

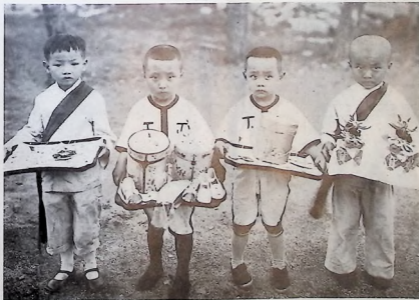
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# Volume VI

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## MISSIONS OF THE AMERICAN JESUITS

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



Beautiful but pathetic! This little five-year-old pagan child of a high caste Brahmin family in India is dressed as one of the pagan deities. The defacing marks upon the forehead have a distinct caste signification.

# A WEDDING TRIP

J. Edward Flaherty, S.J.



AY "Bine" to an Ojibway Indian and you arouse in his mind an answering vision of one of the many plump partridges that abound in the woods of our Reserve. Say it, however, to one of our Jesuits here in Wikwemikong, Ontario, and immediately he thinks of our faithful doobin.

"Giddap, Bine," cried Father Oscar Labelle, S.J., as Brother Parent held wide the gate, and away—with more whirr than any partridge namesake—sped Bine. Striking off down the road at a spanking trot, we were soon out of the village and well started on a twenty-mile drive to Atchitawaiganing, "The place of the sloping passage cut through the forest," a name given to the village in allusion to a local legend that the mythical Ojibway hero, Nenabojo, cut a passage through the wooded cliffs in order to connect the then land-locked South Bay with Lake Huron.

It was nothing but a brisk outing till we reached Baswa, some five miles away, but from the time we crested Baswa Hill it was a jolting mud-splashed passage over frozen ruts and boggy wood-trails, driving in a blinding snowstorm against a lashing wind. Scarcely able to see our way, we plodded on till in late afternoon we drew up before our little church in Atchitawaiganing. Stabling our horse, we entered our own rooms at the back of the church and made a fire. But, alas for missionary comforts! I hadn't thawed the icicles off my beard, when, the wind blowing from the wrong quarter, out of every crack and crevice of our stove began to pour forth the smoke from our wet wood; and quickly the smarting sting of smoke-stung eyes made us forget frost-nipped fingers and tingling toes. Gladly we rang the Angelus and trudged down the road to get our supper at an Indian cabin.

EXTERIORLY an unprepossessing house of square-hewn logs, mortar-filled chinks, and shingle roof, the opening door revealed a large room with neatly white-washed walls and ceiling. Two beds along the far wall, a stove, a table and some benches,—these with a few cheap prints made up the furniture, but still the interior was pleasing. The stove smiled ruddy comfort, a teakettle throbbled its song of cheer, and on the snowy-tableclothed table was spread the evening meal. Pork and potatoes, bread and butter with wild strawberry preserves—*odeiminan*, heart-berries, our Ojibways call them because of their heart-shape, and after them they name the month of June, *odeimini-gistsis*, the moon of the heart-berry.

Supper over, we returned to the church where, despite the storm, some people had gathered for evening prayers. Father Labelle had led the rosary and other prayers in Ojibway; I preached a sermon in the same



Happy and proud Ojibway mothers of the Canadian Indian country.

tongue, for although many of the people are Ottawas, they readily understand the kindred dialect, Ojibway.

While preparing the church for the wedding Mass of the morrow, we found that we had one priedieu only for the bridal couple. Nothing to do but to make another, so up to the garret we went and rummaged around among the odds and ends there until we found two bench-ends and sufficient other material. Then, while Father Labelle extracted nails from here and there with a pair of pliers, I sawed wood with a saw that wasn't a saw, and drove home nails with a hammer that was an axe. But the resulting priedieu was a marvel of constructing ingenuity and graced the ceremonies next morning.

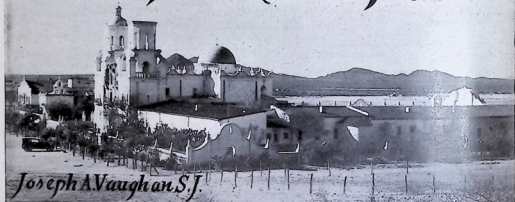
OUT again into the night to bed and water our horse, then, returning I swept away the debris from our carpentering, spread my blankets on the floor, and not long afterwards laid down to sleep, hardly having time to breathe a *Deo Gratias* that the floor was of softwood before I was awakened next morning by Father Labelle chopping wood to replenish the fire.

We had a long delay before starting Mass, but finally, Mass over and our couple happily married, we closed up the church and drove down the road a piece to give Holy Communion to a crippled child and her mother. Then we set off on our return journey, stopping for breakfast with an Indian family at about eleven o'clock. During our stop the storm broke out again in fresh fury, and our voyage home was made to the tune of the whistling wind and the fantastic caperings of wind-swirled snow. But at last we desisted in the distance the spires of Wikwemikong's church and—home.

"Home is the sailor, home from the sea,  
And the hunter, home from the hill."

Home is always a welcome sight to the missionary after his long and tiresome trips. This is especially true in Winter when traveling is at times dangerous because of the severe storms that sweep over the northern country. True, we do not have the severity of northern Alaska, but even so, the Winters are rigorous enough.

# The Kino Trail



Mission San Javier, near Tucson, Arizona, as restored, either in whole or in part, by the Franciscan Fathers. This Mission was founded by Kino in 1701, and stands today as a tribute to this Jesuit's remarkable, though too little known apostolic pioneering.

**T**HE writer of this article once visited Ireland, stood on a little hilltop gazing down on the ruined home of his maternal ancestors, a home abandoned for forty years yet still a family possession, and in spite of the thrill, he wept. More recently still, while traveling the Kino Trail, he stood amidst the ruins of Jesuit ancestral homes, the first Jesuit probably to stand there since 1767, gazed on the ruins of the once glorious missions of his Religious forebears, and again in spite of the thrill, he wept.

Padre Francisco Eusebio Kino, of the Society of Jesus, is little known outside the narrow precincts of Arizona and California, yet he deserves to be ranked alongside Marquette, Serra, Salvatierra and Jogues, and other blackrobed and brownrobed Religious captains, famed for their heroism and exploits in the vanguard of Christ's army away out on the far-flung battle lines in the missionary field. Kino was born in Trent, Italy, on August 10, 1644, entered the Jesuit Order in 1665, arrived in Mexico in 1680, and died at Magdalena, Mexico, on March 15, 1711. Like most modern Jesuits, he began his religious activities in the hidden work of the classroom, and he won such fame as a mathematician that he held the professorship of mathematics at the University of Ingolstadt. Little did he dream at this time either of the tremendously changed course his life was to take, or of the inestimable value his mathematical training was to have on his future claim to a distinguished place in history. Sickness laid him low, even unto death, but feeling he could still be a useful member of the Church militant, he rejected any humble spirit of supernatural resignation, pleaded with God to spare him, received—so he himself reports—a vision of St. Francis Xavier, and thereupon offered himself to the great Apostle of the Indies as a "fisherman in foreign ports," and was cured. In gratitude, he added the name

Francis to Eusebio. A year later, together with thirty-five companions, he was en route to the Philippine Islands via Mexico. It is worthy of remark that three of his fellow missionaries later became martyrs.

**A** JESUIT pledges himself to work for the salvation of his own soul and that of his neighbor. Padre Kino was no exception among the hundreds of thousands of Jesuits that have followed in the footsteps and have been guided by the principles and inspired by the teachings of Ignatius of Loyola. Kino has been described by his enthusiastic admirers both Catholic and non-Catholic—and the latter seem to outnumber the former—as an explorer, a geographer, a cosmographer, an astronomer, an agriculturist, a cattle-raiser, a civilizer and stabilizer of nomadic Indian tribes, and finally a missionary of the Catholic Church. All these descriptions are true, for Kino as no other forerunner of civilization in America combined in a high degree the spiritual, mental and physical qualities necessary to justify such a comprehensive description. Yet he was first and always the missionary, like his Divine Master and Model, interested chiefly in souls, and if occasionally or frequently he took interest like his Master in fig trees or date palms or the harvest of grain or a yoke of oxen, he did so that he might the more effectively teach his doctrines and draw souls closer to God.

Kino was still close enough to the great era of post-Xaverian missionary activity to be molded by its influence. It was hardly eighty years since St. Francis Xavier had died, and the letters of that great modern St. Paul were still popular reading for Catholic youth. The torturing fires of Japan were still smoldering, and the sulphur fumes of the pots had not yet been smothered. But a few years before, an heroic group of Franciscan, Dominican and Jesuit priests, twenty-nine

in all, fell in battle on the hillside outside Nagasaki, garroted on their crosses, slowly burned at the stakes, or stifled over fuming sulphur. John de Britto, a member of the royal family of Portugal, had just sacrificed his life in the flames on the coast of India; the glorious triumph of the American Martyrs, Sts. Isaac Jogues, John de Brebeuf and their companions, was being heralded all over Europe. Youths of every country and of every Religious Order with Spartan fervor threw themselves on their knees before their Superiors and craved the privilege of replacing the heroic soldiers who had fallen on the distant fields of battle. Kino's desire for martyrdom was never fulfilled; he had to be content with presenting himself before the divine throne with the merits of thirty years of ceaseless efforts for the salvation of souls, beginning in 1681 and ending in 1711.

**K**INO never reached the Philippines. He was shunted into northern Mexico. Superiors first assigned him to the inhospitable and rocky shores of Lower California—now known to be a peninsula, but then thought to be an island. Several years later, Kino was the first white man to establish this truth, when he crossed the Colorado in a basket from Arizona to California, and with the keen thoughtfulness of a scientist, took reading for the longitude and latitude and drew exact maps of the entire region. Several abortive attempts were made along the bleak coasts of Lower California to establish missions, but the inhabitants were few and nomadic, and Kino yearned for more fertile territory.

He was granted the unknown region of northern Sonora, which includes what is today the State of Sonora in Old Mexico, and Arizona in the United States together with parts of New Mexico, a district then generally known at the time as Pimeria Alta. In Sonora some few missions had already been founded, and the future first Apostle of Arizona, making his headquarters at Mission Dolores, pushed northward towards the frontiers of Mexican civilization, plunged boldly into the unknown country to the north, won the friendship



*Highly colored mural decorations over the main altar at San Diego de Cocospora, Mexico.*

of the Pimas, Papagos and Yumas, and defied the unconquerable hostility of the Apaches. His feverish anxiety to plunge on, ever onwards, reminds us of the zeal, the thirst for souls, the insatiable ardor of St. Francis Xavier. Kino, like his patron, gathered the natives around him, spoke to them in simple words, often through interpreters, often through pictures, and when they had learned the essential fundamentals of Christianity, baptized them and pushed forward. More thorough instruction he left to a later date or to the equally zealous efforts of his companions. At times when the population warranted it, he founded and built missions, three of these within the present State of

Arizona: the Mission of St. Francis Xavier near Tucson, wholly or partly restored by the industrious Franciscans; the Mission of St. Cajetan at Tumacacori, thirty miles south of Tucson, likewise restored in part by the Franciscans; the Mission (Turn to page 45)



*Interior of San Diego de Cocospora in old Mexico. The author is third from the right. He is not dressed in clerical garb, because as a priest he would have been denied a passport.*

# Montana Vignettes

John J. Balfe, S.J.

