the joy of the old man in being able to make his Easter duty was consoling.

NAPO was delighted to see us again, so we decided to see if he would do a little work for a change, since he was well rested up. Willie brought him over and then said to me: "Nap, she lose one finger-nail, Fader." And sure enough, poor Napo was a toe-nail less. We got started about 10:00—Minuk was to come behind us. Napo went along about a quarter of a mile and then lay down, so we turned him loose again when a slight taste of the whip made no impression. We never expected to get as far as the tent where we had had breakfast the morning before, but we made it by 2:00 o'clock. The tent had been taken down, but that made no difference. Here we stopped, unharnessed the dogs and made ready to take a good rest, determined to hit the trail again about 10:00 P.M. I forgot to mention that Joe Nottie, with true Alaskan hospitality, filled our grub sack with
(Turn to page 213)



You might not call it "home," but even this native cabin is a welcome sight to the missionary who has traveled over miles and miles of desolate tundra.

"Ha-a! Ha!"

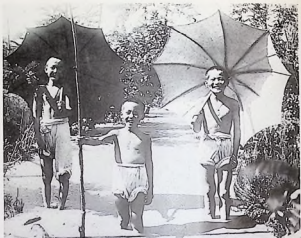
James S. Kearney, S.J.

PEASANTS with their farm produce crowding through the narrow streets of Sung Kiang at early morning hear my coolie's way-clearing "Ha-a! Ha! Ha!" and turn to see what the joke is. And then they catch sight of the curious foreigner! While we go rolling on for early Mass at the hospital, we often hear the echo of their laughter, "Ha! Ha! Ha!"

One morning when my head was particularly tired from worrying a new Chinese dialect about, my steed Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha'd out through the soldier-guarded gate of our city walls, ancient walls lately piled high with sand bags, for Sung Kiang is the center of Father Chevrestier's mission district containing Woosung, Kiating, Nansiang, and other points in the recent Shanghai war zone. It was the patronal feast of N Li Dang, one of Father Tsiu's sixteen mission churches which encircle Sung Kiang like spiritual forts to save it from destruction. The missionary had invited me to join in the celebration, and then hear confessions and say Mass on the following day—my first ministerial work in a Chinese country church—while he was officiating in another Christianity.

WHEN we reached the large church, which with its rather Oxfordian tower lorded it over the new foliage of the surrounding trees and the May-time countryside, I was astonished at the rousing reception. The church bell, according to custom, rang out the interesting news; every able-bodied babe with its father, mother and brethren hastened down to greet us; and the welcome was climaxed by the explosion of half a dozen giant firecrackers, which made the delighted youngsters hold their hands over their ears. In China not even a religious celebration is complete without the fireworks.

You may be interested to know that the poorest and most fervent Catholics in this region are fishermen. The country around Shanghai is flat, and canals are stretched out everywhere like the web of a mammoth spider, but the fishermen, though their craft may wander at will, have no license to fish except in their own districts. For instance, when the Japanese troops occupied Kiating, near Shanghai, all the Catholic fisher-folk paddled swiftly away to seek refuge near Our Lady of Zo-se not far from us, and there they tied up their boats. Not permitted to fish in these parts, and fearing to return to occupied territory lest their precious barks be confiscated by the enemy, they would have slowly starved to death had it not been for Divine Providence which, through the generosity of Mr. Loh Pah Hong at Shanghai, kept them alive for many weeks by sending out huge



cargoes of rice to be distributed among them. A group of these refugees came to visit Sung Kiang one day. I had expected to hear them bewail their hard lot; instead I was astonished at their laughter!

BUT to return to N Li Dang. Came the dinner hour, and the two Fathers swung into action. It is an essential of Chinese Catholic etiquette that the dining pastor be surrounded by his flock. Only about a hundred could crowd into the small refectory to watch us eat. On came the dishes, two by two, for each Father was served as if he were a personal enemy of the other. The pastor received a duck large enough for a family of twelve; my duck would have satisfied a dozen more. His portion of rice was a good week's supply; mine was enough for all the refugees of Kiating. And had we pooled our course of horse beans we might have fed a troop of cavalry. These dishes were preceded by a double series of entrees, any one of which was capable of keeping a good-sized wolf from the door.

The pastor instructed me in the art of chop-sticking, which I had hitherto neglected. You may think, as I did, that the Chinese use these drumsticks for everything; but that is an illusion.

"No, no!" protested my coach, "don't try to take your soup or your tea with them. . . . And if you don't keep them in the same hand, they're useless! . . . Stop trying to cut meat with them! . . . No! No! No! Never attempt to pick up an orange with them—and don't stab at it either! . . . Here! I'm afraid you had better use a knife and fork!"

AND all the while the youngsters weren't even trying to choke their "Ha! Ha! Ha!" One little fellow in particular, who enjoyed much prestige because he had recently been ransomed from the bandits after being held seated for a month in the bottom of a tiny covered boat, could not conceal his disdain. Think of a grown person who didn't know how to eat (Turn to page 214)

Making your Bed

William J. Birmingham, S.J.

HAVE you ever made your own bed? Oh, I don't mean the mere spreading of a couple of sheets, a blanket or two and the neat finishing off with bed-spread and pillowslip. I mean the making of the bed itself. If you haven't, then the Sioux Indian children of either of the two Indian missions in South Dakota, St. Francis and Holy Rosary, have something to show you, for they make the very beds they sleep upon. They fashion the mattresses which uphold their bodies as they sleep through the long, dead hours of night.

An extended sojourn at any one of our Catholic missions is not required to make one realize the daily necessity of economy. Bills mount up at a mission as persistently as they do in an American home. And very often the wherewithal to meet those bills is much farther from sight than the money in the average family budget. The ever present watchwords at a mission are, therefore, economy and thrift.

With the coming of Indian Summer and the first of the early frosts, mission farmhands and their wagons wend their way to the fields of once golden acres of corn. Advance groups of men, armed with sharp cutting knives, have already laid low the dead stalks; piles of



Sioux Indian boys with corn stalks and husks, ready for the canvas forms.

them are heaped up at intervals; and strong arms sweep armful after armful into the wagons that accompany the men about the fields.

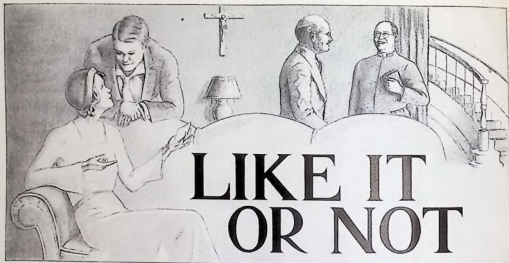
THE barns. Laughing-faced Indian boys and girls wave carefree welcomes to the drivers. Each succeeding load swells the two great piles about which groups are working. Deft hands pluck the stalks and husks from the welter of stalks and ears, and toss them to another and a select pile. Under the eyes of the prefecting Scholastics and Sisters, the two separate groups make merry while they labor, and steadily the pile of selected husks mounts and mounts.

A third group busies itself with this pile. A few of the older girls stuff the chosen husks into empty, lightweight canvas forms, making of them big, fat, full-blown mattresses. Seamstresses follow this operation with their large needles and heavy thread, drawing tightly shut the gaping mouths of the forms. Each finished mattress is carried to a pile of other completed mattresses, and there stand the fruits of the morning's labors,—a stack of neatly piled, freshly fashioned mattresses.

BUT, oh, what a mattress, what a bed! you think to yourself. Assuredly, at the present moment there is nothing especially enticing about the rather misshapen
(Turn to page 214)



One of the dormitories of St. Francis Mission School, South Dakota.



LIKE IT OR NOT

"The boy and girl studied the photograph for a few minutes while the older men chatted. 'Ooh, look Jack!' whispered Mary. 'This one looks like Ramon Navarro.'"

Leo A. Cullum, S.J.



FATHER MAC was interrupted by a voice from the hallway.

"Man in the parlor to see you, Father. Name of Brady."

"O.K. Ed. Thanks." Father Mac pushed aside a stack of blue books and knocked the ashes from his pipe.

Down in the parlor he found his friend, Jim Brady, waiting for him. With him were a girl of perhaps seventeen and a boy somewhat younger.

"How are you, Father Mac?" asked Jim, as he shook hands. "The young folks had to come to New York to the Sodality Convention, so I took the opportunity of driving down and dropping in to see you."

"I'm mighty glad you did. My, my, I did not know your youngsters were so big." Father Mac turned to the girl and stretched forth his hand. "This is?"

"Mary," answered the girl, taking his hand a little bashfully.

"And?" said Father Mac, turning to the boy.

"John," answered the lad, shaking the priest's hand warmly.

"How's the mission work, Father?" asked Jim.

"Oh, so, so. Of course, we're never satisfied. That's the trouble with trying to make Heaven out of earth."

"I SEE in the JESUIT MISSIONS that a new crowd left for the Philippines recently."

"Yes, last week. I have their picture. Like to see it?" Father Mac drew a photograph from his pocket and handed it to him.

Mr. Brady scrutinized the group. "Likely looking lot of men," he commented, passing the picture to Mary.

John looked over her shoulder.

The boy and girl studied the photograph for a few minutes while the older men chatted. "Ooh, look, Jack!" whispered Mary. "This one looks like Ramon Navarro."

Jack gave a half contemptuous glance at the object of his sister's interest. "Boy, look at the shoulders on that baby next to him. I'll bet he could make five yards through an army mule."

For several minutes the pair examined the picture and their elders overheard occasional comments, manifesting similarly divergent points of view. Then Mary handed the picture back to the priest.

"What do you think of them?" he asked.

Mary was at a loss for a reply. "Well, they look funny," she answered awkwardly.

"Funny?" Father Mac was a little surprised at a reply so at variance with the exclamations he had overheard.

"I mean they look like an ordinary crowd of fellows."

"What's funny about that? Did you expect to see a crowd of circus freaks?" asked the priest, laughing.

"Well, nooo. Not exactly. But I thought that there would be something strange about them." Mary was having difficulty in expressing her impressions.

"Why?"

"Well, I wouldn't like to leave my parents." She threw a shy glance at her father.

"MISSIONARIES don't like to leave their parents," said Father Mac.

