

Jesuit Missions

May, 1933

PRICE
10c



FATHER EDWARD A. MADARAS, S.J. SNAPS HIS
FERRY-MAN ON THE TIGRIS RIVER, BAGHDAD, IRAQ



His Holiness, Pope Pius XI, celebrating Mass in St. Peter's, Rome, where solemnities for the Holy Year of Jubilee will be observed. From this altar, as from a throne, Christ the King rules the world and, throughout the ages until the consummation and the end, will never cease to proclaim through the voice of mission-minded Pontiffs this gospel of salvation: "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, but he that believeth not shall be condemned."

All Things to All Men

Francis M. Menager, S.J.

THE bell rings, and Sophie, *factotum* of Holy Cross Mission, Alaska, enters with a smile and a letter. The letter is a summons to a sick call at Bonazilla, twenty miles away. After loading my little sled with my chapel kit, my sleeping bag and my grub box, I start with my dog team, running at the murderous speed of two miles an hour. While I am holding the handle bars of the sled, my boy attempts to keep the runners on the illusive trail.

Suddenly we found ourselves waist high in a powdery drift of loose snow, and our struggles resembled very much those of a fly caught in the tanglefoot, or a victim in quicksand. The dogs had dropped to a point where the affectionate snow was higher than their ears before we finally struck bottom and managed to find the main trail again. Our troubles, however, were but beginning. For a bad humor seemed to settle on the dogs, and for the next hour we were only able to make one solitary mile across the ice field. Oh, the thrill of dog mushing when one is in a hurry!

NEVERTHELESS, Providence was waiting around the corner in the person of Jim Siins and his team of malemutes. This pioneer promised to do the distance in three hours. My boy, however, would have to follow. In true Alaska fashion, the entire household gathered for the start. The girls prepared the travel bag for Jim, blankets were obtained, additional gloves and extra boots with new straw within them, preparations which may often save a foot or a hand or indeed the whole body from freezing. Suddenly down the hill came the team of twelve malemutes, full speed ahead. As they passed, I jumped on the sled runners protruding from the back, caught hold of the handle bars, while Jim stationed himself in front of the sled just behind the last two dogs. He was riding on skis and holding the "gee" pole in order to keep the sled on the trail. The lead dog paced high, and by continually jumping and turning around, managed to keep his team mates at a good trot.

As we come along the great Yukon River, the sun is shining, but the silence of death surrounds us, for we see no other living beings for miles and miles as we push along the deep snow, passing sloughs and mountains and old abandoned camps. The north wind was blowing and chilling us to the very skin, until finally, after two hours going, my guide cheers me with the welcome news that the village is just around the



Very Reverend Francis M. Menager, S.J., Superior of the Jesuit missions of northern Alaska.

bend. However, a bend on the river in Alaska may mean anything from one mile to ten, and this one was at least six miles. It ended at the village of Bonazilla, a center for ten native huts, nestling in the shadow of a huge wooded hill on the high bank of the Yukon. The snow was so deep that at our approach to the village we could see only the little stove pipes on the rooftops, letting out the smoke which, at any rate, promised us a warm welcome.

MY official host, among the villagers who came out in a body to meet us, was a convert medicine man who immediately placed his house, his wood and his stove, as well as whatever victuals he could spare at my disposal. Leaving my team and paraphernalia in his possession, I paid a visit to the sick man, an Irishman blessed with a large family born to him in lawful wedlock with a native woman. The furnishings within the home were entirely Catholic in spirit. Pictures of the Sacred Heart and of the Blessed Virgin were hung upon the walls, and a crucifix was suspended above the door. Although the man himself was in great suffering, the smile that lightened his face as he caught sight of the priest was an evidence of the deep Irish faith that burned in his heart and which he had planted in the souls of his children.

All things to all men means that in Alaska the priest must be a doctor. Therefore, I opened my medicine bag and offered the remedy which I knew from experience would be helpful.

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Drums and Drummers

Charles J. Eberle, S.J.



DRUM is beating in the distance. I wonder were Xavier here in Jamaica, B. W. I., would he likewise get a drum and go out and gather the people around him in the evening? If he did, certainly he would win the crowds, especially if to the drum he added a cornet. Yet, I wonder were he here would he do it?

The missions have one feature which no one can either write about or explain, that of establishing contact with a strange people possessing habits which are likewise strange to the missionary.

The drum I heard beating was, I presume, a Salvation Army drum. The people hear it and come out of the houses on every side, perhaps from curiosity, but still they come, for they love to sing, especially accompanied by a drum. Up in the more wooded parts, miles from this village where I now live, I have listened to some roadside preachers at night. They come out with a torch and, of course, with a bass drum. Sometimes they are amusing. I recall two in particular. While one of them preached, the other kept his eyes raised aloft to the skies, in reverence for the words of his companion. Maybe they were sincere. I hope they were. It would be almost blasphemous if they were not. These two, however, were real rustics, and one, whom I heard rant on the two trees in paradise, the good tree and the evil, which he compared to men, good and evil, was so pleased with himself at the happy application of the story, that he repeated it four times. I am sure the spirit that moved him was neither good nor evil, but a spirit from a little rumshop down the road. No man could rant so long and so loud, and gesticulate so vehemently, on ordinary physical human strength alone.

BESIDES these types of roadside preachers, there is a sect called Pocomanians. They beat a drum, too. They have a mother, I believe, who casts a spell over them during the meeting, or something of the sort. I have never attended any of their meetings. They used to meet on a hillside opposite my old house in Port Maria. There was a small river between and maybe that prevented my attending. But they would sing and bang that drum, repeating the same few phrases of music till late in the night.

These latter, though, are a real worry to the thinking people of the country. The girls dance themselves, I am told, to a state of exhaustion. Cases of insanity have been traced to their meetings. One thing I will say, they had a very faithful congregation, for they



Father Charles J. Eberle, S.J., of the Province of New England, the zealous pastor of Port Maria and adjoining outstations in Jamaica, B. W. I.

were there night after night, and a rather large one, too, judging by the racket they made with their monotonous chant.

Don't, however, think these are the religions of Jamaica. The most powerful church here is the Church of England. Many of the villages have Baptist, Presbyterian and Wesleyan churches. Most of these churches are used as schools during the week, as is our church at Preston Hill, and the teachers are paid by the Government.

HERE in Highgate, the Quakers are very strong and have some schools that are a credit to them. In fact, they are just erecting a teachers' college for girls. They are supported in great part from America. I am told.

Just how our own Church stands here, perhaps it would be difficult for me to judge. In Kingston where we have a beautiful Cathedral, Catholicity is growing with leaps and bounds. In the country we are struggling. Where the churches are established a long while, you have fervent congregations. Such is Preston Hill in the parish here of St. Mary. Three of my five churches are comparatively new. The church at Port Maria has, however, grown very rapidly, and on next Sunday I expect there will be fifty confirmations. The Church of the Little Flower at Annotto Bay is still struggling, and here at Highgate we are just beginning. It takes time to build, especially (Turn to page 117)

In the Bad Lands

Joseph A. Zimmerman, S.J.



Under the spiritual care of his beloved Sioux Indians of South Dakota, Father Zimmerman makes many a journey through the dangerous Bad Lands.

MY midnight Mass on Christmas was celebrated at No Water Camp, the rendezvous of the ghost dancers of 1890. It was snowing hard when I left headquarters at Holy Rosary Mission to travel those many miles through the Bad Lands of South Dakota in order to reach the first mission station. However, I finally reached there and began hearing confessions at about six o'clock and continued almost without interruption until midnight. For several hours the Indians, leaving their teepees, were practising hymns and praying in the old log meeting house nearby. When the first bell tolled at eleven-thirty, all reverently gathered in the chapel. Many had to stand. While I was vesting, Talden Yellow Hawk, a recent convert, intoned *Hanyetu Cokanyan Kin Le* (Angels We Have Heard On High). One of the Indian girls played the little organ during the Mass.

After this first Mass and three-quarters of an hour's strenuous work to take the chains from the wheels of my car, I took our Blessed Lord to a sick man two miles away and then continued until I reached the Bad Lands' high plateau which is known as Cuny Table. After hearing the confessions of my people there, I brought Holy Communion to Mrs. Cuny, ninety-nine years old. It was only last Easter that I received her into the Church.

Christmas afternoon, traveling over a mere wagon road which runs up and down between clay banks and bluffs, I covered a stretch of twenty-eight miles to Red Shirt Table, which is really only ten miles by air-line from Cuny Table. I was in time for the Christmas Tree celebration—and it presented a typical Indian

scene. The women with their children sat on the floor, while the men sat on crude benches over against the wall. Old and young were gladdened by the little gifts we were able to present to them, for on this occasion we try to make everyone happy with at least a little gift.

RECENTLY, we had a three-day meeting of the *Owancaya Omniciye* (the gathering of delegates) from the St. Joseph and St. Mary Societies of our twenty-four Reservation chapels. The meeting gave encouraging evidence of the progress of the Sioux Indians. Father Aloysius J. Kiel, S.J., Superior of Holy Rosary Mission, gave a talk on the Holy Family at one of the sessions. Again and again, the Indians, with much feeling, referred to this talk. There was a great flow of Indian oratory at this meeting, for the Sioux are gifted speakers. The closing day gave a display of this, when Henry Young Bear, James Black Bear, Henry Little Bear, Peter Red Elk, Tom Fast Wolf, Tom Yellow Bull, Jim Grass (veteran catechist), Charles Two Bonnet, William Red Hair and several women spoke with force, wit and telling gesture. The delegates traveled many miles, coming in wagons, old autos and on horseback. Some brought tents, others, according to a common custom, slept on the floor of the meeting house.

JUST a little incident to give you some insight into our situations we meet from time to time among our young folks. Several months ago, one of our girls, formerly a pupil of Holy

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Mahles and Santals

James A. Creane, S.J.



WAS in Dhanbasa yesterday. Across the road from Dhanbasa is Bela. There in Bela just two years ago today, feast of St. Callistus, I baptized an old man who was in danger of death, and gave him the Christian name of Callistus. The feast of St. Callistus has ever since been a red star day on my mission calendar. For that old man was the first of the Mahles to be baptized in Patna Mission. His recovery after Baptism was speedy and permanent. Old Latua's (now Callistus') conversion and cure stirred up great enthusiasm for the faith in the whole Mahle kingdom in these parts. Many Baptisms followed. But alas! Satan got the best of the old man. His love of money conquered his love for God, and he apostatized. His bad example and his influence caused a great lull in Mahle conversions. But they are not at a dead standstill. And hopes of converting practically all in the Mahle tribe still run high.