**Q**NE Sunday, I set out for the Assiniboine Indian Mission at Lodge Pole, Montana, eighteen miles away. Heavy snows had fallen a week previously, followed by rains and frost. After these came the thaw. The roads around the mountains are mere goat trails. I plowed along most of the first ten miles on second and low gears. The going got tougher and tougher. I saw an apparently smooth and solid place and swung the car out, but found no bottom. Down it went to the springs. Reverse and forward gears simply spun the wheels and moored us deeper. We got out, walked two miles, and brought back three Indian lads. They got busy with the shovel. But the grief that gumbo mud can give a shovelman is beyond description. After a while, the shovel got so heavy with the sticky mud that two of the boys had to carry it over to a fence where they took turns scraping mud off. Finally, we sent for some horses. It was now near ten o'clock, the hour I should be at Lodge Pole to say Mass. Horses arrived. The men tied the ropes to the car and then to the saddle horn. They tugged and lugged without result. I thought I heard the car yawn once or twice, but probably it was only the creaking of the frame. The horsemen then galloped around and lassoed the car from behind,—and again the tugging. The car gave a sound which was much like a snore; then we sent for a team. A drizzling rain set in about 10:30, and at 12:00, after much straining and sweating, the horses pulled the gumbo laden car out, but it was too late to try the rest of the road to Lodge Pole. There was no Mass there that day.

\* \* \*

**N**OW, while we do not have to dodge sage brush and willow brush as the possible lurking places of tigers and cobras, we have here, at least in the Winter months, an enemy, in some respects, more dangerous than either, an enemy which does not hide in the long grass, but which roams the entire prairie. I refer to the Montana cold and snows. Woe betide the unwary traveler when the Demon Cold stalks the prairie with silent footsteps. A breakdown of a car in thirty or forty below, ten or fifteen miles from a habitation, and this, as sometimes happens, late in the evening, is something to make a man think seriously of his past life. Even if he gets through safely to shelter, there often occur inconveniences which for sheer exasperating capacity will rank with the best. I remember, some four years ago, one of our missionaries was returning from a trip and had to travel a long stretch of this gumbo. Now, there was no snow on the ground. But there had been heavy rains, followed by severe freezing. The gumbo was filled with



An old pagan medicine man of Montana, near St. Paul's Mission.

sharp, little stones. These, firmly set in the hard-frozen soil, worked on the tires like knives. After a while, the car seemed to be riding very roughly. The Father got out and found a "flat." The thermometer at this time recorded about thirty-five below zero. Happening to glance at the other front tire, Father found that flat too. This was too much, so he decided to trudge back to town, seven miles away, for help, since not being strong, he felt quite unequal to the task of replacing tires in that temperature. Besides, he had only one spare, and that a poor one. It is a wonder he made the return trip against the biting wind. Often he had to sit down to rest. In town they told him it would be better to wait until the ground softened up a bit, as the other tires would only be ruined if he attempted to go on. Two days later, a garage man brought him out to the car, and lo and behold! when they looked at the tires, not only were the two front ones ruined, but so was one of the rears and the other rear well on the way to its last resting place.

\* \* \*

**A**SICK call. Snow lay too deep for car travel, so a hired man who claimed to know the road well, harnessed up the strongest team we had and, together with the Father, set out in a sleigh. There were long weary miles of plugging through deep snow with the hired man directing and pointing out the way. The faithful horses lugged along, when—suddenly, both steeds disappeared from view. The men rubbed their eyes—looked again—true it was—no horses in sight. Strange! Both got out and recon- (Turn to page 45)

# Some Jamaica Spanish

Joseph E. Ford, S. J.



"About ten years ago I was building a church at Port Maria in the island of Jamaica, British West Indies."

**A**BOUT ten years ago, I was building a church at Port Maria, in the island of Jamaica, British West Indies. As the opening day approached, I planned a dedication ceremony worthy of the occasion.

Within the year previous, a book on Jamaica had been published, entitled, "Jamaica Under The Spaniards," and on the opening page there appeared a Spanish map of the island, with Port Maria down as Punta Maria. "Could it be," I asked myself, "that the Spaniards might have had a chapel there, and have had Mass?" If so, what a wonderful introduction I could fashion for the preacher of the day,—to have him quietly remind his hearers, that after a short interruption of two hundred or more years, we were resuming Mass again in Port Maria, and not, as it appeared, making our first struggling appearance in that town.

**I** SEARCHED all around, but my efforts to find historical proof was futile. But, like many a seeker, I stumbled on a story, that seems even more wonderful. I was discussing my idea with the old sexton of Preston Hill church, some four miles from Port Maria.

"I don't know anything about Mass at Port Maria, but I do know that the mission here was started by Spanish-speaking Negroes. They were captured by an English ship in pre-slavery days, that is, before 1834, on the seas between Cuba and San Domingo, whither they were being shipped, to be sold in a body in that vicinity. They knew Spanish and would travel to Port Maria in a body, looking into the various churches at the ministers, trying to find one vested like the priests they knew in Cuba. At last, they heard that a strange clergyman was holding service at an overseer's house near Port Maria, and again they wended their way thither. To their astonishment and intense pleasure, they saw Father Dupeyron, for such was his name, vested for Mass, and like their Japanese predecessors in this wonderful experience, introduced themselves to the priest, who fortunately knew their language. They begged him to come to their settlement at Preston Hill, and he came and thus founded that mission."

The year before I was on another mission, Above Rocks, some forty miles away, and was puzzled to find an old black man, who spoke Spanish and had the Faith so strongly as to stand out conspicuously in a very Catholic community. I never could get his story, but now was able to piece it together, when I found out he was one of the original Spanish Catholics. In the light of this story, Preston Hill may well be called the Nagasaki of Jamaica.



Descendants of the Spanish-speaking slaves at Preston Hill, Jamaica, where the author first learnt the marvelous story told on this page.

# What did the Three Kings Bring?

J. Franklin Ewing, S.J.

**D**OWN where the American Jesuits celebrate the holy season of Christmas-tide in true Filipino fashion, the big question is not: "What did you receive for Christmas?" but "*Unsa man ang guidala kanimo sa Toló ka mga Hari?*" "What did the Three Kings bring you?"

"I'll carry it myself," said Teodoro to the waiting *cargador*, as he walked up from the wharf. How many memories made him forget the weight of his suitcase!

His feet sank into the yielding sand of the beach, which flanked the mysterious ocean with an inscrutable changelessness. All along its brief sickle, cocons hung their heavy fronds, as they leaned out over the unbelievable blue of the tropical water. How often he had climbed their stately lengths and hung suspended between blue sky and bluer sea! The shadows of the cocons on warm, white sand cut through the years . . . and he was a boy again!

The brown *nipa* houses on their stilts receded into the



The old dusty road up through the village where Teodoro had spent his happy boyhood.

grey coolness of the coconut groves. The lean *borotos* (Teodoro almost called them "dugouts") drawn up on the beach, and the heavy gauze of drying fishnets, stirred old pleasures in the hinterland of his memory. About them he had played as a boy, and leaped into the warm surf as it broke with a soft roar in alluring folds, whiter even than the coral beach. The ecstatic escape from the heat of the day into the surging embrace of the sea, remembered, caused a quiver of joy. And the gaily-colored fishes he had caught, as his father had paddled steadily, darning the whitecaps for the harvest of fish! (Was there wormwood in this evoking of an innocent boyhood?)

Teodoro concealed a half-born sigh, and turned from the beach. He set his face up the dusty road. He expected no one to recognize him, for it was many a year since he had left boyhood and the beach behind, poor, unknown. Now he was coming back . . . rich, known by many in a larger sphere (and a Protestant . . . Teodoro wouldn't have admitted that, but it was true.)

Slowly he walked, with bent head, into the past. Past the little *tienda*, with the inevitable jars of sweets



"The road turned to go around the *Nasa*, with the twin towers of the church. . . . But Teodoro stopped, and then wondered vaguely why his feet were carrying him. . . . to the half-open doors of the church."

and *tuba*, the same well-polished bamboo seat before the counter. Past the same hibiscus bushes, breaking into fulsome flowers; past the old mossy-stoned well, whose water was so cool to a boy's mouth feverish with shouting at games. Past the same woven bamboo fences; past grim stone walls, with the tiny purple-red flowers of the *cadena de amor* misting over their stark outlines.

THE road turned to go around the plaza, with the twin towers of the church framed in fluttering acacia leaves. But Teodoro stopped, and then wondered vaguely why his feet were carrying him across the ragged lawn to the half-open doors of the church. It was a long time, so long a time, since he had passed into the sacred shadows of a church! (He tried to persuade himself that it was merely curiosity that made him enter . . . and that the cool calmness of that remembered and hallowed spot had not struck a chill to his heart.)

Within, a gentle clamor was being raised by people carrying palm branches and flowers, climbing on ladders and hopefully standing back to admire their work. Why, of course! He had almost forgotten . . . Christmas was upon him. He smiled a bit superiorly, but took Holy Water with a strange, yet accustomed air, as he went out. (But why that tiny tremor, Teodoro, when your fingers touched the water?)

DOWN the little street he wandered, pensive, scarcely noticing that the houses and rain-washed green of banana and *papaya* and *talisay* trees looked like strangely real pictures projected by the lantern of his memory upon the screen of his mind.

Only a short distance to go—he quickened his step as the nostalgic tang of coco-husk fires drifted with its blue-grey smoke among the trees. Before long the stars' quick sheen would pierce the restless coco branches . . . and he would be home!

A sudden window bloomed in the darkness as someone lighted a lamp. The warm colors of the pictures on the walls, known of old by heart, smote his eyes. He opened the gate softly, and soundlessly sought the first step with his cautious foot. . . .

Next morning his awakening eyes lingered on the up-

welling green gleaming in the palely silver light of dawn. Not a sound ruffled the smooth air; not a whisper of breeze disturbed the moveless leaves. A glint of recognition came into his eyes. He was home!