"Well, anyway, I wouldn't like to live among foreigners all my life."

"Neither do they."

"But how can they like to go where they have to speak a queer language, and eat funny food—and—"

"Never see a football game or a movie," threw in Jack.

"They don't," said Father Mac.

Mary's eyes opened wide in surprise. "Well, do they have to go?"

"No," said Father Mac. "They probably all offered themselves for the work."

THE girl and boy looked at each other puzzled; there seemed to be a contradiction somewhere.

"Are you good in Catechism?" Father Mac threw the question at the pair.

Mary looked doubtful and remained silent; the conversation had gotten beyond her. Jack was less puzzled, but spoke up, "Sure. Medial man."

"Why did God make you?"

They were on familiar ground now and both chorused "God made me to know Him, to love Him and to serve Him in this world and to be happy with Him forever in the next."

"Go to the head of the class. But do you know what these words mean?"

"Sure," said Jack. "I know. Just had a retreat at the High School. It means that that's the job we're here to do and we only use the tools that help us and if any don't help us we leave them alone."

"Fine," said Father Mac.

"Now, I'm going to give you a little lesson in psychology,—free of charge. You can ask your Deans for credits for it in the next semester. There are in man two voices that say, 'I want.' For example, Mary, when you are at a friend's house and she brings in ice cream, if it is after twelve o'clock and you want to go to Communion the next day, your appetite looks at the ice cream and says, 'I want,' but your will says, 'I don't want and I'm boss.' In other words you know that it is the good and noble thing to receive our Lord and so your will keeps you from breaking your fast. Now, sometimes it happens, when the will silences the voice of feeling, that the alternative is not something pleasant like going to Communion, but something very hard. For example, six o'clock arrives of a Winter morning. Jack wakes up. The room is cold, all except one spot and that spot is right between the blankets. But somebody has to go down and shake the furnace and get the fire going. If Jack doesn't do it, his father will have to. The feelings say, 'We want to stay in bed.' Jack's will says, 'I don't. Get up and fix the furnace.'"

MARY was smiling and Jack was a little red in the face. Their father in the background murmured softly, "Yes, he does!"

"Now, why is it that Jack is able to do this very unpleasant thing? It is because he is convinced that it is the right and noble thing to do. That is the way it is with these missionaries. They like their parents and the old U. S. A., and the American language and football and movies as much as anybody, and their feelings say, 'We want to stay in I'll ole New York.' But the will says, 'I don't and I'm running things. The Lord gave me health and talents to do this kind of work and there's a mighty big job to do. And I'm going to do it, with God's help.'"

"Gosh, I never knew it was that way," said Jack. "I thought those fellows, who wanted to go to the missions and—things, wanted them like—like—like ice cream," he concluded at a loss for a comparison.

The priest smiled. "You see, Mary, there is nothing strange about these men. They are doing in regard to the missions what you and Jack, for example, do in regard to the Sodality. You have to deny yourself many little wants and likings to be good Sodalists. But your will rules you. You see God's will and you follow it. In fact, all Catholics are doing this whenever they serve God. Some of the will keeps from mortal sin; others it leads on to a more perfect life.

"TAKE, for example, vocations," the priest went on. "Next year from Jack's class at Holy Cross High School, a number of boys will enter the novitiate." (At this juncture Jack began to stare at his shoes.) "They won't like it. Many, as far as their feelings are concerned will hate it. Their feelings will be like a balky mule, and they'll have to light fires under them to get them to move. But because these chaps see God's

will for them in the life of a priest, they will answer the call. In other words, as Jack said, they figure that knowledge, love and service of God as priests is the job they have to do and ought to do. And so they leave aside willingly any tools that are of no use to them, like football and the movies."

"BUT, Father," objected Mary, "I've read about some men, like St. Isaac Jogues, who were just wild to get back to their hardships and sufferings."

"Yes, but he was not always that way. At first his will, too, had to bully his feelings, but by long training the rebels become submissive. It is in the beginning that the fight is usually the hardest. Take those boys I was just telling you about, who hate

(Turn to page 214)

FIFTY-NINE JESUITS FROM THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA WENT TO THE MISSIONS IN 1932

To the Philippine Islands: Fathers William J. Dow, Vincent I. Kennally, Arthur J. McCallister, Mark J. McNeal, James T. Moran, Francis X. Reardon. Scholastics: William V. Cummings, Richard H. Dowling, Joseph M. Geib, Armand J. Gulcheteau, Bernard M. Lochboehler, Anthony J. McMullen, Forbes J. Monaghan, J. Edward Wasil. Brother: John E. Abrams.

To the American Indian Missions: Fathers Robert J. Kane, Ambrose A. Sullivan. Scholastics: Charles J. Boland, Francis J. Coffey, William J. Fitzgerald, Gerard V. Herrbach, James G. Hogen, Joseph I. McHugh. Brother: Francis Lechner.

To British Honduras: Fathers Anthony R. Kuenzel, Bernard C. Zimmerman.

To Alaska: Fathers Harold Buckley, Joseph Tompkins.

To the Rural Missions of the South: Father John H. Stritch.

To Jamaica, B. W. I.: Fathers Charles J. Eberle, Francis Flaherty, James M. Harney, Joseph M. Krim, Charles W. Mahan, John J. Moriarty, Raymond R. Sullivan. Scholastic: Andrew B. Ochs. Brother: Thomas P. McElroy.

To Patna, India: Father John J. Meyer. Scholastics: John H. Lane, Vincent G. McGlinchy.

To China: Father Joseph I. Getz. Scholastics: George H. Dunne, Paul W. O'Brien.

To Baghdad, Iraq: Fathers J. Edward Coffey, Edward F. Maderes, John A. Mifsud, William A. Rice.

Canadian Indian Missions: Four Priests: Two Scholastics; Two Brothers.

Canadian Jesuits in Szechow, China: Three Priests.

Silent Missionaries

Paul A. Neuland, S.J.



It seems that the apostolic labors of all missionaries other than those to the deaf have some local boundary. The Philippines are but a few islands; Jamaica is a solitary jewel in the Caribbean; China, though a large vineyard, is concentrated within one Great Wall; India, Alaska, Japan,—elsewhere, a definite field of operations, but the apostles of the deaf, like helpers of the poor, must be everywhere. In the United States alone there are well over a hundred thousand deaf-mutes, and these are, for the most part, scattered to such an extent that any kind of organization among them is extremely difficult. A large percentage of this number are Catholics, and since ordinary methods will not suffice, recourse must be had to the sign-language in ministering to them. Their spiritual care, not the least item of which is their preservation in the Faith, is really a puzzling ecclesiastical problem, which so far has been only half-answered.

Here are the facts. More than fifteen thousand of the adult deaf in our country are baptized Catholics. Some two-thirds of these—would that we could deny it!—have been lost to the Faith; many of the rest are so weakened in their religion that they too are on the verge of falling away. The main reasons for this shameful condition are reducible to three: the difficulties in their way to a Catholic education; failure to receive the proper religious care and instruction; and active non-Catholic proselytizing, especially in the very places bereft of Catholic workers for the deaf. But we are more concerned here with what is being done to remedy such a state of affairs. There are various Orders of priests and Religious engaged in the work, besides the secular clergy—and the work of the Society of Jesus in this field, which this article endeavors to describe, is but an instance of what is being done by others.

Maryland-New York Jesuit Scholastics who have enlisted as "Silent Missionaries."



New England's group of young Jesuit apostles of the deaf-mutes.

THE main labors of the Jesuits are in the larger cities, especially east of the Mississippi; in such places, direct pastoral care is possible through Deaf-Mute Mission Centers, organized and directed by one or more priests. Such is the work being done, for instance, in New York by Father Michael A. Purtell, S.J., in Brooklyn by Father Francis Howle, S.J., in Cincinnati by Father Ferdinand Moeller, S.J., in Toledo by Father Francis Seeger, S.J., until recently in Chicago by Father Joseph O'Brien, S.J., and in St. Louis by Father Charles Hoffman, S.J. These are at once the outposts and strongholds of Catholic Deaf-Mutism in America, and the pastors in charge can well be called "Silent Missionaries." Some of the Deaf-Mute Centers are landmarks in the respective cities,—the one in New York recently celebrated its fiftieth anniversary,—and the good they have done is inestimable.

Nor are the labors of these pastors confined to their immediate charges. Distances mean little when it comes to a question of conducting missions for the deaf in other sections. Father Purtell, for instance, has been all up and down the Atlantic Seaboard, visiting Baltimore and Boston, Poughkeepsie and Philadelphia,—a silent apostle, but preaching the word of God in signs with all the eloquence of a great apostolic heart.



BUT what will become of this great work in the future, when other hands must take it up? Thank God, the future looks bright indeed. At the Jesuit seminaries of St. Andrew-on-Hudson. (Turn to page 215)

UNDER THE STARS

J. Edward Flaherty, S.J.



Faithful Catholic Ojibway Indian guides of the north Canadian country.

THE stillness of late afternoon enwrapped the little Ontario village of Wikwemikong as, rounding a headland, the "Garnier" and "Red Bug" sighted the Ojibway Indians who awaited on the beach their sons and daughters returning home for the Summer from the Jesuit-directed Indian schools at Spanish, Ontario.

We docked, and after many of the children had gone off with friends and relatives, we and some of the boys who were not leaving the boats at Wikwemikong went over along the beach to prepare our evening meal. As we sat round the campfire, we were joined by Father Charles Vandriessche, S.J., one of the two priests stationed here; and after supper we went with him up the steep hill to the stone rectory, there to meet Father Artus, S.J., the seventy-three year old Superior of one of the oldest missions in Ontario.

Wikwemikong is the center of the missions on Manitoulin Island—an island known in the *Jesuit Relations* under its Huron name *Ekaentoton* (or *Kaentotonto*) which means "where there are very many things washed up and littering the shore." Here the Jesuits first came in the person of Father Joseph Antoine Poncet who wintered with the Indians from October 1648 to May 1649, and again during the Winter of 1649-1650. After the Restoration of the Society, Father Pierre Chone, S.J., came in 1844 as herald of the new generation of missionaries who have remained on the island until the present day. Under the new regime, missionary activities at Wikwemikong went on apace. A stone church was built, schools were opened, and so much did the mission grow and flourish that in 1891 there were eighteen Jesuits stationed there. But in 1913 the schools were transferred to Spanish, Ontario, and from that day Wikwemikong has declined somewhat, its personnel at the present time consisting of only four Jesuits.