I have recently opened a school at Dhanbasa, and some of the Mahle children are attending. This school also serves as my hotel and chapel when I am on tour. I was peacefully sleeping there on the night of the twelfth. Shortly after midnight I was awakened by the shouting of a crowd of people. Intermingled with the shouting I heard the crying and wailing of a woman. I did not know what it was all about, but I watched proceedings from the doorway. After considerable wrangling and quarreling, the crowd seized one man and bound him. That was no easy task. For the man was drunk, and put up a powerful resistance. He had come from a dance in that state and continued a quarrel of the early evening. What the bone of contention was I never found out; but this I know: the drunken man hit the woman over the head with a club or rock or something of the sort, causing a large swelling and a gaping wound, which I had to treat in the morning. After an hour or so the midnight hubbub subsided and we all went back to sleep. I tell you this little incident to show you that we missionaries have plenty of distractions and that our life is never monotonous.

DURING the past year death has laid a heavy hand on the Catholics of my mission. Five per cent of the whole Christian community was carried off. Most of these deaths were due to the epidemic of smallpox which was raging in the lowland villages of this sector for several months. There were literally thousands of cases. In one village alone some eighty were victims of the epidemic. Many times I went into homes where two, three or four were down with the dread disease at once. I remember baptizing one family of eight, seven of whom were "poxers." These poor people have no



"Here," writes Father Creane, "is Gopal, the son of the headman of Bhandara, with his aged father, who is still a pagan. Gopal (now Gabriel) kept insisting on Baptism till finally I yielded. He is now in our Bhagalpur boarding school."

coffins for their dead. When the time for the funeral arrives, four stalwart villagers pick up the cot on which the corpse is resting and carry it to the grave.

Since the beginning of the monsoon I found scarcely any cases of smallpox in the Santal villages, and I thought the epidemic was at an end. But on the feast of the Little Flower I climbed away up to the top of the Rajmahal Hills which divide the Calcutta and Patna Dioceses. And lo! there in a Pahariya village on the very summit of the hills I found it still going strong. Four people had already died of it and there were a dozen or so cases of it in the village.

The Little Flower saw to it that our long high climb on her feast day was not in vain. She got us no less than nineteen Baptisms that very day. Some months before, a delegation of four or five men had come down to tell me that they were willing to become Catholics. After that I sent catechists up to prepare them for Baptism. So when I went up on October 3, four families were received into the true fold.

TALKING of Pahariyas, you know that they are one of the three aboriginal tribes in the Santal Parganas among whom we are making conversions. They live for the most part in the Rajmahal Hills and make their living chiefly by agriculture and selling wood. Years ago they were notorious thieves. And even today some of them still are. Fathers Conway, Kilian and Scott have been making conversions among them for some time. But my first Pahariya Baptism was only three months ago in the middle of July. But once started, they came fast. For during those three months I had more than one hundred Baptisms among them. Whether they will continue to pour in in that fashion, God alone knows. This much I can say: prospects are good. I have visited many villages of Pahariyas, and in most places found them fairly well disposed. Pray for them. God will give the increase; ours to labor and pray incessantly and confidently.

In Father Conway's Path

George A.
Dertinger, S.J.



Father Conway, in his meetings with the natives, had sown the seed of the Gospel of Christ in Santal hearts. Little did he realize how soon others would be gathering in the harvest.

The author is now in charge of the portion of the Santal Mission field left vacant by the untimely death, on October 15, 1932, of Father Raymond J. Conway, S.J., who, although young in years, had already done wonderful work in Patna Mission.

WEEK ago, John J. Brennan, S.J., and I set out for Jagatpur, a village eighteen miles from Nainpur, where the Santals had asked for a village school. Our catechist and two carriers with Mass equipment, blankets and food, went early to find a place for the night, and for the Mass and the meeting with the villagers on the following day. We two came later by cycle. Darkness overtook us some miles from Jagatpur. With a flashlight and Father Conway's much worn road map, we followed trails and waded streams till we reached what should be Jagatpur, about nine at night.

The village was silent and dark. No one was in sight. Our carriers, who were to meet us there, had apparently not arrived. The village street was deserted, everyone had retired behind the bare mud walls of the houses. We walked through the silent village. One man appeared. We spoke to him. He was not a Santal; he hurried without a word into his house. We knew that there was not a Christian in that big village, though

Father Conway's diary recorded that once he said Mass there and baptized a dying man. That was Father Conway's first convert in Santal land. We turned down another deserted lane of houses. No carriers in sight! They had, in fact, gotten tired and settled themselves for the night, six miles away—with blankets and lantern and supper. Well, we might as well try this house as any other; so we shouted, "Johar!" That's the Santal greeting. The unexpected answer was, "Jesu marang!" (Jesus be praised!). This dwelling at which we were asking for help was the very house, one in a hundred, where Father Conway had said Mass and baptized old Matthew on his death bed! The man who greeted us was not a Christian, but a catechumen of another village, by chance visiting here. The village watchman was sitting there. By his lantern I could finish my Office. Also he would summon the men of the village in the morning. The widow would have given us food, but we felt sure our men were coming. We slept in a straw stack.

Bright and early the yard was filled with the men of the village,—plain, honest (Turn to page 117)

"Our catechist and two carriers with Mass equipment, blankets and food, went early to find a place for the night, and for Mass and the meeting with the villagers on the following day."





Ready to take part in the festivities.

"Yao puh yao?" (Will you or won't you?) presents letter number three, and, we are relieved to say, a happy solution of the Chinese marriage mixup told in letters number one and two of last month's issue. Remember, we advised you to keep them if you wanted to have the situation clearly in mind. But here is Father T., with his letter—*Editor*.



DEAR Father:

My head is still in such a whirl from this past week that I almost forget where I left off in my last letter.

Anyway, after posting it, I ventured back to the church again. By that time Father Richard had begun to grasp the point that despite all his precautions, despite the fairly smooth way the marriage ceremonies had taken place, even despite Thomas Wing, there must have been something wrong somewhere. For half a minute the noise quieted down, and I whispered to Father to get the couples all back again and patch up everything at once. As usual my suggestion was ruled out of court. The couples were already scattered in all directions, some of them living miles and miles away. We did discover, however, that after all there were only three different groups of plaintiffs present, the P'ings, the Pahs and the Sings; but we didn't know when others might come raging in. Father loves cross-word puzzles, and he set about solving this one systematically. What a field-marshal he would make! He commandeered every domestic in the place and sent them out on the gallop one by one to the house of every principal in the morning's affair to find out just how many bridegrooms had the wrong bride and vice versa. In an hour we learned, thank God, that at least eight of the marriages were perfectly all right. That left three that were certainly wrong, and two doubtful, the Loo Dings who live five miles off, and the Tungs; but the worst of it was that Mr. Tung had already caught the boat for Japan, accompanied by his real or alleged helpmate! That was a blow that stunned even Father Richard. I suggested that we could send out a delayed warning that all boats should put back to port immediately because of a sudden typhoon; it wouldn't have been even a white lie. But Father paid no attention to me.

Yao Puh Yao?

James F. Kearney, S.J.

Meanwhile, the three groups outside kept clamoring and chattering and weeping, the P'ing faction claiming that the Pah faction had deliberately mixed up the ceremonies. The Pahs answered back with accusations that touched the P'ing ancestry to the third and the fourth generation, and it looked as if Father Richard's huge wedding day was going to cause a funeral. That's what made Thomas Wing, our thoroughly reliable master of ceremonies, finally break down and confess publicly, thereby completely losing "face," that he was the party responsible. Wing's only unmarried child is Paul Gift of Heaven. It seems that his family and that of Little Red Dragon had always been rivals; that his middle man had been turned down flatly by the Loo Dings because the father of the Loo Ding girl is still a pagan, and since, according to pagan reckoning, Paul's cyclic beast, the rat, was at war with hers, the serpent, the superstitious old man would not hear of such a marriage. Then Little Red Dragon's people had out of mere spite, says Wing, immediately sent a middle man to the Dings to try his luck at arranging a marriage for their worthless son, Little. It so happened that Little's cyclic beast was on splendid terms with the serpent, although that was absolutely the only advantage Little Red Dragon had over Paul Wing, and the pagan parent signed the papers without hesitation. But when Little Red Dragon failed to come on time and his father dragged him in, Thomas Wing, out of mingled grief and jealous anger, yielded to the temp-

They, too, were among the happy wedding guests.



matation of deliberately putting Little in the wrong place, not weighing all the consequences of his mad act. When they saw that the P'ings and the Pahs were getting hotter and hotter, he got thoroughly frightened and confessed. The wretch!

As Father Richard was perplexed for a minute, I reminded him that whenever Talleyrand was faced with an apparently insoluble problem, instead of worrying about it at once, he went to bed. Father slew me with a look, got Wing by the collar and demanded sternly just precisely how many of those marriages were mixed up. Wing swore and and down that all were correct but the last four. We both breathed easier, for that let the T'ings out, and they could go on their way to Japan in peace. We might by quick action get all four of the mistakes corrected before evening.

BUT then a new complication set in. It seems that while all the excitement was going on, the three mismatched couples outside the church door had nothing to do but get acquainted with each other. Two pairs of them, a bit modern in tendencies, took to each other at once, and when some of their horrified friends and relatives saw this and collected around them to say that everything was *puh haw*, they immediately claimed they were quite

well satisfied with the mistake and felt no desire to change. That, of course, created an entirely new storm center, and while one half the middle men and parents were chattering away in front of the Father's office, the other half were striving by prayer and imprecation to keep the mismatched newly-weds apart; but in vain. The third couple, however, did not get along so well. Little Red Dragon was delighted with the error, but Flower of the Snow Time refused to have anything to do with him, and his efforts to attract her attention really attracted the attention of some of the Loo Dings, and he was straightway reported to the old pagan father.

Then another strange thing happened. Old Mrs. Sing who had rushed in with the Pahs and the P'ings right after Mass to protest against the horrible mix-up, now broke down like Thomas Wing and made a public confession. This, she wept, was all a punishment from high Heaven because of her crime. She is the wife of a newly

rich merchant, but it seems that years ago when poor she used, like many other local women, to take out babes from the orphanage to nurse for a small wage. Now one of these, a boy, was so much more handsome than her own little unwanted daughter, who besides, had a slight physical deformity, that she had changed them, and when the time came to give up the orphan to the Sisters she really gave up her own child instead. All during the years she frequently visited the orphanage and had kept track of her daughter, had even had a hand in arranging her marriage to the prize orphan,

John Glory of the Realm. But she had never told anyone what she had done long before, not thinking in her simplicity that it was a very serious crime. Now she believed that this horrible error was a manifestation of Divine Wrath visited upon her.



