

Jesuit Missions

March, 1933

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IN THIS ISSUE

	Page
Frontispiece St. Francis Xavier, baptizing infidels in the ancient land of India	50
Our Southern States Patrick A. Ryan, S.J. The mountaineer of the Caro- linas and Eastern Tennessee has the Gospel preached to him.	51
Alpha—Home and School Joseph A. Krim, S.J. A tale of mercy and achieve- ments among God's "chillun" on an island of the Spanish Main.	52
Land of Mosques and Temples Richard A. Wellie, S.J. All the gorgeous coloring of the East cannot brighten the soul of dying India—land of strange gods and pagan blas- phemies.	54
"You—Goosel" Paul C. O'Connor, S.J. A team of mushing male- mutes, cooing ptarmigans and honking Canadian geese on the snow fields of Alaska.	56
The Zambesi Mission Edward King, S.J. A Catholic contribution to the colonization of Rhodesia in Africa—science and the arts walk hand in hand as hand- maidens of religion.	57
Kindler William E. Ryne	58
The acid test for postulant missionaries—the propagation of a name—a family name or the name of Christ the King.	
Viewpoints—A Poem William A. Donaghy, S.J.	59
To dice for the destiny of death or to tread the press of sacrifice unto everlasting life.	
In Memoriam James G. Daly, S.J. and Augustin J. Consunji, S.J. Trailing clouds of glory, Father Raphael L. Font, S.J., goes home to his Father, God.	60
Editorials	62
The Mission Intention	63
The Mass of the Missions.	63
Afield with American Jesuits. ...	64
From Many Climes	65
Book Reviews	71
Grateful Acknowledgments	7.

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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 which comprise the Missouri Province. The Missouri Province also cares for four **NEGRO MISSIONS**: three in Missouri, in or near St. Louis, and one in Omaha, Nebraska. The Province Mission Procurator is
Rev. William J. Wallace, 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., 2440 Interlaken Blvd., Seattle, Washington.

(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. Donovan, 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. Laviole, 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



St. Francis Xavier, Apostle of the Indies and Japan, fulfilling the command of Christ to His Apostles and their successors: "Going, therefore, teach ye all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost: teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you."

Our Southern States

Patrick A.
Ryan, S. J.

SOME years ago a popular writer made the statement that the mountaineer of the Carolinas and eastern Tennessee was "the only white man in the world whom the Catholic Church made little or no effort to proselyte." If the author were living today he would have to revise his judgment, for presently a major movement is under way in these parts of the South to bring the Church to the backwoods man. Nobody can observe the efforts of Bishop Haefey of North Carolina, of Bishop Emmet Walsh of South Carolina and of Bishop Smith of Nashville, Tennessee, without the conviction that one of their main objectives is to win these people back to the Church.

The original settlers were for the most part what has come to be called Scotch-Irish, and, therefore, Presbyterian in religious belief. But what happened to the Irish without the hyphen in the South, happened also to the Irish with the hyphen, and for the same reason. They fell away from the Faith they brought into the mountains "because the wilderness was too poor to support a regular ministry."

Today the descendants of these settlers are Methodist or Baptist, for as Horace Kephart says in his *Our Southern Highlanders*, "The Circuit rider, whether Methodist or Baptist, found here a ripe field for his harvest. Being himself self-supporting and unassuming, he easily won the confidence of the people. He preached a highly emotional religion that waked his audience into the ecstasy that all primitive people love. And he introduced a mighty agency of evangelization among outdoor folk when he started the camp meeting."

THERE is a lesson and a reproach for Catholics in the example of the Methodist Bishop Asbury who periodically from 1800 to 1813 left the popular centers of the East to search the mountains for these people so as to shepherd them. What hardships he had to endure and what zeal possessed him can be gathered from the following extracts from his journal.

"Thursday, November 6, 1800—After we had crossed the Small and Great Paint Mountain, my own horse led by Mr. O'Haven, reeled and fell over."

"Sabbath Day, November 9, 1800—We came to Thomas Foster's and held a small meeting at the house. We must bid farewell to the chase, this mode of conveyance by no means suits the wilderness. We were obliged



St. Anne's Church, Rock Hill, S.C., the headquarters of Father Patrick A. Ryan, S.J., diocesan missionary in South Carolina. From this church Father Ryan serves ten mission stations.

to keep one behind the carriage with a strap to hold by and prevent accidents almost continuously. I have health and hard labor and a constant sense of the power of God."

"October 7, 1801—We made a push for Buncombe courthouse; man and beast felt the mighty hills. I shall calculate from Baker's to this place one hundred and twenty miles; from Philadelphia, eight hundred and twenty miles."

"November 9, 1802—The descent of Saluda exceeds all I know, from the Province of Maine to Kentucky and Cumberland; I had dreaded it, fearing I should not be able to walk or ride such steep; nevertheless, with time, patience, labor, two sticks and above all, a good Providence, I came in about five o'clock to ancient father John Douthat's, Greenville County, South Carolina."

"September 27, 1805—I rode twelve miles to Turkey Creek to a kind of camp meeting. On the Sabbath I preached to about five hundred souls."

Again in November, 1813, we meet with this entry: "Sabbath, 24—I preached in great weakness. I am at Killian's once more. Our ride of ninety miles to Staunton Bridge on Saluda River was severely felt."

THESE extracts go a long way towards explaining why the Irish, with and without the hyphen, who settled in these mountains, abandoned the Faith of their ancestors and are now devout members of the Methodist church. Thank God, we have Catholic missionaries in the South today who are maintaining the best traditions of the Church and shrink from no (Turn to page 69)

Alpha— Home and School

Joseph A. Krim, S. J.

THE beginning of the story is pathetic. As happens often, the child suffers for the sins of the parent. When scarcely seven years of age, the boy is orphaned. His father had never even a spark of affection for his offspring; he had abandoned the little homestead—a shack of straw and mud. Stark poverty came—the kind that one sees staring from the eyes of some of the bush people. One day some people found the mother dead on the roadside—dead from starvation. In the meanwhile, the boy wandered about till too weak to walk. He lay in a field—no one knows how many days—and when they found him he was covered from head to feet with tick-sores and disease. So pitiable a bundle of flesh—with a few torn rags covering his body from the sun and rain—had rarely been seen even in the wilderness of the bush. One old farmer advised the kindhearted woman who found him to throw the boy on the rubbish heap as he was sure to die soon. But charity knows no bounds. The boy was brought to this good Samaritan's home and there nursed back to health, taught cleanliness of body and soul. But soon the kindhearted woman was herself hard pressed by poverty. She had done all she could to overcome the handicap that greeted the boy at the beginning of life. Being a former Salvation Army



Father Joseph A. Krim, S. J., with his boys from Alpha. "My work is to teach all the schools religious instruction and to keep the boys and girls at their trades."

"Sally," she had conscientiously taught the boy the Scriptures. He could give from memory a number of Psalms. Ten years old now and another crisis in his life. He can only find happiness and proper care in a real home. What to do? Then the fame of the Alpha Industrial School reached the good woman's ears. Even the bush people had heard of that home for unfortunates—a home in every sense of the word, for were not the holy Sisters as kind and loving as any mother?

AND so the appeal came to me, and after the usual court procedure of commitment, the boy came to Alpha. Now what does that mean? About five minutes' walk from here, on the main road leading toward the mountains, is a collection of buildings called the Sisters of Mercy Alpha School. There is a fine convent, chapel, academy, elementary schools—some of them only one-room houses and rather poor looking infant schools, etc. Up at the other end of the grounds, about a few hundred yards away, is the industrial school. This means a group of small houses, dormitories, etc., for nearly three hundred boys and girls who have been sent there

for some delinquency or because, as orphans, they need the training. The government contracts to send the Catholic chil-



"They are all 'God's chilluns' and so Mary's, too, the Mother of all the redeemed and, surely, most of all, Mother of orphans and little ones two, through no fault of their own, faced the beginning of life unaided."

dren here and pays five shillings a day for their upkeep—in reality they eat this, and as for clothes, etc., well, they make their own and, of course, go bare-foot. Five shillings is about the value of a dollar. The idea is to send these children out when they are sixteen, prepared to live up to their religion. They do all kinds of work—carpentry, tailoring, sewing, blacksmith work, farming, etc., and they have a fine band. Now, my part of the work is to teach all the schools religious instruction.

As an example of what they can do, you should have seen the daily paper's account of the big fair held the past two weeks at the race course. The Alpha Industrial School was invited to open a stall. The Sisters and their helpers were so efficient that every day the paper had comments on the work of the children. One girl of

here but the best for results is now, so I hope to look over the land and find out what vegetables grow best in the poor soil. The boys will at least get a training, and as this friend knows more than any native, having had a course in a New England Agricultural College, the boys will have a head start when they "graduate."

ALPHA is a miniature world: trade shops, farm, schools, band stand, dormitories, refectory, garden, ball-field—a little kingdom with the Sisters of Mercy the dispensers of charity and justice.

A tourist, wise with the so-called wisdom of a material age, but deplorably ignorant of the true values of life, dropped over to see what this place Alpha looked like. He came at a time when one of the Sisters in charge



The purpose of Alpha Industrial School is "to send these children out when they are sixteen, prepared to live up to their religion. They do all kinds of work, carpentry, tailoring, sewing, blacksmith work, farming and so forth, and they have a fine band."

eight (a coolie, that is, East Indian) won first prize for handmade lace; a boy of about ten won first for pastel work, and he actually worked on the shadowing of his picture while the people looked on—a beautiful scene, I must say; then they won first prize for the best costume—two small boys wore tights and were fixed up as Arawaks (the natives of Jamaica when Columbus landed here) with a big coat-of-arms of Jamaica; then there was another first prize, a doll house about six feet high, with two floors, a number of rooms, balcony veranda, steps, gables, curtains, even tiny furniture,—and as small a piece of carpentry as a comb and brush on the bureau; it was the center of all eyes.

SO my work consists in this: to keep the boys and girls at their trade, finding jobs (for example, having them make breakfast trays, contraptions for raising the head of the bed—things that I know invalids are asking for and not finding in the city); then I have a friend of mine from the States who promised to lecture the boys on farming. They have some lots, but if we can use most of the land for cultivation they can almost support themselves. Planting time is any time down

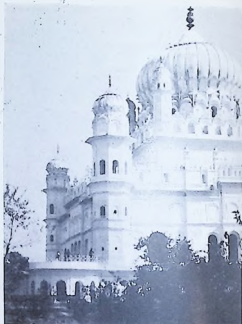
was doing infirmary work. She was an angel of mercy each morning to the boys who came to her suffering from fever or, as usual, with open sores (though Alpha has a wonderful record of good health, due to the extra care the boys receive). The tourist watched the Sister treat the wound as lovingly as though the boys were Christ Himself. But, as said above, not having an appreciation of the true values of life, he was repelled by the sight of a black boy who outwardly may not have been as attractive as could be. After the medical treatment the tourist magnanimously said: "Sister, you are certainly playing the part of a mother to these boys, but if Heaven is to be occupied by these rascals, then the Lord deliver me from that place!" The Sister answered not a word. But I saw a smile light up her face and I'm sure that only her deep charity prevented her from making the obvious answer: "Perhaps you won't be found worthy enough to be found in the company of these little angels!"