A FINE raconteur, Father Artus had many a tale to tell of the hardships, the pains, the consolations, the triumphs met with in his long career as a missionary. There were sick calls along the shores of Lake Superior, when after long marches on snowshoes during the day, the missionary and his guide would lie down at night under the chill stars, to be awakened from time to time as their fire died down and the cold broke up their slumbers,—until at the break of day they gave up the futile attempt and resumed their march. There were the sick calls in Spring and Fall, when, as the party was crossing a lake to avoid a too-long route by land, the

fast-freezing ice would threaten to cut through the bark canoe. Then one at the bow with a paddle would break a passage through the ice, while his companion cautiously urged their frail craft on its way. Only in real emergencies was such a hazardous procedure as this adopted. But if hardships and body-breaking toils were always present, not infrequently there was also the joy of the deathbed conversion and the sweet consolation of assisting a sinner to meet his God.

AFTER a time, we descended again to the shore to prepare for the night. All was made snug aboard the boats, and soon most of the boys, rolled in blankets, were sound asleep aboard the "Red Bug." Wrapt in a blanket and lying upon the foredeck of the "Garnier," I lay in quiet reverie for a few minutes before going to sleep. The eternal stars that scintillated overhead—what had they not seen in the passing of the years? Perhaps another boat of another age, a Portuguese caravel on an East Indian sea, and in the forepeak, sleeping with an anchor shank for a pillow, a Xavier bound on his missionary labors among the southern islands. The aged-old waters dreamingly lapping against the bow of my boat—against what boats had they lapped in bygone years? Perhaps the canoe of a Brebeuf, of a Garnier, as they traversed these streams on their ministering journeys to Indians of another hemisphere than Xavier's. The silent forests, too, recalled the days of the early missionaries who blazed the trails through them. Even today, the woodlands remind one of Longfellow's lines:

*"This is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines
and the hemlocks,
Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct
in the twilight,
Stand like Druids of old, with voices sad and prophetic . . ."*

The chill of early dawn awoke us next morning. We ascended the hill once again for Holy Mass in the chapel, and then started back to Spanish.

Thomas J.
Feeney, S.J.

The Ateneo

Jose where classes will be resumed, according to the plans of Superiors, early in September. Reconstruction plans will begin at once.

THE effect of this stupendous catastrophe upon the progress of the Faith in the Philippines can be appraised adequately only when one appreciates the tremendous influence and unique position of this institution which has been educating Filipinos for God throughout three-quarters of a century. For the Ateneo has been acclaimed consistently as the leading College of the Orient, a reputation that is well merited when we consider its antecedent traditions, its inspiring history and its roster of achievements in the field of true education.

Its faculty, headed by Father Richard A. O'Brien, S.J., of Baltimore, as President, Father John A. Morning, S.J., of Philadelphia, as Dean of Studies, and Father John F. Hurley, S.J., of New York, as Dean of Discipline, are members of an organization distinguished for its work in education. In fact, with the arrival of Alonso Sanchez, S.J., and Antonio Sedeño, S.J., in 1581, the history of education in the Philippines began. The latter founded the first school for boys in the Islands, and due to the diplomatic efforts of the former with Philip II, the first school for girls was established. Shortly afterwards, Father Francisco Vaez, S.J., in a letter to Very Reverend Claudio Aquaviva, S.J., dated Manila, June 10, 1601, mentions the following Jesuit schools: Antipolo, Cebu, Dulag and Alangalang.

Contemporary with this primary work in education, the Jesuits next founded the College of San Jose whose antiquity and precedence to all Colleges in the Philippines was decreed by the Royal Council of the Indies, March 12, 1653.

The history of the Ateneo proper begins with the year 1859, when in accordance with the Royal Decree of Readmission, dated March 21, 1852, the Jesuits returned to the Islands, a return which was a scathing condemnation of their enemies and a public vindication of the purpose of the Ateneo. They immediately assumed charge of "Escuela Pia," December 10, 1859. In 1865, this was declared a College of Secondary Instruction, under the title, Ateneo Municipal de Manila. All classes of writers, early navigators, officials, civil and military, ecclesiastical dignitaries, priests belonging to the various Religious Orders who conducted missions among the Filipinos, Papal Bulls and Briefs, and documents taken from the great libraries and archives of Spain, Italy, France, England, Mexico and the United States, were all unanimous in declaring that this school of the Ateneo enjoyed great prestige from its beginning to the close of the Spanish regime, since the methods followed there were better and more modern than any other of the Archipelago. The Meteorological Observatory, now the internationally famous Manila Observatory, was founded in 1865 and was at that time connected with the Ateneo. In 1921, with the arrival of the American Fathers from the Province of Maryland-New York, under the leadership of Father F. X. Byrne, S.J., the influence of the Ateneo began to permeate every city, town and barrio throughout the Archipelago from Aparri to Jolo.

YET the full extent of this influence, and the tragedy of its loss can be gathered only from a detailed record of the Ateneo's daily curricular achievements. Staffed by a faculty composed of 32 American Jesuits, 5 Filipino Jesuits,



"On August 13,
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Maryland-New York Province with the doleful news that the internationally famous Ateneo de Manila, the West Point of the Orient, had been completely destroyed by fire."

ON August 13, a cablegram from Very Reverend James T. Hayes, S.J., Superior of the American Jesuits in the Philippines, shocked the members of the Maryland-New York Province with the doleful news that the internationally famous Ateneo de Manila, the West Point of the Orient, had been completely destroyed by fire. The loss was one million dollars, covered only partly by a two hundred thousand dollars insurance. Starting in a small store a few blocks away from the College buildings, the fire gained swift headway, destroying in its path the College of Santa Isabel, the most prominent institution of its kind for girls, and left on the site once occupied by the Ateneo, a mound of debris studded with mole hills of ashes—utter desolation and destruction. An entire section of the old walled city of Manila was razed by the flames, and the total damage was between five and ten million dollars. In the Providence of God, no lives were lost in the terrible catastrophe. Moreover, St. Ignatius Church and the Mission House still remain intact. According to the most recent cable, the latter, together with the Noviceship, will be transferred to Santa Anna, a Retreat House, in the suburbs of Manila, while the students will be housed in San

in Ashes

44 Spanish Jesuits, 2 United States Army Officers, 10 Filipino lay Professors, all with degrees from various Colleges and Universities either in the United States, Spain or the Philippine Islands, the Ateneo prepared the Filipino youth for the following courses with corresponding degrees: Four year College, Degree: Bachelor of Arts; Second year College, Pre-Medicine, Degree: Associate in Arts; Four year High School: Ateneo diploma; and Grade School, Grades third to seventh inclusive. Its purpose was the full and harmonious development of all the powers of man: mental, physical and moral, according to their essential importance. It trained the students in public speaking through its several debating contests, its Senior Round Table Conferences, its Ateneo Dramatic Guild, its Oratorical Contests, besides its regular classroom work in oral English and weekly debates. Its high standard of English was due to the very large American faculty.

THE students' library had over 12,000 volumes, now a total loss, in addition to 20,000 volumes in the Fathers' library, available by arrangement with professors. The study halls were large, properly illuminated and kept comfortable by large electric ceiling fans. The cooking was done by electricity, installed in 1931, at a cost of 15,000 pesos. Its dining room and kitchen were in charge of a Jesuit lay-Brother with twelve years experience in our largest colleges in the States. Its infirmary was in a quiet corner of the house, facing Manila Bay, in charge of a Jesuit Brother and fully equipped with medicines and minor medical apparatus to help all the ordinary lesser ills of the students. It had a College physician who made regular visits and in case of need came at once.

The Ateneo excelled in athletics because it believed in a sound mind in a sound body and provided opportunities for the same with 11 basketball courts, 4 football fields, and 1 baseball field. Ateneo teams had won four interscholastic championships this year, one of them the much desired N. C. C. A. basketball championship which marks the holder as the best team on the Island.

The Ateneo taught manly

Father Richard A. O'Brien, S.J., President of the Ateneo de Manila.



San Jose, formerly the Jesuit Novitiate building, now temporarily housing the students of the Ateneo de Manila.

piety through its seven Sodalitys of the Blessed Virgin, through its League of the Sacred Heart and through its Knights of the Blessed Sacrament,—eighty-six per cent of the students receiving Holy Communion weekly last year,—through its Sanctuary Section whose members serve all Masses in St. Ignatius Church, through its Christmas package drive, during which the students collected clothes and food for the poor in Manila and the lepers of Cullion.

It had three troops of Boy Scouts, and the famous Ateneo Cadet Corps, called by many Army officers, the West Point of the Philippines, which were trained by a Captain and Sergeant detailed by the United States Army on full time, and assisted on Mondays and Wednesdays by four extra United States Army Sergeants. It had an orchestra, drum and bugle corps and "pep" band which played the Ateneo College songs at the N. C. C. A. games, and which did so much to make Ateneo cheering famous.

It had a bi-weekly newspaper edited by the students, called "The Guidon," and an annual publication of the Senior class, called "The Ateneo Aegis." Last year the Ateneo Catholic Students' League conducted twelve catechism centers which prepared 700 children for First Holy Communion. Last Summer, 32 centers prepared 1,400 children for First Holy Communion.

THIS is the institution that, by an act of God, has passed from the sight of mortal eyes. This is the influence for good that now, temporarily, at least, must either cease entirely or function under the crippling handicaps of reconstruction days. Our readers are asked to speed this work of reconstruction and the erection of a new Ateneo, with that same charity that they offered so generously on the occasion of the tragedy of Belize.



JESUIT MISSIONS

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Disastrous Fire in Manila

BRIEF but all too clear was the cable message which brought the distressing news that on August 13, the Ateneo de Manila was destroyed by fire. A major disaster this, surely, to the members of the Maryland-New York Province of the Society of Jesus to whose care is entrusted the Jesuit missionary work in the Philippine Islands. Elsewhere in this issue is told in greater detail the story of the Ateneo and its vast and important work. Our sympathy goes out to the forty-one Jesuits who staffed the Ateneo, and who were robbed by a devastating fire of a work they had been building for years. The blow is a heavy one.

