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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 Cebu 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.
- (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



To gain souls such as these, Catholic missionaries in Japan have erected 228 churches, 57 chapels, 38 schools, 16 orphanages and 8 hospitals. Yet, today, out of a total population of 64,447,000, mostly Buddhists and Shintoists, barely 100,000 are Catholics.

How do they get that way?

David R.
Dunigan, S.J.

THE Foreign Missions! Strange peoples, exotic landscapes, the tropic nights!

There is something within the heart of each of us that stirs with anticipation at the thought of it. It is the effect on us of the alluring unknown. But on better acquaintance, say on the intimate acquaintance of a missionary himself, these missions lose much, if not all, of the cruise-folder glamor. The gaudy fruit swinging in the Trade Winds from some curious tree looks much more attractive up there than it does on one's plate three times a day. And romantic work? Well, take for instance . . .

Down in Jamaica's banana country there's a place called Gregory Park (it sounds like a real estate development, doesn't it?) consisting of the usual number of corrugated-tin-roofed houses and corrugated-tin fences and a tiny railway station and—in the woods at the outskirts of the town—a little Catholic chapel.



Father Francis J. Kelly, S.J., with children of the Gregory Park school attached to the Spanish Town Mission.

This latter is a very respectable-looking building. There are palm-trees growing thickly about the spot, but it is not a jungle. There is nothing about it that suggests the bizarre; it is merely an ideal spot to do a hard day's work in a hot sun.

IF this is adventure, then someone ought to tell Father Francis J. Kelly, S.J., the priest in charge, about it, because he still thinks G-r-e-g-o-r-y P-a-r-k spells "Poverty." Even the beginnings of the mission were marked with an unusual (even on this island) lack of resources. Don't shake your head, Mr. Ripley, when I tell you that the chapel was built back in 1908 by a little East Indian boy named Willie Brown. He saved what he could out of a meager salary and begged this thing and that for church furnishings all over the island. But he got what he was after and a neat mission church stands today as a testimony to his perseverance. The people of the district were at that time largely East Indian, so Willie took on himself the duties of Sunday School teacher, going about before class time like a Christian Pied Piper, gathering the children from plantations far and near to the sound of his bell and his singing voice.

Up to this time, the best that the Bishop could pro-

(Turn to page 237)

At the Gregory Park Chapel school, a versatile teacher, Mrs. Ida Brown, conducts five grades at once.



The Cayapas of Ecuador

A. Mera Cobo, S. J.

THE Cayapas Indians, who now dwell by the rivers, Cayapas and Orizoto, tributaries of the great river Santiago, resemble more closely the Chorotegas and Mayas of Central America and Yucatan, than the conquering Incas of Peru.

They came from the north, from the section of Ibarra, in Pueblo-Viejo, and drove out the Bravos Indians who do such wonderful work in the gold which they obtain from these rivers. A royal robe, worked and covered with exquisite gold plates, is now in the museum of a University at Philadelphia in the United States. It was found here, in one of the tombs of La Bolita in the Pampa de Oro by the river Santiago. The Cayapas also have other trades; they make canoes and mats and cultivate the plane-tree and other tropical fruits. They are Christians and the men understand Spanish.

IN order to understand this Indian tribe, one should read the attractive book illustrated with plates and cuts, "The Cayapa Indians of Ecuador" by S. A. Barrett, New York Museum of the American Indian, Heye Foundation, Broadway and 155th Street.

The Indians and the swarthy natives of this region form the boundary of Colombia to the Rio-Verde are parishioners of the church of Limones which is in charge of the Jesuits. Limones is a very good port, situated on an island of the delta formed by the river Santiago, and has a good church and parochial house and a large saw-mill.

Boats of moderate tonnage from Guayaquil, Esmeraldas and Fumaco, dock at Limones. For ships of deeper draught there is the Bay and Port of San Lorenzo farther to the north. At present the chief exports from all this section comprise: vegetable oil and the gold which an Anglo-American Company obtains from the washers on the banks of the river Santiago in Playa de Oro and Playa Rica. This work is directed by a Major Thomas and Mr. Ernest Hornel.

This region is very rich indeed, and in time, with the arrival of good colonists and with the opening of a good road to Ibarra in the mountains of Quito on the



The author (center) with some of his flock who have just taken part in a religious procession.

left shore of the river Mira, and with the improvement of the Port of S. Lorenzo del Pailon, near Panama, it will be the best in Ecuador or along the entire Pacific coast. This is due to its cool and even climate, the abundance of cocoas and pines, oranges, bread-fruit, rice, sugar-cane, tobacco and coffee.

THE Jesuits try to reach as many of the people of this section as they can. The inhabitants are of good character and much interested in music and the other fine arts. At present the Jesuits are constructing new churches in Borbon, Palma and Concepcion—and must protect from the waves of the sea the old and historic church of La Tola. Much work is to be done in every section of this mission. The prayers of friends will certainly help on the strenuous labors of the pioneers.

In addition to this tribe of Cayapa Indians, there are in the province of Manabi-Esmeraldas a large number of Negroes who have come from Columbia and who are descendants of those whom St. Peter Claver evangelized. The population of the province totals more than 300,000 souls who, until the year 1916, were desperately in need of priests. In that year, in response to an urgent appeal made to the General of the Society of Jesus by the Right Reverend Monsignor Andrew Machado, S. J., Bishop of Guayaquil and Apostolic Administrator of the diocese of Portoviejo, three Jesuit Fathers sailed from Belgium for missionary work in this "Paradise Lost," which has an area more than three times that of Belgium. Today, the spiritual wants of the people are ministered to by a personnel that is pitifully insufficient, comprising nine Jesuit Fathers and two Jesuit Brothers, assisted by two Fathers of Mercy, two Salesian Fathers, seven secular priests and a group of Sisters who, in four schools, are training the natives.

The Birth of a Mission



Süchow's missionaries gathered for the entronement of the Mission's first Apostolic Administrator, Rt. Rev. Msgr. Georges Marin, S.J.

Cornelius Pineau, S.J.

ON the feast of Saint Aloysius, June 21, the city of Süchow welcomed the largest group of missionaries that had ever gathered within its walls: Jesuits from France and Canada, Chinese secular priests and seminarians, all coming to assist at the entronement of Süchow's first Apostolic Administrator, the Rt. Rev. Msgr. Georges Marin, S.J. The ceremony opened at six o'clock with the Confirmation of a hundred odd school children. The missionaries, as well as the numerous Christians assisting, realized and felt deeply that now they had their own prelate, and all were filled with joy. At Monsignor Marin's first Pontifical Mass which followed, Father Ts'ai, a Chinese priest, served as Assistant, Father Tsang as Deacon, and Father Dubé as Subdeacon. The sermon was delivered by Father Siu. After Benediction, Monsignor Marin delivered a stirring talk on the spiritual life and apostolic work of the missionary. At the banquet following the ceremonies, fraternal joy reigned supreme. One could not help being struck by the *Entente Cordiale* existing between these missionaries of diverse nations.

The school children presented two short plays in the afternoon. In one of them, Lucifer appeared seated in a high throne surrounded by smoke, as in St. Ignatius' meditation on the Two Standards. Seven little devils, instigated and goaded on by him to prey on the new Prefecture Apostolic, finally swear to be the particular bane and scourge of each sub-prefecture. But the Süchow Mission includes eight sub-prefectures. Then Lucifer himself boldly resolves to besiege Tungshan-shien, the seat of the new Administrator Apostolic himself.

But Monsignor Marin and his missionaries are well aware of the many trials that must arise from the devil and other sources, and the Very Reverend Father General of the Society of Jesus, writing a personal letter of greetings to the newly elected Administrator closed with the words: "In cruce salus."

While gathering pictures to distribute to his flock,

Monsignor Marin chanced upon a letter from Father Edouard Goulet, S.J., now at Rome as Secretary of the Missions of the Society of Jesus. The letter, addressed to the three Canadian scholastics at Zi-ka-wei (Marin, Gagnon, Côté) who were about to return to Montreal to study theology, was dated June 9, 1923, when Father Goulet was yet a missionary in Süchow, the sole Canadian in what was then part of the French Jesuits' mission. He had received a letter from Father General, calling him away to Rome to the post of Secretary of the Missions. ". . . and what will be left," he wrote. "of our poor little Canadian mission? If your Blessed Little Theresa succeeds in repairing the disaster, it will be a wonderful blessing. I was in the midst of my third novena when Father General's letter arrived, but I will conclude it nevertheless. We will see who will have the last word. Is it not when all human hope is lost that God's plans triumph most strikingly?"

TO grasp the full meaning of those words, it is well to remember that at that moment the Canadian Jesuits were in a way forsaking Süchow. Father Goulet and the three scholastics at Shanghai were leaving. But the departing missionaries earnestly besought the Little Flower to keep the Süchow Mission to the Canadian Jesuits, and she did succeed in repairing the disaster and, as Father Goulet wrote, it is a "wonderful blessing."

"Is it not providential," writes Monsignor Marin, "that I should find this document, a real token of St. Theresa's power, at the very moment that His Paternity's decree entrusting Süchow to the Canadian Jesuits came into my hands? It was the answer of the dear little Patron of the Missions. In his letter, Father Goulet had inserted a calendar leaflet bearing these words of the Venerable Eymard: 'He who prays, disposes of the power of God.' Did not St. Theresa give me a signal proof of it?"

The Süchow Mission is entrusted to the Jesuits of the Lower Canadian Province. This Fall they sent to Süchow three new energetic missionaries in the persons of Fathers Delbeke, Doyon and Proulx.



Father Thomas Gallagher, S.J., whose pioneering achievements in the mission land of Mindanao, P. I., "recall the days of Daniel Boone or those of the covered wagon—or those of St. Francis Xavier!"

PIONEERS

J. Franklin Ewing, S.J.

MOST of the earth has been explored, most of the romance of the days of musket and sail seems to have expired . . . but pioneering still goes on! Not only pioneering for home and food, for business, for adventure, but that other pioneering which unites the hardships and perils of all the others with a value infinitely above them all . . . pioneering for God!

The "West Coast," as it is known among the missionaries, the mission field of Occidental Misamis, in the Island of Mindanao, P. I., is the scene of a hard bit of pioneering for God.

This coast was a mission of the Society of Jesus before its suppression. On that event the Recoletos Padres took it over to retain it until the Revolution. Some time after the Revolution, one Recoletos Padre managed to come back. He worked mostly about Jimenez, the central one of the three large towns of Misamis now supplied with Jesuits,—Misamis, Jim-

enez and Oroquieta. The rest of the coast depended on the infrequent ministrations of the priest who already had his hands full with Lanao.