"The complex were already scattered in all directions, some of them living miles and miles away."

WHEN the P'ings learned that their favorite son, instead of being united that morning to a real orphan, as they had indignantly supposed, was married by mistake to a Sing who had been brought up in the orphanage, they didn't take it so hard, because the Sings were now the wealthiest family in the district and it was no disgrace to be connected with people like that! Anyway, they argued, it was a thousand, ten thousand times better

than if the marriage had gone through with the hateful Pahs, as had been originally planned. The P'ings then were anxious to let matters stand.

We didn't know whether that was going to help us out or not. Father very diplomatically approached the Pahs on the subject. They had to swallow a great deal of pride, because if the error were sanctioned their favorite daughter would be the wife of a real orphan; and yet hadn't this orphan been raised from babyhood in the Sing family? Why, he would be much more of a Sing than the Sing girl to whom the P'ing boy was wedded! Anyway, if they had to choose between two evils, it was better to welcome an orphan into their family circle than to welcome an abominable P'ing! How had they ever been wheedled into giving their consent to such a preposterous idea? So they voted unanimously to let the error be ratified, considering it on the whole providential. We (Turn to page 118)

Bucking a Blizzard

O. H. Labelle, S.J.

BLIZZARD is a word I usually connected with the great open plains of the northwest. I had read accounts of men being lost just a few yards from their dwelling and freezing to death. I had considered such tales as slight exaggerations, but my little experience of last February 11, convinced me of the dread possibility of such an experience.

For two days the snow had been falling thickly, and almost continually for two days the wind had been blowing the snow in drifts with hurricane force. I started out with my old nag for my mission of Wik-wemikonsing, Ontario, eleven miles away. I had not gone many miles when I found the roads almost impassable, blocked with drifts eight and ten feet high. I left the beaten road and circled these drifts when I could, but I came to a place where this was impossible. The road was between two high rail fences and the whole space was filled with drifted snow. There was nothing else to do but try to get through or turn back home. "Get up!" My horse plunged resolutely forward. "Whoa!" I yelled, "Whoa!" but my voice was drowned by the roar of the wind. "Whoa!" again I yelled as my cutter overturned, sending me rolling in my cumbersome furs down the side of the drift. "Whoa!" I yelled as I gave a mighty tug at the reins, but luck was against me, for the buckle of the reins gave way and the horse plunged on several feet more before he paused. I tried to rise and reach my sleigh which had righted itself again, leaving the robes trailing behind, but I found I could not walk as the snow was too deep and loose. In vain I tried to move my legs forward. I could only throw myself on my back and roll like a barrel toward my sleigh.

THE horse remained still, puffing and buried to the neck in the loose snow, but just as I was about to reach the sleigh he decided to plunge forward again. He advanced only a few feet, it is true, but too far for me, separated as I was from the sleigh by that deep snow. I set out again, crawling, rolling, tumbling, until I got my two hands gripped on the back of the cutter. Just in time, too, for the horse started forward once more, plunging, jerking, dragging me along behind. He did not go far, as my added weight was too much for him, buried, as he was, to the neck in snow. I was afraid now that he would get stuck in the snow, for that terrific wind was piling banks of loose powdery snow around us. I urged him forward. He struggled gallantly and plunged forward again while I hung on to



Indian mother and child of the Canadian hinterland.

the back of the cutter, praying that the harness would not break under the strain, or that the horse would not get too exhausted to go on, for he would have been buried alive and have probably frozen to death before I could have gotten help—the thermometer was registering eighteen below zero. Three hundred yards or more we struggled on, with frequent pauses for rest, till we finally got to higher and more open ground. Here the wind had swept the road clear and my troubles were over for the present.

I STOPPED to take stock of damages. My Guardian Angel had surely put in a helping hand. Nothing was broken, robes and handbag were safe under the seat, but my bay-colored horse was transformed in appearance. He was now perfectly white, for the snow had stuck to his perspiring body and frozen, giving him the appearance of a hugh rough white-coated animal like an overgrown sheep. As for myself, I had not noticed in the excitement that I was perspiring freely. The snow I had gathered in my tumbling about melted inside my collar and proceeded to trickle down my spine.—but I was too relieved at having passed through that snow hole successfully to mind a little inconvenience like that. The rest of the way was (Turn to page 119)

By the Grace of God

Francis X.
Larbolette, S.J.

QNE hears so much about the difficulty of making converts among the Japanese, that I thought you would be interested in a convert family here in Okayama in the Vicariate of Hiroshima, Japan.

It all began with the death of the father, a year ago. The man was unknown to the missionary, in fact, he lived elsewhere with his family. But somehow or other he had heard of the Catholic Church, and had repeatedly told his wife of his wish to become a Catholic. However, before he took any definite steps in that direction, he was taken seriously ill and was brought to death's door. Knowing of her husband's intention, the wife did what she thought best under the circumstances: she dipped her finger in water and traced the Sign of the Cross on the dying man's forehead.

The funeral took place in the way customary with non-Christians in Japan: the corpse was cremated and the ashes placed in an urn and handed over to the family. The widow soon after came to live near her relatives at Okayama, where she lost no time in coming to see a priest to ask for permission to have her husband's remains interred in the Catholic cemetery.

The request presented a bit of a problem. How could a man who had died without Baptism be buried in consecrated ground? For there could be no doubt that what the wife had done could not, with all the good will of the world, be considered a valid Baptism. What was to be done? Finally, it was decided that the man had at least had the Baptism of Desire, and the permission was granted.

THE consideration thus shown her deceased husband was, under Providence, the means which attracted the widow to the Faith. For from that time she often came to church with her five children, the eldest a boy of twelve years of age. They were all well behaved



Father Larbolette and his Japanese catechist, with the happy convert family and their godmother (left).

children, and it did not last very long till the younger ones were baptized. The mother and the eldest boy had to be instructed for some time longer; but all this time they took part in the life of the parish, were regular in their attendance at Mass and the other services, said their prayers in common at home, in short, behaved just as any good Catholic family would.

It was no small task for the widowed mother to bring up her children in a Catholic spirit. To supply for her own inexperience she often came and asked for guidance and assistance, all the more as the eldest boy for a little while fell under the influence of undesirable pagan school-mates. Often, when

going to say the six o'clock Mass at the Convent, I met them all on their way to church, all neatly washed and dressed, and with an air of frankness about them that was pleasing.

THE feast of the Immaculate Conception was the day fixed upon for the Baptism and First Communion of the mother and the eldest boy. The latter had entirely broken with his bad companions and was in real earnest about his catechism and the other preparations for the great day. It was indeed a day of deep and pure joy, not only for themselves but for all present, not least for myself who witnessed it all from my prie-dieu.

Since then there is, if anything, an even greater fervor come over them all. The big boy and the next did not rest until they had mastered the Mass prayers and were admitted among the altar boys. It would be a lesson to many an altar boy at home to watch them at the performance of their sacred duties and listen to the clear and distinct way in which they make the responses. Little wonder that the thought has suggested itself to put the eldest boy on the road to the priesthood. He chose for his Patron Saint, Tarsiscius, the little hero of the Blessed Eucharist.



Missionary Bishop

George J. ...

From Vatican City, on March 9, was received the news that His Holiness, Pope Pius XI, had appointed two new Bishops for the Philippines, Rev. James T. G. Hayes, S.J., as Bishop of Cagayan and Rev. Aloysius E. del Rosario, S.J., as Bishop of Zamboanga.

The Rt. Rev. James T. G. Hayes, S.J., Bishop-elect of Cagayan, Mindanao, P. I.

JUST tired, worn out it seemed, the old man dropped his head to the table. But when they came to him, they found him dead.

Thus quietly, if dramatically, old Bishop Clos, S.J., the missionary Bishop of Zamboanga in the Philippines, died on August 2, 1931, on the little launch, *Angeles*, plying between Bohol and Camiguin. Just worn out from the terribly heavy burden of administering the affairs of that big and busy tropical diocese.

That was nineteen months ago. On March 8, 1933, our Holy Father, dividing the See into two parts, appointed Father Hayes as Bishop of the northern section, Cagayan, and Father del Rosario as Bishop of Zamboanga, the southern section.

*To you from failing hands we fling
The torch. Be yours to hold it high.*

May we not imagine the dying soldier of Christ to whisper these inspiring words of one of our war poets to his young successors, heralds of a new day? For Bishop Clos was a Spaniard, and Spanish influence is on the wane in the Philippines.

The history of Spanish colonization in the Philippines contains many glorious pages, far more than is generally realized. And there are still many wonderful Spanish priests there. But their number is decreasing. Practically no new replacements are coming. Now seems to be the day for American and especially for Filipino participation in Church government.

May the new Bishops, one American, the other Filipino, so "hold high the torch" that it ignite the hearts of all Mindanao with love of Christ, the Divine Lover!

A few biographical details are in order.

Bishop-elect James T. G. Hayes, S.J., the new Ordinary for Cagayan, is a native of New York, born on February 11, 1889. As a boy he attended old St. Stephen's parish in West Twenty-eighth Street, and completed his high school studies at St. Francis Xavier's High School. Entering the Jesuit Order at Poughkeepsie in 1907, he made his Novitiate under the Reverend Father Pettit, S.J., former Rector of Fordham University, studied Philosophy and Theology at Woodstock, Md., and was ordained to the sacred priesthood on June 29, 1921. As a Jesuit scholastic he had taught for four years at Regis High School, New York City, and one year at Boston College. After ordination he was Prefect of Discipline at Fordham University and there started the Fordham Glee Club on a life of renewed accomplishment. His Tertianship was made at Tronchiennes, Belgium, 1925-1926, after which he was assigned to the Foreign Mission of the Maryland-New York Province in the Summer of 1926.

The greater part of his first four years in the Philippines, Father Hayes spent as Pastor in Cagayan, and there, establishing a place in the hearts of the Cagayanos that was deep and lasting, proved himself well adapted to mission work. Parochial schools were his first care, and despite heavy financial difficulties, he brought them to a high standard. The public school children were not neglected; for them he opened dormitories and formed Boy and Girl Scout troops. And the older people were assiduously attended to.