However, with a full realization that the work must go on, lest serious spiritual damage come to the young Filipino students, the Jesuit authorities have set to work to establish themselves and their students in temporary quarters, while they hurry along the plans for new buildings. Such undaunted courage deserves hearty cooperation, and we trust that American friends who can do so, will aid financially in the construction of the new Ateneo, so that the College may continue unhampered its educational work which is so necessary for the preservation of the Faith in the Philippine Islands. We urge all our friends to help at least by prayer, that the work may prosper and that the task of educating young Filipinos in a thoroughly Catholic way may soon be continued under more favorable circumstances.

Our sympathy goes out, too, to the Sisters in charge of the girls' College of Santa Isabel. This College, too, was located in the path of the fire, and like the Ateneo, is today in ruins. We trust that the authorities at Santa Isabel may find it possible soon to continue their most excellent work for the education of Filipino girls.

Mission Sunday, October 23, 1932

THE second last Sunday of October is Mission Sunday, so celebrated in accordance with the order of the Holy Father. Like another Urban II, who roused

the Christian princes of Europe by his stirring challenge to take up the great Crusades to conquer the Holy Land, Pius XI by his stirring appeals is trying to rouse the Catholic world today to battle in the cause of Christ's Spiritual Kingdom in the souls of human beings. With undaunted enthusiasm and studied accuracy, he organizes and reorganizes mission territories throughout the world. He urges the formation of a native clergy, encourages the establishment of schools, hospitals and dispensaries, stirs missionaries and people everywhere to build up a solid Catholic body. The very existence of paganism in so many millions of people is like an open challenge to him. And he has accepted the challenge.

But he cannot and does not wish to work alone. Already he has stirred a wide mission interest among clergy and laity. Each year on Mission Sunday he tries to intensify this interest, and in particular to enlist the Faithful in the Society for the Propagation of the Faith. This Pontifical Society, the officially designated mission and collecting agency for all the Catholic world, has a rightful claim on all, and we urge every Catholic to join it. We trust that from every Catholic pulpit and from every Catholic teacher's platform, Mission Sunday this year will be given a zealous reception. A stirring appeal from pastors and teachers will help to give our people, young and old, a greater knowledge of the missions,—and knowledge will lead to enthusiastic interest,—and thus will be fulfilled the Holy Father's great purpose in establishing Mission Sunday.

What Zealous Mission Helpers!

DURING the Summer, one of the Editors had the happiness of giving a spiritual three day retreat to the Senior Girls at one of the Good Shepherd Convents in the mid-west. After the close of the retreat, he gave them an hour's talk on the various Catholic missions throughout the world. About a month later, he was surprised to receive a letter containing the following:

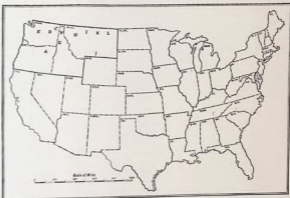
SPIRITUAL OFFERING FOR THE MISSIONS

Masses	605
Holy Communions	517
Spiritual Communions	1,288
Aspirations	24,302
Rosaries	318
Benedictions	231
Litanies	161
Stations	39
Holy Hours	100
Hours of Labor	1,213
Hours of Silence	326
Acts of Clarity	687
Acts of Obedience	383
Acts of Mortification	238
Children of Mary Office	9
Office of Seven Dolours	23
Various Prayers	4,715
Visits to the Bl. Sacrament	100

This "Spiritual Offering" has been reproduced here in the hope that it will bring great consolation to our missionaries for whom it is intended,—and also in the hope that it will stir up among our kind readers a more widespread prayerful interest in the missions.

American Jesuits in Oregon, Montana, Washington, Idaho

AMERICAN Jesuits from the Province of Oregon with a personnel of 22 priests, 36 Sisters of various Congregations, 8 Jesuit lay-Brothers, 2 Jesuit Scholastics and a number of lay teachers, both men and women, are in charge of 12 Indian missions in our great Northwest. Their 10 mission schools have an enrollment of 954 pupils. That the missionaries favor no particular Indians is evident from the roll call of the tribes to whom they minister. Thus, in Oregon they are working for the Umatilla, Cayuse and Walla Walla Indians. In Montana, for the Flatheads, Blackfoot, Gros Ventres and Assiniboines, the Crows and the Rocky Boy Indians. In Washington, for the Squamish, Colville and Spokane, Okinagan and Yakima. In Idaho, for the Coeur d'Alene and Nez Perces Indians. To the 12 central missions there are attached 23 mission stations. The central mis-



sions may be located on the map by the following letters of the alphabet: A. St. Andrew's; B. Squamish; C. St. Francis Regis; D. St. Mary's; E. Fort Simcoe and White Swan; F. Sacred Heart; G. St. Joseph's; H. St. Ignatius; I. Holy Family; J. St. Francis Xavier; K. St. Paul's; L. Rocky Boy Mission and Fort Belknap. St. Ignatius is west of the Rockies, Holy Family and St. Paul's are east of the Rockies, Rocky Boy and Fort Belknap in northeastern Montana.


OF the three great major projects sponsored by our Popes, perhaps the least known, though certainly not the least important or efficacious, is the work recommended to our intentions for the month of October. It was founded in 1839 by a French lady, Madame Bigard, seventy years after her countrywoman, Pauline Jaricot, had begun the work of the Propagation of the Faith. Ecclesiastical recognition was granted in 1901, and in 1919, Pope Benedict XV in his Encyclical, *Maximum Illud*, officially approved the work as a Pontifical Society, auxiliary of the work of the Propagation of the Faith. The purpose of the Society is to furnish carefully trained native priests for the missions by the double aid of prayer and of alms. Its members are divided into Founders, Benefactors and Associates. Founders present a capital sufficiently large to train a native seminarian in perpetuity. Benefactors pay for the training of a seminarian for one year, fifteen pounds. Associates offer the small sum of one shilling annually. The need of such support is evident when one scans the almost daily pleas for burses, sung by Superiors throughout the mission world. Equally evident and more poignant does this need become when we read of worthy native candidates who must be refused because of lack of the means of sustenance. The need of a native clergy has been affirmed and reaffirmed, and it is particularly evident in this ordered plan for

THE MISSION INTENTION

for OCTOBER

The Pontifical Work of St. Peter the Apostle for the Native Clergy

missionary work propounded by Pope Benedict XV in his Encyclical, *Maximum Illud*: (1) Extensive occupation of vast fields even though this be superficial at first. (2) Division of these fields among new missionaries, contact being kept amongst Superiors. (3) The necessary personnel, including a numerous native clergy of both priests and bishops. In this plan, Pope Benedict was only following the saying of Pope Innocent XI, "Rather ordain one single native priest than convert 50,000 heathens." Like an echo comes the insistent voice of our missionary Pope today, "Either to renounce the conversion of the infidels or to give to the missions as soon as possible a well formed native clergy." In God's scheme of things and by His grace, celibacy, fidelity, perseverance, intellectual fitness, can all be obtained from native candidates as, in fact, they are available today in China, Japan, India, Indo-China and Africa. Today there are in India and Ceylon, 2,300 native priests; in China, 1,450; in Indo-China, 1,102 out of a total of 1,464; in Korea, 64 out of 145. In Africa progress has been slow, while among the American Indians and Negroes there have been very few priests up to the present. A numerous well trained native clergy is the only permanent solution of the mission problem. And it is this most important work that the Pontifical Society of St. Peter the Apostle is actively promoting.



AFIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUITS

CANADIAN INDIANS

From Chippewa Hill Ont., Father Joseph Cadot, S.J., who is in his seventy-second year, writes:

"Yes, we feel the depression very keenly. I had to sell my car, because I could not meet my installments. My former benefactors cannot be so generous now. Still, God is very good to us, and we have enough to eat; but we have to watch the quality of food and be satisfied with salted pork to make soup, and with no luxuries at all. But what is that compared to what our Canadian Martyrs had to suffer? Yes, the Indians come to us for help, but we are able to give only very little."

From White River, Ont., another missionary, Father Francis Maynard, S.J., writes:

"The labor conditions in this north country are very doleful. The lumber market is at a very low ebb. Only four lumber camps were in operation this Winter, whereas there had been ten, twelve and fifteen in the past years. Only the married men in the saw mill villages had work. The young men had

to stay home, loafing, while their fathers were at work.

"Every day we see women and children fishing on the small lakes, trying to catch fish in order to have something to eat, since these poor families cannot afford to buy meat. Under these circumstances, Sunday collections are very small, and so the missionary has to live like his flock. He has to be his own cook, waiter and dish washer."

PATNA, INDIA

From Baccha, Father James A. Creane, S.J., reports:

"There is a small-pox epidemic raging in my section. Thirty have died of it in Babupur, some sixty in Simra, many more in Dhanbasa, and the epidemic is still going strong. It is in nearly all the villages. When I reopened my little school at Karharia after it had been closed a month, I found that eleven boys had been victims of the epidemic. Last Saturday I baptized a family of eight, of whom seven had the small-pox. My work of hearing confessions, administering Extreme Unction and visiting the sick, exposes me to serious danger from small-pox, cholera, enteric, leprosy and

deadly dangerous snakes about. But such is the life of the priest.

"Health splendid. I relish the heat and the wind, my companions, as I romp across the rice fields. It is time for me to curl up on my *parikh* and count the stars. I wish I could hitch my wagon to a rising one, but I fear mine are setting."

Father Charles P. Miller, S.J., seems to be the local doctor at Gajhi, in the Monghyr District of Patna Mission, India:

"Up to two weeks or so ago, there had been scarcely any sickness among the boys. But recently, eye-trouble, fevers, colds, stomach ache, and two cases, rather severe, of pneumonia. One case is still on my hands. The first case was cured spiritually and physically, for his mother came and allowed him to be baptized.

"The second case went down Saturday night, just about eight or ten hours before leaving time on Sunday.

"While the boys are very good to one another when they are sick, they do not know what to do and are apathetic about carrying out directions. Santals have a contempt, it seems, for pain and suffering.

"When the first case seemed out of danger, I thought I would risk a swift trip to Bamdah and be back the next day. I could not find the man whom I needed, so I returned that same night at dusk.