The rest of the family had slipped out for the *Misa de Aguinaldo*, the novena of four o'clock Masses before Christmas. He greeted his father, whose chiseled silver head was held the higher for his successful son's return, and his mother, who had the same adoring eyes fixed on him as in bygone years when he had come home with victorious report card. His younger brothers and



With a vague feeling of disloyalty on his part, Teodoro must have recalled the scenes of Faith that surrounded his own First Communion days.

sisters were submerged in awed triumph. Last night their greeting had been half-unbelievingly happy, like that of a blind man after a miracle had made him see,—but was there, this morning, a tinge of sadness in their gaze? Were they thinking of those other *Misa de Aguinaldo* mornings, when he had been the first one ready for Mass? . . .

It was good to be home, after all those crowded years spent in the alien land. He was not sure that he would stay in the rustic village, after his multitudinous experiences—but still home was good!

HE watched the bustle of preparation languidly. Under the chrysolite dome of the mango tree, over a dying circle of embers, the *lechon* (that suckling pig without which no meal may be a feast!) was being given its last turns on the bamboo spit, and wide-eyed children admired its golden-brown succulence. Fruits and sweets and *plilip* were arriving at that pyramidal perfection which the feast deserved. Giant firecrackers were symbols of the waiting expression of joy.

His mind reached out tentative, groping filaments towards all this. Each microscopic element was transformed into part of himself, by (Turn to page 45)

# On with the Dance

Floyd A.  
Brey, S.J.



OR two whole days they have danced. With a July full moon enshrined aloft in starlit canopy, the weird chant and steady beating of tom-toms haunt the prairie long after a hallowed sun has set upon their pagan ritual.

It is the sun-dance of the Arapahoes in Wyoming. Tomorrow morning eight stalwart braves, stripped to the waist, will paint their faces and bodies anew to greet the rising sun. Rhythmically flexing their knees and blowing on decorated reeds, the dancers will keep gazing at the heavens through their leafy bower as the fiery chariot crosses the sky. It is required that at least one of the eight continue dancing; the others may rest, but not break their rigorous fast. And all this takes place in the sun-lodge, around the sacred pole topped by a buffalo's skull.

Almost all the plains' tribes perpetuate this remnant of paganism, the sun-dance. Although many government agents work hand in hand with the missionaries in trying to abolish the custom, the practice, though considerably mitigated, still prevails. Indeed, a sudden break with the savagery to which, only four decades ago, such observances as the sun-dance were indispensable, is morally impossible.

OF course, the government long ago forbade the barbarities once incident to the dance, such as mutilations and horrible lacerations, and the induced hysteria prompting such abuses. With each succeeding generation the Indian drifts farther from the distinctive practices of his ancestors. Already most of the young men who volunteer for the sun-dance are quite ignorant of its deeper religious symbolism. This annual classic of twelve prairie tribes is promoted rather by the living links with the past, by men whose fathers would even torture their bodies in the religious frenzy of the cult. The sun-dance now, however, is becoming quite generally a social rather than a religious function.

It was toward the end of my two weeks with the Arapahoes last Summer that the opportunity came of traveling some twenty miles to their sun-dance. Father Matthew Connell, S.J., of St. Stephen's Mission, St. Stephens, Wyoming, where I was staying, escorted us to the Arapaho camp. The road led west toward the giant crests of the majestic Continental Divide walling up the plains of Wyoming. At last a flash of white betrayed the site of the sun-dancers. On closer approach the central bower with its sacred pole, topped by symbolic trimmings, stood forth conspicuously among the hundreds of tipis dotting the bank of Sage Creek. These canvas wigwams, each pitched near the family's covered lumber-wagon, are much in demand during all seasons



The writer and two Arapaho friends at the sun dance in Wyoming.

of the year and for all their activities in the open, by the modern Indian, still quite nomadic. Close to almost every tepee stood an easily constructed bower to provide cool shade. Pictures of the sun-lodge were hard to get, since restrictions of the management, and also circumstances of light, aggravated the matter.

MOST of the Wyoming Arapahoes were at the dance. Apart from their kinsmen in Oklahoma, they number at present nearly one thousand, of whom three-fourths have embraced the Faith. To the northwest their neighbors are the Shoshoni Indians, who with the Crows and Utes have always been inveterate enemies of the Arapaho, Sioux, and Cheyenne tribes. This is confirmed by recalling a family name found among the Sioux, with whom the writer spent last year at Holy Rosary Mission, Pine Ridge, South Dakota. It is "Kills Crow Indian." Trophies less glorious than the scalp-lock of a hated Crow have occasioned many a picturesque name among these people. Again, while Custer was making his fatal trip to the Little Big Horn River in Montana, it was Crow Indian scouts who showed that leader the trails leading to the camp of the allied Sioux, Cheyenne and Arapaho.

The Arapaho may well say, "On with the dance!" but it is hardly for sun-worship that he pitches his tepee each Summer near the sacred pole and buffalo skull. Rather, his life, somewhat isolated in the solitary log-cabin beside some running stream, has at last found the Great Spirit, for not once a year only, but once a week he now comes to the mission to meet the Black-robe, to visit his children in the boarding-school, and to receive his Eucharistic King, the true God, Who will not have strange gods before Him.

# The Zambesi Mission

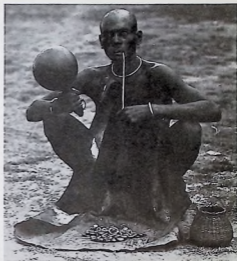
Edward  
King, S.J.

**P**ARADOXICALLY as it may seem, the Zambesi Mission, as such, does not exist today; how this has come to pass will be explained in what follows; but the name will always live as a lasting memorial to those who first brought the Faith to South-Central Africa.

In 1877, Father Beckx, General of the Jesuits, appointed Father Depelchin, who had been a missionary in India for eighteen years, to be Superior of the Mission on the Zambesi, a vast territory extending north and south of the river, and including Bechuanaland and a part of Portuguese East Africa. These limits were definitely fixed by a rescript of Propaganda, dated February 7, 1879. The whole territory was subject to one Superior, and included members of several Provinces of the Society of Jesus.

Therefore, amid much religious enthusiasm, but with the full knowledge that they were throwing themselves entirely on God's provident care, the missionaries left in ox-wagons for "the interior" on April 16, 1879 from Grahamstown. This city had been chosen to act as a sort of forward base for the gathering of supplies and the assembly of men, as it was conveniently near to the coast; though at a later date there was to be much serious discussion as to whether Sofala might not in reality be a better point of entry.

After a journey of nearly six months the kraal of Bulawayo was reached. It was the headquarters of the now famous Lobengula. Here the party divided; Fathers Law and Wehl died from native neglect in Portuguese



Native African witch doctor. His group did not welcome the early apostles of Africa.

Africa, near the Sabi River; Father Terode attempted to open a mission on the north side of the Zambesi at Moemba's kraal, but he was treacherously murdered; and three years later a band of missionaries were robbed in Barotseland—now N. W. Rhodesia—and kept prisoners for several months.

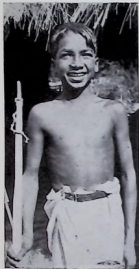
**A**T last a precarious foothold was established at a point eighty miles south of Bulawayo, and a small school opened there, at Empandeni; but all religious instruction was forbidden by the Chief, and it had to be abandoned for a time. But in the succeeding year, 1890, hope dawned at last; and with the Pioneer Column, now well-known to students of Colonial history, Father Hartmann travelled up as chaplain, together with five Dominican Nuns, from Kimberley, Mafeking, Macloutsie to Fort Victoria and Salisbury. at most of which places the Sisters established temporary or permanent hospitals, to the unstinted admiration of all. Considerable progress was made chiefly by the foundation of a large mission farm at Chishawasha, near Salisbury, as well as by a school and hospital at (Turn to page 46)



A native kraal in South Rhodesia. The early English Jesuits had to penetrate the jungles of Africa to reach settlements like this.

# Among the Dev.

John A. Kilian, S.J.



Though a sterling Catholic—but once a Santal pagan—John Morandi still loves his bow and arrow.

IT is now two years since my Bishop sent me among the devil-worshippers, the Santals of Patna Mission, India. At first, I admit, I had some misgivings and creepy feelings. There were not more than a dozen Christians in my entire district. Pagan songs and drunken orgies filled the evening hours. Dancing and drumming and raucous whooping re-echoed from every quarter. Every village and hamlet boasted of an altar dedicated to his satanic majesty. God was unknown and unloved. Eggs, chickens, goats and pigs were frequently sacrificed to the *bongas* or evil spirits. But

slowly the more curious pagans approached the white-robed stranger to hear what he had to say. The campaign was on.

I smile when I read your thoughts. You imagine you see an emaciated American priest mounting a tree-stump, and, with crucifix in uplifted hand haranguing a spellbound pagan gathering. Nothing of the sort. Conversions are not effected in that simple way, at least not in my district.

THE plan I find best suited to my purpose is to stumble into a village with a handful of used picture post-cards and a pocketful of Indian sweets the size of coffee beans and as hard as a rock. I collar some brave youngster, hand him a picture post-card, tickle his chin, ruffle his bushy head, poke at his twitching toes with my bamboo walking stick and then the *toyo-billi* or Indian sweet does the rest. He is mine for evermore. Heads pop out from every nook and corner and in a few minutes, youngsters

of every size and description come riding down the village street on mothers' hips and daddies' bare shoulders. The whole place is astir. The magic spell of a *jackal-egg* or *toyo-billi* did it all. Every boy and girl is now grinding away at the rocky candy that resists all attempts to break or dissolve. Concrete is putty compared to these *billis*. But why such a hard obstacle, you ask me. Why, to hold the crowd, of course.

WHILE these preliminaries are in progress, some kind-hearted old granny or village damsel fetches a *parkom* from the nearest house. What's that? A native bed. There are no chairs or cracker boxes in Santal Land to sit on. But a bed! Yes a bed, an honest-to-goodness native bed. No gilded bed posts or springy mattress—either. It's just eight inches high and four feet long. Bamboo poles support a fishnet-like superstructure of ropes or if the owner belongs to the better class, this seating device may have various designs woven crosswise over the four legs. My catechist and I drop upon this seat of honor and wait for the inevitable brass bowl of water which is offered by the madam in front of whose mud house I happen to be enthroned. Then follows a litany of *Johns* (hellos) and inimitable salutations varying in form from a simple military salute to a profound jackknife bow. I am sure I'd break my spinal column if I attempted some of the more intricate ones, for, there are as many as there are degrees of relationship. By this time the whole village has usually collected around us, and so my catechist and I form the center of attraction. All eyes are on us.