IN December, 1930, Father Hayes succeeded Father James Carlin as Superior of the entire Philippine Mission, after the latter's sudden death at Los Angeles while en route to the Philippines. This position entailed the direction of about 180 Jesuits, engaged in a wide variety of priestly works. In Manila were educational works of high calibre, including the Ateneo de Manila, one of the largest mission colleges in the entire Orient. There also was a seminary for secular priests, a Novitiate and House of Studies for native Jesuits, the Manila Observatory,—official Government Observatory for the entire Philippines,—many important prison and hospital chaplaincies, and the magazines, *Cultura Social* and *Ang Paralunan*. Outside of Manila was the rough mission field of Mindanao, and two leper colonies, one in the diocese of Cebu, the other in the Prefecture Apostolic of Palawan. These works were vast in extent, important and precious in content. Quietly but efficiently, the new Superior set to work. His predecessor, the first



The faculty and student body of San Jose Seminary, Manila. The Rt. Rev. Luis del Rosario, S.J., Bishop-elect of Zamboanga, Mindanao, P. I., is indicated by the arrow.

...s for Mindanao

Rhmann, S. J.

American Superior of the Jesuit Philippine Missions, had been handicapped by ill health and other obstacles. Per-

haps Father Hayes' most important task was to order and systematize and coordinate the various activities. His success in doing so was evidenced by the encomiums heaped upon his work from every side.

THE other Bishop-elect, Father del Rosario, has had an entirely different early life. Born in Manila on September 24, 1886, he studied at the Ateneo de Manila and later in the Seminario Pontificio de Comillas, Spain, and was ordained for the secular priesthood at Corban, Santander, Spain, by Bishop Sanchez de Castro, on December 17, 1910. He achieved high success in his studies, and acquired not only the degree of Bachelor of Arts, but also a twofold Doctorate, in Canon Law and Sacred Theology. In the following year he entered the Society of Jesus as a Novice at Gandia, in Spain, and pronounced his First Vows as a Jesuit on August 15, 1913, in Manila.

Father del Rosario came from a prominent Manila family, his father, Anacleto del Rosario, having been an eminent scientist, whose fame is still cherished in Filipino learned circles. Father del Rosario soon acquired fame in another field, that of Canon Law. During the many years that he has held the Professorship of Canon Law and Moral Theology at the Seminary of San José, his advice was eagerly sought as a consultant when ecclesiastical problems arose.

But this was by no means the sum and total of his work. With an energy that gave the lie to the apparent frailty of his tall thin form, he was also during this time the Assistant Master of Novices, the Secretary of the College, Chaplain of the General Hospital, and a popular preacher of Retreats. And especially he exerted wide influence as Chaplain of the huge State penitentiary of Bilibid. Day after day, he rushed away from his classes and theological books to attend his beloved convicts. With a versatility rarely found in one man, he proved at once an accurate and profound scholar, and an ardent active apostle.

EVEN for two men of such proven ability, the newly formed dioceses provide far more than sufficient work. The great central island of Mindanao comprises almost 40,000 square miles, an area approaching that of the States of New York or Pennsylvania. To the northeast and southwest are numerous smaller islands, also included in the new Sees. The total population is about 1,200,000, about half Catholic. The main island is well settled along the coast, but the interior is wild and unsettled, as are many of the adjoining islands. Practically all of the Mohammedans (or Moros) in the Philippines are in this region. Under Bishop del Rosario's care will be the strictly Moro region of the Sulu Archipelago, while Bishop Hayes must strive to lead to Christ the Manobos and other pagans of the Bukidnon Mountains.

The obstacles to their work are many and great. There are no railroads in this extensive region for transportation, and very few good wagon or automobile roads. Mountain travel must be on pony or foot, while frail *barotos* (resembling canoes) or irregular launches are used on the rivers or along the extensive coast-line. Churches and schools are in ramshackle condition. And there is a dire scarcity of priests and Sisters. There are only seventy priests for the entire region, practically all Jesuits, excepting twenty-five Dutch Fathers of the Sacred Heart, grouped in the small province of Surigao. There are no American or European nuns, and only a comparative handful of devoted Filipina Sisters.

Considerable anti-Catholic propaganda is present under the leadership of Americans like the notorious Doctor Laubach, and of some native Aglipayano *pari-paris*. But their attacks would have little effect if only there were sufficient priests and Sisters to care for the Catholic flock. With, however, only about one priest to every eight thousand Catholics, and with very, very few Catholic schools, it is almost impossible (Turn to page 119)



The Rt. Rev. José Clos, S.J., last Bishop of Zamboanga, Mindanao, P. I., born at Prelada, Spain, July 23, 1859, died August 2, 1931.



JESUIT MISSIONS

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The Padre of the Press

ON May 8, 1933, there will be commemorated the seventh anniversary of the death of the renowned Jesuit missionary, Father John J. Monahan, S.J., whose heroism has been perpetuated in "The Padre of the Press," published by the Jesuit Mission Press, 257 Fourth Avenue, New York. Set as a light for the reconversion and the resurrection of the Filipinos, and for the glory of the Society of which he was a member, his body lies today in the little Jesuit cemetery in Manila, robed in the double dignity of priest and missionary of the Company of Jesus. Yet, his memory, even as the echo of his name and the achievements of his life, reverberates like a bugle call with this challenge to the hearts of the young and the brave and the true, "Forward America, forward to mission lands!"

Vocations

AMONG the many lessons to be learned from even a cursory reading of "The Padre of the Press" there is one that is inescapable, that of the dignity and need of missionary vocations, vocations to the priesthood, to the Sisterhood and to our Brotherhood. The consideration of the dignity of such a vocation may be dispatched with this two-fold reflection, ever ancient, ever new and forever true, first, that such a life is the closest imitation permitted to boy or girl of the lives of Christ, His Blessed Mother and St. Joseph; secondly, that its sacrifice is more a privilege than a difficulty, the privilege of partnership in the work of the world's redemption, the privilege of co-redeemers, the privilege of filling up by the sacrifice of Christ's mystical members, what the Apostle tells us was lacking in the sufferings of Christ. Yet, despite its dignity and despite the reminder of the Rev. John Considine, M.M., Director of Fides Service, who, after completing a 52,000 mile journey through the mission world, assures us that "Our seminaries and novitiates are filled up as

never before and that native clergy and Sisterhoods are advancing at an imposing rate," the needs of the mission world are staggering. Briefly, there are today 316,000,000 Catholics, 260,000,000 heretics and schismatics, 1,000,000,000 non-Christians. Altogether, exclusive of heretics and schismatics, there are only a little more than 13,000 priests, European and native, at work in foreign mission countries. While there are 44,000 priests in Spain alone working for 22,000,000 people, there are only 13,000 priests in the foreign missions working for 1,000,000,000. While Belgium has one priest for every 500 souls, Spain a similar portion, and Ireland and England, one for every 900, there is in the foreign missions, 1 priest for every 120,000. The problem is described thus in detail by the writer of the Mission Intention for May. One zealous priest can care spiritually for 1,000 Catholics. This means: weekly confessions, spiritual direction and advice, Baptisms, marriages, last anointings, Holy Communion in many thousands, sermons to be preached, sodalities to be organized, school children to be taught religion, converts to be instructed, churches and schools to be built and kept in repair, the sick to be visited, the slack to be stimulated, the sinners to be reclaimed. Masses, evening services, sodality meetings, Boy Scout troops, men's clubs, altar societies, and so forth and so forth. Yet, in the mission field the average priestly flock is not merely 1,000 Catholics, but 1,000 Catholics, plus 100 catechumens, plus 120,000 pagans. Impossible odds. Such were the odds that did to death our "Padre of the Press," whose life was that of a spendthrift of Christ, and whose death cry for more priests shall re-echo from generation unto generation, like the insistent baying of a Hound of Heaven, worrying the souls of young America until they capitulate to Christ and consecrate their lives to service on the field of Catholic missions.

Camp De Smet—On the Last Frontier

TO satisfy the yearnings of young America for a glimpse of the vanishing West, the Jesuits in 1925 opened a camp for boys in the very center of the untamed Sioux country of South Dakota. The camp received its name from Father Pierre-Jean De Smet, whose labors among the Indians of the west constitute a brilliant page in American history.

At Camp De Smet youth's dream of rugged life on the western plains finds glorious fulfillment, for in this part of the United States the world of western make-believe comes true beyond the wildest hope of red-blooded boyhood imaginings.

De Smet is not a dude ranch. It is a roving, adventurous outfit with headquarters at the Jesuit Mission of St. Francis, and with the whole sweep of the Sioux country as its stamping grounds. Providing every feature of the ordinary camp, it goes further and offers the American boy of today an unforgettable Summer of thrilling western experience. Camping under the open sky during half the season, and enjoying the captivating existence of Dakota plain and mountain, De Smet boys pass eight healthful, happy weeks on the Last Frontier. Camp De Smet is in every sense a Catholic Camp; it is staffed entirely by Jesuits.

The Mission Intention

Increase in Missionaries

THE Mission Intention for May sounds like a call to arms, a challenge to the souls of the brave and the tried and true. More missionaries for the missions! More architects, doctors, engineers, builders, teachers, tradesmen, nurses, more Brothers, more Sisters, but above all, more priests.

Even a fleeting vision of the cataract of souls falling daily into hell, and of the pleading hearts beneath the pleading eyes of pagandom should break the heart of any Pope of God, as it lanced the heart of Christ upon the Cross until the red blood of hope ran out, dissolving into waters of unsatisfied desire. And such is the vision that has caused our mission-minded Pontiff to set ringing round the world the Church's alarm bells for the defense and propagation of the Faith. It is calculated that there are in the mission world today approximately one priest for every 1,000 Catholics, plus 100 catechumens, plus 120,000 pagans. These are impossible odds. Yet, by the grace of God, there are happy warriors of Christ who, like Father Charbonnet, S.J., of Madagascar, can say with humble pride: "During the past four years I have built nine priests' houses, five schools, two large churches, one chapel, restored everything that the cyclone damaged on me—thirty-six buildings, if I remember rightly, heard 132,857 confessions, gave 195,975 Communions, 2,392 Baptisms, 244 Extreme Unctions, blessed 530 marriages, gave or had given in my district twenty-two retreats with the total of 7,766 exercitants, sent five boys to the seminary and to the novitiate, and the Bishop in three visits to me gave 2,121 Confirmations." Priests like this will stem the tide of paganism and the cataract of lost vocations.