"Now I had left definite instructions that two boys must stay with the sick man day and night, also what medicine was to be given and how, etc.

"When I returned at dusk, just by accident as you see, the 'hospital' door had been latched from the outside, the sick man was inside without water or light and not a drop of medicine had been given him. That same night he got a relapse.

"Today is Wednesday. I am rather tired, as I have been on duty with the sick day and night, except for an excursion to Poja and Bamdah and another to C. Pathal. The weather is exceedingly hot, day and night. At 11:30 P.M., the temperature in my room was 101 degrees. In the day it is 110 even 112 degrees. It is no joke keeping hot poultices on a pneumonia patient when you are working in a room at that temperature. But all these things help Patna Mission, and,



Wallinger Photo—Chicago

Left to right: Vincent G. McGlinchy, S.J., John H. Lane, S.J., and Father John J. Meyer, S.J., all of the Chicago Province. They will depart for Patna Mission, India, in October.



Left to right: Fathers Charles W. Mahan, S.J., Joseph M. Krim, S.J., and Raymond R. Sullivan, S.J., all of the New England Province, who have sailed for missionary work in Jamaica, B. W. I.

11 hope, especially that part of it between Jhaja and the Hazaribagh border, North and South, East and West."

JAMAICA, B. W. I.

During the Summer months new recruits departed for the mission in Jamaica, B. W. I., while some of the missionaries who had served for years returned to the States for a much needed rest. The new appointments and their sailing dates were as follows:

August 6—Father Charles J. Eberle, S.J., and Father Charles W. Mahan, S.J.

August 13—Father John J. Moriarty, S.J., Father James M. Harnsey, S.J., Father Joseph M. Krim, S.J., Andrew B. Ochs, S.J., and Brother T. P. McElroy, S.J.

August 20—Father Raymond R. Sullivan, S.J., and Father Francis Flaherty, S.J.

All sailed via United Fruit Lines.

ALASKA

The Superior of the Jesuits in Alaska, Very Rev. Francis M. Menager, S.J., has been visiting his missions. He writes:

"After Easter, a skilled aviator friend of mine offered to take me in his plane to visit all our missions. We left Holy Cross on Easter Sunday night. Our first stop was Mountain Village, 125 miles from Holy Cross. We made the distance in a little over an hour. There we visited Father Paul O'Connor and his Eskimo congregation and then in the afternoon set out for Hooper Bay, my old parish. It took us a little over a half hour to make a trip which by dogteam takes four days, if you are lucky, and ten if you are not.

"Father John P. Fox, a young and active missionary who has taken my place and territory there as far as Nelson Island, has done very wonderful work. That whole strip of the Bering Sea coast with a population of over 500 will be among the best Catholic Eskimos; this speaks well both for the foresight of Father Philip Delon and the zeal of Father Fox. We had Mass at 7:00 A.M., the day after my arrival; the church was packed; and

although a week day, more than forty received Holy Communion. I must say that I was thrilled to find myself among my poor dear Eskimos again, and it was a great joy to me to address them in their melodious tongue. In the evening we had a little get-together affair in the mission hall; I gave the people a little treat, and we talked over old times. In the afternoon of the next day, after having attended to the business of the mission, we turned the nose of the plane towards Akulurak. It took us less than an hour to make the hundred miles.

"As the country around us is perfectly flat and the Fathers of the school had seen the plane a long ways off, they came rushing to meet us. We had brought along Father Fox who was to take his last vows at Akulurak, and every one was so happy, after being isolated most of the Winter, to have a chance to get news and to talk about things. We have there a large boarding school of over a hundred students, mostly full-blooded Eskimos.

"Our next stop was St. Michael, right in the Norton Sound at the mouth of the Yukon Delta. We got there in less than an hour and met the good people of Father Martin Lonneux, who is attending to five villages around there. I found the people very well trained and devout. In the afternoon we had benediction and I played the organ whilst the whole congregation sang beautifully. The next day at my Mass, although it was already late in the season and many of the Eskimos had gone seal hunting, I had about thirty Holy Communions. The people

of the village vied with one another to show me their affection and in their desire to help, some of the children came in to Father Lonneux and asked him to let them wash the dishes; others wanted to sweep, another one made a pie for the *Angyokorjak*, and when I was going away, the best dogteam was brought to take me to the plane. Before we started, the people knelt in the snow and asked for my blessing, then they sang the *Ave Maris Stella* to ask the Blessed Virgin Mary to protect me in my flying. Father Lonneux told me that whenever he starts on a trip the people do the same for him.

"Our next stop was Nome, so we started directly across the Bering Sea over the Norton Sound; we were flying at about 7,000 feet, and below us we could see the open sea and icebergs. Everything went well until we were about thirty miles from Nome; then the worst enemy of the flying game surrounded us,—that is, the fog. It was so thick we could see nothing; we climbed over it and flew quite a while; but it took us some time before we could find a hole to get down through and get closer to Mother Earth. Finally, we did, and landed at Nome, so famous in the history of the gold rush, but now so flattened down by the lack of the precious metal and by the financial depression that it presents a vision of an abandoned town."

AMERICAN INDIANS

On June 29, Father Albert Zuercher, S.J., became Superior at St. Stephen's Mission, Wyoming. He succeeded Father Aloysius Keel, S.J., who, on July 31, was installed as Superior of Holy Rosary Mission, Pine Ridge, South Dakota. Father Albert C. Rieser, S.J., former Superior at Holy Rosary, has taken up the work of a missionary among the Indians at St. Stephen's Mission.

Father Leo C. Cunningham, S.J., of Holy Rosary Mission, Pine Ridge, South Dakota, gives us an account of one of the families of his vast Indian parish:

"White Clouds have their humble home on the east bank of the Porcupine Creek. You travel thirty-three miles from Holy Rosary Mission and then come to a cut-off from the main trail. After dipping down into a can-

Left to right: Andrew B. Ochs, S.J., and Brother Thomas P. McElroy, S.J., both assigned to the Jamaica Mission, B. W. I. Four other Jesuit Fathers, in addition to those whose pictures appear on this page, have also been assigned to this Mission. Their photographs were not available on time.



you you cross a rickety bridge and you are in full sight of the house.

"I go there every week, carrying with me the Blessed Sacrament. Mrs. White Cloud, a woman not more than thirty-five years of age, has been sick for five years. The bone of one ankle is eaten with tuberculosis. The case is too far gone, the Government doctors say. She is confined to bed and depends entirely on her husband and children for care. The doctors are twenty-nine miles away and, as yet, there is no nurse in the field to visit her.

"Leroy is the oldest of the White Cloud children. He is sixteen years of age. Then come Ida, Clarence, Edgar, Dallas and smiling little Winnie who is four. These children, with their mother, became Catholics only during the last year. John, the father, had been baptized Catholic as a child, but had been raised a Protestant. He now is glad to be a faithful Catholic.

"The children at present are at home from school. I need but blow the horn of my car as I cross the bridge and, by the time I arrive at the house, an altar has been prepared close to the mother's sick bed. A piece of old lace curtain is spread upon a bench. A crucifix is placed in the center and a cup of water and a spoon nearby.

"Our Lord comes to this lowly home and rests upon that altar. We kneel and sing in Indian the hymn 'O Lord I am not Worthy.' The poor sick woman sits up in bed and fervently receives *Yutapi Waban*, the 'Holy Food.' It is given as Holy Viaticum because I never know when the dread sickness may end her life. How good of the King of kings to come to this poor Indian woman! She tells me, after our prayer and hymn of thanksgiving are over, that she is now *chaute washte*, 'glad at heart.'"

CHINA

Father Arthur Tremblay, S.J., writes from China:

"Here I am for the past three weeks in a little town of 4,000 inhabitants—*Pei-hsien*, forty miles north of *Süchow* city. No, my course of Chinese is not completed, but here, with Father Paul Ho for sole companion (Father Ho is a native of *Süchow*) I shall get accustomed to 'spoken Chinese.' During my stay here I shall interpret the study of the 'characters' and concentrate all my efforts on the spoken mandarin language. My ear is getting quite familiar with it, but much still remains to be acquired.

"Several times I went out to say Mass in different villages. Many of the Christians of these far away districts see the priest only once or twice a year. Few of them have more than a scant knowledge of their religious duties. They have received Baptism, believe in God and in the more important truths of our Faith, but alas! some have forgotten even that, and

RENOWNED JESUIT MISSIONARIES



ST. NOEL CHABANEL, S. J.

ST. NOEL CHABANEL was born in southern France, February 2, 1613. He entered the Jesuit novitiate at Toulouse at the age of seventeen, and later was professor of rhetoric in several colleges of the Society in the province of Toulouse, where he was highly esteemed both for virtue and for learning.

In 1643, he was sent to Canada and there studied the Algonquin language for a time, after which he was appointed to the mission of the Hurons, among whom he remained until his death.

As he felt a strong repugnance to the life and habits of the Indians and feared that this might result in his own withdrawal from the work, he bound himself by vow never to leave the mission. This vow he kept till the end.

It was late in the year 1649, that the Iroquois, by outmaneuvering the *Petuns*, approached the village of the latter and found it practically unguarded. Soon it was a mass of flames. Charles Garnier, the companion of Chabanel, was slain and shortly afterwards Chabanel himself was met by the Indians as he was returning to the village. He was surprised by a section of the invading force as he was about to cross a river not far from the village. He met his end as intrepidly and uncomplainingly as his companion Jesuit Martyrs of North America, on December 8, 1649. Today the saint is honored by thousands of pilgrims who journey to the Mount of Martyrs, Auriesville, N. Y., and pray to him in the mammoth amphitheater erected to the memory of himself and his companions.

hardly know how to confess their sins. Happily, God knows their good will and their ignorance and will be very indulgent with them."

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

That Father Joseph Reith, S.J., is giving himself devotedly to the *Tag-nipa* Mission is evident from the following:

"For the first time in the history of Catholic Education in the Jesuit missions of Northern Mindanao, a Catholic Normal Institute was conducted this year in *Ca gayan*, Or. *Misamis*, Mindanao, P. I. Over fifty teachers attended the classes conducted by the Jesuit Fathers and by special instructors.