The Santals are a clean smooth tidy race, which is more than I can say about their Hindu neighbors. Though devil-worshippers in the strict sense of the word, they are by no means wild-eyed, blood-thirsty savages, ready to tear your limb from limb. On the contrary, they are a most timid, honest, sociable, peace-loving lot with niceties of manner and customs that endear them at first sight and make one wonder where they got all that. But oh! Their ignorance is simply stupendous.

The stage is now set for my first bout with the devil. But according to Hoyle I must first take a few lively puffs from a Santal cigarette which some obliging spectator rolled for me. It is composed of sal-leaves (a forest tree leaf) wound spirally about a microscopic speck of tobacco, and the thing is most unpleasant to the taste. Now then! My catechist undoes his bundle of flashy, colored catechism pictures and launches into the history of the creation of Heaven and earth, pictures our first parents in the Garden of Eden, their fall and



Father Kilian has many friends, both among the youngsters and among the adults in Santal Land.

# Worshippers

eviction, the coming of the Son of God, His private and public life, passion and death, the commission of His Apostles, etc. And what do I do in the meantime? That all depends. All along I watch the faces of the assembly and see which way the wind blows. When my catechist comes to a full stop after an hour or so, and the crowd is favorably disposed, I supplement the Bible story and show them the foolishness of serving the devil. A debate may follow, but more often the crowd unanimously approves of all that was said. Yes sir, I say "unanimously," but that does not mean that I then and there begin baptizing a couple of hundred kneeling men, women and children. Ask them whether they intend to become Christians, and every last one of them will answer: "Yes, later." The "later" is often a very long way off,—or never. However, the first break has been made and Satan has been made to feel our first attack.

**B**UT so far I gave you only the first number on our mission program. The crowd disperses. Next I visit every single home in the whole village, bumping my head on every doorpost as I enter. A cheering horde of kiddies accompanies me to every house. That *uyo-billi* did the trick. The old folks I land in other ways. Each character and disposition is hurriedly diagnosed and treated accordingly. Here is a tottering old man, for example, whose "wash-board" face gets a gentle pinch; a grey-haired old mammy is busy over her pots and pans. Curiosity prompts me to see what she is cooking. I smack my lips and crack a studied joke and then pass on to a sick bed, take out my medicine chest containing carbolio soap, cough mixture, quinine pills, mustard plasters, epsom salts, tea leaves, liniments and strong ammonia water. A good whiff of the latter is a sure cure for nearly every ill. It somersaults them all. If the goats and cows, pigs and buffalos happen to be about, I remind the owner how good God has been to him and ask him how many of them he expects to take along to the other world or whether he intends to remain here below forever. I spy a bright-eyed, intelligent looking boy or girl and then I am at my best. You never heard of boarding-school life painted in more flashy colors. Lots of boys, lots of food, lots of fun, lots of—lots—lots—and the boy or girl goes off to school to become a Christian. Right now we have about two hundred boys and nearly a hundred girls in our Bhagalpur Boarding School, and every last one of them is a brand new Christian. And these children become good Christians. More than one boy has done fine apostolic work among his folks and in the villages during the vacation periods.

But I am afraid I am boring you with too many details. What I have described above, gives you a faint idea of what I repeat in five, six or even seven villages, day after day, and week after week. Do you wonder then that my brethren have nicknamed me the "Missionary Tramp"?

**O**f course, what I said above holds mostly only for new villages or for places which I visit but seldom. Where Christianity is already established, the process is a quite different one. At 5:00 A.M., my catechist and I go rounding up the Christians, knocking at every door as we go along to let the sleepers know that it is time for Mass. Before Mass, during Mass and after Mass, my catechist and I have a competition to see who of us two can deliver the better and more telling sermon. While I hear confessions, he instructs the new Christians and prepares them for Holy Communion. After Mass, every one must tell me all of his troubles and aches and the persecution he has had to submit to since I saw them last. And you would be surprised to hear the long list of woes that many have to relate.



The building against which the altar is erected is the home of Father Kilian's catechist. Father's own "palace" is in the background.

In some cases, pagan neighbors forbade their Christian brethren to draw water at the common well; declined to eat, smoke or associate with them; sons and daughters have been known to be disowned and driven from home; aged parents have been told to go and shift for themselves; wives have refused to cook for their Christian husbands; or pagan husbands, after beating the life out of their Christian wives, have hurled them headlong into the village street. Again, some domineering head-man of a village sends (Turn to page 46)



Santal converts at Baskola. They had never seen a camera, but were willing to try to pose.

# JESUIT MISSIONS

A MAGAZINE OF APOSTOLIC ENDEAVOR

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JOSEPH GOSHWEND, S.J.

Editor

THOMAS J. FEEHEY, S.J.

CORNELIUS PINEAU, S.J.

HUGH C. DONAVON, S.J.

PATRICK A. RYAN, S.J.

LEON A. FOSTER, S.J.

THOMAS WALSH, S.J.

Associate Editors

FRANCIS J. McVEIGH, S.J.

E. PAUL AMY, S.J.

Business Editors

Editorial and Publication Offices

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## "The Body and Soul for God"

THOSE who are conversant with the story of conversions, both at home and in mission countries, realize that frequently the first approaches to the Church are opened by deeds of charity. In mission countries where medical aid is not nearly so readily to be had as at home, this charity very often takes the form of help given by Sisters and priests through their dispensaries and mission hospitals. There is little doubt that medical assistance rendered in the name of God forms one of the chief "Corporal Works of Mercy" in missions throughout the world.

By the bodily help thus rendered, prejudice on the part of the natives is often removed, fears are dispelled, and the natives come to admire the spirit of unselfishness that inspired the charity of missionaries towards them. They come to look on God's messengers as personal friends and confidants, and gradually are led closer to the Faith for which the missionary apostle stands and to the Church he or she represents. Genuine conversions follow in due time.

Now the task of providing sufficient medical supplies for the missionaries is no easy one. It must come to a large extent from friends at home. While European Catholics have for some time been aiding in this medical work, our own America has also been active in this apostolate. For some years there has existed an organization which has as its sole aim the rendering of medical help to the missions. Though working along quietly and against considerable difficulty, this "Catholic Medical Mission Board," with headquarters at 8 West 17th Street, New York, N. Y., has rendered invaluable assistance to missions throughout the world.

The present Director of the Board, Father Edward F. Garesche, S.J., has been able to report "that in the last two and a half years we have been able, through the cooperation of our Catholic people, to send to about four hundred and fifty mission stations throughout the world, in this country and the field afar, one hundred

thousand pounds of valuable medical supplies, which would have cost the missionaries about two hundred thousand dollars if purchased by them."

In addition to ordinary medical supplies, the Catholic Medical Mission Board has recently prepared a large number of medical kits. It is the aim of the Board to have these kits paid for by generous donors, and sent to missions throughout the world. Though the kits are sold for twenty-five dollars, the contents alone would cost the individual purchaser five times this amount. A complete kit contains the most useful medicines, instruments, dressings, bandages, and enough of most of the medicines to refill the kit ten times. While the Catholic Medical Mission Board is not so financially situated that it can supply the kits free, it gladly contributes the labor and care required to assemble and ship the kits.

The work of the Catholic Medical Mission Board extends to all Catholic missions the world over, and we commend it to the charity of the Faithful. The whole purpose of the Board is fittingly explained in its slogan: "The body for the sake of the soul. The body and soul for God."

## Medical Missionaries

WHILE speaking of medical mission work, we should like to call the attention of our readers to a new Society which brings to the missions not only medicine, but personal service, a personal service that is rendered in the mission countries by Religious especially trained for this work.

"The Society of Catholic Medical Missionaries" was founded in September, 1925, in Washington, D. C., with the approval of His Grace, Most Rev. M. J. Curley, D. D., Archbishop of Baltimore. The Society is designed to meet the need existing in all parts of the foreign mission field for Catholic medical women, willing to devote their life and profession to the service of the suffering millions in non-Christian countries.

It is intended for qualified women: doctors, dentists, nurses, pharmacists, dietitians and technicians, etc., who feel attracted to the Religious life, and who wish to continue to practice their profession in the service of God as foreign missionaries. These will find ample scope for their generosity in the Society of Catholic Medical Missionaries, whose purpose is to render medical aid, no disease or condition being excepted, to Christians and non-Christians, and to bring the light and consolation of our Holy Faith to the people under their care. The Society will also accept members who possess no medical qualification, either with a view of training them in some branch of the profession after admission, or with a view to devoting themselves to non-medical work inevitably connected with the undertakings of the Society at home and abroad.

The Society conducts two hospitals and training schools for Indian nurses; namely, the Holy Family Hospital, Rawalpindi, Punjab, and the Mitford Hospital, Dacca, Bengal; the Society also conducts two public health centers in Dacca. In addition to the missions already listed, the Society hopes to extend its work to Patna Mission in India where the American Jesuits are at work.

## The Mission Intention

Freedom from Danger for the Church in China

THE danger from which the Church is praying for release in China is threefold: First, Political Instability; Second, Communism; Third, The Spread of Laicism and Materialism. Due to these three causes, the Church in China is today, with the sole exceptions of Russia and Mexico, the most persecuted member of Christ's Mystical Body that can be found in any country of the world.

True it is that persecution has been predicted for China and is but a means in the Providence of God for the development of His Divine Plan. For in the year 1610, when Father A. M Ricci, S.J., lay dying, he was asked by a companion: "Do you know in what circumstances you are leaving us?"—and replied, "I do, for I leave you before a gate that can be opened by a great conquest, but only with much peril and tribulation."

In the face of obstacles, revolutions, banditry, communist massacres, government persecutions, earthquakes, floods, pestilence, famine and war, the number of Catholics has grown as follows: in 1850, less than 300,000; in 1900, 741,000; in 1907, 1,000,000; in 1927, 2,394,962 and in June, 1930, 2,520,303. Where, you may ask, was the blood of martyrs? From September 4, 1923, to November 15, 1931, 43 missionaries were slain for the Faith, together with 3 catechists and 5 lay Christians.

From the days of Father Ricci, God has used perils and tribulations like the blood of martyrs as seed for Christians and Christianity. Yet, if persecution is the seed of Christianity, peace, political and religious, is required for the untrammelled growth and full development of the Church of Christ.

Today, there are 2,176 foreign missionaries and 1,504 Chinese priests with 16 native bishops, praying for the peace that will free the Church from its triple enemy and open the gates, that Ricci saw in vision, leading to a Christian and not a Communist paradise. Peace be with the Church of Christ in China!