The result was that the West Coast was even more Aglipayano than Oriental Misamis, while Protestantism here gained its greatest foothold. It is true that Aglipayanism gained its adherents by claiming to be the same as the Catholic Church with the added attraction of patriotism,—being the national church. But that does not make the Aglipayanos any the less difficult to convert!

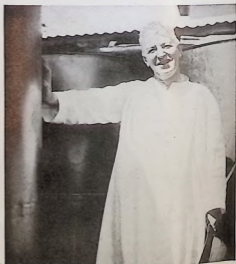
ON the Port Misamis arm of Iligan Bay, the town of Misamis greets the traveler with a not very prepossessing waterfront, framed in a setting of noble mountains. In the old days, when Oriental and Occidental Misamis were one, it alternated with Cagayan as the capital, but now its glory is commercial.

At no great distance from the wharf is the church. Most of the churches in these old Spanish towns are near the sea, because the building of the church was practically synchronous with the founding of the town on the newly discovered shore.

The church at Misamis is large, and airy, but its airiness is greatly increased by the numerous holes in the plaster and stick walls. It undoubtedly was a handsome church in its day, but it has seen its day come and go. In fact, like so many churches one enters in Mindanao, it makes the visitor breathe a prayer of apology to the dear Lord Who deigns to dwell therein!

Father Thomas Gallagher, S.J., came here to reside in November last year . . . came to a convento and a church which had not been used by a resident priest for *twenty-seven years!* The town was Aglipayano and Protestant, with the Catholics in the cowed minority. The barrios stretch back to the distant mountains, while the town itself numbers about ten thousand in its population. In common with most of the towns of Mindanao, Misamis had comparatively little money to circulate.

Combine this hopeful outlook—one typical of many in this mission land—with a tottering church and a convento at which a self-respecting porker would have turned up his nose, (after passing in front of a Protestant-staffed school!) the necessity of crossing a



Father Jeremiah M. Prendergast, S.J., who after many years is still cheering novice missionaries by the sunshine of his smile and the insistent exhortation, "Never lose your equilibrium."

swamp before one could reach the church . . . and the reader can imagine the feelings of Father Gallagher on the next November (but hot) afternoon when he entered his *parrquia!*

FIVE months later I visited Misamis, and reviewed the results of the pioneering of Father Gallagher. The list of accomplishments recalled the days of Daniel Boone, or those of the covered wagon—or those of St. Francis Xavier!

We entered the church land over a shell road, with a concrete border. Without this road it would have been necessary to wade through the swamp in front of the church. Accomplishment number one.

The church improvements were not obvious to the eye, but by contrast with what the state of the church must have been, one could see that much had been done. The danger of a falling roof had been removed by the removal of rotting pillars and the installation of new ones. The altar had been made a more fitting place for our Lord. Accomplishment number two.

Even at that, my thought was that the only way to solve the difficulty would be to raze the present structure, and build a new church. This, however, as an undisciplined flight of a wild imagination, was immediately frowned upon.

The convento was still in the merciless hands of the carpenters. The whole first floor had been concreted, and partitions were being put up for the parochial school rooms. The second floor was finished, and made from a deserted shack into a habitable and hospitable house. New water tanks, paint and other conveniences made it livable, not only for Father Gallagher, but also for the visitors. These last are quite frequent, as Misamis is still the big port of the province. Accomplishment number three.

THE Church was being gradually made too small for the congregations at the two Masses on Sunday. But we won't count this as an accomplishment . . . we will take it as a matter of course!

The morning after my arrival, Father Gallagher asked me to speak to the catechism classes in the church. I expected a small gathering. What was my surprise on being presented to nearly four hundred children, with their eleven teachers! And this crowd was coming for

two hours of catechism class every day during the vacation period. Accomplishment number four.

Here the list must stop. Not for want of accomplishments, but for want of space. The barrio work, the conversions, the work in Kolambugan, the lumber town across the Bay, and similar incidents must wait for another day.

Living amid a foreign people, with limited society of those who understand him best, his brothers in the Society, stumbling through a strange language, with the hundred minor and major difficulties of food, equipment, psychology . . . and poverty . . . the missionary is doing as arduous pioneering as those who won their way with only a rifle and an ax.



Father Joseph L. Lucas, S.J., who as Vice-Superior and Vicar-Forane of the missions in southern Mindanao—with pony and saddle, is pioneering for God and the souls of Christ's little ones.

His soul is lifted above the consolations of the friendship, the work done, above the sad hours of disappointment, for he is not laboring for a company, or for a living, or for an empire . . . he is pioneering for God!

What is true of the subject of this article is likewise true of his companions-in-arms, Fathers Joseph L. Lucas, S.J., Walter J. Hamilton, S.J., Jeremiah M. Prendergast, S.J., Martin J. O'Shaughnessy, S.J., Andrew A. Hoffman, S.J., John F. Treubig, S.J., John A. Pollock, S.J., Frederick W. Henfling, S.J., Joseph Reith, S.J., David A. Daly, S.J., Alfred F. Kienle, S.J., Hugh J. McNulty, S.J., Thomas J. Murray, S.J., James G. Daly, S.J., James L. O'Neill, S.J., Anthony V. Keane, S.J., and Brother John Duffy, S.J. In the catalogue of the Philippine Mission entrusted to the province of Maryland-New York, each of these heroes of God is but a "local habitation and a name." But, there is another catalogue wherein there is listed the roll call of the elect, and who can doubt but that the recording Angel has already inserted therein the unbloody sacrifices of these pioneers for souls.



Mother Helps Her Priest Son

IGNATIUS H. WHITEHEAD, S. J.

"But for God he gave up all, even, it seemed, his mother. She did not regret her part of the sacrifice, but it was hard now with the others gone. Musing thus she heard her name called . . ."



RS. CONE was seated in an ancient rocker, an heirloom of her younger days. Often as she sat thus, the happy thoughts of other days ran through her mind. It was an early Summer evening, and through the wide open windows of the neighboring dwelling rippled the laughter of children. There came, too, the lilting notes of music, and the voice of song, music's companion. Father and mother over there were making merry with the children, for the house next door was a home. Mrs. Cone listened and rocked.

She remembered nights like this when her home rang with the laughter of youth. She recalled the soothing evenings with her husband and her little loving family. There were just four. Catherine had been recalled by the Giver when she was little more than a child. A son went off to God's service to fight in India the battles of his King. And then her husband went to join his daughter in Heaven.

Mrs. Cone was alone now, companionless, as she thought; but really she was not, for God was very close to her. Ordinarily she was aware of God's presence, but tonight she was thinking too much, and her thoughts were going too far afield, away from God. Over her soul there came like a heavy wave a sense of her loneliness.

Since the death of her husband she yearned to see the face, to listen to the voice, to feel the strong, loving arms of that only son of hers whom she had given to God. But he was far away, under the heat of an India sky, laboring for the souls of the long neglected pagans. His deep goodness combined with a rare grace of manners, and extraordinary athletic ability had made him a popular young man. Many a mother envied that delightful boy of hers. How she herself had looked forward to the time when she could, in her old age, lean on him for support. But for God he gave up all, even,

it seemed, his mother. She did not regret her part of the sacrifice, but it was hard now with the others gone.

MUSING thus she heard her name called, and looking up she saw, all in smiles, the face of her old friend, Mrs. Clark.

"You must have been having pleasant dreams, since my footsteps failed to disturb them," said the newcomer as she embraced her.

"Not so pleasant, Margaret," she replied, "I was thinking of my boy."

"Surely, then," remarked Mrs. Clark, "that ought to be a cheerful occupation."

"I guess I was thinking much more of myself than of him," admitted Mrs. Cone. "It is hard to be alone and to know that he probably is alone, too, when we both could be united here in some cozy parish house, each a comfort to the other. But you with a son in Alaska must know my feeling."

"I do know how you feel," was the convincing reply, "since God sent me the same trial; if you don't mind I'll tell you how He lifted the weight from my heart and made that troublesome member as light as a feather."

"It has often been a matter of deep wonder for me that you can be so cheerful since you are in the same condition as myself. Would you please explain?" asked Mrs. Cone.

Mrs. Clark began to narrate briefly the story of what she called, her finding peace.

AFTER the departure of her son for the missions of Alaska she would often brood. The thought of the long dark nights, the silence there, the cold would haunt her. She worried about her son and then about herself. This attitude soon began to show its evil effects on her health. Finally, after much (Turn to page 238)

"I'll be Seeing You"

Edgar Dowd, S.J.



"How long have you been blind?"
"Long time! About thirty years ago I could see just a little."
"Why didn't you ever marry?"
"Just didn't care to."

His last words were lost in a clatter of loose tin, popping exhaust explosions and the sizzling of an effervescent radiator. I glanced up to see an auto load of long-haired "children of the forests" bumping over the mounds and gopher holes that flag the Great Rough Way of Indiantown.

"Did you ever see an auto?" I asked. He said he had not, but he has ridden in them. "What did you think, Barnaby, when it began to speed up?"

"Run fast!" said he.

"Would you prefer the buffalo-hunting, cayuse-riding days of long ago to the aspirin-tablet, motor-bus days we now have?"

"I prefer the old days," answered Barnaby, doubtless without a reflection on aspirin.

IN the Buffalo Bill, Kit Carson, Covered Wagon days of long ago, it was alleged that the "only good Indian is a dead one." And while this falsehood should have been buried with Buffalo Bill and Kit or should have fallen to pieces with the big lumber wagon, still it is alive today.

Let me introduce my friend, "Blind" Barnaby, one among many, who easily falsifies the universal statement in the preceding paragraph. He isn't dead nor dying, but still he is a good Indian, and so good, that I call him "great."

No, true enough, he has not crossed any Rubicons, nor wintered in Gaul, but during the last fifteen years on his way to daily Mass a muddy little irrigation ditch caused him more trouble than Caesar encountered crossing the unforgettable Rubicon; and to pass long Montana Winters in a mud-plastered log bungalow requires plenty of grit, especially when there isn't plenty of wood. He is not a Napoleon, who buried an army of a half million in Russian snows, but he has buried with a patient smile the jeers and sneers of the less fervent. While he cannot be identified with Caruso whose voice has thrilled countless Metropolitan audiences, I wonder if his little hymn, with which he closes thanksgiving after Holy Communion, has not amused and pleased a large audience of Cherubim?

SIXTY-THREE years ago Barnaby was born on the Flathead Reservation. He has been a Catholic all his life, a daily communicant for the last fifteen years. He knew Father George de la Motte, S.J., who to Barnaby was simply, "George."

"Barnaby," I asked, "are you happy?"
"Sure," was the reply.