"The Jesuit missionaries of Mindanao are using the parochial school system as their greatest ally in bringing the Filipinos back to ardent love for Christ. The project is made possible by the generosity of American friends who, even in times of stress, are contributing to the erection and support of the schools."

"The week before our Normal School opened was also a memorable week in the history of the mission. All during the Summer (April-May) vacation we have been having Catechism classes in every part of the mission. I suppose that there were about seventy-five teachers who volunteered their services every morning for two hours' teaching. We estimate that about a thousand children attended the various classes. All of these we brought together during the last week of the classes and prepared many of them for confession and first Communion. Over three hundred had to be baptized. You can imagine the confusion and work we had on the last morning when we had all these children at Mass, and then gave them breakfast and distributed prizes.

"On the sixth of June we opened our parochial schools for the new year. It is going to be a big year for us provided we can keep enough in our treasury to pay the teachers. Owing to the great increase in the number of students expected this year, we had to purchase a house next to the school to use for the industrial classes. I think these classes can do a great deal of work that will be profitable for the school and help us to defray the expenses. Certainly the instruction the children will receive in the industrial classes will help them in their ordinary life. I am going to give all the encouragement I can to them. If you have an extra set of tools around your house or some material for sewing, embroidering, cooking, etc., send them over and we will show you what we can do with them. The school children are as fine a crowd of youngsters as you could wish for, and it is a pleasure and consolation to be with them. They are carrying the school influence into

BRITISH HONDURAS

On July 31, feast of St. Ignatius, Founder of the Jesuits, the new St. Ignatius School in the Mesopotamia area of Belize was dedicated. The new building is a tribute to **Father Marvin O'Connor, S.J.**, under whose able direction and vigorous cooperation the task has been accomplished. Father O'Connor was appointed to the Mesopotamia area after the Belize hurricane last year, at which time the area and all the buildings upon it were destroyed and many people, including the former Pastor, **Father F. Kempfues, S.J.**, lost their lives. The new building, two stories, is of re-enforced concrete for the lower floor, while the upper floor is of strong timber construction. The building is 110 feet long and 42 feet wide and 45 feet high. All around both floors are strong concrete verandahs, supported by concrete pillars. The hall in the upper story will be used as a church. A superb mahogany and cedar altar has been constructed.

From the days of the hurricane on September 10 last year, the pupils of Mesopotamia school had found accommodations at Cathedral Square in the chapel building. Teachers and pupils were all intensely eager to get into the new school on the old site. In June their hearts' desires were gratified, and classes were resumed at Mesopotamia, in what is justly regarded as the finest school building in British Honduras. There are now in attendance nearly 250 children.

On Sunday, July 31, the Bishop blessed the chapel and sang solemn High Mass. **Father E. Zurinden, S.J.**, preached the sermon. More than 500 people were present at the Mass.

At four o'clock in the afternoon, thousands of people turned out for the magnificent procession from Cathedral Square to the new St. Ignatius School in Mesopotamia. Even the British officials took part. During the march there was singing of hymns and canticles and playing of bands. Arrived at the new school, His Excellency, Bishop Murphy, gave a splendid talk on Catholic education. After the school had been dedicated and the program carried through, the procession reformed and marched to the Cathedral for Solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

'IRAQ

From the American Jesuits in 'Iraq comes the news that "the High School Department of Baghdad College will open classes on Monday, September 26, 1932, for a limited number of boys who are prepared to enter the fifth and sixth grades of the Primary School and the first and second classes of the Secondary School. The founding of this new school is due partly to the long and earnest prayers of the laity, the clergy and the Spiritual Heads of the Church in 'Iraq, but especially to


the tender solicitude of His Holiness, Pius XI, for the people of the Orient. This solicitude has been made manifest on more than one occasion during the past few years, and if further proof were needed, we have it in his decision to open a school in Baghdad this present year. The care of the school he confided to the General of the Society of Jesus, who in turn entrusted it to the American Fathers of the same Society. Eight American Colleges and Universities have been formed into a corporation with the name, 'Iraq-American Educational Association', incorporated under the laws of Washington, D. C., for the purpose of sponsoring and promoting colleges and other institutions of learning in the Kingdom of 'Iraq. The College will be a day school for the present and it will be conducted on the same lines as the three hundred other schools and educational institutions of the Society of Jesus throughout the world are conducted.

"The teachers in Baghdad College will be the Fathers of the Society of Jesus, assisted by a corps of competent native instructors. All of the Fathers, of whom four will be on hand for the opening of the classes, are American citizens, graduates of American Colleges or Universities, and experienced teachers.

"The schedule of studies will conform, in the main, to the program proposed by the Ministry of Education, insistence being laid on the study of the Arabic and the English languages. It will be the policy of the School to carry on instruction, as far as possible, in English. The program of studies will include Arabic, English, French, Geography, History, Mathematics, Drawing and the Sciences. Other subjects will be added as the need for them arises."



The American Jesuit Mission of British Honduras owes much to the apostolic labors of Father Herman J. Tenk, S.J., who has spent twenty-one years on this Mission.



Father Alfred F. Kienle, S.J., (left) of the Maryland-New York Province, zealous missionary at Talisayan, Oriental Misamis, Mindanao, P. I.

their homes and are bringing many of the old people back to the Faith."

Father Alfred F. Kienle, S.J., writing from Occidental Misamis, records an edifying achievement:

"No, I have not changed my residence—I just happen to be filling in here, while the genial Pastor is taking as much needed rest at Cagayan. Several weeks have passed since I left Talisayan, and so I cannot say anything at this time about any letters or gifts that you may have sent in the meantime. I send you, however, the following anecdotes.

"I waited four years over here before I was permitted to see the following edifying examples, and I doubt whether I will see their equal very soon again. During an inaugural celebration, being held in his honor, the Governor of this Province was present at High Mass, invoking the blessing of God upon himself and his people. Not until Mass was finished did he mount the platform and take the Oath of Office. (Shades of Blessed Thomas More!)

"In a town that is largely Aglipayan, and therefore hostile to our religion, this Governor's three daughters are daily communicants, and walk several miles to church every morning. Moreover, his three smaller children are pupils in our Parochial School, although the Public School is a mile or so nearer their home.

"During these days when we see minor politicians forsaking their God and their Church and sometimes even joining condemned secret societies—to get a few more votes—as they erroneously imagine, it is certainly refreshing to meet a man who first renders to God the things that are God's, in order that he may the better render to Caesar the things that are Caesar's."



FROM MANY VOICES



NEW PROPAGANDA APPOINTMENTS

Under date of June 14, 1932, the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda Fide has published the following decrees:

(1) Elevation of the Prefecture Apostolic of Shobchow, Shansi Prov., China, to the rank of Vicariate Apostolic. The territory is entrusted to the care of the Order of Friars Minor.

(2) Elevation of the Prefecture Apostolic of Tatungfu, Shansi Prov., China, to the rank of Vicariate Apostolic and nomination of the present Prefect Apostolic, Msgr. Francis Joosten, as first Vicar Apostolic. The territory is in charge of the Congregation of the Immaculate Heart of Mary (Scheut Fathers).

(3) Erection of the Prefecture Apostolic of Chouchih, Shensi Prov., China. The new Prefecture is to be in charge of native clergy and was formerly a part of the Vicariate Apostolic of Sianfu.

(4) Nomination of Father Julius Vanni, O.F.M. (Father Pacificus), as Vicar Apostolic of Sianfu, Shensi Province, China. Msgr. Vanni was born in 1893 in Montaiione, Diocese of Volterra, Italy, and 18 years later entered the Order of Friars Minor. He was ordained in 1920, and after teaching philosophy and theology in Italy, was sent to the Missions in Bolivia, South America, where he devoted himself to preaching and the development of the Catholic press. In 1930 he secured permission to dedicate himself to the direct evangelization of pagans and was sent to the Vicariate Apostolic of Sianfu.

(5) Nomination of Father Eugene Artaraz Emaldi, O.P., as Vicar Apostolic of Bac Ninh, Indochina. Msgr. Emaldi was born in Yurre, Diocese of Victoria, Spain, in 1873. Ordained in 1899, he left Spain in the same year for the Mission of Tongking. He filled the posts of professor and rector of the seminary, and since 1919 has devoted himself entirely to the work of evangelization, thus using to full advantage his excellent knowledge of the Annamite language.

(6) Nomination of Msgr. Maturin Mailloux, C.Sp., former Prefect Apostolic of Douala, French Cameroons, Africa, as first Vicar Apostolic of the same territory. (F. S.)

JESUIT PUBLISHES MANUAL ON AFRICA

The Sodality of St. Peter Claver has just published a manual which is destined to be of great value to missionaries and to everyone interested in the missions. "Le Repertoire Africain" is a precious mine of information on Africa and the missions of Africa, discusses the many problems met in the evangelization of that great continent, and constitutes at one and the same time an excellent volume for the casual reader and a valuable treasure of research for the student of things missionary. The "Repertoire Africain" is, in fact, a "Repertoire Missionnaire" because, though Father Dubois speaks of Africa where he lived for twenty years and which he has never ceased to study, and though the examples and figures are taken from Africa, nevertheless the movements which they illustrate and the problems which they solve are met with everywhere in every mission land of the world. Father Dubois is the Secretary of the Conference of Catholic Missions of Africa. Priests of the Missionary Union of the Clergy, seminarians and students in mission aid societies will find this book to be a valuable addition to their mission book shelf. "Le Repertoire Africain" by Reverend Henry Dubois, S.J., Sodality of St. Peter Claver, 16, Via dell'Olmata, Rome. (F. S.)

SUPERSTITION IN INDIA

India, the land of dreams, of rich temples, of sacred lakes, the immense shrine of Brahminism, is a field in which the most absurd superstitions take root and find nourishment. Even in the west it is not difficult still to find people, especially among the less cultured classes, who cling to something as a religion which is nothing more than a superstitious practice. In India, natural effects and phenomena of which the cause is unknown are often attributed to various divinities. Father Guemes, a missionary of Cuttack, who has made a special study of pathological cases in relation to superstitions, has noted the following interesting particulars.

One of the ills greatly feared and prayed against is epilepsy. It always has been attributed to demoniac possession. That is why the missionary

so frequently meets these poor creatures abandoned by their friends and relatives.