## The Mass of the Missions

THE sacrifice of the Mass, instituted at the Last Supper, is the sacrifice of the Cross renewed in an unbloody manner. If sacrifice is the language of love, then the Mass of the Missions—the Mass for the Propagation of the Faith—is a divine love story, the story of a God-Man's love for God and man. The missionary fully vested and accompanied by a native acolyte, who is the representative of the faithful, enters the sanctuary and approaches the altar. The sanctuary in every mission land is the knoll of Calvary; the altar, the altar of the Cross; the missionary priest, a priest of sacrifice; the sacrifice, the last will and testament of a God-Man victimized even unto death by unfathomable love for souls in mission lands.

Of this Divine Lover each and every relic is dear to the heart of the Christian, but none more dear perhaps, than the sacred Cross itself—upon himself and on the missal, above the wine and water and the consecrated Body and the Blood, with his hand alone and with the Sacred Host, twenty-seven times in the Canon of the Mass alone, each Jesuit missionary priest shall trace the outlines of this emblem of salvation. And as they do so, they shall revert in spirit to the unbelieving and unenlightened millions to whom the story of this redeeming Cross was never told. Like Father Edward Scott, S.J., depicted below, they will plead with God the Father, that the merits of that faithful Cross, that noblest tree, may be applied to their little flocks—to Alaska, China, Japan and the Philippines, to our American Indians, to our Canadian Indians, to the natives of British Honduras, to the Blacks of Jamaica, to the Arabs of ancient Iraq and to India, teeming with 353,000,000 souls. It is through this Cross of Christ that the Rt. Rev. B. J. Sullivan, S.J., Bishop of Patna, was enabled to report in the January issue of *JESUIT MISSIONS*, the fruitful propagation of the Faith already being harvested by Jesuit missionaries from the Provinces of Missouri and Chicago. It is the fond and passionate desire of these

splendid American apostles that Christ may permit them like other Simons of Cyrene to assist Him in shouldering His Cross and that thus as co-redeemers of the world, they may renew the soul of ancient India.

*Out of the woods my Master  
went,  
And He was well content.  
Out of the woods my Master  
came  
Content with death and shame.  
When Death and Shame would  
woo Him last,  
From under the trees they drew  
Him last,  
'Twas on a tree they slew Him—  
last,  
When out of the woods He came.*

With the Sign of this Cross, the priest begins the Mass of the Missions.

# AFIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUITS



## JAMAICA, B. W. I.

From the missionaries of the Province of New England, who are working in Jamaica, B. W. I., two items affecting their unbelievably slim budgets are noted for the attention of their friends in the United States.

1. If letters come from the U. S. A. with a two cent stamp, the missionary must pay the postage that is lacking. The postal rate of letters from the U. S. A., to Jamaica is five cents.

2. Money sent to the missionaries should be forwarded by check and not through a money order.

Three more steps in the Propagation of the Faith in Jamaica were taken when St. Bartholomew's Church at Yallahs was dedicated on November 13, the gift of Mrs. Catherine Curran of Boston; another new church was dedicated at Port Royal, and on December 29, the Convent at Seaford Town was opened.

At Preston, Catholic Action on the part of the Men's Sodality is manifesting itself by the organization of catechism centers throughout the environs and outlying districts of this mission center.

Catechetical centers attached to Port Maria have been helped and almost made possible by a gift of one hundred catechisms from the Sisters of Notre Dame of Namur in Boston.

## AMERICAN INDIANS

News comes from Holy Rosary Mission, Pine Ridge, South Dakota, that in one of his late December trips, Father Aloysius J. Keel, S.J., Superior of the Mission, narrowly escaped death when his auto skidded over the trail made slippery by snow, and dropped twelve feet into a creek.

Father Keel was traveling to a mission chapel to say Mass for his Indian flock. The going was treacherous, because of the snow trail, and it was very cold. When Father Keel reached a narrow rough bridge, which had no railing, the car skidded and left the road. It turned over and plunged into Wounded Knee Creek. The missionary came through the experience without a scratch, but the car was utterly ruined.

Father Keel said that he had started on his trip reciting the Litany of Our Lady, and he attributes his escape to the Blessed Mother's protection. No doubt, the same pious custom has saved other missionaries on their dangerous Winter trips.

## BRITISH HONDURAS

On December 25, Father Marvin M. O'Connor, S.J., who has already spent years of zealous work in British Honduras, was installed as Superior of the Mission and President of St. John's College. He succeeds Father Anthony H. Corey, S.J., who for a number of years has occupied the two positions now entrusted to Father O'Connor. Both of the Fathers had the sorrow of being witnesses of the destruction of St. John's College during the hurricane and tidal wave which visited Belize on September 10, 1931. Both were heroic in their efforts to save lives during those trying days, and have since labored untingly to reconstruct the mission work in Belize.

## CHINA

Friends of the California Jesuit in China will be interested in a bit of news from Charles D. Simons, S.J., Catholic Mission, Shanghai.

"We are getting along quite peacefully now, though there is a bit of bomb-throwing about Shanghai. The Chinese are getting and have gotten seriously to the task of rebuilding their destroyed homes. Just yesterday I passed through Chapei, Kiang-wan and even Woo-sung; the famous tri-city of war scenes. Chapei is still a city of ruins, despite the reconstruction that has been pushed on since the cessation of hostilities. Since the other two places did not have so much to destroy, the war-wounds are being patched up much more quickly. It is only a matter of a few weeks to throw up the foundationless, one-brick-thick walls of ordinary Chinese houses, and daub them with white mud. Whole sections of Kiang-wan especially, have been thus reconstructed. Would that the heart wounds of the poor people were so quickly healed! More pretentious buildings, etc., still await happier or more prosperous times. The once fine buildings of the Lao-t'ong Chinese University, near Kiang-wan, are still a huge scarecrow in the rice-fields, and the steel radio towers that domineered the Yang-te-kiang at Woo-sung lie crumpled as they were the day they were shot to pieces."

## CANADIAN INDIANS

Writing from Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., Father Paul Prud'homme, S.J., says:



The Bog Walk in Kent Village, Jamaica, B. W. I., where in a changing world native customs preserve their ancient and eminent domain.



Father Oscar H. Labelle, S.J., missionary among the Canadian Indians of Manitowlin Island, Ontario.

"I am nearly always out of Sault Ste. Marie, and traveling from one place to another; but the work does not diminish; on the contrary, it is increasing, because little by little I am discovering a number of things that need to be settled.

"The prayers offered for my missions continue to help me. Lately, I had the conversion of a young man. Last Sunday, I had the first Communion of a girl of seventeen years. She prepared herself almost entirely alone and she is now helping her little brothers and sisters to study their catechism.

"The traveling will not be the same this Winter as last. We have already had a good quantity of snow, and on my last trip I had difficulty in driving the mission car. Both the snow and the cold make it advisable to give up driving to some of the missions by auto, and I will have to limit myself to train travel and other methods of getting around to my different mission stations.

"This year I am spending Christmas in the mission of Batchewana Bay. Please continue to pray for us and to ask others to pray for the success of our mission work."

#### SOUTHERN STATES

Father Patrick A. Ryan, S.J., well known to readers of *Jesuit Missions*, has just returned to his mission at Rock Hill, South Carolina. Here is the story about the Rock Hill work in his own words:

"The names of the stations under my care are as follows: Rock Hill, Chester, (churches at these two places only), Fort Mill, Great Falls, Winnsboro, Strother, Monticello, Whitmire, York, Clover and Lancaster, eleven stations in all. Mass is said in Rock Hill and Chester every Sunday. All the other stations mentioned are with-

in thirty miles of either Rock Hill or Chester, with modern paved roads connecting them. For this reason it is Bishop Walsh's wish that my people be urged now to hear Mass on Sundays at one of these churches, and accordingly the practice of saying Mass on weekdays at private homes has been discontinued. For it was found that the old practice led to a disregard of the Sunday obligation and frequently to loss of faith when the families moved to the cities. Last year I worked hard on this and secured good results; e.g., on Easter Sunday every known Catholic of the mission territory attended Mass. But it involves calling on the people every week and sometimes oftener. When I went to Rock Hill over three years ago there were only about seven persons going to Mass. Within the first year there were 183 practicing Catholics. Rock Hill is the seat of Winthrop College which has an enrollment of 1,800 students, of whom only about 12 or 15 are Catholics. When I took charge, the Catholic girls were not coming to Mass on Sundays, and gave as their excuse that they would miss their breakfast at the college if they did so. To overcome that difficulty we started the breakfast after Mass in the parish house on Sundays. And quite a number of Protestant girls come to Mass with their Catholic companions, induced remotely perhaps,—who knows—by the delicious cake and coffee that are served.

"Chester in days gone by had quite a nice little Catholic congregation, but they moved away and for years the church had been closed. I reopened it last year because two fine German families moved in, and with the few already in the town, there was a little congregation. It was in Chester one Sunday last January after Mass that

a well known business man came up to me and said that he wanted to be a Catholic. I instructed him and the last thing I did before leaving for California was to baptize him, hear his confession and give him his first Holy Communion. The Chester church was originally a Protestant church, but has been in the hands of the Catholic congregation for over fifty years.

"As to schools, I do not think it is practical to build a Catholic school in any of the towns in our mission field. First there are but a few Catholic children in each place, and Protestant children would not attend a Catholic school. It would be better if we had Sisters of the social service vocation; they could help a great deal, for the poor Protestant is very ready to allow us to minister to his physical needs and later to listen to our religious claims.

"As to the other towns in our territory there is nothing further to be said, except that the number of Catholics ranges from three to fifteen."

#### ALASKA

Writing from Pilgrim Springs, Alaska, November 9, 1932, Father Aloysius G. Willebrand, S.J., reports.

"A few notes from this northern outpost which may be of interest to the mission-minded public. We are now at the beginning of Winter. Our rivers and lakes are frozen and everything is covered with snow. My visits to my little parish have been resumed. I have a good little team of four dogs, which make the trip quickly. My people are mostly at home, but there is a large vacancy. Some are working for the M. G. M. movie outfit, which is filming "The Eskimo." The little town of Teller has become a second Hollywood.



The central mission church among the Sioux Indians at St. Francis, South Dakota, on the occasion of the Golden Jubilee in the Religious life of Brother Henry Rupp, S.J., October 10, 1932.

"The nuns and girls are making Winter clothing and muklocks (Eskimo foot wear) and parkas. The Brothers and boys are gathering in the wood which has been cut during the Summer.

"We have just had a nice visit from our Superior, Reverend Francis M. Menager, S.J., whose headquarters are now at Nome. He was with us for about a week. One event of his visit was his receiving my last vows. The event took place on October 30, the feast of Christ the King. The girls and boys gave a little entertainment in honor of Father Menager and myself. The day will long be remembered."