THAT Barnaby is not a cranky dyspeptic is quite evident. All who come in contact with him like his pleasant, humorous disposition. Sometimes as he misses the church gate and wanders along the picket fence in the opposite direction, native stacombs sheiks tease him about his "going places" and not "seeing things," but old Barnaby just grins. Some Indians are camera shy and touchy about having their pictures taken. Barnaby, on the contrary, will let anyone shoot him, and even pesky tourists fail to disturb him with the clicks of their badly battered Brownies.

"Why don't you wear a blanket?" I once asked him.

"Get's in way!" laconically replied Barnaby.

"Before saying goodbye, Barnaby, let me ask you one more question: are you afraid to die?"

"I don't know."

"Do you think Heaven will be for you?" I went on.

"Yes, indeed!" he answered almost enthusiastically.

"What is Heaven?" I asked.

"Oh, something great and grand; too much for me to say."

"Well, I'm going, Barnaby."

HE walked with me a few steps to the end of his rickety porch. Poor Barnaby! As we stood there, the setting sun silhouetted the hills of the Bison Reserve so that they resembled a massive mosque against an eastern sky. While in the other direction, I beheld the majestic towering peaks of the Mission Range, gigantic pontifical miters flung against the everlasting canopy of blue; silent sacerdotal sentinels ever pointing upwards past the stars to the Great White Throne!

Poor Barnaby, to whom was denied all this wealth of beauty! Surely, some day, I thought, these many broken reflected rays of the Eternal Beauty would be rainbowed across the soul of this. (Pen to page 238)

Sisters for Punta Gorda

Chas. F. Kruger, S.J.

LHE Punta Gorda pier of British Honduras was crowded. Bare-footed Carib children jostled one another, seeking points of vantage from which to view the event of the year. Slowly the coast steamer *Afri-Kola* nosed in towards the wharf. "There they are!" sang out a voice, and a hundred others echoed the cry. And sure enough, there they were, the six of them,—Sisters and postulants of the Pallotine Missionary Congregation, smiling down from the upper deck upon their future pupils, patients, and friends. The scene marked the climax of an eventful three-day period in British Honduras mission history. For now the Sisters were really here in Punta Gorda to continue their work of stabilizing Catholicity by their schools built along the trails blazed by the missionary.

But the newcomers were even more than school Sisters; they were the pioneering founders of a new mission novitiate where the heroically generous girls of Central America might be introduced to the more perfect life of the Religious, and trained to carry on the work of instructing and caring for Christ's poor and little ones. No wonder then that Punta Gorda's youngest and oldest inhabitant were on hand to welcome them.

TWO days before, in the north of the colony of British Honduras, the *Afri-Kola* had sailed out of the Corozal harbor—the place where two Pallotine Sisters had been shipwrecked and drowned eight years before while they were on their way to their mission posts. On the next day the *Afri-Kola* landed at Belize where the postulants, after receiving Holy Communion, spent a happy day in visiting relatives and friends.

A great throng of well-wishers saw them off that evening on the last stormy lap of their trip. And in the morning came the joyous reception at Punta Gorda. After Mass and Holy Communion and the reading over them of the prayers of the Church by His Excellency,



"Barefooted Carib children jostled one another, seeking points of vantage . . . 'There they are!' sang out a voice, and a hundred others echoed the cry."

Bishop Joseph Murphy, S.J., of Belize, the Sisters were taken to their new convent five miles from the town, where they had more leisure to become acquainted with neighbors and friends.

After a week of hard work the Sisters had their house in order and ready for its formal dedication by the Bishop. Then on a day in early June, clergy and laity came together and the dedication was begun.

ALL this took place but a year and several months ago. And those of us who were privileged to know something of the ardent zeal that animated these generous souls, prayed confidently that God might prosper their undertaking. And that prayer has been answered.

In spite of rather discouraging results which have followed upon their efforts to make the foundation self-supporting by replacing the nearby jungle with a garden of tropical fruits and vegetables, the Sisters knew and felt that the shielding hand of Providence has never been far withdrawn. And what is more important—the spiritual aims of the foundation have been abundantly realized, for besides opening two new schools, one in Punta Gorda, the other near the novitiate, the Sisters have received and are training generous souls who came to swell the ranks of the novices.

With Nazareth Novitiate at Punta Gorda thus auspiciously begun, the day will not be far distant when the six excellent mission schools of the Pallotine Sisters in British Honduras will have new means for acquiring still greater efficiency; and also the missionaries' long cherished hope for a Catholic hospital will be nearer fulfillment. May God prosper the work!

Chika-san

Joseph Messner, S.J.

LAST October I had a visit from a German missionary nun who, together with three other German nuns, had been chosen by Providence to found a native Sisterhood in Japan. This was probably the first time in the history of my mission here at Tottori that a nun had come to the district,—which explains the interest her visit aroused among the inhabitants. They were never tired of looking at this strange being with the beautiful veil over her head and the shining crucifix on her breast.

Sister Theresa told me the following touching story of a little Japanese heroine, Chika-san by name.

Chika was born in one of those low class tea shops of which there are dozens in every street in Japan and where, provided your appetite is strong enough to overcome your repugnance to the surroundings, you can buy a dish of macaroni with tea or lemonade. When Chika was scarcely five years old, her father died. The mother lost no time in finding another mate with the result that the child soon learned what it means to have a pagan stepfather.

Two little sisters and then a brother arrived, and as soon as the little boy was born the father vanished, leaving the mother and four children unprovided for. Then the mother became seriously ill. To support the family, Chika, then ten years of age, went out to service as a nursemaid. It was very hard for Chika to have to give up going to school, but she made the sacrifice willingly out of love for the sick mother and the children. She did attend school part time, but when she had completed her compulsory schooling, which lasts only six years in Japan, she got a position as messenger-girl in the educational section of the municipal offices.



"Chika was born in one of those low class tea shops . . . in Japan."

IT was a rather good position, but the mother was quite content to find her lodgings in a house of very questionable repute, where after her hard day's work she had to spend her time in the company of dancers and even less reputable lodgers. For a few coppers she could get herself some rice and vegetables, but beyond that nobody bothered about her. It is a wonder that she was not ruined morally as well as physically in these surroundings, but the mother did not care. Despite this heartless treatment, the little pagan girl preserved in her heart a warm love for her mother. God's grace was

with her and He was watching over His child.

His Providence arranged that the mother was sent to the hospital run by the Sisters, and in the course of time, Sister Theresa came

(Turn to page 238)



Where little Japanese orphans receive the tender care of European and native Sisters.



The author—in a serious mood—poses with the outcastes among whom he formerly labored.

Father Miller did not intend the account on this page as an article. It was originally a letter to an intimate friend. However, it gives such a humorous picture of what is a stern reality to the American Jesuit missionaries among the Santals of Patna, India, that it was considered worthy of wider publicity.—*Editor.*

THIS morning I was examining the "Wreck of the *Hesperus*," i.e., various boxes, suitcases, etc., in my room, and I came across a letter from you asking me to tell you something about my mission.

I was going to start by telling you that my "territory," Monghyr District, covers over 3,500 square miles, but it occurred to me that you would say: "Oh, that is only about seventy by fifty miles and is not much." So, I'll drop that and start with "as is." It is 8:20 P.M. by the dollar alarm clock on the only shelf in the only room I have. That shelf leads a precarious existence, for it is supported by three pegs driven into the mud wall. Oh, the shelf is part of the top of an old box.

Said room is about twelve by ten feet. It has one front

Living de lu

Charles P.

door, one back door, and one window. The roof is so low that I can reach the peak without standing on anything but terra firma. The roof is made of clay tiles laid on brushwood which is laid over saplings which are full of wood boring worms which shed a continual shower of fine wood-dress on to everything and into everything including the soup which I would like if I could get it.

The log that forms the roof beam is badly bent, and some of the saplings have done gone bust so that the roof sags in the middle like the old gray mare, and as I ponder over the follies of my youth before falling to sleep, I can see the stars through the chinks in the roof.

There is no tax on these chinks so I can afford them in my house.

THE back door of the room leads into an ante-room, called the "Blue Room." The rugs have not been ordered for this room nor are there any lace curtains, for there are no windows. It is about seven by ten feet. My servant sleeps in it while I sleep in the "Main Room," the one with the "Mezzanine Floor" that was never laid.

Beyond this ante-room is a sort of covered portico, which houses a large bin for rice for the boarding school, my motorcycle, some clay tubs full of lime and some large rocks, which are made of quartz and are badly chipped where I hit them in the dark with my shins.

To return to the Main Room. The front door is made of two slabs of some cheap wood, unplanned, unpainted and hung at an artistic angle (by the astigmatic village carpenter) on crude iron hinges hammered out by the village blacksmith under the spreading banana tree.

The back door is merely a hole in the mud wall. The window is protected from the onslaught of mosquitoes by two inch mesh chicken wire so that thieves may have no difficulty in effecting an entrance. It can be barred shut by two slabs of wood on

hinges. The front door is locked from the inside by a wooden cross bar. All the doors are so low that I have to stoop in going through them lest I loosen the door frame by hitting it with my bald head.

My bed, a table three by three, and a number of tin boxes, plus a soda fountain iron-wire legged chair, complete my equipment. The bed is also the product of the village carpenter. It is worth twenty-five cents including the rope, the wood, and the making. The chief value of



The latest fashions in Santal Land. A Santal family of Patna Mission, all dressed up in their Sunday best.

e in Santal Land

Miller, S.J. such a bed is the sag it develops in the middle and the enormous number of bed bugs it can house, if given any encouragement.

This bed consists of four posts about sixteen inches high and two inches thick. Into these are mortised four horizontal bars which form the framework on which the rope is stretched. As I am about six feet long, my two feet usually rest on the horizon when I try to stretch out on one of these beds.

Over the ropes I put a *durrie* or native carpet worth about twenty cents. This is for warmth in cold weather. A blanket or two plus a pillow, if I have one, and minus a pillow if I have none, completes this part of the program. It all sounds horrible, but in all seriousness, I can sleep very comfortably on this piece of apparatus. As Pat says, "A man can get used to hanging if he hangs long enough." The bare ground, with a blanket under you, is a comfortable bed. Once you get used to it you sleep soundly on it and can keep a solo part in the Snorer's Chorus that will put to shame even a Simmons Quartet.

MY table is a marvel. Everyone of the four legs is loose-jointed. When dinner is announced, I simply shove everything to the other side of the table, and when the dishes have been removed I pull them back again.

My butler is a dandy. He is also one of my schoolmasters. He wears, Winter and Summer, a kind of stocking cap on his head. What is under the cap I do not know, but it is difficult to make him understand some things.