In March 1931, while journeying to Mohana, Father Guemes was approached by a young beggar girl, who, from her appearance, seemed to be of the *khonda* caste.

"Who are you?" the missionary asked.

"A *khonda* woman and I live by alms," was the reply.

"And how is it that you are reduced to this sad state?"

"Ah, sir, I am afflicted with the *paporogo* and for that reason I have been chased from home and village."

The priest understood then that she was subject to attacks of epilepsy, and he did all he could to assist her.

Several months later the servant of the mission station came to him to tell him that the unfortunate *khonda* beggar fell into the fire during one of her fits and was at the hospital with very serious burns. The missionary, as soon as he learned of it, hastened to visit her but he arrived too late. During the night the poor creature had been expelled from the hospital, and her body was lying in the fields torn by jackals.

How could anyone perpetrate an act of such barbarity? The nurses and helpers at the hospital, filled with superstition and seeing that the patient was near dying, feared that when the *khonda* girl would have breathed her last the evil spirit by whom she was possessed would establish itself in the hospital. They decided, therefore, to throw her out into the fields outside the compound. Two policemen had the work done, ordering that what was left of the unhappy dying girl be placed on a wagon and carried into the forest where it would find a burying place in the eager gullets of the wild beasts. A miserable end for the poor victim, victim of the foolish and cruel superstitions of her parents and fellow countrymen.

The light of the Gospel alone will be able to scatter these dark shadows of sorrow and death.

GOSELS AND ACTS TRANSLATED

From the Very Rev. James T. G. Hayes, Superior of the Jesuit missions in the Philippines, comes a copy of

the Gospels and Acts translated into
by some Dutch missionaries
Mindanao and revised by native
priests in Cebu. An edition of
copies was paid for by the Jesuit
Mission. This is the first translation
ever published.

BROOKLYN SISTER OF CHARITY, MARTYR

From Chenki in the Passionist mission-
field in Hunan, China, a cable
received here announces the death of
Sister Devota Ross, of the Sisters of
Charity, as a result of cholera, after
a two days illness.

Sister Devota, a native of Brooklyn,
answered the call for volunteers to go
to China in 1924.

Sister Devota Ross, though one of
the youngest in the community, was
entrusted with the office of Mistress of
Novices of the Chinese Postulants,
and it was under her care that Mary
T'wan, their first Novice, was pre-
pared for her profession.

Cholera, a terrifying but not an un-
usual Summer disease in China, spread
through the Yangtze Valley and
reached Hunan. A great many deaths
were reported from several of the Pas-
sionist mission centers. Sister was
among the victims. She is buried at
Shenchow in the mission cemetery,
where lie the bodies of the three Sisters
who were killed in 1929 and of
their companion who died of fever the
day after they were murdered.

AURORA UNIVERSITY, SHANGHAI, CONFERS DEGREES

Twenty-eight candidates presented
themselves this year for the examina-
tions for the doctorate and the licen-
tiate in the various faculties of the
Aurora University conducted by the
Jesuits, and the results were four new
civil engineers, eight medical doctors,
of whom five are Catholics, three doc-
tors of law, seven licentiates in the
sciences and six licentiates of jurispru-
dence.

One notes with pleasure that the
Catholic physicians graduated from
this university are in demand every-
where and are appreciated because of
their skillfulness and seriousness. They
are already a considerable number and
form one of the highest proofs of the
merit of this Catholic center of studies.

SUFFERING FOR THE MISSIONS

Over 200,000 sick persons, patients
in 376 different hospitals of Italy, set
aside one day on which to offer their
prayers and sufferings for the Holy
Father and the missions. This crusade
of prayer was directed by the Mission-
ary Union of the Clergy in Italy. It
is not possible to estimate the number
of sick living in their homes who
prayed for the missions on that day,
but the number must have been im-
mense, since the sick of 157 dioceses
responded to the appeal.

INDIA SPEAKS

(Continued from page 195)

my personal expenses were paid by
the girls of a well known Catholic
school in Detroit, who took great
pride in helping a Patna Mission
bro who wanted very much to be-
come a priest.

And here I am now; I have just
passed my Matriculation Examina-
tion and soon Reverend Father Su-
perior will send me to the Novitiate
to become a Jesuit novice. May I
ask each of you boys to say a little
prayer for me now and then?

OVER THE TRAILS

TO DOLBY

(Continued from page 197)

sandwiches, beans, can of peaches
and dried figs; and our thermos bot-
tle with coffee, and would not
charge us anything. He said he
would like to give the Mission some-
thing, but could not, and this was
the least he could do.

WE had something to eat then,
fed the dogs and turned in on
top of some spruce branches which
had been the floor of the tent. Some-
how or other, I could not close an
eye, and although I lay there till
eight o'clock, never got a wink of
sleep. Dan slept all right, for which
I was glad; but he was up at 8:00,
got a fire going and watered the
dogs, for there was surface water
here. It got real cold and we had to
put on our parkies and big mits—
the pups went along fine and we
were making good time. Several of
the dogs had lost "finger-nails" now,



including two of John Tillie's, but
with moccasins they worked fine.

We kept going till 4:00 that
morning (Tuesday) at which time
we arrived at John Yatil's cabin.
Our team thought we were going to
stop here and rest, and we had a
hard time with them. Dan had
turned off the main trail to go in
here, and so we had to turn the team
around right in the trail. Snoldcum
got a whiff of the fish as he passed
the sled, and with a rip of his teeth
got one by the tail. We finally got
them around. Then Napo, the pest,
caused us great trouble. He wan-
dered off the trail into the brush and
lay down. Our leader swung around
after him and dragged the whole
team in the same direction. They
would not come back, so poor Dan
had to wade through the snow three
feet deep; he kept breaking through;
and had forcibly to drag the whole
team back to the trail.

Then we started out, but Napo
refused to follow. We went down
the trail out of sight, but he would
not come. So I gave Dan the brake
and started back after him. He
would not come to me, so I had to
wade in after him. I had literally to
drag him through the snow to the
trail, and there he lay. Then he
followed for a while, but I could
see that he was finished off, so I put
him on the sled, which position he
held practically all the rest of the
way to Nulato.

I WAS surely tired, for the lack
of sleep the evening before was
telling on me now. I fell asleep a
couple of times standing up on the
runners and even had a slight
dream. We pulled into Koyukuk at
10:00 A.M. Dominic was there to
greet us. We got the dogs un-
hitched and tied to their boxes, put
the sled in his store, and prepared
to eat something and to take a good
rest. I felt that if I did not get some
sleep soon, I would not be respon-
sible for what I did. I was a sight,
needed a shave, and my face was
swollen and red with sunburn or
snowburn. My eyes, thanks to the
good glasses I have, were all right,
but poor Dan was suffering with his.

Dan slept on the floor, I on a cot
with blankets furnished by Dominic.
It was windy and there was a large
piece of tin flapping on the roof.

It was the last thing I heard till Dominic came in at 6:00 to call us. He said we could stay longer if we wanted to. That cot surely felt good to me, so we decided on another hour and a half. The mail plane back from Nulato woke me at 7:30, so we got up. We had a nice supper later, rested a while and started getting ready at 11:00. We watered the dogs on the river before starting, and were leaving Koyukuk at 12:10. The surface snow was hard and crusted, so we could keep off the rough trail, breaking through only occasionally. I sat on the sled most of the time now—the only time I was able to do so the entire trip. I had phoned to the Sisters from Koyukuk.

WE reached Nulato at 4:25. I realized we were there when I saw the long straight row of spruce saplings which marked the airport. You surely lined them up accurately, for I remarked to myself how straight they were. We put everything away, found boxes enough for John's dogs, and I cleaned up, changed my clothes—I had not had them off since I left—shaved and prepared to say Mass for the Sisters at 7:00. After that I came back and went to bed, slept till noon, had lunch, cooked for the dogs, went and saw John about his dogs, telling him that I would care for them that night, and slept from 3:00 till 6:00.

So, Father, you have the detailed account of that famous trip. I have just dashed it off on the typewriter without regard to composition, spelling or anything—but I know in your charity you will forgive all mistakes.

"HA-A! HA!"

(Continued from page 198)

with chopsticks! "Ha! Ha! Ha!" It was not the cook's fault, if, neglecting the fifty-seven varieties of nicely prepared and thoroughly orthodox food stuffs, I insisted on venturing into the great unknown.

"What was that we just ate!" I inquired of my Baedecker.

"That," he answered bluntly, "was fish belly! And that is what you would call rotten eggs. But they aren't really rotten; they are made black artificially. Why don't you

take some more? And those are crawfish. No, don't eat the shell; just suck out the insides. Unfortunately, these are already dead. I like them much better alive. Too bad we have no bird's nests today. That's the best thing of all."

Then came a new dish that tasted particularly fine.

"What is it?" I asked after having taken a second helping.

"That," he replied sagely, "is serpent. It's the best in this section, and everyone likes it."



Down in British Honduras the chicleo is gathering chicle—from which chewing gum is made.

My face went white. I could feel the confounded thing crawling down and down and down. Was it my throat that was rattling? In consternation I turned from the smiling crowd to my faithful coach. He at least would understand. But the only sympathy I received even from him was a long "Ha! Ha! Ha-a!"

I have often wondered what it is that keeps this people so cheerful. Disaster is their meat and drink. A Chinese child who has not been abandoned at least once, or washed away in a flood, or starved in a famine, or ousted by a war, would think he wasn't getting a fair start in life. Misfortune is so much the normal thing for them that they have a chance of surviving the

world depression better than any other race. And when the day comes that millions of them can turn their laughter at their wooden gods, and others at their godlessness, it will be a supremely joyful day for China and the Church.

MAKING YOUR BED

(Continued from page 199)

forms. But you don't know your Indians. They have their tricks. Kneading, shaking, punching, thumping and smoothing, they make the once fat, fullblown mattresses assume leveled and shapely forms. Of a truth, they may never be a deep and softly comfortable Simmons. But your young wiry Indian has known the hardness of the prairie grass and ground. Watch him some night in the dormitory as he crawls under the covers, and see if he doesn't find in his little cornhusk mattress a snugly satisfying bed of repose.