Seven o'clock! Twilight had come quickly and the blue of the mountains has changed to a deep black. A few lights twinkle on the hillside. At the Alpha school an interesting scene takes place. (Turn to page 69)

Land of Mosques and Temples

Richard A. Welfle, S. J.

BOMBAY.—Half naked coolies, with unsightly betel-stained teeth, and carrying loads on their heads which most men could scarce manage with a wheelbarrow. Clumsy, lumbering bullock-carts side by side in traffic with the latest models of American-made cars. Quaint styles of dress that range from the coolie's scanty lap-lap done about his loins, to the Mohammedan's full-length skirt or baggy pantaloons. The Tower of Silence surrounded by hundreds of large raw-necked and



"I kept looking for a tall graceful spire, surmounted by the Christian's sacred symbol of salvation, the cross. But alas! . . . never once were my eyes gladdened by the sight."

greedy-eyed vultures, waiting to swoop down and dispose of some Parsee's remains. . . . All these and a host of other sights strange to western eyes may have prevented India as a land of mosques and temples from being among my first impressions. But if not of the first, it was most surely among the second. It came home to me on the third day when I left Bombay and set out for Patna on the Ganges.

"With something akin to sadness, I beheld countless Hindu temples, surmounted by Vishnu's trident or the symbol of some other equally prominent Hindu god."

BOMBAY to Agra, the first leg of the journey, is a very considerable run,—a night and a day on the Punjab Mail. With all the enthusiasm and alertness of a new arrival, my eyes were keenly primed for observation, and there was one thing in particular I was hoping to see. As the train passed by town after town and village after village, I kept looking for a tall graceful spire, surmounted by the Christian's sacred symbol of salvation, the cross. But alas! during that entire stretch of almost a thousand miles, never once were my eyes gladdened by the sight. I kept looking in vain. Instead, with something akin to sadness, I beheld any number of Moslem mosques with their towering minarets, and countless Hindu temples, surmounted by Vishnu's trident or the symbol of some other equally prominent Hindu god. How truly, I reflected, is India a pagan land.



As we sped along towards Agra, I sat gazing out of the train window, and watched the sun dip slowly down into the west. The scattered palms soon grew indistinct in the hazy gloom that was rapidly descending over the flooded rice fields. Here and there, dark-skinned peasants plodded along the dusty roads behind their goats and bullocks, returning to the lowly thatched hovels that are their homes. It was a quiet scene, one that might have aroused sentiments of peace and contentment. But it had no such message for me; I found myself troubled and depressed. No, it wasn't that I regretted I had left my native shores. Indeed, as never before, my heart now went out to India. But hapless India,—land of mosques and temples! At home, I mused, this evening

hush would now be broken by the soft accents of the Angelus bell, and a million-tongued arpeggio of praise would be ascending to our Lady's throne in Heaven. But here—

"On top-most cypress tree a lone bird swings
And calls and calls.
He calls,—so from the mosque, the muezzin calls
The world to prayer."

Yes, but it is an unbelieving Moslem world he calls to prayer. Nor are their eyes raised aloft to Heaven,—they are turned towards Mecca. Hence my sadness!

THE second stretch of my journey took me very close to Benares. I did not stop off to visit this sacred city of the Hindus on the Ganges, and from what I have learned of it since, it was just as well that I passed it by. Land of mosques and temples! Benares proclaims it as does no other city in India. Temples, temples everywhere! The Hindu pantheon, it appears, can always make room for one more divinity, but surely it approaches the limit there in Benares. At every few yards there is another temple or shrine where worshipping pilgrims from every part of India sprinkle their holy Ganges water and offer garlands of golden marigolds or crimson hibiscus flowers to their gods. I do not experience the slightest difficulty in accepting someone's figure that there are fifteen hundred Hindu temples in Benares. And this estimate does not include the smaller wayside shrines built in the walls or set up under the sacred pipul trees, and which are simply countless. Nor does it account for the ancient temples which were

destroyed by the Mogul Emperor, Aurangzeb, and converted into Mohammedan mosques, the most imposing of which rises above Panchganga Ghat, with its slender towering minarets, standing sentinel over the entire city.

Benares has been styled the "Rome of Hinduism,"—and most improperly to be sure. For, though I have never had the pleasure of visiting Rome, nevertheless, I feel very secure in saying that there is nothing about Benares, with its hundreds of naked fakirs and ash-smear'd *sadhus*, its holy cows and goats and sacred bulls, its ugly grotesque gods and goddesses, its burning ghats and filthy reeking temples, its Brahmans and *rishis* and *sannyasis* muttering their *mantras*, its worship of Shiva under his symbol of the serpent and his phallic emblem,



Paganism still stalks supreme in India, the land of mosques and temples. Witness here the honor and attention bestowed upon this wealthy scion of Hinduism, posing as an incarnation of the god Krishna.

—there is nothing in all this, I say, that in any way resembles the Holy City. However, if "Benares the Rome of Hinduism" is meant to convey an idea of similarity merely in its number of places of worship, then most assuredly Benares out-Romes Rome.

TO view the religious life of Benares to best advantage, one must go down to the ghats along the river, and in particular to Manikarnika Ghat which is the center of activity. The scene as one writer pictures it at the time of a Hindu festival is this: "Shrines innumerable, cut in the stone piers and terraces which project into the stream; temples at the water's edge, half-sunk in the stream; temples on the ghat steps; the five-spired temples of Durga, crowning the high ridge above. The burning ghat, black with the smoke of funeral pyres; corpses laid out by the river on their rough biers of bamboo. A few yards away, the women's bathing ghat, glowing like a flower- (Turn to page 69)

"You— Goose!"

Paul C.
O'Connor, S.J.



Along the Alaskan trail. Father Paul C. O'Connor, S.J., in the foreground.



ATER, slush and darkness! I had thought that the chill of night would harden

the trail. Instead the sky became overcast and a brisk south wind sprang up. I was in for a night of work and sweat through forty miles of slush and water. The Summer thaw had set in with a vengeance. One after another the sloughs had broke. Their pent-up waters roared as they rushed down on the hard surface of the Yukon. The mighty Yukon itself would soon be a mass of crashing broken ice. Travel meanwhile became a dangerous pastime.

I had been called to Pilot Station by Sunnyboy. He thought that his new baby would not survive the break-up. I picked a frosty night and came up the river at a rapid clip. I found Sunnyboy to be the only family in the village. All the rest had departed for their Spring camp. This general exodus itself was enough to tell me that there was little time to waste. I baptized baby Sunnyboy and determined to leave the next night.

SPLASH, splash, splash, went my dogs along this miserable trail. Their feet were bleeding, but they did not slacken their pace. They needed no encouragement whatsoever. They seemed to realize that this was to be their last trip. A long lazy Summer lay ahead. Meanwhile, I was doing acrobatic stunts on my handle bars. I had tried to push my sled once and went down over my boot tops. If I had not caught myself, I would have gone right through to China. The slush and water inside my boots created a most stimulating sensation!

Eight long hours did I dodge black places of perilous ice on the dimly lighted Yukon. My feet were like icicles from standing so long in wet and soggy boots. I at last crept into bed at three o'clock in the morning to catch up on two nights of sleep.

But the life of a lone missionary is just one thing after another—pleasant and otherwise. Night travel does whet one's appetite. A juicy venison steak would put me right with the world again. I quickly learned that my supply of reindeer was exhausted, and there was none to be had in the village. The quick thaw coupled with the persistent tendency of the herd to seek distant pastures of mountain moss prevented a trip for meat.

I CAN boast of no great hunting prowess. However, canned meat and salt fish do particularly affect me with the desire of something better. Out I went to drop a few ptarmigans. I hadn't gone far before I spied two cooing bunches of feathers. Ptarmigans at this time of the year are a bit restless, so I banged away at a sporting distance. I had the pleasure of arousing two or three hundred. They all swooped up and as quickly settled on the opposite side of the mountain. I sat down and lazily philosophized that after all, ptarmigans at this time of the year are remarkably tough. Ham, perhaps, was better.

Suddenly a flock of dazzling white specks appeared in the far-off sky. Soon the hoarse honk of Canadian geese came upon my ears. Borne along on a strong Alaskan breeze, these powerful winged birds were flying even further north in beautiful formation. I was thrilled to the soul to see the leader of this majestic pageant honk out his commands to his followers, swerve close to the mountain, and then in tireless flight wing straight for the northern lights.

I slowly descended the mountain. I was lost in meditation on the wonderful freedom of God's birds in Alaska. The vanguard that I had seen was soon to be followed by thousands and thousands of ducks, geese, swans and cranes.

"*Agayulerta, agayulerta*, I likum you goose!" yelled a voice at my heels. My elevated reflections hit the ground with a bump. Now, as far back as the grades, I resented being called a goose. Even here in Alaska, the term is hardly flattering. I turned and found my old friend, Captain Beans. He had sneaked up from behind with a sled loaded with fourteen white geese.

His cryptic English is interpreted, "Father, you are my friend, I have a goose for you."

I voiced my appreciation and acceptance by a prolonged "Eeeeee" (Yes).

"My wife, he fixum." (My wife will pluck it and send it to you.)

"*Koyana chaknok!*" I replied. (Thanks a lot!)

The Lord does after all take care of His missionaries.

The Zambesi Mission

Edward King, S.J.

In the February article of this series, the author recounted the first expedition of the English Jesuits into Rhodesia, Africa, in 1879. Following upon the early hardships, loss of personnel, native opposition and unnumbered other difficulties, came the foundation of mission farms and mission schools. The advent of more white men into the country and the consequent segregation of natives into "locations" created new mission problems and varying types of work for the Fathers.

SOMETHING may now be said, if a trifle cursorily, about these different types of work. The prime necessity of the mission farms, of which there were seven before the divisions shortly to be referred to took place, was the establishment of suitable boarding schools for native boys and girls. These were, and must ever be of paramount importance, for they introduce the children only vaguely acquainted with Christianity to the requisite spirit of the Church, whose discipline differs in every essential from the training, or lack of it, which they receive at home. Girls must be strenuously guarded, and boys must be taught to be hardworking and reliable, and this with-



Corpus Christi procession at a native mission station of South Rhodesia.

out losing their native status by an ill-assorted imitation of the ways of the white man. Then, too, they must learn trades, but the native trades; so that, on return to their kraals, they will be able to raise the standard of life rather than to supplant what was already existing. Week-days, therefore, become a routine of school and office work, and the Sundays a dizzy round of activity, in the endeavor to deal with the huge number of native Christians and catechumens who throng to the center.