\* \* \*

From Nome, Alaska, his new headquarters, Very Reverend Francis M. Menager, S.J., Superior of Alaska Missions, writes:

"From the '1900 Stampede City,' one of the greatest centers of gold placer mining in the world, does my latest letter come to you—for my new abode, Nome, is known to you all as the great city of the gold rush. From the beach along which Nome is built, millions of dollars have been taken in nuggets and gold dust; almost every creek in the surrounding country has yielded hundreds of thousands. In the days when you could get a pan, fill it with beach sand and wash out five, ten, and even twenty dollars of pure gold dust, Nome was a city of about ten thousand. But though there is still some mining done in the vicinity, Nome's 'Golden Age' seems to have passed.

"The Nome of today is a rather small town full of untenanted shacks; the population consists of a few hundred whites and some natives. After I had conferred with Bishop Crimont and Very Reverend Father Provincial,

I chose this city for my new headquarters; The main reason is that traveling from Nome to all points of Alaska by airplane is an easy matter in the depth of Winter. Mail connections, too, are very satisfactory.

"We have here a large church, a relic of ancient days when Catholics were many and congregations large; but now, save on Christmas and Easter, the Father's chapel, with a capacity of one hundred people, suffices. When I am not on my travels in the interests of the Missions of the Northland, I am at home here with but one companion, good Father Edward Budde, S.J."

\* \* \*

Father Paul C. O'Connor, S.J., sends a cheery line from Mountain Village, Alaska.

"Life rolls placidly along here on the banks of the Lower Yukon. I am pretty much of a tramp missionary. I have five posts about forty or fifty miles apart. Each little village has about sixty souls. The best part of my work down here is the fact that my people are not spoiled by white influences. They are natives purely and simply. They don't know much about anything except trapping and fishing, but here they are masters. Some of the fish wheels this Summer were turning up 600 to 800 a day. I don't have a bit of trouble getting fresh fish for breakfast, dinner, and supper."

#### PATNA, INDIA

From Bettiah in Patna Mission, India, Father Walter E. Marquard, S.J., writes:

"The depression is depressing, isn't it? It doesn't look as though it's going to let up at all. We just had a *mela*—that's another name for a country fair—in Bettiah. There were pret-



Father Paul C. Deschout, S.J., ready to mush over miles of Alaskan snow in search of Eskimo souls.

ty good crowds, but they haven't got any money. Added to that, the crops failed this year too. The town is trying to auction off a lot of people's houses for unpaid taxes, and the 'failed' Bettiah Cooperative Bank is auctioning off many of the rest. So you see, we are about caught up with the rest of the world and are enjoying our part of the depression.

"I've been making ends meet by selling off a lot of old junk, such as old clocks, worm-eaten photographs and old newspapers. I've been repairing my school and that has put me in the hole a couple of hundred dollars. Even then I had to stop when I came to a place in the building where it would have cost me another hundred or so. I'm just going to let that part fall down.

"Just to give a homey touch to this letter, I'll enumerate a few things that come into my line of vision as I write: a book-stand, a desk, a small table, a smaller table, a bed, a bottle of iodine, a trunk, two smaller trunks, a suit case, a shoe, another shoe, two more shoes, two slippers, another cup board, and still another, a waste basket, a wash-stand, two chairs, a couple of other 'things.' These are on the floor. What's on top of them is beyond enumeration in this chapter. Are all these things in order? They are not. Yes, it's the room of a simple Religious, but I don't know just what I'd do without most of these things. They all seem to be necessary in the business of being a simple mission parish priest. Maybe they're not.



The dancing bear does his stunts for the amusement of Father James R. Gibbons, S.J., and his flock at Chakni in Patna Mission, India.

guess lots of them are not. But just which ones? That's the problem that faces me every time I make up my mind to clean up."

\* \* \*

Father Paul Dent, S.J., writes:

"I finished my course of Theology at Kurseong on October 7, at 11:15 A.M., and three hours later I was already on my way down to Patna Mission. I came straight to Bettiah and have been here since, reading Hindi, talking it, giving my first Hindi retreat. It was a real consolation to give that retreat. The boys were like novices, edifying beyond words, were strict in their silence, and spent much time in the chapel. We had seven teachers, two Protestants and one Hindu with us. I gave them five talks a day and usually talked nearly an hour at that, but they didn't seem to mind.

"This afternoon I cycled out to Chuhari to find out when my next retreat begins to the children there. I am scheduled for Tertianship at Ranchi in January, and in the meantime, I am free to do what I want to do, that is, to work like a slave over Hindi. Owing to our remaining campaign at Kurseong—carried on now by Michael Lyons, S.J., with six or seven assistants, and running magnificently—I have made the friendship of over a dozen non-Christian Hindi authors and editors, and simply must make good as a Hindi writer, because I have so many beautiful chances to publish now."

\* \* \*

Father Charles P. Miller, S.J., sends just a hurried line from his mission among the Santals, Gajhi, Chakki P.O., Monghyr District, India:

"Ten Baptisms last week. Big crowd here yesterday. Wonderful the

way interest is increasing. Three villages that threw me out last Spring because they didn't want my Religion, have asked me to come back and bring my Religion along."

\* \* \*

The new year finds some changes in the status of the American Jesuits in Patna Mission. Father Edward O'Leary, S.J., will be stationed at the Bishop's House; Father Francis Brown, S.J., is in charge at Chuhari to relieve Father August Forster, S.J., who is going to Ceylon for his health. Father Francis Stoy, S.J., is back again among the Santals at Bhagalpur; Father R. Mullin, S.J., is in charge of the station; Father George Dertinger, S.J., is also at Bhagalpur, and is preparing for the Santal field left vacant by the untimely death of Father Raymond J. Conway, S.J. Father P. L. Frank, S.J., is at present assisting Father John Kilian, S.J., in the Santal field.

The first Indian Jesuit from Patna Diocese to teach as a Scholastic in Christ Raja High School, Bettiah, is Peter Angelo, S. J., who has just arrived from Shembaganur. John Morrison, S.J., was instrumental recently in saving the life of a coolie who had been bitten by a deadly snake.

### PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

From Very Rev. James T. G. Hayes, S.J., Superior of the Jesuits in the Philippine Mission, comes this pressing call for his missions and missionaries in Mindanao:

"Mindanao, the second largest island of the Philippine group, comprises an area of 36,906 square miles, and together with its smaller adjacent islands, forms a territory as large as the State of Pennsylvania. It has a population of 1,250,900 and its mem-

bers are being increased each year. There are 450,000 Moros, 300,000 pagans, these latter belonging to sixteen different tribes. There are about 300,000 Catholics, and the remainder are either Aglipayan schismatics, or members of various Protestant sects. Ultimately, all this vast field will come under the spiritual care of the American Jesuits.

"With little revenue, and without subsidy of any kind, nothing is fixed, stable or permanent. What has been accomplished so far, has been done by the individual efforts of individual missionaries. Many long and time-consuming letters must be written to obtain and maintain possible benefactors, and the constant worry over material needs robs the missionary of time and energy that might be well devoted to purely spiritual work. In our present state, inability to write and beg means failure of enterprises which are of transcendent and absolute importance in the successful evangelization of this section of Christ's Kingdom. Opportunities are at hand now, that once lost, will never come again. Today the hope of the Catholic Church here is in the hands of the Catholics of America. Men and money are an absolute necessity, priests, American priests—to minister to the Catholic faithful, to work among the Moros and pagans, to train Spanish and Filipino priests and seminarians in ways of meeting and overcoming the powerful proselytizing efforts of the enemy that are, more than we can ever realize, deflowering Catholicity here. Money is needed to build and maintain catechetical schools and centers; money to build and restore churches and chapels that will make religion attractive. Vocations must be fostered to fulfill the desires of Christ and His Vicar on earth, but impossible without American aid. The greatest need is education,—Catholic education—which means buildings, equipment, and pious, learned Catholic teachers, Religious men and women. This, the Church in America must give to the Church here. Men and women, well trained in Catholic social activities, and leaders of men are a crying necessity, but their support, for some years, must come from America. The efforts of the American Protestant enemy have made the cultivation of this field imperative. If the faithful in America, even to the point of sacrifice, would but place at the disposal of the missionaries, sufficient material and financial resources to aid them, at this critical time, to strengthen, defend and spread the Faith, with but half the zeal with which American Protestants are fanatically striving to destroy it, it would not be many years before the Church here could carry on the work itself most flourishingly, and turn Mindanao, not only into an isle of faith, but into an isle of sanctity as well. The needs are imperative now!"



Father Walter J. Hamilton, S.J., a member of the original band of American Jesuits who departed for the Philippines in 1921, at the opening of the Convento at Lumbia, a new mission post tended from Cagayan.



# FROM MANY CLIMES



## Communism in Mission Lands

In the February Mission Intention, the Pope of the Missions asks Catholics to pray that the Church in China may be freed from the three-fold danger of political instability, Communism and materialism. Of these, Communism is by far the worst. The anti-Christ of modern times, it stalks abroad like a raging lion seeking whom it may devour, forever waiting on the downward thumb of modern Neros in Russia, Mexico and Spain and their arbitrary autocratic and illegal sentence—"Christianos ad leones." The avowed enemy of all religion, Communism is today fanatically intent on extinguishing The Divine Light of the World in mission lands.

## In the Land of Xavier

Thus on July 30, a mob of forty Chinese Communists entered the Cathedral of Singapore, Malacca, broke the Crucifix above the altar, destroyed the candelabra, battered the pews and mutilated the statues. From the eight vandals who were taken prisoners, it was learned that a veritable plot was about to be set in action.

## In the Canadian Northwest

Unknown until about a year ago, Reds are at present seen more or less everywhere spreading their propaganda among the simple, ingenious and hard working souls of the frozen Canadian Northwest. Unless medicated with the salutary treatment of solid Catholic instruction, Bishop Ovide Charlebois, the seventy year old Vicar Apostolic of this extensive territory foresees that the faith of his flock will be marred by permanent and fatal scars.

## At Bangkok in Siam

Again at Bangkok in Siam, thirty Communist students of the upper classes of Assumption College, staffed by the Brothers of St. Gabriel and having an enrollment of 1,700, attempted to dictate disciplinary procedure to the Reverend Rector. Immediately the Brothers closed the college as well as that of St. Gabriel until the revolutionary ardor of the Red neophytes should cool. It is this summary method of procedure that has made it possible for Catholic institutions in China and

Japan to carry on while others close their doors. It was thus that the French Jesuits created tremendous "face" in official circles for Aurora University, Shanghai.