But to return to the tin boxes. These are really trunks and contain everything from shoestrings to ox-cubes, and from shaving soap to hacksaw blades. If the young ladies saw the contents of these boxes spread out they would go into ecstasies and cry out "Woolworth is having a fire sale." But let the fair sex not be alarmed. You have to carry all these things in stock when you live a long way from civilization. I am 110 miles by road from Bhagalpur. By civilization I mean a place where you can buy white bread and razor blades without drawing a picture to show what you mean.

My food varies from Dahl-bhat-potatoes at noon to potatoes-bhat-dahl in the evening, plus some country salt and the inevitable tea.

Dahl is a kind of pulse and *bhat* is cooked rice. For breakfast I have *chappaties* or *sugie*. *Sugie* is a ferinaceous food of some kind, ground on a native mill. It is good stuff. I forgot to bring pepper along so I do without it. Bread and butter are to be found in the dictionary if I remember rightly.

On feast days I have a chicken. Said chicken is about the size of a big pigeon and lays eggs in proportion. Goat meat can be had if you can get a goat. Goat meat is very good despite the reputation of the goat. A big goat costs about two dollars, and a small one about thirty to fifty cents.



Among Santals such as these are Father Miller and his American Jesuit companions planting the seed of the Gospel of Christ.

Strange to say, the price of goat meat is determined by the price of goat skins.

NOW to return to my butler with the stocking cap; I have enamel ware dishes, as they are unbreakable, and they are the same as he has, and therefore, he has less temptation to "borrow" them.

I shall never forget the first time I had him make soup from ox-cubes. I "borrowed" these ox-cubes from another missionary. One fair evening I came home dead tired after a day on the road. What is dinner without soup, thought I, so I called the butler. "James," quoth I, "I shall have soup tonight for supper. Before you ship the other articles of diet, bring me some boiling hot water." "Yes sir," said James. (Turn to page 239)



Christ the King comes unto His own in this open air cathedral of Santal Land. Father John Kilian, S.J., at the altar.

JESUIT MISSIONS

A MAGAZINE OF APOSTOLIC ENDEAVOR

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Books for the Ateneo Library

WHILE it is contrary to the general policy of JESUIT MISSIONS to make direct appeals, we feel that our friends will not take it amiss if in the case of the recent destructive fire in Manila we make an exception, and appeal for the library.

A letter from the Reverend President of the Ateneo de Manila, Father Richard A. O'Brien, S.J., reproduced in part on page 232 of this issue, gives a vivid description of the fire. In the latter portion of the same letter, Father O'Brien speaks of the loss of the library. Perhaps some of our readers can come to the Ateneo's assistance by supplying books. Our heartfelt thanks go out to all who can be of help. The portion of the letter referred to is as follows.

"Now let us say a word on the prime purpose of this letter, the loss and reconstruction of the students' library. It was of course a total loss. There were in this library some eleven-thousand volumes. It has been gradually built up during the last ten years. Originally there were many generous contributors in the United States who gave the library its start. Without again calling on those who are able to help us with what books they can spare we will be unable even to begin to build our library anew. It would be out of the question in our present straightened financial condition to buy new books or even old ones. We are thrown therefore on your charity.

"We shall need an 'Encyclopedia Britannica' or 'Americana' and a 'Catholic Encyclopedia,' the set, 'Book of Knowledge,' several large dictionaries, the works of English poets, essays, history, books of philosophy, and of course, novels, but the reference books especially in English literature and philosophy and the sciences will be our pressing need. To sum up, we need a library for a high school and college with a registration of over six hundred students. Any books sent us may be addressed to us at Manila (Ateneo de Manila, P. O. Box 154, Manila, P. I.) or to Rev. George J. Willmann, S.J., 515 E. Fordham Rd., New York, N. Y.

"The Ateneo was founded in 1859, and since then has been doing its work of educating the youth of the Philippines in knowledge and virtue. The Lord saw fit in 1932 to take the sword from the hands of His servants. Why we were stripped of our natural resources is another of life's thousand mysteries. All one can ever know is that we must go on though the Divine purposes are hidden from us. We deal with the things that are seen and rely ultimately on the things that are not seen. We must have and use the natural means; and make every effort in the natural order, while we know not the mysteries of the supernatural order where our accomplishment is. That is our duty. If you help us to provide these natural means, that is your charity.

"In this spirit we will if possible produce an even bigger and better Ateneo. We can at least do our best with what is at hand, and calling on those who we know are of the same spirit to help us we will await the Lord who giveth the increase."

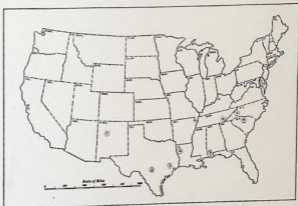
Jesuit Brothers

THE name of St. Peter Claver of the Society of Jesus, Apostle of the Negroes, is familiar to Catholics the world over; but few, perhaps, know that the inspiration and the encouragement that made him the martyr of charity that he was, came from a humble zealous lay-Brother, St. Alphonsus Rodriguez. The latter's feast is celebrated on October 31, and we mention him here, not so much to advance devotion to him—though that is in itself a worthy cause—but rather to point out the dignity of the high vocation of the lay-Brother and to indicate especially his value to the missions.

The vocation of the Jesuit lay-Brother enables him to participate in all the good works of the Order, for he is as much a member of it as any Jesuit priest, and he binds himself by the same vows of poverty, chastity and obedience. Since his work is mainly that of caring for the temporal affairs of the various houses of the Order, he does not spend years in study, but after the years of noviceship, is prepared to enter fully into his assigned tasks.

On the missions his work is especially valuable, for while the missionary priest is visiting his scattered stations, the Brother takes care of the home, the church—even catechetical work, and the thousand and one things to be done about a parish or mission house. Then too, when the missionary returns to his home station, the Brother is a real companion, a fellow worker,—one who is interested in all that concerns the welfare of a given mission. As such he accomplishes much for souls, even though his work brings him little into direct contact with them. May the saintly Alphonsus be the inspiration to many young men to follow in his footsteps. They may not have the education or the desire to enter the priesthood, but they have at hand a splendid vocation in the life of consecration to God as Brothers, co-workers in spreading the Kingdom of God. The Editors of JESUIT MISSIONS will be happy to hear from young men between the ages of eighteen and thirty-five, who feel themselves called to the Religious life as Jesuit Brothers.

American Jesuits in Southern States Missions



AMERICAN Jesuits from the New Orleans Province are laboring in (1) Albuquerque, N. M. (2) in the missions attached to Our Lady of Guadalupe Church, San Antonio, Texas (3) among the isolated Catholics in the diocese of Galveston (4) in the Shreveport missions (5) in the Spring Hill missions (6) in the eastern Tennessee missions (7) in the western North Carolina missions and (8) in the Rock Hill missions of South Carolina. In the Albuquerque missions, the Jesuits have labored for the Spanish Americans since 1869. In San Antonio, they are working among the laboring class of Mexicans. In Galveston, they give missions, both moral and dogmatic, to Catholics in the country settlements. They are laboring in towns and villages within striking distance of St. John's College, Shreveport, La. They instruct the ignorant through-

out the five hundred square miles sector that is the Spring Hill College missions. They explore and seek for forgotten and fallen away Catholics of the territory east of the Tennessee River. They have a mission center at Hot Springs, North Carolina, and at Revere, a church for the mountaineers of the Revere-Big Pine district, while in the eleven stations of the Rock Hill section they are engaged in pioneering for the souls of old and new Catholics.

THE press has come to be recognized by the entire world as a social power of the first order, for it is the press that forms opinions and molds the people's mentality not only in the Occident, but also in the Orient and in particular in China and Japan.

The press has a two-fold power, the power for good and the power for evil. It must be clear that in the hands of Catholic missionaries, "This Art Divine," "This Universal Gospel," is capable of making Jesus Christ known and loved even to the farthestmost ends of the world. Today twenty-five Catholic presses are functioning in China and four in Japan. In spite of this comparison, it must not be supposed that the Japanese are not a reading people. On the contrary, they are a nation of readers. Tokio is the site of 400 printing establishments, publishing more than 700 reviews. One establishment publishes nine reviews with a monthly subscription of 15,000,000. Eighty thousand workers are employed and two hundred delivery trucks are found necessary to solve the problem of distribution.

In 1878, the first of the daily political and commercial journals was founded. Four years later, 100 papers existed in Japan. Today there are actually 1,000 dailies and 3,000 journals of each class. The circulation of the dailies is 10,000,000 copies a day. Protestants were not slow to realize the value of such a means of prop-

THE MISSION INTENTION

for NOVEMBER

The Press in China and Japan

aganda, and in 1925, they began to insert weekly paid columns or one-half columns on Christian topics in the secular papers. In response, they received thousands of letters demanding a more complete knowledge of Christ and of Christianity.

On April 8, 1931, at the Archbishop's Palace in Tokio, in order to study the spiritual unrest in Japan today, there was held a reunion of the representatives from the different Catholic missions. The founding of a Catholic weekly was the result. This first edition numbered 15,000 copies. Besides this weekly and a couple of Catholic brochures, Japan possesses two important monthlies, "The Katholik" with 1,100 paid subscriptions for 1931, and "The Koe" with 3,000. The first Catholic press in Japan was founded by Father Valignani, S.J., who wished by this means to help the development of a native clergy.

Only recently the secular press, of their own initiative, asked for articles from time to time on aspects of Catholicity in order thus to satisfy the demands of their readers. What is true of Japan, is true of other mission countries and particularly of China, of which the Jesuit, Father Ricci, wrote centuries ago, "China will be converted more by books than by sermons." The Mission Intention for the month of November: "The Press in China and Japan," is therefore most important, and is heartily recommended to the prayers of all the Faithful.

A FIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUITS



PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

Father Richard A. O'Brien, S.J., Rector of the Ateneo de Manila, writes a graphic description of the fire that razed that famous College to the ground:

"At about nine o'clock in the evening, the towers of St. Ignatius' Church adjoining the Ateneo were suddenly illuminated by the flare of a blazing building three blocks away. A fire had started in a small shop next door to the Land Registration office. This government building was unquestionably doomed because the flames had wrapped the whole structure of the store before any attempt was made to check them. When the Land Registration office lit the night with its larger fire, a general alarm was turned in, for it now became evident that the whole walled city was in danger of being devoured by one monstrous uncontrollable conflagration. From the roof of our house we witnessed the lamentable error of the fire fighters which was to be repeated thrice during the course of the next few hours and ultimately to result in the destruction of the Ateneo. There was neither concentration of the water supply on those sections where the fire was spreading nor any attempt to wet those sections of the adjoining buildings that were not yet touched by the flame, but were lying directly to the leeward. The dormitory of Santa Isabel College was already pricked by the fiery forks darting from the windows of the Land Registration building. There was at this point some doubt as to whether Santa Isabel would go and some hope that the fire was under control.