WHERE all this crowd comes from needs careful consideration. The native does not mind a long walk, nor does the crossing of a river breast-high in flood, incommode him. The kraals may be anything from five to fifteen miles away; they may be on the mission property or on adjoining native Reserves. For all these a resident priest with the help of reliable teachers can make ample provision; but with the far-flung kraals the

case is completely different. To them the priest must go, on foot, on horseback, by lorry, as it happens. But everything will depend on the local teacher; if he is reliable, the visits will be a consolation, otherwise they will raise feelings of despair. Take, for instance, a small Reserve, on which we have six (Turn to page 69)



Sisters of Notre Dame with some of the girls of the Industrial Class at the Chikuni Mission in North Rhodesia.



Kindler

WILLIAM E. RYNNE

"Doctor O'Malley stood before the open fireplace and glanced down at his son. The boy was young, perhaps seventeen, and there was a bright sparkle in his eyes although he gazed into the leaping flames moodily."



DOCTOR O'MALLEY stood before the open fireplace and glanced down at his son. The boy was young, perhaps seventeen, and there was a bright sparkle in his eyes although he gazed into the leaping flames moodily.

Flickering, shadowy glow from the fire, the only illumination in the paneled living room, softened wrinkles Time had chiseled into the man's face and stole the stubborn, determined glint from his eye. Confronting his son, his own countenance in shadow, he gazed down not unconscious of the striking resemblance. Past velvet portieres a graceful Venetian mirror in the hall reflected the scene before the fire. Subconsciously the doctor had found himself comparing the face in the mirror with the one before him.

He cleared his throat, but hesitated to speak. The boy sat immobile. Rather nervously the man coughed, the impatient cough he used at the office when his patients became boring with irrelevant details of symptoms.

"Bobbie, my boy!" His son did not hear. "Bobbie!" The voice hardened as it grew in volume.

"Oh, I'm sorry, Dad. I'm afraid I was dreaming. The open fire always does that to me."

"Dreaming of greasy old Chinese!" impatiently. "They won't have fireplaces over there."

"I won't need to dream then." The boy's voice contained all the patience that the father's lacked. "I'll have the real thing."

"See here, Bob"—the doctor's voice hardened again, and he spoke as vigorously as if they were discussing the subject for the first time—"this foolishness has gone far enough. China! Foreign missionary! Going among heathens, dirty, greasy infidels! I say no! No!"

"You make it sound like a 'Dead-eye Dick,' Dad," the boy smiled. "They're not as bad as that, but even if they were, would you want them to remain that way?"

"Others can go."

"How long would Ireland have waited if St. Patrick said that?"

"That's irrelevant. Besides," boastfully, "Ireland was never barbarian; at least it never approached the condition of those eastern countries."

"All the more reason why . . ."

"BUT, Bobbie, it's more than just that. Haven't I explained to you! You're—you're all we've got, Bobbie, your mother and I." The man's voice became low and husky. The boy felt the emotion in the tone and swallowed awkwardly to clear his throat.

"Mom would rather I went, Dad. You heard her say that yourself."

"She says she would, but I know how it would be after you left. Your mother is far from well, Bobbie. You know that. She never was really healthy; if she had been, you might have had a few brothers and sisters now." His voice trailed away. "Odd," he murmured, "the way circumstances repeat themselves. You know, you're in about the same position I was once."

As if contrary to the doctor's desire, his thoughts were made audible. Bobbie glanced up.

"Dad, do you mean that . . . Why, you never told me you wanted to . . ."

"No, no, not that." The doctor straightened and drew his shoulders high. "I was the only boy, Bob, in a family of six; the other one died at birth, just like your brother Dick. You see, you're—you're really the last of the O'Malley's, Bob, the last. Don't you understand?"

The boy's head dropped into his upturned hands resting on his knees. The father, after another glance at the mirror, dropped beside his son, putting his arm around his shoulders.

"Come, come now; it's just a fad, son, an illusion."

You'll get over it. Sure, you'll get over it. Why, in another year you'll be at college, and before you know it, Medical School, another Doctor O'Malley; then, settle down, a wife, children—children who'll keep the family name alive. Maybe one of them might . . . You understand, Bobbie; sure you do."

"Dad?"

DOCTOR O'MALLEY bent nearer. Coziness of the fire induced expression of affection. The curly head of black turned. There was a glistening in the anxious eyes, but the man could not be sure; firelight is so uncertain.

"You know how I love Mom, don't you?"

"Why, it goes without saying, my boy," the father replied with a reassuring pat. "Of course, of course."

"No, answer me, answer me straight, Dad. You know I do, don't you?"

The doctor hesitated, arrested by the boy's sincerity.

"Yes, Bobbie, I do."

"I know I haven't been much on expressing it in words, but I think I showed though that I care a lot for both of you. There's nobody I care more about—nobody."

Doctor O'Malley nodded, more to encourage than affirm. The boy found it difficult to speak.

"Then—then can't you see?"

"Don't you see how much it takes to do it? How much it costs when you"—he hesitated to choose the word—"when you love so much?"

"I think I know."

"Can't you realize how much harder it is when the love is more than human—when it's—when it's, it's something more?"

The man rose slowly, patting the boy's shoulder lightly.

"I'm just beginning to realize, Bobbie, what it costs to love. We'll never know, I guess, until—until we're cold in our grave—until it's over, all over." He stood there reflecting, murmuring philosophically. Bobbie felt as if he were eavesdropping on his father's thoughts; so low was the voice, so stirring. "You see what I mean, don't you, Bob? about the O'Malleys?" He spoke without turning around, still staring into the fire, and in that same deep voice, almost monotonously low, as if he were afraid to trust it to any height. "You understand that with you the name—the family—ends, don't you? The last, Bobbie, the last!"

ALTHOUGH there was something akin to a sob in the last phrase, Bob noticed with pride the straightening of the shoulders again at mention of the name. He waited, not sure that his father had finished. Only

ticking of the clock and crackling of burning logs broke the quiet. Reluctantly he answered, as if he had weighed every word before making reply.

"I realize what it means, Dad. It—it dies with me."

He jumped to his feet and placed himself between the fire and his father. He was nearly as tall as the doctor now! Pride came to the man's eyes as he faced his son, so young, yet so sturdy, so straight, an O'Malley, typical O'Malley, and so like them hanging tenaciously to an ideal!

"I'm proud of the name, as proud as you are, but it has to be a choice with me—don't you see?—either ex-

tending my name, or—God's. Think of it, Dad, they're millions of them over there who've never even heard of Him! What does a mere name like ours amount to against that?"

Hesitantly the man spoke. He blinked his eyes and glanced evasively over the boy's shoulder.

"I see. I only wanted you to understand; that's all. I suppose," rather hopelessly, "it's no use to suggest again about—about sending someone else—financing some student who could . . ."

"That's great of you, Dad; it shows more than anything else how you feel. But it's the life for me. I know it; I can tell. O Dad, don't make it hard! You don't know what it is to be torn in two. It's love on

both sides. It'll hurt either way. I can only choose one, and it has to be . . ."

"But your mother! I'm—I'm afraid."

"You trust me, don't you Dad?"

A smile edged the doctor's lips as he nodded.

"Well, why don't you trust Him?"

The doctor was silent, but he patted the boy's shoulder lightly. He moved closer to the fire, and leaned against the mantel, staring vacantly into the darkening grate. The fire was low, very low.

"My son a missionary," he mused, "a missionary. Saving souls, bringing souls to God, 'Kindling the Fire of Divine Love!'"

A log was dropped on the dying embers. A hand stirred and reached for the irons. Father looked down at son, kneeling before the fire. He dropped down beside him.

"Here, let me help," taking the tongs and passing them to Bob, who stirred the charred embers.

Slowly, slowly, the log caught under Bob's coaxing. As it burst into fire, steady and even, the doctor nodded his head, staring unseeingly through the blaze.

"Yes, Bob, I'll help," he murmured with a quizzical smile. "I understand, I understand."

VIEWPOINTS

[Missionary]

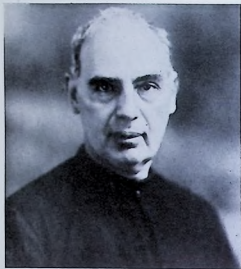
William A. Donaghy, S.J.

"Hail!" cried the world with upraised wine,
"Plunder the hour while the hour is thine.
For life is a dream and the dawn is drear
And the dice of destiny thou canst hear
As they spill out thy fate."—But he saw the price
And trod the press of sacrifice,
Turned from the halls of mirth, alone,
And laid his heart on an altar stone.
Its call he heard but heeded not,
"Fool!" sneered the world and soon forgot.

* * *

[Worldling]

Quoth he, "Enough of wealth have I,
My granaries full, my gold heaped high,
My soul, before your span is sped,
—The lucent wine of life runs red,—
Drink deep"; but in that moment of his pride,
He clutched his bosom, fell and died,
Sprawled mid his riches dearly priced,
"Thou fool!" reproached the gentle Christ.



Father Gabriel Font, S.J., who died at Jimenez, Occidental Misamis, Mindanao, on October 24, 1932, after twenty-seven years on the Mindanao missions.

THE Jesuit mission in Mindanao lost a zealous and indefatigable apostle in the recent death of Father Gabriel Font, S.J. So active and energetic had been this cheerful, charitable, courageous and zealous soldier of Christ to the very end, that his golden jubilee in the Society of Jesus, less than two years away, was an event that was looked forward to with certain assurance, despite the fact that for twenty-seven consecutive years, Father Font had faced the hardships of missionary life in Mindanao.

Father Gabriel Font, S.J., was born December 30, 1866, in Tossa, Gerona, Cataluna, Spain. On September 4, 1884, Gabriel Font became a Novice of the Society of Jesus, and after the successful completion of his preliminary training, literary studies, sciences, mathematics and philosophy, Mr.



In Memoriam

James G. Daly, S.J. and Augustin

Font, S.J., was appointed Prefect of Discipline and Professor in Sarría College, where he efficiently performed the duties of teacher and Prefect from 1892 to 1897. At Sarría, Mr. Font, by his kind and cheerful disposition, his willing sacrifices and energetic labors, won the confidence and devotion of his Jesuit companions and the student body in the same way as the people in Mindanao were later to respond to these same sterling qualities in his character. Father Font completed his theological studies at Tortosa in 1897, and his Tertianship at Manresa in 1901. Before proceeding to the Philippine Islands, he was sent to London to study English, after which he embarked for Manila where he arrived before the close of the year 1902.

ON his arrival in Manila, Father Font returned to the classroom as Professor of Spanish and Classical Literature, in the beginning at St. Francis Xavier Seminary, and later on at the Ateneo de Manila, the two Jesuit schools in Manila at the time. During these three years of teaching in Manila, he spent the Summer vacations in ministerial works, assisting the Fathers in Mindanao. In 1905, Father Font was sent to Cagayan, Mindanao, where he was to direct the Jesuit parochial school there for the next eleven years. In 1916, he was assigned exclusively to ministerial work in an extensive missionary area in North Mindanao. The Baptism registers of a hundred scattered mission hamlets bear witness to his constant journeyings across seas, lakes and rivers, along the coast and up the mountainside on horse, on carabao and on foot. How did he manage to minister to so many scattered stations? Frequently it meant traveling by night in the saddle or cramped in a narrow canoe,—and the morrow was a repetition of the day before.