The Mass of the Missions

The Gloria Inspired by the consciousness of God's mercy, the priest now bursts into a hymn of adoration, thanksgiving, petition and reparation.

Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men of good will. Glory to God in the highest, to God who dwells in the heavens and who, dwelling on high, condescended to be brought low and to dwell among us. Glory on high to God from the Angels who dwell in Heaven; glory on low to God from man who dwells on the earth. And to these same men who dwell on the earth be peace, peace to men of good will. To men whose will is willing to nail itself to the Will of God; never to be wedged asunder, may even to be riveted to it as to a cross; for crucifixion in body and in mind may be God's will for me.

Like herald Angels, four hundred American and Canadian Blackrobes are today conquering the air, the land and the waters of Alaska with plane, on dog-sled and in seal-skin kayaks. Over frozen tundra and along forest trails blazed with the Sign of the Cross, they traverse Canada's deep unknown. They pace the shell-torn streets of Shanghai and dare the dark recesses of pagan lamaseries in China's hinterland. In rick-shaws and sedans they visit Urakami, that oasis of faith in the pagan stretches of old Japan. From Kurseong in the Himalayas, they look down by night upon the forbidden city of Nepal, or by day take refuge from a tropic sun in India's magic temples and converted bonzeries. In a palm grove by the waters of Candon, they rest and meditate upon man's improvidence to man as they gaze upon the rice paddies of the Philippines and see in vision those other harvest fields that still lie fallow for the want of a tiller's hand. They kneel on the white sands by the Caribbean and pray for the souls of Blackrobed heroes whose merits were wafted back to God on the smoke of funeral pyres in the tragedy of Belize. They plough the waters of the Spanish Main or plunge into the hills and bushland of Jamaica. They venture into the mountain fastnesses or paddle down the bayous of the Southland. They scale the American Rockies and sit in council by the red camp-fires of the Indians in our great north-

west. Or, as if on a magic carpet, they fly to ancient Baghdad where they pass Arabian days and nights, adventuring for souls with American Jesuits on the probable site of the ancient Garden of Eden. At Khartoum on the Upper Nile there is a statue of General Gordon. It represents him mounted on a camel, the whole raised upon a high pedestal; and the gaunt soldierly figure is looking out into the distance across the sunlit sands. On the base of the pedestal are carved these lines:

"The strings of camels come in single file,
Bringing their burdens on the desert sand.
Swiftly the boats go plying on the Nile,
The needs of men are met on every hand.
But still I wait

For the messenger of Christ who cometh late."
Is he, is Christ, is heathendom waiting for you?

Father Joseph L. Lucas, S.J., with two first communicants from Cagayan, Oriental Misamis, Mindanao, P. I.



PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

Father Andrew A. Hofman, S.J., the tireless Pastor at Iligan, Lanao, Mindanao, P. I., writes:

"Your check for ten dollars, sent in December, helped more than just a little. You can judge from the gifts turned in at your office, just how much financial help we are receiving. I for one, am at my wit's end to keep things going. You might suggest as a remedy that I write articles for the *Jesuit Missions* magazine. I wish that I could. I have gotten into the work here so that I have scarcely any time at all during the day for myself, and at night I am either too tired to write necessary letters, or disinclined. I haven't the pep of five years ago."

From Father Mark J. McNeal, S.J., comes this welcome bit of optimism:

"Passing through Zamboanga on my way to my post in Davao, I had the pleasure of meeting the Women's Catholic Action Guild of that venerable city. I saw the kind of action that

they believe in. I also saw that you can get results almost anywhere in the Philippine Islands if you go after them. These ladies determined to 'go get' results, and the enclosed picture shows what they accomplished in one school year. It is an object lesson that any Catholic Action Guild in the Philippine Islands or the United States of America would do well to study and do likewise. Count the heads in the picture and see how many who were once baptized have been saved from imminent danger of losing the Faith."

Father McNeal forwarded with this note a photograph of hundreds of public school children who had been prepared for their first Holy Communion by this Women's Catholic Action Guild of Zamboanga.

For over a year, Father Joseph Reith, S.J., formerly one of the Editors of *Jesuit Missions*, has been serving his mission apprenticeship in the Tagnipa and Cagayan missions. His friends will be glad to know that he has re-

cently been assigned to open up a new mission field in Dansalan, Lanao, Mindanao, P. I., where he will be stationed as the first resident Pastor.

Besides being the municipal constabulary and educational center of the Lanao province, Dansalan is the center of Moro life. Father Reith thus becomes the first American Jesuit to reside among the Moros. Protestant activities have been very pronounced in Dansalan, unfortunately, even among the Catholic Filipinos.

To begin his apostolate, Father Reith has only an old rice mill that serves as a church. There is no equipment, no house for the priest, no school, no Sisters to help him. He relies upon the prayers and interest of his many friends.

ALASKA

Little news has come through from Alaska of late. However, the ever-faithful correspondent, Father Aloysius G. Willebrand, S.J., reports again on Pilgrim Springs, Alaska:

"I still have my little parish at Arvinak. Every morning, bright and early, sees me on the trail with my little sled and team of dogs which has now been reduced to four. I always find an eager congregation awaiting, a good fire in the stove, and a plentiful supply of wood. All this means much during these cold Winter days. We have just finished a spell with the thermometer at fifty below zero.

"Our good Superior, Father Peter L. Baltussen, S.J., is planning several useful improvements. Of these, new oil burners for our stoves, which help to solve the heating problem after our wood supply is exhausted, and a new Hebeco windmill are the chief improvements planned. Coal delivered to our mission costs forty dollars per ton. Oil would be considerably less. The other improvement is a Hebeco windmill electric generator which would convert wind into power and save a considerable expense which is now going into our lighting system. For both of these, we are depending on the help of benefactors. We go forward with boundless trust in Providence.

AMERICAN INDIANS

Father Joseph A. Balfé, S.J., is Superior at St. Ignatius Mission among



Eight Jesuit Scholastics of the Maryland-New York Province who have been chosen for work in the Philippine Islands Mission and who will leave shortly for Manila. Seated (left to right), William F. Masterson, Thomas P. Tuite, Philip H. O'Neill, Gerard F. Knoepfel. Standing (left to right), Thomas J. Rocks, John J. McKeaney, Joseph J. Parrell, Joseph H. Bittner.

the Flathead Indians of Montana. From this Mission comes a belated Christmas report:

"Christmas brought its usual solemnity and manifestations of faith. The weather being nice and the roads favorable, our Indians were enabled to come conveniently from the various parts of the Reservation. Confessions began at 1:30 P.M. and continued almost uninterruptedly till shortly before midnight. The church for the solemn midnight Mass was filled to its capacity. Some fifty-six folding chairs from the Loyola Hall had been added and even so four or five rows of people at the further end of the church had only standing room. Probably over nine hundred persons were present, some seven hundred of whom received Holy Communion. The Christmas sermon was preached in both languages; the music was fine and the decorations of both the altar and the crib kept up the beautiful traditions of the past. Our Indian people enjoyed the peace and happiness of the holy season. Many of them were present also at the five other Masses that were celebrated in the church on that day. According to the annual custom, the Indians came to the Residence for their annual Catholic calendars, some two hundred having been received for distribution. The afternoon saw nearly all the Indians returning to their homes, some of them thirty to forty miles away and more.



Two little maids of Baghdad, Iraq, looking for Aladdin, a magic lamp and a jinni.

May the Faith keep up amongst them and flourish! Shortly following Christmas, services were held at Jocko, Arlee and Camas Prairie.

JAMAICA, B. W. I.

Activities of note conducted by American Jesuits in Jamaica, B. W. I., include, since the publication of our last issue, illustrated lectures on the Mass by Father Charles W. Mahan and Father Francis J. Krim; Confirmations by His Lordship, Bishop Emmet, at White Hall, Holy Cross, Toll Gate, Gordontown; a flourishing day school at May Pen, started by Father Joseph F. Ford, and continued by Father James M. Harney; repairs at the Church of the Little Flower and Annotto Bay; a successful school at Preston Hill and Mile Gully.

Father Raymond R. Sullivan, S.J., writes:

"The Editors of *Jesuit Missions* will be glad to know that the article entitled, "Men of Good Will," which appeared in the December issue of *Jesuit Missions* secured me a kind benefactor who paid for the Somerton church and is supplying the altar furnishings."

'IRAQ

From the Superior of the American Jesuits at Baghdad, Iraq:

"Our school is going along bravely. Our hundred and twenty boys are made up of Chaldeans, Syrians, Armenians, Orthodox and Catholic, four Jews and four Mohammedans. We



His Lordship, the Bishop, the Fathers, Scholastics and Brothers, laboring in Jamaica, B. W. I. Left to right (bottom row): Father James J. Becker, S.J., Father Oliver B. Shelly, S.J., Father Joseph F. Ford, S.J., Very Rev. Charles F. Arnold, S.J., Superior, His Lordship, Bishop Emmet, S.J., Father Francis J. Kelly, S.J., former Superior; Father Leo T. Butler, S.J., Father George F. McDonald, S.J., Father William F. McHale, S.J. (Second row): Father Frederick J. Donovan, S.J., Father Jeremiah F. O'Keefe, S.J., Father Henry C. MacLeod, S.J., Father John J. Moriarty, S.J., Father Francis Flaherty, S.J., Father Raymond R. Sullivan, S.J., Father Joseph M. Krine, S.J., Father John F. Shea, S.J., Father Charles W. Mahan, S.J. (Top row): Brother Thomas P. McElroy, S.J., Brother Bertram F. Roth, S.J., Brother Michael J. Lynch, S.J., Brother R. Quattrochi, S.J., Charles L. Judah, S.J., Father Charles J. Eberle, S.J., Dennis Crucible, S.J., Joseph L. Leroy, S.J., Andrew B. Ochs, S.J., Father James M. Harney, S.J., Father John A. Blackford, S.J. Also laboring in Jamaica when this picture was taken were: Fathers Joseph K. Conmie, S.J., Oliver M. Semmes, S.J., and Francis G. Kempel, S.J.



"My chapel at Kyle," writes Father P. F. Sialm, S.J., of Holy Rosary Mission, South Dakota, "is an old log cabin which really ought to be replaced by a better church."

had one Russian Orthodox but he did not stay very long. All of them are most enthusiastic, proud of their connection with the best school in Baghdad, as they loyally call their school. Six days of class a week (it is true, we have only two or three hours on Thursdays) does not dampen their enthusiasm. They would come the seventh—if we let them! And they do come around on Sunday afternoon to play in our very limited courtyard. It is impossible to keep them away. They have no other place for recreation except the school. Parks, or vacant lots (except outside the city) where the boys may enjoy a good game of baseball or football, are non-existent. So they prefer to spend their holidays and Sundays at the school where they will find a volley ball perhaps, or even a ping-pong set to while away their leisure hours.