"Flames had appeared earlier on the edge of the College roof, but now there was nothing but clouds of black smoke rolling out in great banks from some place in the center of the building. The doubt was dispelled and the hope vanished when the roof of that building crashed into the ground and the shell that was the College vomited flame and glowing char in one burst to the skies. The roof had been hiding the inferno that was rising like an angry tide within Santa Isabel College. It was not going to be destroyed, it was already in ruins. Between Santa

Isabel and the Public Works Building, there is a street about eighteen feet from curb to curb. If the fire jumped this gap the Ateneo was lost; and the fire did jump it and spread rapidly through the Public Works building. All had already been ordered out of the Ateneo; but the Fathers made one last search of the dormitories and corridors. In the meantime, others of the faculty were engaged in helping the Sisters of St. Paul's Hospital remove the sick. So intense was the heat generated by the burning of Santa Isabel and the Public Works building, which is contiguous to the Ateneo, that it was impossible to remain within our building even before the flames touched it. Finally, the hour of the Ateneo was at hand.

"The only explanation of the rapidity with which it was consumed is that the wood had been raised to its kindling temperature by the heat from the other buildings. It was a fact observed by all that once the flame reached the Ateneo it was ignited throughout its whole length and breadth with an almost explosive violence. One minute after it caught fire, it was burning on three sides. One of the Fathers, who later was responsible for the safety of the old mission house and who at this time was fight-

ing his way into the far end of the building with a fire-hose, said that the flame and smoke roared down the main corridor as if it were coming over a broken dam, a veritable cataract of fire. Twenty-five minutes after the flames were first seen in the Ateneo building, the roof and walls had been completely destroyed. No one had hoped, when the fire began in the main building of our college, that the mission house, a small structure across the street, (but connected by a bridge) would ever survive. It was even probable at this time that St. Ignatius' Church with its invaluable and irreplaceable wood-carvings would soon be nothing but a little filament of glowing embers.

"However, there was one who did hope to meet the fire's ugly challenge; and he met it. Thrice deserted by firemen, he fought to keep the hose inside of the main building. There was only one wall now that was not burning and through the doors of this wall he continued to shoot a long stream of water. With the help of a changing wind and volunteer assistants he kept that one wall wet. The flames broke through the upper part of the wall and even stung the eaves of the mission house to a lethal glow, but the rest of this one wall guarded



The ruins that tell the sad story of the destruction by fire, August 13, 1932, of the Ateneo de Manila, the famous college of the American Jesuits of the Maryland-New York Province in Manila, P. I.



Süchow's (China) first Canadian martyr of charity. Father Edouard Lafortune, S.J., died on August 14, 1932, a victim of the cholera which he contracted while administering Extreme Unction to a dying Chinese Christian.

well by the Ateneo's Father Prefect of Discipline served as a blanket to wrap up the intense heat within the main building which was by this time roaring its way to ashes like a blast furnace. The mission house and the old St. Ignatius' Church are standing today, the College building of the Ateneo de Manila is no more."

CHINA

On August 14, a cablegram from Shanghai announced the death of Father Edouard Lafortune, S.J., a Canadian missionary in Süchow, China, since 1925. An excerpt from a letter sent by Rt. Rev. Msgr. Georges Marin, S.S., gives us details of the heroic priest's death.

"This morning, August 14, our mission suffered a severe loss. Father Edouard Lafortune passed away at four o'clock. Last night at nine, a telegram reached me: 'Lafortune. Cholera. Serious.' At once, I sent a telegram to Brother Soulligny to hasten to Father Lafortune's bedside. Then I secured medicine from Süchow's Protestant hospital and was about to take the train when a second telegram arrived: 'Lafortune dead.'

"Father Lafortune died a victim of duty. He died a soldier's death in full battle, comforted at the last moment by the last sacraments, and in full possession of his faculties to the end,—a death every missionary envies.

"At eight o'clock in the morning of August 11, Father Lafortune set out in a mule-cart to administer Extreme Unction to a Christian seventeen miles away. The heat was oppressive and the dying man was a victim of the cholera that has been ravaging the whole country for the past few weeks. Very late that night the Father re-

turned home worn out with fatigue and with no appetite for any food. On the following day violent diarrhoea set in. He believed it was an attack of dysentery, a chronic disease with him. On Friday, the 13th, his neighbor, Father de Geleoes, visited him. He found Father Lafortune in good spirits though somewhat fatigued. On Saturday, Father Lafortune said Mass, but feeling ill, sent word to Father de Geleoes to come to see him again on the next day, after Mass. Father de Geleoes was just returning from administering the last sacraments to one of his flock. He felt some anxiety about Father Lafortune's illness, and despite the drenching rainfall, said to himself: 'I'll go at once.' Hardly had he set out when a second messenger arrived, urging him to make haste. The symptoms of cholera were now evident. Father de Geleoes gave him two injections of anti-toxin. That stimulated the patient and relieved the sharpness of the pains he was suffering. But he refused energetically to take the alcohol that might have saved him. Father de Geleoes gave him Extreme Unction, and at 3:30 A.M., Holy Viaticum. The dying missionary remained very calm. Father de Geleoes recited the prayers for the dying. Just as he was saying the last words, Father Lafortune passed away in a very peaceful manner. He had begged Father de Geleoes to tell every one of this great joy he felt in dying in the Society of Jesus, a missionary in Süchow."

who are out of it. Some of these unfortunate people have numerous families to support, and it is a real mystery to many how they can live almost on nothing. We, therefore, earnestly ask our Catholic people and even those who do not belong to our Church, but are prompted by an honest desire to help, when in need of help, either for housework or for any other kind of work, to call Fannin 4064, and tell their needs to the lady in charge. We have good women for house-work, also gardeners, carpenters, etc., all at reasonable cost.

"This bureau is not conducted for profit, but, as we stated before, with the sole wish of doing some good to the Mexican people. We are sure that our good friends will help us in this worthy desire."

PATNA, INDIA

With the departure for India, on October 8, of Father John J. Meyer, S.J., John M. Lane, S.J., and Vincent G. McGlinchay, S.J., the number of American Jesuits in Patna, India, will total forty-five. Of these, twenty-six are priests, nineteen are Scholastics. Besides the Americans, there are six native secular priests, fourteen European and native Scholastics and five native lay-Brothers,—bringing the total personnel up to seventy. This little band must scate its energies among the 27,000,000 pagans in Patna's territory.

Under date of August 11, Father Edward A. Scott, S.J., a missionary among the Santals, writes:

"I have had only eight Baptisms—six Santals and two Mahles in the past three weeks. The people are all knee-deep in the fields from early dawn till after dark, for it is the transplanting season in the rice fields.

"I developed a badly sun-burned shin on my last Dhamai trip. The water was almost waist-deep in the two rivers,—and in addition to going through these, I had some eight miles of shoeless mud and water travel. Then, I walked into Godda Monday, and aggravated matters by that trip.

SOUTHERN STATES

The Jesuits of the southern States who have charge of the mission work at the Church of Our Lady of Guadalupe, San Antonio, Texas, are opening a bureau for the unemployed Mexicans. The following announcement was made public by them recently. It manifests their deep interest in the persecuted Mexican people:

"In view of the great distress of the Mexican people, the Church, always a loving Mother, has established an employment bureau, to help find work for the parishioners, men and women.



Jesuits of the Lower Canadian Province recently appointed to the Süchow Mission in China. (Left to right) Fathers Armand Proulx, S.J., Oscar Doyon, S.J., and Raphael Delbeke, S.J.

I figured the roads were too bad for cycling, and so I tramped the distance, thus making my three days' travel nearly forty miles. I am now paying the price."

Father Raymond Conway, S.J., is making headway among the Paharia tribes, having had a number of Baptisms lately. His mission is the neighboring mission to that of Father Edward Scott. The latter is interesting himself in the production of a catechism in the language of Malto hill men, and will spend the rainy season this year in mastering their little known language.

Prophets of all kinds continue to spring up around the Santal territory. The Belgian Fathers in the diocese of Ranchi, adjoining Patna, report considerable annoyance from the preaching of a certain Hari Baba. The annoying feature of many of these movements is a taboo on the keeping of animals (such as chickens and pigs) offensive to orthodox Hindus.

A strong increase of pro-Communist and anti-religious articles in the Hindu language press is noticed by missionaries in India who are observing the trend of affairs. It is noted that great stress is laid in these papers upon the principle that the worship of man must be the new religion of India. Extremely little objection is made by orthodox Hindus. Atheistic doctrines are fast winning over the educated youth of northern India. The amount of admiration for Communist principles met with among the University students in Patna is positively alarming.

One of the Sisters working among the Santals in Patna Mission had an amusing experience recently. It is quoted from a letter:

"Sister Kunigund was working about the house as usual when an Indian woman suddenly came running in in great excitement. 'Sister! Sister! Please come quickly; the little one is very sick.' A soul to be saved! Sister quickly got her bottle of water for Baptism and also some medicine, and went off for the neighboring village. A little while later she returned laughing. The school children asked her the reason for her merriment. She explained, 'I could not baptize a calf!'"

Another Sister had a similarly disappointing experience. She writes: "I heard a howling and screaming that I had learned to associate with the advent of death in Indian homes. I ran out and saw that a crowd had gathered on the road a little distance away. I was there in a moment. But, alas for my trouble, it was a marriage and not a death. An Indian mother was bidding farewell to her ten year

RENOWNED JESUIT MISSIONARIES



ST. PAUL MIKI, S. J.

PAUL MIKI, like his dying Master on Calvary's Cross, was thirty-three years old when he, too, was crucified on the hill by Nagasaki in Japan. His father and mother were of noble birth, and had become Catholics when Paul was only five years old. Six years later, Paul commenced his studies at the College of the Jesuit Fathers, and made rapid progress. Whilst still a boy at college, he accompanied the Fathers on their missions, and was present at their disputes with the Bonzes. In 1586 he entered the novitiate of the Society of Jesus, and in 1588 he took his first vows as a Jesuit scholastic at the age of twenty-four. When he had completed his studies in philosophy and theology, but before he had been ordained a priest, he was ordered to preach the Gospel of Christ. Endowed with splendid natural gifts of oratory, he had the further advantage of a thorough acquaintance with his native Japanese language, and an excellent enunciation. His success was immediate and permanent. Paul also wrote several tracts against the doctrines of the Bonzes, which made a deep impression by their vigor, and eloquence.

It was his hope and prayer that one day he should be permitted to hold in his human hands his Divine Leader and Lord. That day never dawned in this world. It was as a victim, not as a priest, that Paul Miki in the end approached the altar of the Cross.

old daughter who was going to her husband's home."