IT was on Friday, October 21, that Father Font complained of severe intestinal pains. Three days later, on Monday, October 24, 1932, at eleven o'clock in the morning, his zealous soul had gone to receive the heavenly reward of the good and faithful servant. On Saturday morning, October 22, 1932, after a long

night of writhing agony from intestinal pain, Father Font was operated upon for an acute case of hemorrhoids, from which we discovered only then that he had been a silent sufferer for twenty years. But after Father Font's death the doctors discovered that a cancer of the pancreas, with general peritonitis, was the cause of the severe intestinal pains. On Saturday morning, Father Font could not say Mass and he could not leave the Rectory. Two doctors were present at the operation, a private surgeon



No mourning or funeral, no wailing or festival, was valid in the eyes of the Filipinos unless blessed by the presence of their beloved Father in Christ.



whom Father Font had requested, and the government doctor of the district. The abdominal distress continued even after the hemorrhoid operation. A Father or a Brother was constantly at his side to administer whatever alleviations were possible, with cold applications to his feverish brow and hot applications to his abdomen.

All the while our Lord was preparing his faithful warrior for his release from the Church Militant. Sunday night was another Saturday night of restlessness, little sleep and much suffering. Four times the doctor called on Sunday and twice on Monday, and a third time when he was dying. When the doctor called at seven o'clock Monday morning, he was much encouraged to find Father Font considerably improved. But it was only the calm before the storm. The fever had subsided and on the doctor's orders the ice application to Father Font's head was discontinued. There was no sign that the end was near. Within four hours, Father Font would be dead. At 10:30 A.M., the intestinal pains returned with such intensity that Father Font was forced to exclaim: "No puedo mas! No puedo mas! Mamatay ako! Mamatay ako!" These expressions in Spanish and Visayan are translated in English: "I cannot suffer more! I cannot suffer more! I am dying! I am dying!" Within half an hour the doctor was at the bedside of Father Font, but he was beyond the reach of medical science. Before the end, with the complete use of his senses, Father Font received the last sacraments at 10:45 A.M., Monday, October 24, 1932, and fifteen minutes later his valiant soul had gone from earth to join the triumphant ranks of Paul of the Gentiles and Xavier of the Indies.



Father Font, S.J., with a group of children and teachers of the parochial school which he established at Tanguh, Occidental Misamis, Mindanao.

row were beyond his control, and the tears which prevented him from completing his recital of the virtues of Father Font, were eloquent testimony of the deep affection that he and all, young and old, had for their devoted missionary.

THE Jesuit Communities of Mindanao will miss Father Font—his cheerful disposition, his charity, his sympathy, his encouragement, and the inspiring example of his indefatigable zeal. Who can take his place in the impromptu contests in verse-matching and memory feats with quotations from the classics of Spain, Rome and Greece, in which contests Father Font always won the laurels? Who can carry on his dramatic achievements in Visayan operas on religious subjects which he composed and directed in a hundred hamlets of Mindanao? Yes, all will miss Father Font, but, most of all, thousands of little children on Mindanao's coast and mountains. How like the Gospel narrative is the picture of Father Font encircled by the little ones wherever he went! And Christ-like in his love for the little ones, Father Font was never (Turn to page 71)

FORTUNATELY, Very Reverend Edward C. Phillips, S.J., Provincial of the Maryland-New York Province, on his visitation of the Jesuit missions in Mindanao, was within a day's journey of Jimenez when Father Font died. To honor him with his presence, Very Reverend Father Phillips changed his scheduled plans and made the long day's journey to Jimenez to officiate at the funeral obsequies. During the funeral oration of Father Contin, S.J., a veteran missionary comrade of Father Font, every eye of the crowded congregation was moist with tears of sorrow, as the preacher recounted the sacrifices and labors of Father Font in quest of souls for Christ during the twenty-seven years of his missionary ministry in Mindanao.

The mile of road from the church to the cemetery was crowded with thousands of sorrowing friends, men, women and children, some of whom had come from distant homes to march in procession to the cemetery and say a last prayer at the grave of a faithful friend and a zealous apostle. At the grave the Governor of the Province attempted a panegyric of Father Font, but the Governor's grief and sor-

Funeral procession for Father Gabriel Font, S.J. Very Rev. Edward C. Phillips, S.J., Provincial of the Maryland-New York Province, who was conducting a visitation of the Philippine mission stations at the time of Father Font's death is veiled in the black cope.



JESUIT MISSIONS

A MAGAZINE OF APOSTOLIC ENDEAVOR

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Novena of Grace—March 4 to 12

WE urge all our readers, especially at the present time of spiritual trial and financial depression, to turn to St. Francis Xavier with fullest confidence. The particular reason for recommending devotion to the great Saint at the present time, lies in the fact that the famous Novena in his honor begins on March 4.

The Novena of Grace in honor of St. Francis Xavier was begun by the Saint himself. After curing a devoted client, the Saint appeared to him and assured him that "all who would earnestly ask his intercession with God for nine days, in honor of his canonization, would infallibly experience the effects of his great power in Heaven and would receive whatever they asked that would contribute to their salvation."

The practice sprang up of making the Novena publicly in the parish church from March 4 to March 12, the anniversary of the canonization of St. Francis Xavier and St. Ignatius Loyola, and of receiving Holy Communion on one of the days of the Novena. The wonderful favors both for soul and body thus obtained through the intercession of St. Francis Xavier have caused it to be known almost universally as the Novena of Grace. Thousands of people make the Novena every year by attending the public services in their churches.

The motives for confidence in St. Francis Xavier are indeed many. In the bull of canonization promulgated by Urban VIII in 1622, it is said that St. Francis Xavier's apostolate had all the signs of a divine vocation,—the evangelical virtues in all perfection, the gift of tongues, the gift of prophecy, and the gift of miracles. Miracles there were in plenty; he healed the sick, gave hearing to the deaf and sight to the blind, he raised the dead, calmed tempests, put an infidel army to flight; he commanded the wild beasts and they obeyed, and by a single discourse he converted hundreds of souls.

Not only during his lifetime did the Saint give evidence of his power with God. The vast number of miracles which have been wrought in all parts of the

world in favor of those who invoked the aid of St. Francis Xavier, and the marvelous graces obtained through his intercession, have inspired people of all nations with confidence in him. They have had recourse to him in all their needs, both spiritual and temporal.

For the convenience of those of our readers who are unacquainted with the form of prayer for the Novena of Grace, the usual prayers are set down here.

Prayer to St. Francis Xavier

Most lovable and loving St. Francis Xavier, in union with thee I adore the Divine Majesty. The remembrance of the favors with which God blessed thee during life and of thy glory after death, fills me with joy; and I unite with thee in offering to Him my humble tribute of thanksgiving and of praise. I implore thee to secure for me, through thy powerful intercession, the inestimable blessing of living and dying in the state of grace. I also beseech thee to obtain the favor I ask in this Novena (*make some petition*). But if what I ask is not for the glory of God, or for the good of my soul, do thou obtain for me what is most conducive for both. Amen.

V. Pray for us, St. Francis Xavier.

R. That we may be made worthy of the promises of Christ.

LET US PRAY

O God, who didst vouchsafe by the preaching and miracles of St. Francis Xavier, to join unto Thy Church the nations of the Indies, grant, we beseech Thee, that we who reverence his glorious merits may also imitate his example, through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

Xavier's Prayer for Unbelievers

Eternal God, Creator of all things, remember that the souls of unbelievers have been created by Thee, and formed to Thy own image and likeness. Behold, O Lord, how to Thy dishonor hell is being filled with these very souls. Remember that Jesus Christ, Thy only Son, for their salvation suffered a most cruel death. Do not permit, O Lord, I beseech Thee, that Thy Divine Son be any longer despised by unbelievers; but rather, being appeased by the prayers of Thy Saints and of the Church, the most holy Spouse of Thy Son, vouchsafe to be mindful of Thy mercy; and forgetting their idolatry and unbelief, bring them to know Him, whom Thou didst send, Jesus Christ, Thy Son, our Lord, who is our health, life and resurrection, through whom we have been redeemed and saved, to whom be all glory forever. Amen.

LET US PRAY

O Lord, Jesus Christ, love of my heart, by Thy holy Cross and by the Five Wounds which Thy love has inflicted on Thee, help Thy servants whom Thou hast redeemed with Thy most precious Blood. Amen.

On March 23, 1904, Pope Pius X granted to all who would make this Novena either publicly or privately the following Indulgences, which may be gained twice during the year:

- 300 days on each day of the Novena provided they recite devoutly and with contrite heart the prayer, "Most lovable and loving" or, if they have not the prayer, five times "Our Father," "Hail Mary," and "Glory be to the Father, etc."
- A Plenary Indulgence, if within eight days after concluding the Novena they confess, receive Communion and pray for the intentions of the Pope.

The Mission Intention

Conversion of Buddhists in the Far East,
Burma and Ceylon

SIDDHARTA GAUTAMA, the founder of Buddhism, was born 561 years before the birth of the Founder of Christianity, and died sometime between 482 and 472 B.C. A member of the royal line of Cakyas, he lived about 137 miles north of Benares in India, where, although reared in luxury, he left his parents and his only son, and at the age of twenty-nine began his meditations on the cause of human suffering. For seven years he resisted the temptation to return to a life of ease, and then is reputed to have attained peace. For about fifty years after this, Gautama lived to promulgate the following doctrines: 1. Existence is always accompanied by suffering; 2. Suffering arises from unsatisfied desires. His solution to the problem was stated thus: 1. Quench all evil desires; 2. Enter Nirvana—a state of perfect peace wherein the individuality is extinct.

Today, two hundred million people profess the doctrines of Buddhism. They may be found in the Island of Ceylon, in Burma, in Siam, in French Indo-China and in Japan. In China proper, Buddhism is mixed with the beliefs and practices of Taoism and Confucianism, while in Tibet, it is identified with Lamaism. While conversions from Buddhism to Catholicism are incontestably difficult, the fact remains that notable instances of such conversions occurring intermittently from the days of St. Francis Xavier to our own, may be recorded. Only recently, Mr. Yu Nai Jen, China's "holy mandarin," after failing to find in his Buddhist Nirvana a reasonable solution to the problem of human suffering, embraced Catholicism.

It is precisely in order that all Buddhists may learn the Catholic solution to the problem of human suffering that His Holiness entreats us to pray for the conversion of Buddhists in the Far East.



Father Joseph Keith, S.J., who is now stationed at Cogayan, Oriental Mindoro, P. I., offers the redeeming blood of Christ in intercession to the Father for his little flock.