"Our curriculum is as much like the American school classical course as we could make it. Arabic, English History, Mathematics, French, Drawing and Hygiene make up the day's work for our Baghdadis. You can appreciate their difficulties when you consider that all these branches are taught to them in English. They found it very hard in the beginning, because the language was so strange to them, but they have so far progressed that many of the boys are the equal of our own high school students in the States. Next year we shall have to add General Science and the following two years Chemistry and Physics. After these five years of secondary school, the boy is sent to the University for professional studies."

CHINA

Mindful of the interest of friends at home, the American Jesuits in China write to tell where they are and what they are doing:

"Of the California Jesuits in China

there is one group, made up of the Fathers, actually engaged in educational work at the young but rapidly growing Gonzaga College in Shanghai. The other group, made up of Scholastics, is being prepared by their theological studies, professorial duties and Chinese studies for their future work, whether in the educational field or in the mission districts.

"At Gonzaga College are all the California Jesuit Fathers, namely, Fathers Leo F. McGreal, Pius L. Moore, John A. Lennon, Joseph I. Gatz and James F. Kearney. Father Joseph Ting, S.J., a native of Pootung, Shanghai, is in charge of the Chinese department of the school. A recent addition to the faculty is Father Gerald L. Kennedy, S.J., of the Irish Province. He has been stationed for some years in Hongkong. When the Fathers are not busy teaching, they are

much in demand for ministerial work in Shanghai, preaching, hearing confessions, giving retreats, etc.

"Of the Scholastics, Charles D. Simons, S.J., is in his third year of Theology at Zi-ka-wei, great Catholic center just outside Shanghai; Thomas Phillips, S.J., and Francis A. Rouleau, S.J., are in their first year of Theology; John Magner, S.J., is in charge of the English department at Universitè l'Aurore, besides teaching several classes daily at Gonzaga College; Paul W. O'Brien, S.J., and George H. Dunne, S.J., are enjoying themselves at Zi-ka-wei, studying Chinese which they report to be as interesting as contract bridge and certainly more interesting than pinoche."

* * *

"Gonzaga College, with Father Pius L. Moore, S.J., as its Superior, is now swinging through the last semester it will spend in its present location on Avenue Joffre in the French Concession. Next year will find the rapidly growing college established on its new site in the International Settlement where, in accordance with the wishes of the Bishop, property has lately been purchased for the college and a parish church. The new site covers close to ten acres and is well situated in the residential section of Shanghai.

"Across the street from the entrance to the new college, the city has improved a large tract of land and set it aside as a park. The British troops, at present quartered on a section of our new property, now use this park as drill grounds and as an athletic field.

"Although the college property is surrounded by four streets, two of these have not yet been completely cut through. Our main entrance to the college will be on Kiao-chow Road.



An Alaskan Cecilia. This Eskimo girl cares for the music of one of the chapels of the Jesuit missions in Alaska.

the college building extending east along Singapore Road.

"Plans for a large classroom building are about completed. These plans include a chapel large enough for four hundred persons. They also provide for twelve classrooms. The Fathers and Scholastics can be well accommodated in the large three-story residence, called by the former owner and builder, 'Villa Carina.' Some remodeling for kitchen and storerooms will be necessary, although the residence will serve the needs of the faculty for three or four years, if necessary.

"The grounds and garden of the new location are far less beautiful than in our present place. In fact, it would be difficult to find so large a place as ours on Joffre with such a variety of trees and well-planned walks and arbors. But Father Leo F. McGreal, S.J., has a young nursery of choice trees which will help much to beautify the new college grounds."

PATNA, INDIA

From Father James A. Creane, S.J., who is working among the Santals of Patna Mission, and whose headquarters are at Bachha, come the following hurried lines:

"Just a hurried scribble. No time to write! European Sisters have just arrived, three of them. *Deo gratias!* And one more is to come in a few days. The people here have put up a cozy little place for them, made of good old Bachha clay, topped off with straw from the hills. The Sisters have taken over our day schools for girls and will soon open a boarding school also. In addition to looking after the school, they will run a dispensary, visit the villages, instruct our Catholic women and convert the pagans.

"We are also just opening a boarding school for boys here. As yet, we have only eight boarders. But we expect the number to grow rapidly. Our Bhagalpur school could not accommodate all the Catholic boys. So we had to make provision for the extras here. One of the first fruits of this new school has been the signing up of five families as catechumens. It is our hope that many other families will follow their example. There are a great many families well disposed. But they need some sort of stimulus to bring them across.

Father P. L. Frank, S.J., a veteran school man, is coming up from Father John Kilian's sector to put the school in good running order. To handle this school, day and boarding, will be a superman's job in itself. Hence, I am mighty glad to have an old experienced hand like Father Frank to start it off."

Father R. W. Bohn, S.J., writing from Khrist Raja High School, Bettiah, Champaran District, India, under date of January 19, sends the following:

"This month, four Indian girls from southern India entered the Novitiate of the Sisters of the Holy Cross in Bettiah.

"This week, five Mary Ward Sisters from Germany arrived at Bankipore—destined for the Santal field.

"This very day, Father Henry Westropp, S.J., is scheduled to land at Bombay.

"All paths lead to Patna!"

One of the American Jesuits in Patna Mission recently sent a clipping from the Hindu paper, *Searchlight*, which contains an item that some of our divorce advocates in this country might well ponder over.

"Sir Hari Singh Gour's appetite for social reform is insatiable. His latest

west in thought as well as in practice than based on any need for improvement. The Bill must be rejected outright."

* * *

From Khrist Raja High School at Bettiah, comes the news that:

"Every day sees more and more boys lined up before the office of Father Aloysius S. Pettit, S.J., seeking admission. Father John J. Meyer, S.J., is Master of the boys' hostel, and has his hands full during these chilly days. Work on the boys' refectory is expected to begin within the next week and it will be a great blessing to have clean, permanent, rain-proof quarters where the boarders can eat their meals. At present their dining room is only a shady nook they can find. Work on



New combination church and school erected in the Mesopolamia area of Belize, British Honduras, by Very Rev. Mervin M. O'Connor, S.J.

is a Bill providing for dissolution of Hindu marriages which, we frankly regret, was referred to the Select Committee. We deplore this headlong drive into regions that go far beyond the limits of social reform and we have no hesitation in stating that any attempt to interfere with the institution of marriages—apart, of course, from the debasing customs and usages that have gathered round it—amounts to an outrage in the false name of social reform. Freedom to dissolve marriages in the west has been so miserable a failure that family life in Europe and America—and there is no disputing the sanctity of that life as an instrument of social well-being—is invariably on the verge of disaster. Chesterton once wrote that it had become the fashion to change husbands and wives as one changes ties and hats. Judged by results the sacramental form of Hindu marriages has stood the test of ages and we fear the element of freedom to dissolve at will or in certain contingencies is more the result of the slavish habit of imitating the

the roads and pathways has gone on very swiftly and we shall soon be ready for the monsoons. No more wading back and forth to classes. Everyone here at the High School escaped the usual epidemic of flu and grippe that attacks and brings down even the strong during Winter. Winter, by the way, is now over, and so is most of the Spring. People feel the cold here even though the thermometer stays at a fairly high mark."

* * *

The Bahins and the girls of Chakni in Patna Mission are rejoicing at the good news just received from the Marygrove College girls in Detroit that they are again taking up the work of completing their Marygrove-in-India. The girls generously collected the money for the building bricks which were burnt this year, as well as for several window and door frames and other woodwork. Father James R. Gibbons, S.J., Pastor of Chakni, is happy because the Detroit girls are striving to complete the building and thus contribute to the education of their little dusky sisters in India.



FROM MANY REALMS



Native Clergy

The Mission Increase for May—Increase in Missionaries—will never be realized in its entirety until the Pope's desires for a native clergy are fulfilled.

The Native at Our Door

With words clear cut as an epitaph on mortuary marble, Father D. Donnelly, S.J., of the Regional Seminary, Hong Kong, pictures the pitiable need: "The native," he says, "is at our doors. The ease and speed of modern travel and of modern trade have linked together the farthest parts of the globe. The coffee which you drank at breakfast this morning was plucked by dusky fingers in the burning tropics; the margarine on your bread was made from coars which grew along the palm fringed coasts of the South Sea Islands; the otter or marten of your mother's furs was trapped by Indian trappers in Labrador or Newfoundland. The interior of China is as near to Paris nowadays as Central Germany was before the railroad came; the Congo is as well mapped out and as easy to reach as the Scottish Highlands were a century ago."

Death Comes to the Native

But the native is dying at our doors. These are human beings like ourselves. They have immortal souls as we. Yet, day by day, hour by hour, minute by minute, death, the reaper, is swinging his sickle into the teeming millions of the pagan world, sending hundreds of thousands of human beings to corruption and hundreds of thousands of human souls to hell.

The Cataract of Souls

That this multitude of souls dying from moral, mental and physical infirmities must be succored by native Samaritans as well as foreign, must be evident from a mere glance at these statistics. It is calculated that there are today in the world approximately 316,000,000 Catholics, 300,000,000 Confucianists or Taoists, 220,000,000 Mohammedans, 210,000,000 Hindus, 158,000,000 Animists, 150,000,000 Protestants, 138,000,000 Buddhists, 110,000,000 Schismatics, 25,000,000 Shintoists, 16,000,000 Jews.

Impossible Odds

There are in Japan, 294 priests for 65,000,000 inhabitants. In China, 3,662 priests for 406,000,000 inhabitants. In Allahabad, 33 priests for 32,000,000 inhabitants. In Patna, India, 29 priests for 25,000,000 inhabitants. In Afghanistan, twenty times the size of Belgium, no priest. In Thibet, larger than France, Germany, Austria, Hungary and Belgium, no priest. On an average, there is on the mission fields 1 priest for every 1,000 Catholics, plus 100 catechumens, plus 120,000 pagans.

Native Seminaries

"His Holiness looks upon seminaries for native clergy, which the Society of St. Peter the Apostle is erecting in mission lands, as the surest hope for the future of the Church in these regions, and he does not fail to appreciate, as if offered in filial honor to his exalted office as universal Pastor, every means of help given in favor of those seminaries"—this is the mind of Christ's Vicar as interpreted by His Eminence, Cardinal Eugene Pacelli, Secretary of State for His Holiness.