CANADIAN INDIANS

J. Edward Flaherty, S.J., whose articles appear from time to time in *Jesuit Missions*, is now stationed among the Indians at Holy Cross Mission, Wikwemikong, Ont. While there, he will devote special efforts to acquiring the Indian language.

Joseph Dwyer, S.J., having finished his philosophy at Toronto, will be stationed at the Indian school at Spanish, Ont.

Father Julien Paquin, S.J., a veteran missionary among the Indians of Canada, writes from Garden River, Ont., to some of his friends and helpers:

"I appreciate very much your spiritual offering. It is a powerful help in my work and an excellent training for yourself in the missionary spirit.

"This is my reply to the question of your correspondent: I have 110 families in my mission. There is not a single family of pure blood Indians, nor is there a single family without some Indian blood. To use a mathematical expression, they range from half-breeds to sixteenth-breeds, speak Indian, English and French, and have preserved, more or less, Indian characteristics. . . .

"They are improving slowly but steadily in their Christian life, especially the children, owing to the good influence of the teachers.

"The devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus is flourishing in the mission; I have fifteen zealous promoters, nearly all school children. The first Friday Communion is well attended. For all these blessings, we thank God."

'IRAQ

In the bulletin announcing the opening of classes on September 26, for the High School Department of Baghdad College, the American Jesuits in charge state their position in regard to the teaching of religion clearly and frankly as follows:

"Experience has shown that there can be no true and solid education where there is not a corresponding development of the moral faculties. Pope Pius XI, in his admirable Encyclical on the Christian Education of Youth, echoes the age-old teaching of the Church: 'Since education consists essentially in preparing man for what he must be and for what he must do here below, in order to attain the sublime end for which he was created, it is clear that there can be no true education which is not wholly directed to man's last end . . . and there can be no ideally perfect education which is not Christian education.'



Father James M. Harney, S.J., of the Province of New England, who sailed for missionary work in Jamaica, B. W. I., on August 13.

In other words, education is not a one-sided affair, but the full and harmonious development of all the faculties distinctive of man. While it is true that education refines the taste and the imagination, quickens the understanding and stimulates the powers of observation, it is no less certain that knowledge and development, of themselves, have no moral efficacy. Religion alone, in any scheme of education, has the power to keep the soul pure, to control the imagination, to guide and strengthen the will. Hence it is that the Jesuit system of education aims at developing, side by side, the moral and the intellectual faculties of the students and sending them forth men of clear judgment, acute intellect, and upright conscience. Hence the need, too, of inculcating throughout all the daily studies the lessons of conscientious work, of self-discipline, of loyalty to duty and unswerving fidelity to God. For, as Leo XIII wrote not so very many years ago, "it is necessary not only that religious instruction be given to the young at certain fixed times, but also that every other subject taught be permeated with Christian piety. If this is wanting, if this sacred atmosphere does not pervade and warm the hearts of masters and scholars alike, little good can be expected from any kind of learning and considerable harm will often be the consequence." Religion, therefore, will justly find an important part in education, and the students of Baghdad College will be expected to be as conscientious in their study of religion as in their other lessons.

"We think it fair to remark that although the school is Catholic, non-Catholics will be accepted and their religious opinions scrupulously respected. They will not be required to

take part in the distinctively Catholic exercises, nor will there be any discrimination in the conferring of privileges, honors, or academic distinctions of the school based on religious belief."

JAMAICA, B. W. I.

Jottings from Jamaica reveal a well organized program of parochial activities being sponsored by our Jesuit missionaries in the Island. Prominent among these during the Summer months were the Men's Sodality Meeting of August 17, at the Holy Trinity Cathedral; the annual convention and retreat of the Missionary Catechists, August 11 and 12, at St. George's College and the Cathedral, respectively; the meeting of the Young Men's Circle for Catholic Action at St. Anne's Schoolroom, August 22, and the lecture on "Faith and Life" by Mr. F. L. Casserley, Assistant Canadian Trade Commissioner in Jamaica; the Church Parade with Boy Scouts attending at the Cathedral on August 14; the annual retreat at Alvernia conducted by Very Rev. C. F. Arnold, S.J., the Superior of the Jamaican Mission; the Sacred Concert at Holy Rosary Church, Windward Road, August 21; the Garden Fete at Toll Gate, August 24; the Concert and Penny Sale at Spanish Town, August 1, and the blessing of the new bell at Jeffrey's Town on Sunday, August 7.

AMERICAN INDIANS

Father Aloysius J. Keel, S.J., new Superior of Holy Rosary Mission, Pine Ridge, South Dakota, wrote in September:

"On September the first, the Indian boys and girls began to return to Holy Rosary Mission in large numbers. We now have an enrollment of three hundred and fifty children. You can well imagine how much clothing and food it takes for these Red Skins. We are very grateful to kind friends, such as you, who have helped us to continue

the work of teaching these children of the prairie to know and love our Lord.

"We are, indeed, so very grateful that we want to show some token of our appreciation to you for your interest and cooperation in the work for souls among the lowly Sioux. On September 28, the feast of St. Michael, the Archangel, I shall offer a Solemn High Mass in the presence of the missionaries, Jesuit Brothers, Sisters and Indian children for the intentions of our benefactors. My prayer for you in this Mass will be that God will bless and reward you for your charity to the Blackrobes at Holy Rosary Mission and the poor Indians entrusted to their spiritual care. May God bless you."

ALASKA

Writing from Pilgrim Springs, Alaska, Father Aloysius G. Willebrand, S.J., says:

"Father John Concannon, S.J., who was our Superior here for the past year, has been sent to take charge of our mission post at Kotzebue and now enjoys the distinction of being the northernmost resident missionary in the mission of Alaska. Father Peter L. Baltussen, S.J., is now Superior here. He is very efficient and practical, and things continue to go well under his management.

"Our school is running smoothly. We have about forty-five girls and boys here. They are all Eskimos, and mostly orphans. Thanks to the work of our good Ursuline Sisters and our Jesuit Brothers, they are receiving a good training and a Catholic education. It is quite a task to keep them all well fed and properly clothed. The mission has to finance all this. For food, we rely somewhat on our garden produce, but this year our garden suffered because of a late Spring and cool Summer. However, we still hope to have enough to supply our own needs."



Father John J. Balje, S.J., Superior of St. Paul's Mission, Montana, standing behind one of the two ancient pipes of the Gros Ventre Tribe of American Indians. The pipe is hidden in a wrapper of sacred materials and votive offerings.



FROM MARYLAND



IN MEMORIAM

On June 28, 1932, the hierarchy of India lost a great mind and a Bishop of broad vision in the death of Monsignor Perini, S.J. Monsignor Perini was born at Brandola in the Province of Modena, Italy, on January 12, 1867. He entered the Society of Jesus on November 12, 1883. Had he lived a year more, he would have celebrated his golden jubilee in the Religious life. He came to India in 1890, and at his death left behind him a roster of achievements, in the Diocese of Mangalore, with its seminary, its colleges and schools, its parishes and institutions, all of which owe to Bishop Perini either their very existence or their development. The new Diocese of Calicut, with its growing institutions, the Wynaad, with its promising missionary stations, are a monument to his zeal. Describing the last hours of Bishop Perini, Father Chiriatte, S.J., writes from St. Martha's Hospital, Bangalore. "On Sunday, 26th, very little hope was left. We broke the news to him as gently as possible, and it was really edifying to see how he accepted it. He had no worries of any sort. Before leaving the Diocese he had seen to the material part of his office, and as to his spiritual side, he was as calm as a boy who had never had any office of responsibility. Yet he didn't think he was very bad. In the afternoon he was worse, and the Bishop of Nellore, here present, told him that it would be advisable to receive the Last Sacraments. The Vicar General of Mylapore, a friend of Bishop Perini's, heard his confession, and all of us, priests and nuns, accompanied the Viaticum. It was beautiful to witness his recollection. Just before receiving Holy Communion, he stopped the priest and said, 'I wish to make my Profession of Faith—I believe all the Holy Ghost has revealed and the Church teaches. I am fully resigned to God's Will and I offer my life for the conversion of India and especially for the conversion of the Hindus and Mohammedans of Calicut. This is the first and may be the last time I receive the Last Sacraments. I am fully resigned to God's Holy Will. If He wishes to restore to me my health, so many are praying for this purpose, and there is so much to do—I hope I shall spend it for His greater Glory. If He wishes to call me to Himself, I am resigned. May His Will be done.'"

CARDINAL VAN ROSSUM

Death has deprived the missions of the services of the Prefect of the S. Congregation of Propaganda Fide, H. E. William Cardinal Van Rossum. His well-filled career ended with a missionary setting, on his return from the first National Eucharistic Congress of Scandinavia, between his consecrating a missionary Bishop of China and his engagement to consecrate a Vicar Apostolic for Norway. Little known outside of scholastic circles in Rome until his appointment to head the Foreign Missions department



His Excellency, the late William Cardinal Van Rossum, Prefect of the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda Fide.

of the Holy See, the Cardinal soon made himself felt as a magnetic and powerful leader. The World War had worked havoc in many mission fields by the withdrawal of personnel for military service, the exile of missionaries for nationalistic reasons, the crippling of material resources, etc. A renaissance of missionary activities was needed and Cardinal Van Rossum became the instrument of Divine Providence to reinvigorate the age-old missionary traditions of the Church and to extend by leaps and bounds the boundaries of Christ's Kingdom on earth. Numerous orders and congregations were called on for a more efficient occupation of the mission field;

a marked impetus was given to the recruiting and training of a native clergy in mission lands, while important sectors were entrusted to native bishops in India, China, Japan and North Africa; stronger unity was obtained within mission areas by the establishment of apostolic delegations; the entire Catholic body was roused to cooperation with the missionary apostolate of the Church by the official character given to the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, the Association of the Holy Childhood and the Work of St. Peter Apostle. Of the late Cardinal Van Rossum it may be said that the Popes of *Rerum Ecclesiae* and *Maximum Illud* found in him a co-operator singularly gifted in heart and mind to carry out their forward missionary policies.

In our country his passing is mourned by the half-million members of the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade, whose work he had deeply at heart and whose Cardinal Protector he had been since 1925.—*Catholic Mission News*.