The Mass of the Missions

SAFE beneath the protecting symbol of the Cross, the priest begins the Mass of the Missions. "I will go unto the altar of God." Readers will remember that in the year 587 B.C., Nabuchodonosor, King of Babylon, laid siege to Jerusalem. With his engines of war he razed the temple walls and battered to the ground the altar of the one true God. Then, in reprisal for their stubborn resistance, he transported the Jews as exiles to Babylon. It was during this captivity that the psalm, "I will go unto the altar of God" was composed. It revealed the fierce longing of the Jews for Jerusalem, once their happy homeland, for the temple now a ruin, and for the altar now but a relic of other days and of other ways, of the Lord's days and of the ways of God. And, up and down the banks of the rivers of Babylon, the Jews vowed aloud to their God, "If I forsake thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand be forgotten, let my tongue cleave to my jaws, if I do not remember thee,"—if I make not Jerusalem, that is for us, the altar of the Mass, the beginning of my joy. Unlike the captive Jews, our readers are not in exile from the altar of the Mass, and yet, their lot is not the lot of all, for this very day from entire sections of the mission world come echoes of the lamentations of the Jews in Babylon. One picture is in my memory now. It is late afternoon. Down on the white sands of a little country road that winds from the bamboo groves of a catechism center at Nagsangalan to the waters of the China Sea, a thousand Filipinos kneel. A dumb longing is in their eyes as, with arms outstretched, they call to a departing Black-robe, "Come back to us, and as a priest of God, break unto us the Bread of eternal life." And it is thus that they remain today, dreaming, as did the chosen people in their captivity, of Zion and the days of Faith. For they too have had their Zion, they too have had their days of Faith. And as they recollect, is it any wonder that their silver streams become for them the very rivers of Babylon by whose banks it seems they must ever sit and weep, until from America they shall one day see the coming of the priests and the Sisters and the Brothers of God and hear again the welcome cry, "I will go unto the altar of God"?

Sacrifice is the offering to God of a visible object that has been in some manner transformed or destroyed for

the four-fold purpose of adoration, thanksgiving, petition and reparation.

We owe God adoration because God created us; because each instant of our life God continually recreates us; because upon God we are absolutely and unreservedly dependent at all times, in all places, for all things. For "the earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof; the world and all they who dwell therein.

Because we owe all to God our very nature urges us to pay God thanks.

This dependence upon God is one of need, need above all else for that moral strength which we call the grace of God, since due to Adam's sin (Turn to page 72)



JAMAICA, B. W. I.

According to the 1933 Catalogue of the New England Province, these Jesuit missionaries are located at the following address in Jamaica, B. W. I.

Linstead P. O.: Father Joseph F. Ford. Out-missions: Jeffrey's Town, Donnington, Moneague, May Pen, Mandeville, Christiana, Richmond Park and Concord.

Above Rocks P. O.: Father Frederick J. Donovan. Out-missions: Cas-sava River, Tom's River, Friendship, King Weston, Devon Pen and Rock Hall.

Brown's Town P. O.: Father Raymond R. Sullivan. Out-missions: Alva, Murray Mount, Somerton, Linton Park, Refuge, Locheroch Side, and St. Ann's Bay.

Port Antonio P. O.: Father Oliver B. Skelly. Out-missions: Buff Bay, Avocat, May River and Mount Joseph.

Montego Bay P. O.: Father James J. Becker. Out-missions: Reading Pen, Chester Castle, Falmouth and Lucea.

Spanish Town P. O.: Father Francis J. Kelly. Out-missions: Old Harbor, Port Henderson and Gregory Park.

Port Maria P. O.: Father Charles J. Eberle. Out-missions: Preston Hill, Annoto Bay, Richmond and Mile Gully.

Lamb's River P. O.: Father Francis G. Kempel. Out-missions: Seaford Town, Orange Hill, Brighton and Black River.

Savanna-la-Mar P. O.: Father James M. Harney. Out-missions: Top Hill and Pigsaw.

From the Convent of Mercy, Gordontown, comes this Christmas note to the Editor:

"I want to thank you most sincerely for the beautiful calendar and mission map. Likewise, for the *Jesuit Missions* magazine which comes regularly. We enjoy it first and then pass it on.

"We are busy getting up a little Christmas treat for

our poor children. We have about 150 in school. They enjoy anything we can give them in the way of toys or little story books or, better still, something to eat, for they are very poor. About ten little ones will make their first Communion on Christmas morning. Just now a young Black boy gave me a round piece of string, the size of his young girl's finger. He is to be married in January and Father McDonald will supply the ring. He has a stock of them in various sizes, and hence the measurement by string.

"We had our usual Rally of the

Saints on last Sunday, at which quite a crowd turned out. We marched up the town with band and banners, singing hymns, and then returned to the church for Benediction. Father got sixteen pounds at the Rally and is now about to paint and sand the outside of the church which has not been done in twenty years. The inside has never yet been painted."

'IRAQ

The address of our American Jesuit missionaries at 'Iraq is as follows:

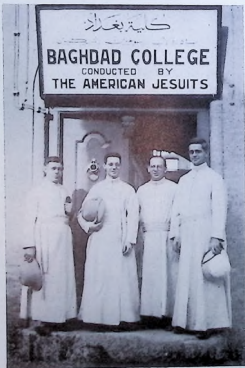
Baghdad College, 11/45 Muraba'ah Street, Baghdad, 'Iraq. The present faculty consists of Fathers William A. Rice, Superior, Edward F. Madaras, J. Edward Coffey and John A. Mifsud.

From Father William A. Rice, S.J., Superior of Baghdad College, comes notice of the opening of this new American Jesuit venture on September 26, 1932:

"Today we had the opening of the High School Department of Baghdad College! There was a rather enthusiastic crowd of 103 boys to greet us this morning and receive their classes. Up to Saturday night we had about 350 applicants, but only 103 completed their registration, that is, brought their necessary certificates and first payment. After class this morning, three more appeared for registration, and if we know anything about easterners, we shall have a dozen more trailing in during the coming week.

"The boys are divided as follows: Catholics: Chaldeans 59, Syrians 17, Armenians 5, Latins 4, Greeks 3. Non-Catholics: Armenian Orthodox 3, Russian Orthodox 1, Greek Orthodox 1, Nestorians 2, Jews 4, Moslems 4. Classes: Fifth Primary 14, Sixth Primary 15, First Secondary 44, Second Secondary 30.

More news will be forthcoming in the next edition of "The Baghdad!"



The faculty of the new American Jesuit educational venture at 'Iraq. (Left to right) Fathers John A. Mifsud, S.J., Edward F. Madaras, S.J., William A. Rice, S.J., Superior, and J. Edward Coffey, S.J.

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

The 1933 Catalogue of the Philippine Mission listed the following American Jesuits according to name and Post Office address for the convenience of our readers.

Agayan, Oriental Misamis, P. I.: Fathers Joseph L. Lucas and Joseph Reich.

Balingasag, Oriental Misamis, P. I.: Fathers Martin J. O'Shaughnessy and John F. Treubig.

Iligan, Lanao, P. I.: Father Andrew A. Hoffmann and Brother John J. Duffy.

Jasaan, Oriental Misamis, P. I.: Father John A. Pollock.

Sumilao, Bukidnon, P. I.: Father Frederick W. Hensfling.

Tagnipa, Oriental Misamis, P. I.: Fathers Walter J. Hamilton and Jeremiah M. Prendergast.

Tagoloan, Oriental Misamis, P. I.: Fathers David A. Daly and Vincent I. Kennally.

Talisayan, Oriental Misamis, P. I.: Fathers Alfred F. Kienle and John R. O'Connell.

Leper Colony, Culion, Palawan, P. I.: Father Hugh J. McNulty.

Davao, Davao, P. I.: Father Mark J. McNeal.

Jimenez, Occidental Misamis, P. I.: Father James G. Daly.

Misamis, Occidental Misamis, P. I.: Father Thomas F. Gallagher.

Oroquieta, Occidental Misamis, P. I.: Father James L. O'Neill.

Cebu Leper Colony, P. O. Box 580, Cebu, P. I.: Fathers Clement R. Risacher and Arthur J. McCaffray.

Zamboanga, Zamboanga, P. I.: Father Thomas J. Murray and Eugene J. O'Keefe.

* * *

From Jimenez comes news of the death of one of Mindanao's most renowned missionaries:

"On the feast of St. Raphael, October 24, 1932, Father Gabriel Font, S.J., died at Jimenez, West Misamis, P. I.

"Father Font was born at Tossa, in the diocese of Gerona, Spain, on December 30, 1866. After brief studies, he entered the Society of Jesus, September 4, 1884. He made his higher studies at Tortosa, Spain, and was ordained a priest. In 1908, he was assigned as *parraco* at Iligan. For Father Font this was a point of departure. The whole west coast of Misamis became his parish, and it was through his efforts that Catholicity was maintained in that region. For years he was practically the only priest in the section. He kept up the morale of the faithful who complained that they should have a priest stationed in their town or barrio, by promising them that priests would come some day, that they should not go over to the Aglipayans, that Jesuits would come and give them the sacraments if they would only be patient and remain faithful. God would bless their

fidelity. In the meantime, he did all but multiply himself by his quick journeys, his tireless zeal. Finally, in 1925, his promise was redeemed. American Jesuits entered the field of Northern Mindanao, and, beginning at Agayan, spread along the coast. They reached the west coast, the field of Father Font's especial apostolate; Jimenez, Oroquieta, Misamis, all received a resident missionary, schools sprang up, the flame of Faith sprang up again with renewed vigor. Father Font's work was done. He had sheltered that flame against the blasts of heresy and schism. Now, younger hands would carry the torch and carry it aloft and make it burn more brightly. So when God called him in the midst of his labors, he could indeed receive the "well done . . ." with a grateful and satisfied heart."



At a Chinese railroad station south of Shanghai: (left to right) Charles D. Simons, S.J., of California; Charles E. Saint Arnaud, S.J., of Canada; and Thomas Phillips, S.J., of Oregon.

ALASKA

In a letter describing his coming to Nome to establish there the new residence of the Superior of Alaska, Very Rev. Francis M. Menager, S.J., writes:

"It took me a whole month to come here from Holy Cross; when I was not stranded on sand bars, or waiting for transportation I amused myself bounding up and down on the swelling surface of the Bering Sea in a little gas boat. When I arrived at Nome I was very happy to meet good Father Lafortune with his visiting King Islanders. He stayed with me two weeks before starting with all his people for their winter quarters among the cliff dwellers. The Eskimo crowd of over one hundred and fifty simply idolize Father, who is their spiritual adviser, doctor, and what not. Nor is their admiration misplaced.—Father is the true type of the Jesuit missionary in the north. Though he

is now past sixty, I hope that God will keep him with us for many years to come."

* * *

Father Aloysius G. Willebrand, S.J., the very faithful correspondent of the Alaskan missions, writes under date of December 7, 1932, from Pilgrim Springs:

"To those interested in the affairs of this little northern outpost, be it known that we are now in the midst of our long Arctic Winter. We have not seen the sun for about two weeks, and we will not see it for about a month. The darkness is a bit depressing, but we are happy. Missionaries have sunshine in their hearts,—at least those up here must try to have it part of the time if they wish to have any at all.