Realization of the Ideal

That the ideal of a native clergy is slowly but surely being realized is clear from even a cursory glance at mission news headlines from around the world: "Our seminaries and novitiates are filled as never before. Native clergy and Sisterhoods are advancing at an imposing rate!"—"Young Tanganyikan (East African) ordained to the priesthood!"—"Medley of nations at first Mass ceremonies of first Chinese priest in British North Borneo!"—"Chinese clergy to have charge of Shanghai cathedral. The Reverend Peter Tsang, former Vicar General of Haimen, is named Rector. Bishop Borgnet, S.J., who died in 1868, was the first Bishop!"—"The Church in Uganda counts 382,852 members. There are forty-one native priests, five native Brothers and 189 native Sisters. Two major seminaries and three minor seminaries are making possible the training of 293 native inhabitants to the priesthood!"—"Thirty-five native Filipino Jesuits in Sacred Heart Novitiate, Novaliches, Manila, P. I."—"Fourteen native priests, ten Brothers, from Ruanda," etc., etc.

In the Land of China

The increase in the number of native clergy is most impressive, perhaps, in China, where for the years 1902, 1912, 1922, 1932, the number of missions are respectively, 41, 48, 55, 117; the number of foreign missionaries, likewise respectively, 904, 1,495, 1,499, 2,235; the number of native Chinese priests are 463, 729, 1,030, 1,563; the number of Catholics, 700,000, 1,431,302, 2,142,516, 2,562,742. In 1902, there was 1 Chinese priest for 1,511; in 1912, for 1,966; in 1922, 1 for 2,080; in 1932, 1 for 1,639.

After Many Years

That the present status of Chinese native clergy is a result of the policy of Jesuit missionaries is ably shown by Very Rev. Wlodimir Ledzchowski, General of the Society of Jesus, in his far-seeing letter addressed to the Superior of the mission of Kiang-san, China, from Rome, August 15, 1919, on "The Choice and Formation of a Native Clergy in the Foreign Missions." "Taking their inspiration from the lofty conceptions of St. Francis Xavier, our French and Portuguese Fathers early planned to form Chinese not only for the duties of catechists, but also for the priestly ministry. In 1615, forty years before the salutary undertaking of Father Alexander de Rhodes, Father Nicholas Trigault was commissioned to go and plead the cause of the Chinese clergy before Paul V. The question was again thoroughly discussed in 1666 by the Jesuits whom the Regents of the Empire had exiled to Canton. Then come the memoirs of FF. de Rougemont (1667) and Verbiest (1678), and the books in Chinese presented for the approval of Innocent XI: missal, breviary and Roman ritual, besides the complete Summa of St. Thomas, translated and printed at Peking in thirty volumes; the further solicitations at the court of Rome on the part of Father Philip Couplet (1683 to 1685); and the urgent petition of 1695. These efforts and many others tell with what earnest and audacious tenacity, coupled with an entire readiness to submit to the decisions of the Apostolic See, the Fathers pursued the object of their dreams—the spiritual conquest of China through the Chinese." This ideal will ever be the objective of Jesuit missionaries around the world.

ALL THINGS TO ALL MEN

(Continued from page 99)

As there was no immediate danger of death, I promised to return to hear the sick man's confession and to bring him Communion. I then returned to my host. As I remarked, he had once been a clever medicine man on the Kuskokwim, and even after he had moved to Bonazilla kept up his trade and his reputation. A few years previously he contracted the flu and was at death's door when the priest came to see him and won for him the grace of conversion. Since that time he has been a most faithful Catholic.

After supper, the boy summoned all the people of the village, a total of twenty, and they gathered in the chief's house to have evening prayers, a sermon, and preparation for confession. After this, I heard confessions and then at the end of a quiet smoke I finished my breviary by the uncertain light of two candles, stretched my sleeping bag on the floor and turned in.

The following morning, Mass was said at eight o'clock and all the people attended, having first said morning prayers in common. During Mass one led the beads, and at the Gospel I preached a short sermon. After the Consecration, Communion prayers were said, after which all received our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament. After thanksgiving, I brought Holy Communion to my sick man and then departed in the cold, crisp air, behind our maulmutes for Holy Cross which we reached at one-thirty in the afternoon, tired but happy at heart in the thought that we had brought to these dear folk of Bonazilla, the consolations of religion.

DRUMS AND DRUMMERS

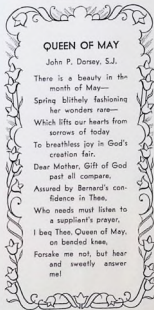
(Continued from page 100)

when the amount of time you give to each church is limited.

The ordinary Catholic who goes to his Mass on Sunday at home, listens to an organ, sees the altar boys serve, takes all for granted. Vestments, chalice, ciborium, ostensorium, incense, candles, hosts, missal, altar cloths, are all a matter of course. They have been in the church for years. Why shouldn't they be there? We have forgotten the day when our grandfathers and

grandmothers gave up their precious jewels for that chalice of which they were so proud, or the statue given to the church by father in memory of a devoted mother. We have prayed before that statue from childhood, and the tarnished brass reminds us no more of the generous heart that placed it there.

The Catholic Church in Jamaica is still in the making. Our worry, sad to say, is not whether we pray well, but the making of the structure to help us to pray better. Churches must be built, altars



QUEEN OF MAY

John P. Dorsey, S.J.

There is a beauty in the
month of May—

Spring blithely fashioning
her wonders rare—

Which lifts our hearts from
sorrows of today

To breathless joy in God's
creation fair.

Dear Mother, Gift of God
past all compare,

Assured by Bernard's con-
fidence in Thee,

Who needs must listen to
a suppliant's prayer,

I beg Thee, Queen of May,
on bended knee,

Forsake me not, but hear
and sweetly answer
me!

erected for the Holy Sacrifice, statues set up to remind God's children of His Mother and His Saints.

IN THE BAD LANDS

(Continued from page 101)

Rosary Mission School, married a non-Catholic before a Justice of the Peace. Her parents came to me in tears, because they had understood that the marriage was to be performed by a priest and had received that promise from the intended son-in-law. Even the license specified that the marriage was to be performed by a Catholic priest. Somehow or other, by sheer domination, the girl was taken before the Justice of the Peace. After

hearing the story, I hastened to the home and pleaded with the man—but to no avail. Later I visited them again, and this time found the man well posted on the marriage laws of the United States—and even more unyielding than before. The girl realized that in her present situation she could not receive the sacraments. Turning to her I said: "Tomorrow is the feast of St. Agnes, your feast day, and are you going to refuse our dear Lord entrance into your heart? Do you wish to continue to live in sin? Do you know why St. Agnes died the death of a martyr?"

At that, the girl resolutely turned to her husband and said:

"Up to now I have allowed you to do with me just as you pleased. I have yielded to you in everything. Now I am going to have something to say. You went to communion in your church on Christmas Day but I could not go to mine. Tomorrow, I am going to receive Holy Communion."

They were both at Mass the next morning and had their marriage blessed.

IN FATHER

CONWAY'S PATH

(Continued from page 103)

Santal men. Having no equipment for Mass, we began with the sermon. We told them of the true God and the true Faith which He had now sent them, and what it would bring to them and their children. A sermon cannot go on forever, especially if one's language is limited. Before this group of men, a boy of sixteen, who had been in the Mission School in Bhagalpur, and had somehow returned to the village the previous day, presented himself for Baptism. He had been thoroughly prepared. All present witnessed the ceremony. Just as the Baptism was completed, the belated carriers and catechists arrived. We had Mass in the open on an overturned bed frame, a repetition of the simple sermon, and finally a plain understanding of the religious purpose of the little school which the Mission would provide in the village.

These are "men of good will"; utterly honest, frank and thoughtful. There is nothing in the way

of their becoming good Christians. Never had I hoped to see our Lord's words so plainly verified, "the fields are white for the harvest." The step from the long traditions of paganism to a new religion is necessarily difficult, hence they are coming one by one. Here is the point where your prayers are needed. But the current of belief seems steady and strong and growing.

WE left our catechist at that village and moved on to another center. Everywhere along the way, pleasant manly Santal villagers gladly listened with interest and respect to the message of the true Faith. Their homely but effective way of showing interest in what you say is to repeat the last phrase of your sentence. Thus the missionary tells the group ranged around him, "God has sent His true religion to your country because He loves you," and the response comes back, "because He loves us."

Again night overtook us, as it did for some unavoidable reason every night of that interesting week. But we always accidentally fell into the right trail. Each day Mass was in a different center, in different strange circumstances, always with an interested, respectful attendance, often providentially with a Baptism or two to show the way, and generally with a group of earnest Christians showing their pagan neighbors how to use the priceless gift of Faith that has come into their lives.

On St. Raymond's day, we completed this first circuit of one corner of my district and, back home again at Narainpur in the church which Father Raymond Conway completed, in which he labored so well, and where also he lay sick for a week, we had a High Mass. After this Mass two men of the neighborhood, for whom he had worked, were baptized, both taking the name of Raymond.

YAO PUH YAO?

(Continued from page 105)

began to see light at the other end of the tunnel.

Next on the program was the difficult Loo Ding family. From the very first they had known that a

mistake was made, but the bad news about the conduct of Little Red Dragon before and after the ceremonies had traveled as fast as bad news usually does, and it enraged the old pagan father. Moreover, the orphan John Glory of the Realm was a handsome, manly lad and the most skillful mechanic turned out by the orphanage in years. He would make a good husband for anyone; and besides, it was learned that his cyclic animal was perhaps the most

FROM A MISSIONARY

(For Mother's Day)

Mortimer H. Gavin, S.J.

Do you recall that Mother's Day
Long years ago,
When I had lately come
To work for Mary's Son?
How then you told me of your
burning prayer
To Heaven's Queen,
That She might guide and bless,
And in your stead bestow
A mother's care?

Mother, Our Lady's tender love
I since have known;
And now, please God, will haste
The dawning of that day,
When I may bring full thousand
ends more to know
Our Mother dear,
When each poor orphaned soul
May have along with me
A brother's share.

intimate friend that Miss Loo Ding's cyclic serpent possessed. That was the deciding argument! The Loo Ding family refused to budge on the morning blunder; in fact, they were ready to fight for it.