FACULTIES FOR MISSION STUDY

By decrees of the Sacred Congregation for Seminaries and Universities of Study, dated August 7, 1932, three new Faculties have been erected at Rome, a Faculty of Ecclesiastical History, a Missiological Faculty and a Faculty of studies of the Ancient Orient. The first two Faculties have been added to the curriculum of the Pontifical Gregorian University. The last Faculty has been added to the curriculum of the Pontifical Biblical Institute. While the three Faculties are rich in their promise of apostolic fruit, yet, the readers of *JESUIT MISSIONS* will be particularly interested in the Faculty for mission study. In keeping with the Encyclicals of Benedict XV, *Maximum Illud* and of Pius XI, *Rerum Ecclesiae* the Faculty for mission study has been erected to institute genuine scientific knowledge of the missions and especially to form from among the students of the University, properly trained missionaries as well as scientists who will be able both to discourse on mission topics and to direct in a scientific manner the Church's various missionary works. The training offered is not to be confined to a mere historical narration of what has taken place upon the missions in by-gone days, nor to a recital of what is being done

HOW DO THEY GET THAT WAY

(Continued from page 219)

vide in a spiritual way for the little settlement was an occasional Mass on a week day. But at last, Bishop Collins decided that in spite of the fewness of the priests and the magnitude of the work already undertaken, this man's zeal merited more help even at a sacrifice, so he arranged to have a priest travel out from Kingston on the last Sunday of every month to attend to the needs of the new flock.

FALL'S PARABLE

William A. Donaghy, S.J.

The lonely wind goes whimpering down the fields,
Where pumpkin vines and tumbled cornstalks sprawl—
The slaughtered Summer's dying gesture yields
Her plundered riches to the Brigand Fall!

Haste! Haste ye workers,
With your scythes, make haste!
The fields unto the harvesting are white,
The sun of life declines; the moon pale-faced
Ascends; and no man worketh in the night.

Low lie the vines with bursting fruit oppressed,
Whilst in the market-place ye idly stand,
Come ye into the vineyard, hasten, lest
Ye greet the Master with an empty hand!

IT was felt that for permanent results a Catholic school for the children must be undertaken,—but from where would the money come? Once more Willie Brown came to the rescue, and by scripping on his wages again, was able to provide the salary for a teacher who would conduct five elementary grades simultaneously in the chapel building on week days.

After some years, Gregory Park was assigned to the old mission at Spanish Town as one of its dependent "stations," an arrangement which still prevails. Of late there has been a gradual diminishing of the East Indian population in that

section, until at present but a few are left, and there has been no corresponding increase in the number of native Catholic Jamaicans in the neighborhood.

(To come back to our first proposition: is there anything particularly glamorous about this situation?) Father Kelly, who is in charge at present of the Spanish Town Mission, and consequently Gregory Park, is faced with the discouraging task of trying to make headway in the district. But he is patiently working away, with emphasis, of course, on developing the school. He recognizes this as the most important phase of the task, in spite of what seem progress-blocking circumstances. There's Poverty, now, which opposes little black Pickaninny at every step along the road to education. It's Poverty that keeps many a "Pick'ny" out of school altogether through lack of suitable clothes. It is Poverty evidenced in undernourishment that sometimes, yes,—oftentimes, deprives a little ebony doll of the strength to study or even to pay attention. It is Poverty that sends Eustace to school of a morning sans books, sans writing materials, sans what-have-you. And even the regularity of these "settings-out" in quest of knowledge, such as they are, does not exactly wear out a path on the ancestral lawn. For one reason or another, ("helping Pappa planting, helping Pappa weeding, etc.") little Eustace rarely averages more than three days a week in school,—so when he is present, he finds the proceedings unintelligible. And Poverty is only one of the Pick'ny's enemies.

YET all of these tangles, Father Kelly must find some way of uncombing. And he does, one by one. That is his life work. That is his Foreign Mission. That is his meeting of the Strange, the Entangling, the Curious in a foreign land; and it gives him the same thrill that riding to work in a street car gives you.

Now and then, we do reflect on what a missionary has to do and on what a missionary must be like. It is guessed that he must be wrapped into the third Heaven by the prospect of his work. Well, between

apostolic souls in mission lands. The caution shall be speculative, practical, didactical, ethnological, linguistic. The response of this course of studies is to make available reliable knowledge of the growth of the Church as well as of the conflicts among whom the Church has been propagated and the territories through which it is yet to be extended. The course of studies will extend over a period of three years. A degree of baccalaureate will be granted after the first year, and a Doctorate after the completion of the third. Students will not be admitted until they have completed the necessary preparatory studies, including at least seminary studies in philosophy and theology. After the academic course, properly so called, a practical course to extend for one year will be added, to which those who did not matriculate for degrees, can be admitted. Lectures in the three Faculties of studies will begin in November of the school year, 1932-33.

CONVENTION OF COLORED CATHOLICS

During the days of September 3, 4, 5, the Eighth Annual Convention of the Federated Colored Catholics of the United States was held in New York City. According to "The Catholic News," an important step in the advancement of Colored Catholic organization in this country was taken at the final sessions when the delegates voted to erase the color line by changing the name, "Federated Colored Catholics of the United States" to "National Catholic Federation for the Promotion of Better Racial Relations," and by amending its constitution so as to eliminate segregation by welcoming to its ranks white sympathizers with the problems of the colored race.

The Convention opened on Saturday, September 3, with delegates representing about 100,000 members in attendance. Sessions of the Convention were held in St. Mark's Hall, 65 West 138th Street, and at the Y. W. C. A., West 138th Street, between Lenox and Seventh Avenues. On the opening day, three sessions were held at the Y. M. C. A., under the supervision of the Catholic Conference on Industrial Relations.

On Sunday, the 4,000 delegates and friends attended the 9 o'clock Mass at St. Patrick's Cathedral, which was celebrated by the Most Rev. John J. Dunn, D.D., Auxiliary Bishop and Vicar General of the Archdiocese. A cablegram from Pope Pius XI, bestowing his blessing on the Convention, was read by the Bishop, who also addressed the delegates.

Nearly all of the Negroes received Holy Communion for two great intentions, one spiritual and the other temporal. The spiritual favor was the conversion of the Negro race, especially in the United States, to the Catholic Faith, and the temporal favor was for Divine mercy upon all mankind, regardless of race, color, religious belief or nationality, in the present crisis.

you and me and the typewriter, he is usually a hard-headed, common sense, essentially practical man who is out to do a bit of work,—work for which he is sure before-hand that he is going to receive pay. And he will receive it from the One who owns the "pick'nie" and the islands and the sea and himself. That, in the slang of the moment, is "how he gets that way."

MOTHER HELPS HER PRIEST SON

(Continued from page 224)

unnecessary pain and sorrow, a letter came from her missionary boy in which he related the wonderful success attending his efforts. He went on to marvel at the results which he rightly considered far beyond his power. The letter ended up with the assurance that he considered most of the good he did a direct result of his offering to God, through his heavenly Mother, the trials of his own earthly mother.

"You see, mother," he concluded, "any little act done by you can reach far. You know, distances mean nothing to God. You may be just busy around the kitchen, but you are at the same time doing much good way off here. During the dark of the night, when you miss me, as is natural, for I, too, miss you, you again offer your son to Christ; He accepts anew your sacrifice and gives in your honor an added grace to some benighted heathen. I'm positive the supernatural life works that way, mother. Now you must write that this has cheered you, as it seems to me it should, and then your good spirits will make me even happier than I am."

"Since then," Mrs. Clark explained, "life has been different for me, since now I know I work with my son for God."

"I am glad for your sake," replied Mrs. Cone, "and for the sake of your son. But, my ordinary humdrum existence could not be of much profit to my son. At least it has not helped up to the present, for he seems far from enthusiastic, and relates that his hardest trial arises from the idea he has of the small amount of good he does; and how I have been praying for him."

"Why he has been having wonderful success," replied Mrs. Clark.

"I wish I were certain of that; it would be a great consolation to me," said Mrs. Cone.

"Then you have not seen the last news from the mission?" inquired her friend.

"No I have not, and the fact makes me a bit uneasy," was the answer.

"Well, then," began the consoler, rising, "it delights me to be the conveyor of good news. There is a

she rose and grasped the hand of her friend.

"Sure enough," was the answer, "you are the very one, and I've come to stay a few weeks to listen to you brag about that priest, and to enjoy your happiness."

"I'LL BE SEEING YOU"

(Continued from page 225)

poor patient Indian.

"Well, old boy, goodbye! Some day we'll cross the Great Divide. We'll saddle our ponies and pace the trail that leads into the Happy Hunting Grounds. And say, Barnaby, the trip will be easy with your pack-horse loaded so heavily with Masses, Holy Communion, Visits and the innumerable virtues of a faithful Christian life! Goodbye, old boy, and remember: across the Great Divide, someday, I'll be seeing you!"

CHIKA-SAN

(Continued from page 227)

to hear of Chika's circumstances. She made inquiries about her at the municipal offices, and what she heard there would have done credit to any Christian. The officials were full of praise for the little messenger. When the others were amusing themselves during their free time, Chika, in order to earn a little extra money, collected empty tobacco tins and match boxes out of which she made little mats such as the Japanese put under their tea-pots.

When the Sister had heard everything she felt great sympathy for the poor child. She removed her from the dangerous surroundings and arranged for her to stay at the hospital.

WHEN she had been a few days at the hospital, she heard of God for the first time, and then she wanted to know everything about our Lord and His holy Mother. She spent every spare moment in learning the catechism. On the last day of the month she brought the whole of her wages, about five dollars, to the Superior. She did not want any of it for herself. All the money was to go to her mother and the children.

In Japan it is usual for children.

<p>MAKE STRAIGHT HIS PATHS!</p> <p>Francis J. Murphy, S.J. Weave in my soul the beauty Of hills with flowering vines, Anoint my lips with music Of winds that sleep in the pines.</p> <p>Steep my heart in the silence Of the stern, unchanging hill, Soften it then with shadows That come when day is still.</p> <p>Place in my eyes the sunlight Veiled in a mist of tears, That out from the rainbowed moment I may look on the coming years.</p> <p>Send me, then, the apostle, To a waiting, Gentle race, That has never known of beauty, Or looked on Beauty's face.</p> <p>Send me to those in the lowlands, Whose nights of pain are long, Teaching their God of sorrow To be my God of song.</p> <p>Send me down to broken hearts, That up from darkness cry, To lead them up the mountain road To the pure and open sky.</p> <p>Send me down with my Gospel, Down from the hills above, For I am a voice in the wilderness Singing the God of love.</p> <p>Then grant me strength of mountains, Their beauty and all their arts, For I must straighten the twisted ways That lead to men's sad hearts.</p>

story in the Bulletin," she said, tapping the magazine, "about the finding of a strange tribe, all Christians. They had not seen a priest for almost two hundred years, and when they realized who he was who had come to them, they gave him a wonderful and touching welcome. The priest who found this people takes no credit for himself in this discovery, but attributes much to the prayers of his mother, a certain Mrs. Cone who lives . . ."