"For weeks the thermometer stood

at about forty degrees below zero. Now it has suddenly risen, but the change has brought on a howling storm. The trail to my little parish has been good. My four dogs take me very rapidly for my weekly visit.

"One of the latest events of unusual interest here was the buying of our yearly supply of meat. For weeks there was a large herd of deer in the neighborhood. Our Catholic Eskimos drove them near our mission and killed what we needed."

SOUTHERN STATES

The December issue of *JESUIT MISSIONS* listed the mission activities of the Southern Jesuits in Albuquerque, N. M., in San Antonio, Texas, and in the Galveston, Texas Diocese. The February number listed the work of Father Patrick A. Ryan, S.J., at Rock Hill, South Carolina.

However, there are other vigorous mission activities conducted by the

Jesuits of the South. Some of them are given here.

What are known as "The Shreveport Missions" are Catholic settlements in towns and villages within striking distance of St. John's College, Shreveport, Louisiana, where the Bishop of Alexandria is as yet unable to provide resident pastors. These towns at present are Minden, Cedar Grove, Stone-wall and Oil City, Louisiana, and Jefferson, Texas. They are visited each Sunday and holiday by priests of the faculty of the college.

* * *

The Spring Hill Missions are cared for by Father A. C. McLaughlin, S.J., who gives an account of them in his own words:

"The Spring Hill College Mission contains an area of nearly five hundred square miles, reaching from the Mobile, Alabama suburbs as far as the Mississippi State line. In this area there are five chapels and three private residences where religious services are held. Four of these chapels were formerly situated at a distance of about ten miles from one another, with a population of about one hundred souls each. Two years ago, however, a new chapel, now known as St. Mary's was donated by the Church Extension Society, and since it was constructed in a more central position, has monopolized most of the church-going. As we have but one regular missionary, there is Mass at St. Mary's every Sunday, Mass at Cottage Hill and Wheelerville on alternate Sundays, and in the two far-off churches, only on the fifth Sundays, Easter and Christmas. The number of Communion distributed every Sunday averages about forty.

"We have no Catholic schools, only Sunday schools. Those at St. Mary's and Cottage Hill are directed by trained catechists from the Academy of the Sisters of Mercy of Mobile. The Sunday school at Wheelerville is directed by two of the Sisters themselves. Needless to say, their direction is the most successful. They have chosen the poorest and most ignorant, and secure an attendance of forty children, that is, almost every child that is able to make its way to church.

"The missionary work here is in the truest sense of the word, the instructing of the ignorant. It is difficult for a single missionary to keep up with the preachers of what is known as the 'Holiness Church,' in which there are so many preachers and in which every member thinks himself inspired, talks with the 'unction tongue,' and lives wholly beyond the reach of sin. Hence, not a few defections from the Faith, and on the part of the Faithful themselves, terrible ignorance of the moral law and of the law of the Church. Within one year, twenty-four invalid marriages were rectified. How explain their ignorance? Lack of conveyance,

lack of clothing, and the fear of disensions amongst their own number keep them from gathering to receive instruction. The houses are far apart and there is no hour when all are at home. The missionary hopes and prays for the day when some successor of his, youthful and strong, will be able to live in the heart of the woodland and awake every portion of it with light and grace. But at present, financial difficulties and lack of men render the perfect work impossible."

PATNA, INDIA

That India's boys and young men are grateful for the opportunities offered them through the American Jesuits is evident from two addresses that were tendered recently at Bettiah to Rt. Rev. Bernard J. Sullivan, S.J., Bishop of Patna Mission. The first is from the boys of Khrist Raja High School—the splendid high school made possible in January, 1930, by the



Father Francis I. Stoy, S.J., of the Missouri Province, happy, after a year's absence, to be back again among the Savants of Patna Mission, India.

generosity of an unknown American benefactor. When the Bishop visited the school, the boys made the following address to him.

"May it please Your Excellency:

"We, the boys of Khrist Raja, extend to you a cordial welcome. We feel greatly honored to have you here among us. You are our Father, and we are happy to be your spiritual children. We are glad to have you here in our midst because your presence is indeed a blessing that we cherish dearly.

"We are proud of Khrist Raja. The buildings are spacious and comfortable. We have a large playground and daily enjoy playing various games. We have our lovely chapel, the palace of Christ King, where our day begins and ends in prayer. In a word, we are like a happy family and nothing is lacking save that you, our devoted Father and Lord Bishop, cannot remain with us always as the Father of our House.

"Since Your Excellency is interested in what your children are doing, permit us to relate what accomplishments

have been attained since your last visitation:

"At the last Matriculation Examination, only five boys, out of the fifteen sent up, succeeded. We have no reason to be proud of this record and we assure you that we will not permit it to long remain our 'high-water mark.' Among those who succeeded, Francis Seraphim is now studying at Patna. He and Stanislaus Peregrino, as you know, are both among the leaders of their class. Jogendra is a student at Benares University. Lala Kamalshah is studying at Bhalgalpur College. Akhdeo is a commercial student at Patna College. Raphael Paul, who also won a scholarship, is at Sacred Heart College, Madura District, preparing for the priesthood in the Society of Jesus. Two former students of Khrist Raja, Bernard D'Cruz and Remy Andrew, are preparing for the secular priesthood. Bernard is at Nellore and Remy is at Ranchi. We are justly proud of the alumni of Khrist Raja, and watch with keen interest their advancement and success in the various places where they happen to be.

"This year's Matriculation Class is somewhat smaller than in former years but, what the class lacks in numbers is made up in other ways that increase our hopes for a better average and for greater honors. The Inspector and other visitors who have called at Khrist Raja during the past year have been lavish in their praise of our standard and the fine spirit that exists on the campus.

"A new feature of Khrist Raja is that over four hundred boys and girls are now attending Mission Primary Schools within a radius of six miles from Khrist Raja. Almost all the teachers in these schools are former pupils of Khrist Raja and are doing much to spread the spirit of brotherly love and the idea of Truth among those who never had such advantages before. At a recent Farewell Reception for the Honorable Manager of Bettiah Raj, Mr. Merriman remarked enthusiastically that the speed and perfection with which Khrist Raja accomplishes things appalls him, and that it is truly a revelation to see how widespread and deep has been Khrist Raja's influence for good. When our village scholars become a little older, they will people Khrist Raja with excellent young men and the Girls' Middle English School with splendid young women. Soon we hope to have separate schools for the little village girls.

"More, many more details might be given about Khrist Raja, but time does not permit a complete enumeration of all our hopes and attainments, our failures, the obstacles and our ideals.

"Your Excellency, we seek your special blessing on all our efforts. We beg you to continue to direct us along the path which you know to be best.

We yearn to be perfect in every way, yet, if we do not succeed completely, we rejoice that we have tried our best to be worthy children of our Lord and Master, worthy children of our devoted Father, Your Excellency. We wish you a pleasant visit and we promise to pray daily for your own intentions, your continued good health and for your success before God and before men.

"We beg to remain,
Your Excellency's obedient
and devoted children in Christ,
"The Boys of Khrist Raja."

* * *

The second address was made by members of the Young Men's Association of Bettiah, and began as follows:

"We the members of the Catholic Young Men's Association of Bettiah, on behalf of our humble selves and that of the local Christian community of Bettiah, most humbly and respectfully beg to offer our most sincere and loyal thanks to Your Excellency for the noble works and unselfish services rendered by Your Excellency for the general welfare and uplift of our Catholic community by spiritual and moral teachings and by innumerable other ways. This fact is not only realized by the local Christians but also by our non-Christian brethren of this District, rather of the whole Province."

The address then goes on to express deepest thanks for the establishment of Khrist Raja High School. It then proceeds:

"We also most sincerely and humbly thank the Reverend Mother Superior, Sisters, and the Bahins for opening a Knitting School at Bettiah for the support of our poor widows and helpless

women, as well as for opening a Middle English School at Bettiah for the education of our girls. There is not the least doubt that the aforesaid institutions are now in existence at Bettiah due simply to the noble efforts and kind patronage of Your Excellency.

"We also cannot forget to thank the Reverend Father W. E. Marquard, S.J., who very kindly established this Association and consented to be its Patron. The Association Hall and some furniture which we have got were very kindly and generously donated by our beloved Patron who always takes keen interest in advising us and in leading us towards the right path."

* * *

Father Aloysius S. Pettit, S.J., is Superior of Khrist Raja High School, and he is ably assisted by Fathers R. G. Bohn, S.J., John J. Meyer, S.J., and Henry P. Milet, S.J., and by the Scholastics who do most of the teaching: Peter Angelo, S.J., Charles R. Bonnot, S.J., John H. Lane, S.J., Vincent G. McGlinchy, S.J., Joseph G. Mann, S.J., David F. Pinto, S.J., and Patrick Smith, S.J. Two Brothers also contribute their generous help towards the success of the school. They are: Brother Stephen Gerard, S.J., and Brother Dionysius Jenkinson, S.J. Brother John A. Pais, S.J., also resides at the school, though his work is mainly employed in caring for the Mission Press.

AMERICAN INDIANS

St. Stephen's Mission in Wyoming, was hard hit sometime ago when the bank in which it had the little money it possessed was closed, with little prospect of getting a great deal of the money back.

In addition to the financial difficulties, sickness has hit the Mission hard. The Superior, Father Albert C. Zuercher, S.J., writes:

"A thousand thanks from a heart filled with deepest gratitude for your very thoughtful donations. We have had a siege of the flu, with Father Matthew Connell, S.J., two Sisters and sixty-three children down at one time. Today, I have two funerals, the result of the flu. Besides this, poor Brother George Stern, S.J., had to be rushed to the local hospital at Lander on Christmas Eve, and last Saturday I converted our little Chevy into an ambulance, and drove him 140 miles to catch the Burlington train for Alliance, Nebraska, and to the hospital there.

"You may not have known, but we lost every cent we possessed last August when our bank failed, and we have to date received not even a statement of the condition of their assets.

"It is embarrassing even to mention my failure to send you some account of our work for Jesuit Missions. Really, Father, it takes a better man than myself to arrange to get at it. During the day I am besieged by In-



Brother Joseph Schwarzler, S.J., of the Upper German Province, now doing fine missionary work among the Sioux Indians at St. Francis Mission, South Dakota.

dians from morning till night and I cannot have a moment to myself. In the evening I have several hours of stamping about the dormitories until the boys are asleep and then I am ready to retire myself."

* * *

Father Leo C. Cunningham, S.J., Holy Rosary Mission, S. Dak. expresses his gratitude to readers who have helped on his work among the Sioux Indians:

"To the wigwag of the Dakota, to the tipi of the Sioux, to the log huts of my people, there has come a happy spirit. Little eyes of Red Skin youngsters sparkle with an extra gleam. Old bronzed faces, withered with the snows of many Winters, smile with new contentment. Indian parents seem unmindful of bitter poverty as they gather in the branches of the jack pine and talk and work and plan. 'Good tidings or great joy' have come to my lovely people as they came to the lowly shepherds who lived in Bethlehem's hills. In their squeaking, loaded wagons, the Sioux will hasten to their nearest chapel to welcome and to worship Christ, the new-born King.