## With Fire and Sword

A Fides Service despatch carries news of a Red attack upon the village of St. Joseph in the Vicariate of Hongkong, China. Three Christians were killed in the defence of the village, but the Reds were repulsed with many losses. This is in the district of Hoifung and Lukfung, where a few years ago the temporary capture of the district by Reds resulted in the massacre of 15,000 people, of whom 1,500 were Christians.

## Communist Cells

Red sympathizers, living singly or in groups, but unknown as such to the authorities, constitute a continual subtle menace to the work of Catholic missionaries. The military commanders of Kwangtung in South China have decided to rid their territory of Communist "cells," but estimate that it will take three years to do so. It is these Communist "cells" existing in all the surrounding provinces that have made it impossible to destroy the headquarters of the "Soviet Government of China" situated at Kiangsi.

## Red Wireless

After six months fighting the military claim to have captured the first line of fortifications around Namsham, the site of a Red wireless station, and of the Lenin Military Hospital and College.

## A Catechism of Unbelief

Communism in mission lands is a Red Horror precisely because of its catechism of unbelief. We submit a sample of their godless questionnaire:

1. What is God?—A word used to designate an imaginary being, which people have themselves devised.
2. Has man an immortal soul?—Man has no soul.
3. Is it true that God has ever been revealed?—As there is no God, He could not reveal Himself.
4. Who is Jesus Christ?—There is no God, therefore, there can be no Son of God, etc., etc.

## A Gospel of Hate

Add to this the following ultimatum to Christianity given by the Soviet Minister of Public Instruction:—"We hate Christianity and the Christians; even the best of them must be regarded as our worst enemies. They preach love of one's neighbor and mercy, which is contrary to our principle. Christian love is an obstacle to the development of the revolution. Down with love of one's neighbor. What we need is hatred. We must know how to hate; only thus shall we conquer the universe."

## Atheism's Five Year Plan

By word and pen, with fire and sword and the sledge hammer of rabid, Red iconoclasm this gospel of hate is being propagated today as the leading principle in Moscow's atheistic five year war upon religion. The annual objectives in this five year plan are these: First year—The closing of religious schools. Second year—The closing of all houses of prayer and the extinction of the very concept of God! Third year—Expulsion of religious teachers from Soviet territory. Fourth year—Seizure of all churches, synagogues and houses of prayer for purposes of atheistic entertainment. Fifth year—Consolidation of the results and further development.

## The Heritage of Christ the King

Fear of the ravages of Communism in mission lands was indicated by His Holiness last December in his radio broadcast from Vatican City to the world. But this note of depression and of sadness was relieved and closely followed by a renewed allegiance to Christ, the King, by faith in the Providence that will one day take terrible and final issue with Communism's Hounds of Hell and by the recollection of the Father's Christmas gift to His Son—heritage and power and infallible victory over the persecutors of God and of His Church. "The Lord hath said to me: Thou art my son, this day have I begotten thee. Ask of me, and I will give thee the Gentiles for thy inheritance, and the utmost parts of the earth for thy possession. Thou shalt rule them with a rod of iron, and shalt break them in pieces like a potter's vessel." (Ps. ii, 7,8,9.)

## THE KINO TRAIL

(Continued from page 29)

San Gabriel, eleven miles north-east of Nogales, now a mere shell. Farther south beyond the Mexican border extended the mission chain, with San Luis de Bacoancos, San Lazaro, San Diego de Cocospora, San Jose de Imuris, San Ignacio, Dolores and numerous others leading on to the Gulf of California.

**G**ROWING personal,—the writer feels he has been the first Jesuit since the exile of 1767, to tread with curiosity and reverence in the footsteps of his distinguished Religious ancestor. The tour last Spring was inspired by a Protestant Superior Judge, organized by a Protestant, the Mayor of Nogales, and included in the party, besides the Jesuit guest of honor and one or two Catholic friends, the Sheriff of Nogales and one or two Protestant Army officers. Nogales is enthusiastic over Kino, and the inspiration and practical efforts to popularize him are Protestant. This is only a casual remark. Catholics will do well to heed it.

As a Jesuit I stood beside the ruins of ancestral homes. I removed my hat and stood in reverential awe. Tears? Yes, they were hardly restrained. The ruined walls were eloquent of a glory that was past. Each tiny mission was a jewel that should have been set in a golden case, architectural gems whose curved walls and vaulted ceilings and domed roofs and fluted columns far surpassed the stern lines of the later missions of California. But the ghouls have done their work during years of abandonment. Fancied legends of Jesuit wealth have magnetized the simple imagination of the simple natives. Picks and shovels have hacked the sacred walls to pieces, undermined the columns, scattered the broken altars, pulled down the ceilings, and upturned the floors. Not even the graves were spared. And the writer, as he gazed on naked bones upturned to the skies, could not restrain his tears as he thought how often those bones had been covered by a Jesuit cassock. The material work of Kino and his zealous companions had come to naught. But the spiritual

work was not in vain. With his own hand, Kino had baptized over 4,500 souls, while he was indirectly responsible for some 35,000 more drawn to the service of Christ through the labors of his companions. Their descendants are still staunchly Catholic.

**T**ODAY one sits comfortably back in the plush upholstery of a limousine and glides over the desert roads from Nogales to Tucson to Phoenix and Yuma, stopping frequently for a refreshing drink from an electric refrigerator or sipping cooling refreshment from a thermos bottle. There were no thermos bottles in Kino's time to allay the pangs of thirst in a parched and sun-baked country. There were no electric refrigerators or upholstered limousines. His limousine was the hard upholstery of a crude home-made saddle, and the random springs of lukewarm, brackish water provided his only refreshment. His soft pillow at night was that same crude saddle, and his bed the blankets of his horse. He did 150,000 miles on horseback, setting a life-time record for cowboy endurance. The world cannot understand it,—which is natural. For the world looks purely to the world and the visible things about. Kino could visualize the immaterial, the unseen, and with that same far-seeing eye that could penetrate the desert and beyond to the fertile valleys of California and could see it part of the mainland where others more shortsighted could picture it only an island, he could penetrate the floors of Heaven and visualize the angelic souls of the blessed departed. Under the brown skin of the Indian he could find the image of God, and with that Christian teaching in mind that there is no such thing as an aristocracy of souls, he turned his back on fame and position in Europe, to set about the salvation of Indian souls and make them angels of God. Call it, if you will, Kino's besetting passion. Was it not also the besetting passion of Christ? And like Christ his Master, Kino spent his life traveling in search of souls. Catholics of the southwest love the name of Kino; non-Catholics step forward in astonishment

and admire. Kino is one more addition to that "fifth mark" of the true Church of Christ, the Church that can rear men and women willing to give their all for the cause of Christ and their fellow men.

## MONTANA VIGNETTES

(Continued from page 30)

noitered carefully. Then the mystery was solved. The sleigh was sitting on the edge of a bluff, or deep creek bank. The horses had plunged over the bank and had sunk through the deep snowdrifts which clung to the side of the bank, and were warmly set for a long Winter's hibernation in the soft snow. When the men scraped away some of the snow, they found the horses, quiet and helpless, with noses pointed skywards to the life-giving air. After some hours the storm abated, the horses were shoveled out, and our travelers set out for the nearest ranch house, ten miles distant. From there, they made their way to the sick person's house, luckily arriving in time.

## WHAT DID THE THREE KINGS BRING?

(Continued from page 33)

the alchemy of the soul. And all of them, piled one on the other, were reaching for some deeper significance, like a coral reef striving for the large air above the confining depths. Christmas had meant feasting and a holiday for these many years . . . did it mean something more? The picture of himself receiving his first Christmas Communion obtruded itself among the clear-cut outlines of the present. . .

Amid the dissonant bursts of fire-crackers, the twang of guitars and insinuating wail of violins break on the cool air, and a singing group approaches. Christmas tunes, that bring back old flavors, like linen long laid in lavender, rumble in youthful bass, or tinkle in the light notes of *dalagas*.

Now they are on their way to the church for midnight Mass. They scarcely heed the road, as they tilt their heads and gaze deeply into the velvet blue sky, set with glittering platinum stars. All the world is one iridescent orb of joy, like the crocus-flowering of a dream, illumined by some supernal light within.

“**M**AAYONG PASKO!” “Merry Christmas!” comes in luminous syllables from the wraith-like forms as they pass in the dim light of candles and star-lanterns that robe every house in a shimmering other-world aspect.

These words echo sweetly in the soul of Teodoro. He has no fear in approaching the Bambino tonight, for that afternoon he had yielded to his mother's entreaties, and had felt his soul become lustrous and happy as he had made his confession to the priest.

Honey-colored light streamed out from the church doors, as it once did from a stable. Within, all is ablaze, huge flowers, and many quiet candle flames, like the smiles of clean souls. The great brazen bells ring out . . . and Christmas is here!

Turbulent, yet soothing thoughts follow each other pell-mell through his mind as the Mass proceeds, the priests statuesque at the altar, or moving with the conscious dignity of solemnity. As the glad words *Gloria in Excelsis Deo* vibrate once more in the Christmas air, an angel moves up towards the sanctuary and hovers there. Anyone could see the wire on which it traveled, but no one adverts to it!

The Crib is revealed in all its splendor. Communion time comes, and the Babe of Bethlehem enters the open hearts of His adorers. . .

**H**OME again, to the *noche bueno*. All the town appears at the feast. The celebration has really begun, and there is a great hubbub of coming and going, and of light-hearted festivity. There is everything that man uses to show that he is happy. No one could possibly go hungry; there was music for the soul; among the dancers there was the laughter of the *dalagas* and the masculine uproar.

The week wears on. New Year's Day . . . “*Malipayon nga Bag-ong Tsig!*”, the same old “Happy New Year!” but among one's own.

Teodoro had received and given many Christmas presents, but it was with a nameless thrill that he wrote his letter to the Three Kings, side by side with his brothers and sisters, and with them, laid his shoes on the windowsill. Now it

was the duty of the Three Kings to fill his shoes with presents, and leave what the shoes could not encompass near his bed!

The next day, a cousin greeted him. “*Unsa man ang guidalá kanimo sa Toló ka mga Hari?*” He started to enumerate, like an exuberant boy, the gifts the Three Kings had brought him, riding on their camels out of the night. In the midst of the recitation he broke off, and an indefinable smile, like a stray beam, lit up his face.

Long, long ago, the three kingly messengers sent by the east to the Divine Infant's feet, had ridden from their desert in the silvery tinkling of their caravans, bearing gifts. Still they ride through the desert of the world, bringing gifts from that Child to men. They had come to Teodoro, and left him many things, but there was one present he could not very well put in words, nor add to the list, yet it overshadowed them all. He could only feel it . . . Peace!