Mrs. Clark could get no farther. "Is it true? Can I be that mother?" exclaimed Mrs. Cone as

When they have finished the compulsory six years at school, to continue for a further two years in order to master the difficult picture writing. Chika-san, however, as often happens to poor children, had to go to work at the end of the sixth year. One day Sister Superior said to her, "If you are a good girl, I will arrange that you can go to school for a further two years." Chika was delighted, but God had other plans for her.

Only a few days later she had an attack of pleurisy, and the doctors found that the child had the deadly germs of tuberculosis in her system. It was no wonder, considering the hard life the girl had led from earliest childhood. As she was in danger of death, her desire for Baptism could be granted very soon. She took St. Agnes for her patron.

"This took place in Winter time. When Spring came the doctor said that the child's life might be saved if she could be sent to a milder climate. Thanks to a generous benefactor at home, the Superior was able to follow the doctor's advice. However, as the hoped for recovery did not take place, Chika soon returned to the Sisters.

AGNES' health went from bad to worse. Soon after her return she was confined to bed; her sufferings increased daily but she never complained. Once Sister Superior asked if she had no wishes.

"No," she replied, "Mother promised me yesterday that she would be baptized. That is enough. No, my only wish is to go to Heaven soon."

"But," she added, "that is really only self-love. No, I want to suffer as long as our Lord wishes, even though it does hurt."

A few days ago Sister Theresa wrote to tell me that God had taken little Agnes home to Heaven. During her last days she asked only for Holy Communion. Three days before the feast of Christ the King she died. With a crown of red roses on her head, the nuns laid the martyr child in a white wooden coffin.

The guide books tell us of Japan, the children's paradise. Sisters and missionaries have another tale to tell. In Heaven above, little Agnes will pray for her mother and sisters

and for the little brother, but certainly, too, for all those who help the Japanese children.

LIVING DE LUXE IN SANTAL LAND

(Continued from page 229)

About 6:00 P.M. appeared James with a large kettle steaming at the nozzle. "What's that?" I asked. "You said you wanted hot water for soup." "Where is the other food? Is it ready?" I asked, for it was very early. "No sir, it will be ready in an hour," quoth James.

James and the steaming kettle went out faster than they came in, followed by a flood of Hindustani to suit the occasion. A half hour later, in comes James with a kettle of hot water. He set it down on the floor and made for the door. "Is the other food ready?" asked I. "No sir, the rice is not finished." "Well, don't come back again until the other food is ready. Now take this kettle and move fast." He did.

I finished my office. About 7:00 P.M., in comes the stocking cap with James under it to lay the table. Dahl-bhat-potatoes appeared as per usual. "Where is the hot water for soup?" I asked. "You said you didn't want it about a half hour ago," he replied, backing towards the door. "Bring it in as fast as you can," said I, using up the last of my vocabulary.

In came the hot water. I told him to put an oxcube into the dish. He did so without removing the wrapper. After more expletives on my part he proceeded to remove the wrapper, making sure to mangle the poor cube with his unwashed fingers. Well, by the time we had manufactured that soup the other food had grown cold, so I got the worst of that deal. But he has learned his lesson well, and today he proudly served the last of the six cubes. The real fact of the matter is, he did not know what soup was and I was too stupid to realize this.

I hope none of my readers were

Our Contributors

That "Around the World with JESUIT MISSIONS" is not a caption for a Dollar Line cruise is proven by DAVID R. DUNIGAN, S.J., of the Province of New England, in *How Do They Get That Way?*

Amidst their tropical setting of coconas and pines, of oranges, bread fruit and rice, sugar cane, tobacco and coffee, *The Cayapas of Ecuador* merit the intercession so ably made for them by FATHER A. MERA COBA, S.J., parish priest of Limones.

Amidst pomp and circumstance, *The Birth of a Mission* took place on June 21, last, in Szechow, China, when the city witnessed the enthronement of its first Apostolic Administrator, Right Reverend Monsignor Georges Marin, S.J. CORNELIUS PINEAU, S.J., of the Province of Lower Canada, tells the story.

J. FRANKLIN EWING, S.J., of the Province of Maryland-New York, plays Boswell to the missionaries in Mindanao, P. I., and records his findings in *Pioneers*.

With FATHER IGNATIUS W. WHITEHEAD, S. J., of the Chicago Province, the reader listens in to two missionary mothers tell how, by sacrifice, *Mother Helps Her Priest Son*.

In "I'll Be Seeing You," EDGAR DOWD, S.J., of Spokane, Washington, re-deems before the world a character whom only the colorful west could have created—"Blind" Barnaby of the Flathead Reservation, St. Ignatius Mission, Montana.

CHARLES F. KRUGER, S.J., a theologian at St. Mary's, Kansas, recalls the coming of the Pallotine Sisters to Punta Gorda, B. H., as beacons of progress after a night of spiritual depression.

Can Christianity take root and flourish in a Japanese? FATHER JOSEPH MESSNER, S.J., a German Jesuit missionary in Tototori, Japan, answers this cynical question in *Chika-san*.

Heavenly humor as an antidote for pathetic privation is the remedy taken by FATHER CHARLES P. MILLER, S.J., in *Living de Luxe in Santal Land*.

In *Fall's Parable*, WILLIAM A. DONAGHY, S.J., of Shadowbrook, Lenox, MASS., interprets Nature's writing on the wall, the season's meaning in the mind of God.

With insight from on high, FRANCIS J. MURPHY, S.J., of the Province of New England, incites missionary apostles of Advent to *Make Straight His Paths*.

JOSEPH T. CLARK, S.J., of the Maryland-New York Province, in *An Atenean Speaks*, gives a graphic picture of the Ateneo, lately destroyed, but destined to live a new and even more vigorous life.

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

snoaked by this narration. As Hamlet says: "There are more things in a bowl of soup than are dreamed of in a cook book, Horatio." So I say, civilization is a pretty subjective affair. I like this one, though entirely different from what I was once taught to consider the real article. For getting somewhere in life, doing something really worth while, there is nothing to beat a missionary career, and it wouldn't take six months' experience to convince any of you that I am right. Goodnight.



The Will to Succeed. By Edward F. Garesche, S.J., M.A., LL.B. P. J. Kennedy & Sons, New York, 1931. Price 60c.

As a means to develop the will to succeed, Father Garesche, whose interest in American youth is as national in its desire as it has been beneficial in its results, offers a treatise which is replete with practical information and directions for success in life. Supernatural motives are in the main presupposed by the

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Gratitude is also expressed for one hundred and twenty-nine Mass stipends.

author. His task is rather to instruct youth how to dwell upon the cardinal natural virtues of prudence, justice, temperance and fortitude, which, paradoxical as it may seem, are so often neglected in our strivings for the supernatural. A wealth of material, together with the dogmatic style of the writer, make "The Will to Succeed" a moral guide book for American youth, a guide that solves the major problems of youth and points the way along the straight and narrow path of virtue to success. The book should be available as a text in every school curriculum and as a reference volume in every library in the country.

AN ATENEAN SPEAKS

(Written in recollection of the fire which destroyed the Ateneo de Manila, the American Jesuit college in Manila, P. I., August 13, 1932.)

Joseph T. Clark, S.J.

I saw the red-wind monster leap from a womb of enveloping smoke. I saw its hundred fiery tongues lick and lash, and lastly sink their crimson fangs into wooden walls. I saw its sinuous shape with a hundred heads creep up alley, street and lane; its myriad tentacles continually enveloping portal, wall and sill, and drawing thus to wide, voracious jaws the crashing, crackling structures. I saw its swelling body halt and swerve and raise its midmost forehead high, then fall with wind-swept roaring on the Ateneo's halls. I saw it climb the well-worn stairs and stalk the corridors. I saw, with cries, its horrid heads devoutly the lore, the learning literature we lovingly preserved. I saw, with deep emotion, classrooms, chambers, halls, fall a helpless prey to this mammal of mischance.

I cannot yet believe the Ateneo gone. It was not builded with butt halls and walls, but with truth, traditions, trust. And these,—thanks be to God—are impervious to flame. I see its walls of truth erectly standing still, unshakable, secure. I see its dear traditions—of faith, of face, of name—breathing unimpaired among the charred remains. I see the mutual trust of teacher and of taught planning the mighty frame of another Ateneo.

God grant a worthy home to house these sacred three which make of this a better world and the other more secure.

The Eternal Sacrifice. An explanation of the Mass for children. By Louise Doran Ross. Catholic Educational Press, Washington, D.C. 1932. Price \$1.25.

This study of the world's central act of sacrifice, the Mass, is intended by the

author as a text for pupils of the eighth grade and of the first years in high school. In a simple manner, the meaning of the Mass is explained, while a parallel is developed between its various actions and the steps of the original Passion and Death of Christ. In a unique manner, the different feasts of the liturgical year are grouped according to months and their significance is made more clear by an instructive and enlightening commentary. While it is true, as St. Paul tells us, that the Mass is a commemoration of the death of the Lord, still, more emphasis might be placed on the fact that the Victim in the Mass is the Victim who is now reigning gloriously in Heaven.

Today, too many uninstruced folk want to see in the Mass merely a superstition. But for a generation schooled in the pages of this present text, the Mass shall ever be an occasion, recurring day after day, of a magnificent act of faith in the Mystery of Faith, the eternal sacrifice of their Redeemer and their God.

In This Issue:

	Page
Frontispiece	
Japanese Mother and Child	218
How Do They Get That Way?	
David R. Dunigan, S.J.	219
The Cayapas of Ecuador	
A. Mera Cobo, S.J.	220
The Birth of a Mission	
Cornelius Pineau, S.J.	221
Pioneers	
J. Franklin Ewing, S.J.	222
Mother Helps Her Priest Son—A Story	
Ignatius H. Whitehead, S.J.	224
"I'll Be Seeing You"	
Edgar Dowd, S.J.	225
Sisters for Punta Gorda	
Charles F. Kruger, S.J.	226
Chika-san	
Joseph Messner, S.J.	227
Living de luxe in Santal Land	
Charles P. Miller, S.J.	228
Editorials	230
American Jesuits in Southern States Missions	231
The Mission Intention	231
Afield With American Jesuits	232
Renowned Jesuit Missionaries	
St. Paul Miki, S.J.	234
From Many Climes	236
Fall's Parable—A Poem	
William A. Donaghy, S.J.	237
Make Straight His Path!—A Poem	
Francis J. Murphy, S.J.	238
Our Contributors	239
An Atenean Speaks	
Joseph T. Clark, S.J.	240
Book Reviews	240
Grateful Acknowledgments	240

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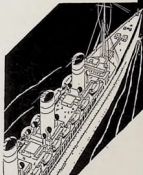
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