"You, by your kindness, have done much to make this Christmas a happy one for me and for my people. As a good angel, you have spread the joyful tidings. Your generous gifts have quickened in our hearts a feeling of Christian joy and gratitude for the greatest gift which Christmas brings to us. You have made our Lord's Birthday a day of good-will and peace and happiness.

"May our new-born Savior enrich you for every sacrifice you have made to share with us the gladness of this Holy Time. We say to you *Niwamwagye*. You have made our hearts happy and we thank you. We shall ask our Lord to bless you and yours."



Brother Joseph Schlienger, S.J., of the Upper German Province, who has come to America to do zealous work among the Sioux Indians at St. Francis Mission, South Dakota.



FROM MANY CLIMES



The Problem of Human Suffering

In mission lands today, no problem is so poignant in its appeal for a solution as the problem of human suffering—the consciousness of pain, moral, mental and physical. Yet, in this crisis, not one of the big ten religions of the world, save Catholicism, has proven itself a good Samaritan or has been able to offer an adequate remedy to the millions who are sick unto death both in body and in soul.

The Answer of Shintoism

Late one night, the writer was standing by the temple steps of a Shinto shrine in the coast city of Kobe in Japan, as an ancient beggar, a relic of human suffering, struggled up the temple steps, salaming to the right and to the left. With no thought of human respect, he removed his shuffling sandals, knelt and prostrated to the ground. Then, advancing on his knees, he dropped a coin between the padlocked bars of the inner shrine and with his right hand on the bell rope, rang to his sleeping god for an answer to his prayer—only the echo of a clanging bell dying away into the night of pagan despair. Such is the answer given by the gods of Shintoism to sixty-five million Japanese.

In the Land of the Igorotes

Six thousand feet above the level of the Lingayen Gulf and the waters of the China Sea, a cave is cut into the side of Mount Santo Tomas, mountain province, Philippine Archipelago. Seated side by side in its funereal blackness, a line of mummified human corpses stretches away until it is lost in interior darkness, and around these corpses, according to the mountaineer Igorotes, hover the spirits of the departed. And, today, for 158,000,000 Animists, a seat in that awful council chamber of the dead is the end all and be all of a life of human suffering.

The Buddhist Nirvana

In the heart of Tokio, stands a tragic reminder of the last great Japanese earthquake. It is surrounded by four walls of unfinished rock, each about two

hundred yards in length and eight feet high. Within these four walls, 43,000 Japanese, trapped by flame, perished. Upon their bodies were heaped rocks and layers of debris and dust, until the spot became what it is today, a civic memorial and a cemetery. And in each available niche is placed a clay statue of the god, Buddha. And, in the sightless pupils of this idol of clay, 200,000,000 Buddhists read the Buddhist answer to the problem of human suffering. "In Nirvana—that is, in forgetfulness, you will find peace." Forget, if you can.

From Many Climes

Let us add to these, 270,000,000 Chinese Confucianists for whom whatever is, is fated; 200,000,000 Hindus tightly laced in the strait-jacket caste system of India; 240,000,000 Mohammedans, polygamists and slaves; 16,000,000 Jews, still waiting for the coming of a Redeemer who has already come; and 220,000,000 Protestants who, with the exception of a few Anglicans, deny the Catholic doctrine of meritorious suffering, and you have the solutions to the world's problem of human suffering offered by almost four-fifths of the total population of the world.

The Catholic Answer

True, each of these religions attempts a solution but, like that of Protestantism, it consists largely of the material subsidies of a humanitarian social service agency. The Catholic answer on the contrary, the answer of the One, Holy, Catholic Apostolic Church of Christ is both spiritual and material. Moral suffering or the consciousness of sin is treated and cured by the missionaries in the Catholic confessional, the moral clinic founded by Christ Himself. Those who are afflicted mentally and physically are taught to use their suffering as Christ used His, namely, as a means to satisfy for sin, of merit in this life and of glory in the life to come. Catholic missionaries likewise offer a material solution to the problem of physical and mental pain, consisting in Catholic education, hospitals, medical dispensaries, social service agencies, the press and the various platforms of Catholic Action. Yet the most important single contribution to the mission world today is the Roman Catholic doctrine of the spiritual, redeeming value of suffer-

ing, the fact that suffering used as Christ used it, destroys both sin and death, as water quenches fire. It is this solution that shall endure into eternity when material solutions shall have vanished with the world that begot them.

Co-Redeemers of the World

Like St. Paul, our Catholic missionaries are in peril often by day and by night on land, and on sea. Like the Holy Ghost Fathers, lost in the jungles of Tanganyika territory, West Africa, they may face a night of mental anguish, freed by lions, elephants, wild buffaloes and zebras. Or, again, like two Fathers of the French Foreign Missions, working in the Vicariate of Western Nigeria, they may find themselves swimming through waters infested with crocodiles.

Their Daily Bread

More prosaic is the daily lot of our American Jesuit missionaries; the refined persecution of their Christian neophytes by the Hindu money lenders; the living death of leper chaplains in Culuon and Cebu; the financial problems of a Bishop of Alaska; the primitive perils of the Canadian wilds; the dull mediocrity of existence among the Red Skins of the Rockies; the revolutions, banditry, famine and wars of China; the earthquakes of Japan; Jamaica's insecurity of personel; the reconstruction pangs and the commission life of Belize, British Honduras; the pioneering border perils of our American Southland, and finally, the political finesse that must needs attend an American educational venture in ancient Baghdad.

An Apostle of Suffering

No Jesuit missionary of recent years, perhaps, has given testimony to the spiritual value of suffering as has the Spanish Jesuit, Father Esteban, of Wulu, China. He is still in the custody of his bandit captors. He writes: "Remember me in your prayers that our Lord may give me the courage to die for Him. Thrice now, they have pilloried me and they have stripped the clothes off me. There is plenty of opprobrium to be had here. I do not mind. To live and work for Christ or to die and reign with Him. I am ready for one or the other."

OUR SOUTHERN STATES

(Continued from page 51)

sacrifice in their efforts to restore the Faith to these people. A Swedish botanist once said, "In my search for grasses and ferns, I would trample down oaks." This is and must be the spirit of the priest in the rural districts of the Carolinas. He cannot have a divided heart. He must forget his rights and his comforts and his profits and be willing to be and to be treated as the real forgotten man.

May God bless our Southern Bishops and those noble Catholics in our cities who are making it possible for them to carry on; and may He hasten the day when all our people who sit in luxurious churches, will take an interest in those who sit or kneel in a cheerless hut to worship at the rudest of altars.

ALPHA—HOME

AND SCHOOL

(Continued from page 53)

The twenty choir boys have gathered in another building to practice their Christmas carols. And how sweet those carols sound when sung by little tots who have shared with the Christ Child the poverty and abandonment of Bethlehem's cave! But we leave the choristers and approach the dormitory. A few lamps burn low and shed a soft light down the three long rooms. We enter. Two rows of small beds in each room, and kneeling at each bed is a "picknie," clothed in garments of plain, rough white with square necks—long-flowing robes of the kind that are now old-fashioned in better circles; and above each bed a serious black face, eyes closed, folded-hands—for the "picknies" are saying their night prayers. As I listen, my Faith grows strong within me. Then, at a sign, they sing ever so softly and sweetly, "Immaculate! Immaculate!" This is their novena in honor of the Virgin Mother of God. Yes! They are all "God's chillun" and so Mary's, too. The sublimity of that prerogative of Mary: Mother of all the redeemed and surely most of all, Mother of orphans and little ones, who, through no fault of their own, faced the beginning of life unaided. No land, no climate that does not find the children of Mary

doing her honor. Then the last prayer, that universal hymn, "Good-night, sweet Jesus." Silence! The "picknies" know the rules of the dormitory must be kept. A scampering of bare feet and creaking of beds. Then the Sisters whisper: "Father, your blessing," and, with all the fervor of my heart, I say: "May the blessing of Almighty God, Father, Son and Holy Ghost descend upon you and remain forever, Amen. Good night and God bless you all," . . . but they are already in dreamland!

LAND OF MOSQUES AND TEMPLES

(Continued from page 55)

garden with the colors of their saris. Further on, a forest of palm-leaf umbrellas, where men in crowds are bathing, praying, muttering their mantras, marking their bodies with the signs of Shiva or Vishnu, or sitting self-absorbed as if the world and its illusions had vanished from their eyes. . . . Groups of women, sitting in circles on the level ground above the ghat steps, are performing puja, perhaps that of Prithivi, the earth goddess. Devout widows, their saris (dresses) stamped with sacred texts, will pause on their way home to watch them and sprinkle flowers and Ganges water upon the charmed circle. . . . A lordly bull comes pacing slowly through the crowds, snatching as he passes at garlands of marigolds worn by men

and girls, and mumbing rose-petals strewn on the wayside shrines and suttee stones. Pigeons are fluttering overhead, goats clambering on the cornices of the buildings. Thin vaporous clouds of smoke rise from the funeral pyres. . . ."

There is another fact about Benares that may impress one more than its hundreds of mosques and temples: there, along with all those pagan shrines, if one searches diligently, is to be found one lone little Catholic church. It is indeed gratifying to know that there is at least one dwelling of the true God there in the midst of so many others made of clay and stone, but it is also distressingly significant, for this proportion of fifteen hundred pagan mosques and temples to one small Catholic church is perhaps fairly indicative of how sorely India at large is still in want of Christ.

THE ZAMBESI MISSION

(Continued from page 57)

outstations. The traveling priest will spend a week on them, working round from place to place, saying Mass in the tiny and ill-lighted school chapel, checking the registers, inquiring from his teacher as to the health and sickness, moral and physical, of his charges. Then there are the catechumens to instruct for coming Baptism; but this is a serious matter, and cannot be rushed. Perhaps a boy or girl may have been under this course for eighteen



Father Peter Chan, S.J. (right center), the Chinese Jesuit who spent some years in the United States, is here pictured with one of his fellow missionaries of the Shihing Mission, China. All the others in the picture are Virgin Catechists of Shihing.

to twenty months; then, if it is at all possible, they will be brought into the center, where with a more vital Catholic life they will learn the elements of their future Faith. This period of supervision usually lasts two months, and is followed by Baptisms, if the knowledge shown is found to be sufficient. The children then return to their kraals, to come back after no great lapse of time for confession and first Communion. The whole catechumenate lasts two years.

IF it is proposed to open a school of this sort in the Reserve, the leave of the Chief has to be obtained, as well as the sanction of the native Commissioner. On the other hand, it may be known that there are children in plenty, but that the Chief has been got at by some Protestant sect; it may easily be a race between ourselves and others, and the result will turn upon the availability of a suitable teacher to put to the work. Have we got one? No! Then our chance has gone, and with it many souls.