AND all this time do you think that Little Red Dragon's relatives were piously submissive? Far from it! Little's father insisted on the *status quo*; he raged round like a mad dog; he said he would never be able to face Thomas Wing again if this marriage fell through. He led his son Little up by the ear and commanded him to demand that Father Richard carry through the Loo Ding marriage. Father listened quietly, then asked Little Red Dragon what he thought of it; and

probably for the first time in his life, Little put his foot down. He said he didn't want to take any more obligations on himself; he said he wasn't anxious to get married, and that if he had to, he would say yes to Flower of the Snow Time, but to no one else in the world! "I cannot force your son," concluded Father Richard.

Poor Flower of the Snow Time! It looked as if she were to be the innocent victim of the mixup. First destined for the orphan who had been raised in the Sing family, then unfortunately united to this lot of a Little Red Dragon, she was surely an object of pity. Her middle man wept loudly, her father and mother wept quietly, but she didn't weep at all. She gave the dramatic climax to the whole affair by stating positively that she had always wanted to be a nun!

When we learned this at eight o'clock that night, Father Richard quite forgot his dignity and let out a whoop of joy. I barely prevented him from celebrating the good news with firecrackers, in true Chinese fashion. "I told you so!" he jeered at me. "Who said we couldn't make a success of it?" I didn't answer, but I thought of Little Red Dragon's father, I thought of Flower of the Snow Time's parents and their weeping middle man, I thought of the bitter feud between the Pings and the Pahs.

THAT means then that we shall have only three marriages to do over again, for even though each got the partner desired, they were not valid, you know. In the meantime, coolies will be "heigh-hoing" their way with recovered wedding presents from one family to another for several days yet, and the middle men will be at it again to get the contracts properly arranged once more.

I suggested that we have all three marriages next Sunday at the early Mass, believing that Thomas Wing had learned a salutary lesson and would be perfectly reliable this time. Father looked at me and said with crushing emphasis: "We are going to have those marriages one at a time, twenty-four long hours apart. And while they're going on I want

Thomas Wing put under lock and key and guarded by two policemen with machine guns. Otherwise, in a sudden fit of impatience he's liable to mix up the bride and the bridegroom on me!"

Father seems to have lost his enthusiasm for doing things on a Big Business scale. "Do you know," he confessed the other day, "There is probably something to be said for the old-time missionaries. Their methods certainly produce solid results, but hang it all, they're too confoundedly slow to be efficient." "That," I answered, with becoming gravity, "depends on precisely what you mean by efficiency!" And holding out the box of chocolates you sent, I said to him rather maliciously, I'm afraid, "Yao puh yao?"

Yours for more efficient missionaries,

FRANCIS T.

BUCKING A BLIZZARD

(Continued from page 106)

less eventful. The wind kept raising clouds of fine powdery snow, making visibility almost nil, but my faithful nag was able to keep to the road and I arrived at my mission church without further mishap. There I stabled and fed my horse; then after starting a fire in the church and in my little room back of the church, I sat down to enjoy the friendly heat and pleasant crackling of the resinous wood. And as I relaxed there in pensive mood, while the wind whistled and screamed about the eaves, and the driven snow beat a tattoo on the window-pane, I thought that my adventures were over for the day, but I was mistaken, for my greatest adventure was yet to come. I shall tell you about it in the next issue of JESUIT MISSIONS.

MISSIONARY BISHOPS FOR MINDANAO

(Continued from page 109)

to repel those wolves of the flock, much less to make any inroads into converting the Moros and pagans.

In view of these staggering difficulties, it is a consolation to recall some character-revealing incidents about the two new Bishops.

"Gracias a Dios, tengo sangre fria," (Thank God that I'm cold-

blooded!) remarked Father del Rosario to me one blazing hot summer afternoon in Manila. He had special need to be cool that day, as he had just attended the electrocution of two convicts over in Bilibid prison. A newly installed electric chair had been used for the first time. The Manila newspapers headlined the gruesome event. We had all read about it, discussed it with

OUR LADY OF THE WAY

Walter J. Handren, S.J.

The road winds through a dewy glade,
Where branches thick with buds of spring,
Spread fragrance with their dappled shade,
While thoughtless hearts rejoice and sing:
"Small need have we, this sunny May,
To seek Our Lady of the Way."

The road leads off across a plain,
Of withered grass and scorching breath,
Gaunt bushes, begging drops of rain,
Droop, twisted in an arid death,
The heart is heavy, parched the tongue,
That late in selfish bliss had sung.

The plain is past, the road climbs high,
Past cliffs and crags and giddy deeps,
To faltering limbs despair is nigh:
Yet, through the air a whisper sweeps:
"Have you forgotten how to pray?
Behold! Our Lady of the Way!"

varying degrees of horror. But Father del Rosario, present as the two poor wretches were burned to death, at their sides whispering ejaculations, ready to give conditional Extreme Unction as the limp bodies were loosened from the metal and leather fastenings,—I met Father returning at four in the afternoon. He went to the dining room for his long overdue midday meal, and as he calmly lunched, I

remarked at his ability to eat after such an ordeal. But he humbly thanked God for his "cold-bloodedness." The same quality I observed on another occasion when the newspapers and public officials (including even the usually prudent Governor General Leonard Wood) tried to persuade Father del Rosario to violate the seal of confession regarding another condemned criminal. "Of course, that is something which we cannot discuss," was the Padre's terse reply to the formidable Governor.

"Cold-blooded?" Or should we rather say "cool-headed?" Cool enough to meet any contingency, cool enough to do his duty no matter how difficult the circumstances, but warmhearted with a zeal for souls that drove him day after day from his scholar's desk and the books he loved to the sweltering cells of the poor condemned convicts in Bilibid.

AND Bishop-elect Hayes, we feel, possesses the same precious qualities.

After his arrival at Cagayan, he discovered that one of the little villages, named Opol, was most bitterly anti-Catholic, in the hands of Aglipayano schismatics. It was supposed to be dangerous for a priest even to be seen there. Father Hayes went to work quietly but fearlessly. Before long he not only entered the town, he was holding church services there.

In Cagayan itself he met a different situation. There he found a big old church. It had complete services. It had a fair attendance,—but only of women and children. Very few men ever came, and fewer still received the sacraments. . . . Four years passed, and as Father Hayes was leaving, Governor Fortich, a civil ruler of the entire Cagayan region, remarked: "When Father Hayes came to Cagayan, only a handful of men came to church. But now there are as many men as women."

His methods were not spectacular, nor theatrical. He was always quiet, always calm and self-contained and cool. But his zeal was untiring, and his heart overflowing with love for his flock, so that no

Grateful Acknowledgments

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Gratitude is also expressed for one hundred and eleven Mass stipends.

obstacles could stop his progress.

Then in 1930, he was appointed Superior of the entire Mission. It was an honor which he found extremely distasteful. With quiet decision, however, he set to work in the new field of duty. Now he was consulting with the Governor General, Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, about important matters. Now he was busy out at Novaliches, hurrying the construction of the new Novitiate to relieve the extreme congestion of the old quarters for the Novices in mid-Manila. Now he was putting on big-league boots to make his official Visitation of all the mission stations under his care. Six hundred miles from Manila to Zamboanga, then another hundred further on to Jolo in the Sulu Archipelago, then back to Zambo, next one hundred and fifty miles over to Davao, four hundred further to Cotabato, two hundred still further to Cateel on the dangerous western coast, after which the entire route must be retraced back to Zambo and Manila. Sandwiched between were land journeys amounting to five hundred miles, and all accomplished in a tropical climate just about six degrees above the Equator. . . . Yet through it all, Father Hayes remained his calm even self, with insatiate zeal pressing on to the furthest little call of duty, but with humble peace, remarking in a letter home to his sister: "Thank God I'm well and happy as usual. Of course, I'd much prefer my former humble work as parish priest of Cagayan to this 'honorable' position as Superior. But God's Will be done!"

May these two grand priests ever keep their heads cool and clear, their hearts warm. May the Holy Spirit

of God bless them with special graces, illumine their intellects and inspire their wills to become the modern Xaviers, which the countless Catholics and Moros and pagans under their care so critically need!



The "Reproaches," of Good Friday. By Francis P. LeBuffe, S.J. The America Press, 461 Eighth Ave., New York, N. Y. Price ten cents per copy.

The meaning of the day explained from the liturgy by one who ever weaves his words to his thoughts for the better understanding of the Master. The typographical setting of this pamphlet merits honorable mention. The reproaches are so obviously subjective and personal in their applications that the author did well in not attempting to modernize their point but in offering his reader the biblical background of Christ's complaints.

Our Precious Freedom. By Daniel A. Lord, S.J. The Queen's Work, 3742 W. Pine Blvd., St. Louis, Mo. Price ten cents per copy.

"Our Precious Freedom" is a timely homily on the dignity of the sons of God and a precious vindication of the paradox, ever ancient, ever new and forever true, that real liberty is born of law. Scripture and experience both forbid us to believe that without salutary restraint freedom ever will exist.

Tekakwitha, Three Plays. By A Sister of St. Joseph, Brentwood, Tekakwitha League, 141 East 29th St., New York, N. Y. Price \$1.00.

As stated in the Foreword, "There can be nothing more suitable for schools of all grades and for parish dramatic societies than these three Tekakwitha plays. One, the shortest, lends itself to tableau; another, longer, to pageant; and the third, the longest, to dramatic performance. Each can easily be adapted to local conditions and resources."

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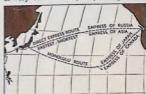


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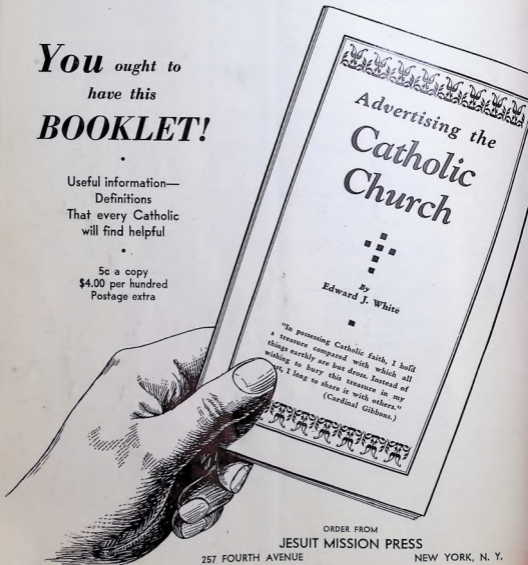
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