## THE ZAMBESI MISSION

(Continued from page 35)

Bulawayo, and the reopening of missionary work at Empandeni. But all this promise was shattered by the outbreak of the Native Rebellion in 1896, not directed—be it noted—against the missionaries in particular, but against all white men. Murder ran riot; Chishawasha was attacked; Bulawayo was in *laager*, and the priests were out as chaplains to the patrols, while the Sisters slaved in the hospitals. Recovery came but slowly; and amongst the contributing forces were the advent of the Notre Dame Nuns to Empandeni, and of the Trappists from Natal to Eastern Mashonaland, where they opened stations at Monte Cassino in 1902, and another at Triashill a few years later.

**A**MONG the Batonga, north of the Zambesi, a start was made by Fathers Torrend and Moreau; and both are still working at the mission of Chikuni founded by the latter twenty-seven years ago. Driefontein, south of Salisbury, followed in 1906, and also Gokomere near Fort Victoria, at about the same time. It was soon realized that with the number of outschools that had

already risen up, native teachers of good education and moral probity, must be trained. Tentative experiments were made on more than one station with this end in view, and amid grave practical difficulties, so that it was not until 1921 that a regular Training School could be established at Driefontein, to be moved to Kutama in two years' time. This school now numbers over a hundred pupils: it has the full complement of professors, and the necessary apparatus of a practising-school and courses in the theory and practice of education.

All this time the ever-increasing number of white men thronging into the country called for a staff of priests to deal with these colonists; so that at Salisbury, Bulawayo, Gwelo, Umtali and Fort Victoria, churches were established with the usual parochial mechanism. Along with this, and in consequence of it, came the segregation of the natives associated with the towns, into locations; and for their spiritual needs churches and resident priests, together with Sisters for the schools, were in urgent demand. It will at once be realized how diversified the work of the missionaries had become, and how it had been robbed of much of that glamor which popular thought attaches to the evangelization of a new country. The majority of the Fathers were engaged with a more or less resident population in farms, locations, and towns; while it was for the few, perhaps the more fortunate ones, to go out to open up new fields of labor.

(To be continued)

## AMONG THE DEVIL WORSHIPPERS

(Continued from page 37)

his cattle to graze off a Christian's rice field or trample down his corn crops. The Hindu *Mahajans* or money lenders demand the immediate settlement of loans, or failing that, a twenty-five or even fifty per cent interest on grandfather's old loans. And all this simply because my people deserted Satan to serve their God. Again, Christian houses were burned down to the ground or robbed while the household were away attending Mass in some other village; or perhaps their cattle were found missing upon their return.

It is history repeated. Just as in ancient times, when the new Roman converts were hunted down like so many wild beasts or enemies of State, so now my Santal Christians are subjected to all kinds of losses, misfortunes and persecutions. The trail up Calvary's height is almost as bloody today as it was in the days of our Lord.

AND where do I myself live and what do I eat? Is that what you would like to ask me? Simple! My parochial residence is a mud cow-stable which one of my new Christians loaned to me when I was ejected a year ago from a similar home by an evil-minded devil-worshipper. An hour before I moved in, the cattle moved out. Don't go imagining a suite of high airy rooms with lace curtains on the windows and highly varnished oak-paneled doors. Nothing of the kind. I have two small, low, thatch-roofed rooms each measuring six by eight feet and just eight feet high at the highest point. A single loop-hole window serves as my kitchen, the other is my office, dining room, clinic and at times also my bedroom when it rains too heavily to sleep under the open sky.

The furnishings consist of a wire soda-parlor chair which cost me thirty cents, a few tin boxes in which I store my rice, clothes, medicines and few other earthly belongings. That's about the sum total of my household goods. There are no tables, wardrobes, sideboards, settees or bed; no ice-box, kitchen range or such like superfluous obstructions. Where would I put them, supposing they were given to me? When I sit down in the middle of either of my rooms, I can reach every article I want without getting up. My bed is a fifty-cent blanket and a vest-pocket pillow, or my shoes and socks wrapped up in my cassoock. That's when I am at home. But when I travel, and that is every day of the month with probably four or five days excepted,—my luggage is even more modest. A servant carries my Mass outfit, medicine bag and a peck of rice. Meat, eggs, butter and vegetables I have two or possibly three times a month, namely, when I go to make

my confession in a neighboring station some sixty-two miles away where we have our Santal Boarding School. What bachelor can go me one better?



**Mush, You Malemites!** By Bernard R. Hubbard, S.J. The America Press, New York, N. Y. Price \$3.00. By Post \$3.20.

In "Mush, You Malemites!" the Glacier Priest, Father Bernard R. Hubbard, S.J., goes "a 'splorin' and romancin'" round the top of the world in the scientific wonderland of Alaska. For his adventures, he has selected a stage, of which New York's Radio City, man's most lavish amphitheatre, is but an insignificant and inglorious model. His properties are the marvelous pageantry of God's creative handiwork, glacial ice and illimitable tundra, snow fields and primeval timber stands, game whose right of sanctuary has been unviolated by the rifles of men, islands over which bull lions of the sea, surrounded by their harems, jealously guard their prerogative of eminent domain—all set against a background of immovable and awful splendors, the Fujiamas of the Northland, exploding Aniakchak, terrible Katmai, The Valley of Ten Thousand Smokes, The Heart of Fire Mountain, Shishaldin and The Spirits' Home. It is this stage of natural pomp and circumstance that an invisible technician in the silence of the solar night illumines now with the silken rustle of Northern Lights, now with the hellish pyrotechnics of bursting craters, while by day he unfolds before the reader's vision the sleeping beauties of Alaskan bays and rivers, still a-shimmering in the fawn light of the original dawn of creation. The book is a pictorial triumph in word and photograph, so captivating that all unaware, the reader finds himself racing in the wake of plunging malemites into the flaming discs of setting suns, flying on a magic carpet over moon craters unexplored since the creative *Fiat*, singled in body and in spirit by a single glance at Aniakchak's prelude to Hell, tobogganing helplessly before the fury of boreal gales, gazing with unsated wonderlust on craters that once were arborways of flowering beauty but now, like Pompeii, lie buried forevermore beneath tons of Ash Wednesday dust and volcanic ejecta. He camps in balloon-silk tents trussed safely in his sleeping bag, impinged against precipitous crevasses; he is pedestaled in terror on a rocky base of inches; he reads the steam heated Valley of Ten

Thousand Smokes, insulated from the furnace underneath two hundred degrees centigrade by an eight inch floor. At all times and in all places, the heart of the reader beats in rapid sympathy with the gloriously faithful hearts of his malemites that share with their master the inspiration of his conquering genius and the zestful triumphs of a Magellan of the North. The author's sacrifices are those of a priest of science, a priest of the test tube and thermometer. They are made freely and lavishly in order that a waiting humanity may proclaim a God whose love is as alluring as Bogoslof's Island of Mystery and of whose power and beauty this paradise of the North is but a mute and snow-blinded reflection. In a day when too many scientists have exiled God from His own world and from their own egocentric cosmos, let us pay homage to a Catholic scientist and priest who sets his altar stone on glacial steppes, in rocky caverns and in the moon-craters of Alaska to offer unto God the Sacrifice of God's eternal priesthood, the undying sacrifice of the God-Man's Body and Blood, man's most perfect act of homage to his God.

**Reflections on the Litany of the Sacred Heart.** By Raphael V. O'Connell, S.J. Apostleship of Prayer, 515 E. Fordham Road, New York, N. Y. Price \$1.00.

The content of this most recent publication of Father O'Connell is, to use his own words, "made up of brief meditations and studies on the invocations of the Litany of the Sacred Heart." These are thirty-three in number and to them the venerable author has added a chapter on True Devotion to the Sacred Heart, and another in vindication of the Kingship of Christ. With his pen dipped in the sacred lore of both Old and New Testament truths, the profane traditions of the ancient classics and an apt supply of modern instances, the author traces in suggestive outline a distinct meaning and a separate application for each of the invocations. The reader cannot help but breathe the atmosphere of spiritual otherworldliness that hovers like an unseen blessed presence over the pages of this book. It is precisely this quality of the author's style, together with the uncompromising orthodoxy of its thought content, that will recommend the book as an acceptable guide for priests and Religious in their dealings with souls.

**The Leaflet Missal.** St. Paul, Minnesota.

From the managing editor comes a copy of Vol. I, No. 1 of The Leaflet Missal, containing a translation of the Mass for the First Sunday of Advent. The simple format and the clarity of its English are excellently calculated

to lead our Catholic laity to a deeper knowledge, love and imitation of our Lord's last will and testimony, the divine love story of the Mass. Topics to be explained in the Leaflet throughout the year will give a more detailed explanation of the various steps in the progress of the Holy Sacrifice.

### Catholic Central-Verein of America.

The official report of the seventy-seventh General Convention of the Catholic Central-Verein of America, —the National Federation of German American Catholics—is not only an outstanding manifestation of the Federation's efficient organization, but also an informative, inspiring and enviable record of achievements in the field of Catholic Action. In their adherence to the prescriptions of the Pope's encyclicals, the Catholic Central-Verein has declared no moratorium, not even for an instant. On the contrary, it has applied Catholic principles of action at all times, in all circumstances, and to every phase of life.

**African Angelus.** By C. C. Martindale, S.J. Sheed & Ward, London. Price Seven shillings and six pence.

"African Angelus" is a diary of the author's impressions and opinions gathered during a "health holiday" spent in native South Africa. While the book is not a study of politics, sociology, anthropology, comparative religion, hygiene or art, it does refer to these subjects, and indeed, in an encyclopedic way talks about *omni re scibili et quibusdam aliis*. Its chief value for Catholics and Protestants is the frank critique which it presents of the mission movement. Were one to generalize about the book, one could do no better than to adopt the author's own summary of his experience—"almost the only generalization I could make about South Africa was that every one disagreed with everyone else" and "I leave myself wide open to the charge that I offer no constructive suggestions." The typography of the book is unrelieved in its set-up and unattractive in its choice of type. The style is elliptical, sketchy, conversational, impressionistic and jumpy, almost entirely untouched by the *labor limae*. Nevertheless, one is rewarded for persevering through this maze of tourist notes, written with English egocentrism—in the good sense of that term—if there is such a sense, by a number of clear and brilliant exposes of the Protestant mind versus Catholic procedure, by a chapter of cultural enlightenment, such as that on Education, and at all times by a running commentary, challenging in its frankness, upon vital problems of Catholic Action on the mission field of native South Africa.

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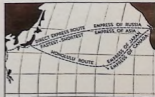
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