And thus the missions economize. Years ago, thrifty-minded Fathers and Sisters saw the possibility of the cornhusk as a mattress filler. The idea has brought rich returns. And to this day the Sioux boys and girls of St. Francis and Holy Rosary Missions repair to their respective piles of stalks and husks, and with light hearts make the beds they lie upon.

LIKE IT OR NOT

(Continued from page 201)

the idea of going away to be priests. In almost every case they find that their dread of the priest's life is a myth. Once they make the decision the reality does not prove half as hard as they anticipated. With men like Jogues, years and years of self-conquest reduce the voice of feeling to a whisper. Their wills order down the least murmur of rebellion. But the voice is always there and suffering never ceases to be suffering."

THE boy and girl were listening attentively. Father Mac went on, "I read a fine illustration of this in the life of Damien not long ago. A witness tells of a boatload of nuns being rowed ashore to a leper colony. One of the nuns was crying softly. Do you know why she cried? Her feelings were

...coming from the life she was to lead. But her will was driving her on to a career than which the world has none more heroic. Why do you suppose she was able to do this thing?"

"I guess because she loved God," Mary answered softly.

"Exactly. She saw the work as a chance to do something big and noble for One she loved."

Mary was looking sad, Jack thoughtful. "Let me see that picture again, will you, Father," said Jack.

This time Mary was looking over his shoulder. "The poor dears," she murmured.

"Poor nothing," said Father Mac.

"They don't want any sympathy. They're happy as larks, like anyone else who resolves to do a noble thing. They're like soldiers going over the top with a song. Pray for these missionaries and help them whenever you can, but don't waste tears over them." The priest turned to the father of the pair. "You see, Jim, I can't refuse myself the opportunity of a sermon."

"And a dang fine sermon it was. Come on, youngsters. You only have ten minutes to get to the Convention hall."

Father Mac escorted them to the door. "Well, what college will it be next year, Jack?"

"I don't know what I'll do next year, Father Mac," answered the boy as he went down the steps.

But Father Mac knew, or at least was able to make a good guess.

SILENT MISSIONARIES

(Continued from page 202)

N. Y., Woodstock, Md., and Weston, Mass., a number of youthful missionaries have been brought to realize the pitiful conditions of the Catholic deaf, and the need for future workers among them, and at the present time classes in the sign-language are functioning regularly in all three houses, with well over eighty enthusiastic "dactylologists" getting their fingers attuned to the intricate movements of manual conversation. This work has been progressing now for almost two years. It began at St. Andrew-on-Hudson on Thanksgiving Day, 1930, when the first class was started under the direction of Brother Paul A. Rose-

necker, S.J., whose zeal and enthusiasm for the cause have been unbounded. The work soon spread to Woodstock and Weston with the departure thither of members of the sign-language class for philosophy.

It was not long thereafter—in November, 1931,—that the St. Andrew contingent organized a Center for the deaf in Poughkeepsie, till then the undisputed field of Protestant workers for the deaf, and now the nucleus of a large gathering is well-established. A month or so later, the Weston "signers" were requested by the present pastor of the deaf in Boston to assist him with their knowledge of the sign-language. Since then, they have been conducting the regular monthly services at Boston College High School with considerable success, and prospects are bright for the coming year.

AT Woodstock, no opportunity has as yet presented itself of undertaking such work as the foregoing, but the class there has been very active in securing much-needed publicity for the cause in the press—especially through the instru-

mentality of the N. C. W. C. News Service, and the columns of *Columbia, America, The Messenger of the Sacred Heart*, and the *Catholic Deaf-Mute*. This latter publication, by the way, is unique in its field. It is the only national Catholic newspaper for the deaf in the country, and is not only a valuable supplement to the labors of all the deaf-mute pastors, but is for some scattered deaf-mutes their only source of Catholic instruction. It would be deeply appreciated if the readers of this article were to acquaint the deaf they know of about the need of subscribing to such a periodical. The paper is published monthly by a deaf layman, Mr. James F. Donnelly, 9111—116th St., Richmond Hill, N. Y.

Since the Jesuit seminarians began their work, similar groups have been organized in other seminaries. Sign-language classes are now in progress at such promising places as the Redemptorist House of Studies at Esopus, N. Y., and the diocesan seminary in St. Paul, Minn. The work is spreading—because the need for workers is becoming more clearly realized by those who can help. It is a work no less apostolic

Our Contributors

India Speaks for itself through RAFAEL PAUL, who unfolds his story in open cheery schoolboy fashion. He is now a Jesuit novice of the American Jesuit Mission in Patna, India.

In this issue we finish the hazardous Alaskan trip *Over the Trails to Dolly*, with FATHER THOMAS W. McKEY, S.J., of the Oregon Province, as guide.

FATHER JAMES F. KEARNEY, S.J., of the California Province Mission in China, has a delightful sense of humor which appreciates the many-sided "Ho-a! Ha!" he meets a every turn in China.

FATHER WILLIAM J. BIRMINGHAM, S.J., of the Chicago Province, and formerly stationed at St. Francis Mission, South Dakota, introduces you to the art of *Making Your Bed*—at least as it is done in a Sioux in Dakota.

FATHER LEO A. CULLUM, S.J., student of theology at Woodstock College, Woodstock, Maryland, and member of the Maryland-New York Province, brings back, in *Like it or not*, a charming old friend, Father Mac, whom we had the pleasure of meeting in our April issue in "Father Mac Misses a Train."

Silent Missionaries are introduced by PAUL A. NEULAND, S.J., of the Maryland-New York Province, who pleads the cause of the deaf-mutes feelingly and convincingly.

J. EDWARD FLAHERTY, S.J., of the Lower Canadian Province, recalls the trials and triumphs of past Indian missionaries as he reflects in quiet reverie *Under the Stars* at the Indian Mission of Wikewikong, Ontario.

The Jesuits of the Maryland-New York Province have suffered a great loss in Manila. *The Ateneo in Ashes* is the story of the famous school,—told by FATHER THOMAS J. FEENEY, S.J., Associate Editor of *JESUIT MISSIONS*—in the hope that it will stir generous response in all who, by prayer and financial aid, can help to rebuild this bulwark of Catholicity in the Orient.

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

than a foreign apostolate, and a work that needs the active cooperation of all those who are in any way connected with the care of souls.

BOOK REVIEWS

The Story of Auriesville. By Hugh P. Donlon. Harrigan Press, Inc., Worcester, Mass., 1932. Price, clothbound \$1.00, postage 8c extra; paper cover 50c, postage extra. Sold at Auriesville Shrine, Auriesville, New York.

"The Story of Auriesville" is an inspiring contribution to the cult of the Jesuit Martyr Saints of North America, Isaac Jogues, Rene Goupil, John Lalonde, Anthony Daniel, John Brebeuf, Gabriel

Lalemant, Charles Garnier, Noel Chabanel. From the pages of "The Jesuit Relations" and allied documents, the author has woven a stirring narrative of mission romance that is as captivating as the biographies of heroes, as challenging as a death call, and as salutary as companionship with God's elect. Set principally in the magic wonderland of what is today northern New York State, the writer leads his readers along famed Indian trails from lower New York to old Ossernenon, trails blazed with the Sign of the Cross by God's heroes of the Faith, the Jesuit Blackrobes of long ago. Like hounds of Heaven, they finally bayed the Indians into their tribal haunts, and there worried their pagan consciences with a challenging call to the one true Faith. Their feats of daring are as magnificent as the mountains and the hills they traversed, as single in their object as the placid flow of water in the lakes and rivers over which they paddled, as varied and arresting in detail as the leaves of the forest and the coverts through which they coursed. Yet these epic tales of hardihood, shot through with lyric interludes of heavenly prayer, terminated in a tragic and deathly issue, in a Gethsemane crowned with another Golgotha. Yet, again, in the midst of material depression and debased morality, these Jesuit Martyr Saints brought souls back to their God, a challenge for our Catholics of today. The book is an excellent introduction and literary guide to the meaning of old Ossernenon, and long after its perusal the reader's thoughts will pilgrimage back to the Mount of Martyrs, Auriesville, America's national shrine.

The Beauties of Motherhood. By Rt. Rev. Dr. Placidus Grogger, O.S.B. Translated and adapted by Rev. Ambrose Reger, O.S.B. P. J. Kenedy & Sons, New York, 1932. Price \$1.00, Postpaid \$1.10.

From even the most cursory reading of "The Beauties of Motherhood" it is luminously clear that to those mothers who in the use of their God-given faculties have always preserved the original order of God's creative Providence, God will one day offer the paradise of His everlasting love. No less evident is the corollary that for those who have disrupted His original plan, God will one day be waiting to demand a life for a life. For the author of life is God, and God alone. And it is precisely because our mothers share in this Divine prerogative, that the Rt. Reverend author sees in motherhood a reflection of the beauty and the glory of creation. Every problem that may confront a mother, present and expectant, is explained and solved, not by a prurient analysis which robs motherhood of all dignity and charm, but by a priestly explanation of the means to obtain the supernatural purpose of all motherhood. The author's voice echoes like a trumpet blast from

Sinai, reasserting for a world that has been too long perverting womanhood, God's plan and God's will for the mothers of men.

Our Lady's Choir. A Contemporary Anthology of Verse by Catholic Sisters, edited by William Stanley Braithwaite. Bruce Humphries, Inc., Boston, 1931. Price \$2.50.

This book is a unique contribution for lovers of poetry, and will win for its composer sincere gratitude from Catholics and non-Catholics alike. In its pages the cloistered thoughts of virginal souls are exposed to the wondering contemplation of those who are as yet uninitiated in the meditative life of our Catholic Sisterhoods. "Our Lady's Choir" indeed! Its music is that of another world, with overtones of thought and phrasing which will bring us ever closer to the great White Throne. Its harmonies are patterns of song woven from the dream stuff of angelic thoughts. Its repertoire is as encyclopedic as the desires of the human heart, a gamut of selections ranging from theodioses over the nearsightedness of man's spiritual vision to ecstasies of bliss engendered by the consoling reflection of the Bridegroom's love. Here, if anywhere, pain and human suffering are interpreted by the King's prisoners of love, and are dignified with the glory that is theirs when they are used as a test and a proof of love for God and for man.

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