Again, the priest on his travels may find a splendid center, with all the requisites for success; but it is too far to be served from an established mission. Can a priest be found to be put to develop such promising ground? No! Once more a searching of heart. Such are the joys and sorrows of a traveling missionary's life; the crosses are not a rough bed and rougher food, but the apparent failure of such expeditions, and the loss of so much possible good. In some such way as this are the new centers formed from one time outschools; and they in turn produce a widening circle of new ground broken and new crosses to be borne. It is interesting, however, to note that during the six years Father Robert Brown was Prefect Apostolic no fewer than fourteen churches were built.

LET us return to the Whites, for we must occupy ourselves with both sections of the population. Along with the establishment comes the necessary accompaniment of schools for the sons and daughters of the parish. At Bulawayo a school had been started for

boys as far back as 1896. Classes went on right through the rebellion, the Fathers leaving the school room to take their place on the defenses. Later a fine site was chosen, and an imposing building erected; but it was judged better, in 1925, to transfer the whole college to a commanding position just out of Salisbury; a new building was erected; the architect was a missionary priest, the foremen were lay-Brothers, and the college is now one of the sights of the capital. Convent schools developed rapidly; of these the Dominican Nuns are now in charge of four; but they are likewise busily occupied in many Black stations, and in this they are supported by the Sisters of the Precious Blood, who were first introduced to the country by the Trappists from Mariannhill.

IT is now time to deal with the important series of subdivisions which have been rendered necessary, owing first to the fact that the Pax Britannica has abolished tribal war, with the result that the native population has increased in an unprecedented manner in both towns and Reserves. Then again, mining and farm work has called for a large increase of White and Black interest, involving increased railway extension and much town office activity. All this pre-supposes a much larger staff of missionaries than the English Province could ever hope to afford. First, therefore, in 1889, the obvious course

was then of handing over to the Portuguese Province that part of the Zambesi Mission which lay within the jurisdiction of Lisbon, as represented by the Mozambique Company. This confined the mission to British territory, but it was soon apparent that more help was needed, as the northward movement, outlined by Cecil Rhodes, was in active operation. Therefore, the Polish Province was asked to take over Northern Rhodesia, which they did, with a Superior of their own, acting in subordination to the Prefect Apostolic at Salisbury, who was also the Superior for the English Fathers. So it existed from 1912 to 1926, when the north became a separate Prefecture in the ordinary course of ecclesiastical evolution. A year later, South Rhodesia underwent another subdivision. It has already been pointed out that the Trappists, or more correctly the Religious missionaries of Mariannhill, had been working several stations in the east; and it was natural that the Jesuits should share the country with them. The details of the negotiations do not concern us here; but it will be enough to state that we retained, substantially, Mashonaland, and they took all that was west of that, including the unexplored territory of Bechuana-land. It was erected by Propaganda into an independent mission, with Bulawayo as its headquarters.

For completeness we may add a word about the dispositions made



Natives of Mindanao mourning the death of their beloved Father in Christ, Father Gabriel Font, S.J., who was born December 30, 1866, at Tossa, Spain, and died October 24, 1932, at Jimenez, Mindanao, P. I.

in that vast territory to the north of the great river. In the north-east the White Fathers had been working from a center at Bangueolo; and now the Irish Capuchins were asked to be responsible for Barotsland, which had been so un-hospitable to us in the beginning. Times had changed, and the cry of the natives was for Catholic missionaries. It was the oft-repeated tale of the "Bread upon the waters." Up on the borders of the Congo lay a large tract, which has recently been galvanized into active life by the discoveries of heavy seams of copper. The missionary work of it has been entrusted to the Conventual Franciscans from Loretto; but for the present, Apostolic jurisdiction rests with the Polish Superior who is likewise Prefect Apostolic, Monsignor Wolnik, of the Lesser Polish Province. (*To be continued*)

IN MEMORIAM

(Continued from page 61)

too weary to receive the children who flocked to him along every lane and wayside; and how it rejoiced his Christlike heart to return their greetings with a medal or a picture which would tell them why he loved them! Volumes could be written about the eloquence of his Visayan sermons, the last of which he gave nine days before his death on our Lady of the Rosary to a gathering of more than three thousand; volumes more could be written about his long hours consoling and encouraging the penitents in the confessional, his constant readiness to set out in the heat of the day or in the fatigue of the night over rough roads, through rivers and up the mountains to bring the peace and strength of Christ to the dying.

In Father Font, the text of St. Paul was truly verified: "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulations? or distress? or famine? or nakedness? or danger? or persecution? or the sword? For thy sake we are put to death all the day long. We are accounted as sheep for the slaughter."

To those who knew Father Font, his life will be an ideal and an inspiration to strive cheerfully, courageously and generously for the spread of the Kingdom of Christ on the island of Mindanao.



Directory of Catholic Colleges and Schools—1932-1933. N. C. W. C. Department of Education, 1312 Massachusetts Ave., N. W., Washington, D. C. Price \$3.50, less 15% to school officials and libraries.

The 1932-1933 "Directory of Catholic Colleges and Schools" is an attractively bound volume containing a general view of the Catholic school system, detailed statistics in regard to seminaries, universities, colleges, normal training schools, secondary schools, elementary schools and summer schools, together with an appendix listing essential information concerning the N. C. W. C. and N. C. W. C. Department of Education, the Newman Catholic clubs in secular universities, colleges and normal schools, and the various Catholic educational associations. The findings are carefully tabulated and when desirable are visualized by graphs. The Directory is a testimony to the admirable achievements of the Catholic Church in the field of education in America. It has within its pages a cumulative rhetoric which should convince non-Catholics that the Catholic Church is the rock on which alone civil society can rest secure and without which no governmental form can long endure. Yet, for the privilege that it confers upon the country, it is penalized with a burden of a double tax. Today, when under pressure of the universal depression, diocese after diocese is becoming vocal in its desire to right this injustice of the double tax, no more cogent representation of the facts could be presented to our non-Catholic countrymen than that which is embodied in this "Directory of Catholic Colleges and Schools." Copies should be available in every private and public library throughout the country.

Medal Stories. Books one and two. By the Daughters of Charity. Brown-Morrison Company, Inc., Lynchburg, Virginia, 1932. Price \$1.00 each.

Both books offer supplementary reading for the pupil of the elementary grades. With engaging interest, story merges into story until the child is lost as one who rambles on into a fairyland of romance, peopled with heroes and heroines of all time. It is impossible that a normal child, breathing the atmosphere of Catholic ideals that permeates these pages, should not grow in wisdom, in age and in grace before God and man. The books are happily and bountifully illustrated, and the inside, front and back cover plates

are delightfully unique in their delineation of the Seven Corporal and Spiritual Works of Mercy.

Santos Nga Evangelio is the first translation into Visayan ever published of the Gospels and the Acts. It was done by some Dutch missionaries in Mindanao and revised by native Visayan priests in Cebu. An edition of 8,000 copies was paid for by the American Jesuit Mission in the Philippines.

The Franciscan Catholic Monthly Review, Almanac edition, 1933. The Franciscan Magazine, 174 Ramsey St., Paterson, New Jersey. Price twenty-five cents per copy, thirty-five cents by mail.

This Almanac is replete with its usual stock of encyclopedic information that will interest both Catholic and non-Catholic alike. An Index makes the data readily available to the reader.

The Texas Knights of Columbus Historical Commission is to be congratulated for favoring Catholic participation in the Centenary celebration of the Independence of Texas. The full Report of the Minutes of the fourteenth regular meeting included an inspiring list of publications now in preparation and was accompanied by a biographical sketch of the Venerable Padre Fray Antonio Margil De Jesus whose cause of beatification and canonization the Knights have voted to assist.

The Editors have likewise received A Catalogue of Books, Manuscripts, etc., in the Caribbeana Section (Specializing in Jamaican) of the Nicholas M. Williams Memorial Ethnological Collection, Boston College Library, Chestnut Hill, Mass.

The books are catalogued under the following ten sections: Discovery, Jamaica, Haiti, Cuba and Porto Rico, Lesser Antilles, Mexico, Central America, Piracy, Slavery and General Works.

Dragon Treasure. By Adolph Paschang. Longmans, Green & Company, New York, 1932. Price \$2.00.

"Dragon Treasure" is a tale of perils and adventures that has all the glamor of Arabian Nights in the Land of the Dragon. Captured in a bandit raid and held for ransom in a mountain stronghold, two boys, Ah-Wing, Chinese, and Wai Lam, American, slip from the toils of their outlaw captors and pass from one adventure to another, each more precarious than the preceding, until rescue and freedom finally intervene. For youthful American readers, China, over the sea and far away, will always remain a land of the unknown, a dynasty of dread, a bland land of fatalism, an eerie stretch of pagan darkness, a hinterland of mystery. Much of this traditional atmosphere has been captured by the author, as with

colorful pen he leads his heroes safely through bandit raids, an organized siege, and a midnight sortie, through perils from fire and tigers and serpents and mountain caverns, and the lure and thrill of temple treasures. While the book is in no sense missionary, nevertheless, it strikingly portrays for the western mind an outstanding obstacle to modern missionary success—the uncontrollable menace of banditry in the Land of the Dragon.

The Tragedy of Old Huronia.
By J. Pacquin, S.J., Catholic Truth Society of Canada, 67 Bond Street, Toronto, Ont. Price \$1.10 postpaid, paper cover.

Father J. Pacquin, S.J., a missionary to the Ojibway Indians, has recently published a volume on "The Tragedy of Old Huronia." Historically speaking, the book is a find, for, on account of the many years he has spent among the Indians, Father Pacquin has shown in clearer light than any previous author, the Indian as he was and as he is. Understanding as few do, the motives of the Huron and Iroquois Indians, the author has depicted clearly the true character of the North American aborigines. Incidentally, he has brought to light facts about the Jesuit Martyrs of North America which have been unavailable hitherto to the public, and these are drawn exclusively from original sources and exhaust the material on the subject found in "The Jesuit Relations." There is nothing of the fictitious in "The Tragedy of Old Huronia." Truths are narrated in all simplicity, yet with appropriate feeling. The author is to be congratulated upon the success of his work which he has published in spite of constant and varied labors among his Ojibway flock at Garden River, Ontario.

THE MASS OF THE MISSIONS

(Continued from page 63)

we are born into this world morally weak. Of this, experience and the word of God convince us: "For to will (that which is good) is (indeed) present to me but to accomplish that which is good, I find not (possible) since the good which I will, that I do not and the evil that I will, that I do."

It is because of this evil that we do, that we owe God Reparation. Adoration, Thanksgiving, Petition, Reparation; such is the four-fold purpose of sacrifice, man's most perfect act of homage to his God.

Sacrifice in the Old Law was more the language of faith and of hope, than of charity, more the obedience of duty, than of love. But today sacrifice is held by all the world to be the language of love.

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