

# Jesuit Missions

June, 1933

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## MISSIONS OF THE AMERICAN JESUITS

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

Rev. George J. Willmann, S.J., 501 East Fordham Road, New York, N. Y.

(3) **AMERICAN INDIAN MISSIONS** in Wyoming and South Dakota, and (4) **BRITISH HONDURAS** a foreign mission in Central America among the Caribs and Maya Indians are cared for by the Jesuits of the mid-western States which comprise the Missouri Province. The Missouri Province also cares for four **NEGRO MISSIONS**: three in Missouri, one near St. Louis, and one in Omaha, Nebraska. The Province Mission Procurator is

Rev. William J. Wallace, S.J., 221 North Grand Blvd., St. Louis, Mo.

Missions among the natives of (5) **ALASKA** and (6) **AMERICAN INDIAN MISSIONS** in Washington, Idaho, Oregon and Montana are served by the Jesuits of the Oregon Province which is co-extensive with these States. The Province Mission Procurator is

Rev. Francis B. Prange, S.J., 2440 Interlaken Blvd., Seattle, Washington.

(7) **JAMAICA, B.W.I.**, is the field of the foreign missionary labors of the Jesuits of the New England Province of the Society of Jesus. The Province Mission Procurator is

Rev. Edward P. Tivnan, S.J., Boston College, Chestnut Hill, Mass.

(8) **THE SOUTHERN STATES MISSIONS** are home missions in the rural districts of these States. The Jesuits of the New Orleans Province which embraces the Southern States are tiling these fields. The Province Mission Procurator is

Rev. Patrick A. Ryan, S.J., St. Anne's Church, Rock Hill, S. C. Box 445.

(9) **PATNA** is the foreign mission in northern India administered by the Jesuits of the Chicago Province which is made up of the States of Illinois (northern part), Indiana, Kentucky, Michigan and Ohio. The Province Mission Procurator is

Rev. Leon A. Foster, S.J., 1076 West Roosevelt Road, Chicago, Ill.

(10) **THE CHINA MISSIONS** of the Jesuits of the California Province which comprises the States of California, Nevada, Utah and Arizona are in Nanking, Shanghai and other sections of China. The Province Mission Procurator is

Rev. Hugh C. Donovan, S.J., University of Santa Clara, Santa Clara, Calif.

(11) **SÜCHOW MISSION**, China; and (12) **CANADIAN INDIAN MISSIONS** at Caughnawaga, the Iroquois Mission near Montreal, are in charge of the Jesuits of Lower Canada. The Province Mission Procurator is

Rev. Louis J. Lavoie, S.J., 653 Chemin Ste-Foy, Quebec, Canada.

(13) **CANADIAN INDIAN MISSIONS** along Lake Huron and Georgian Bay, those north of Lake Superior, and those along the Albany River are cared for by the Jesuits of Upper Canada. The Province Mission Procurator is

Rev. Joseph Leahy, S.J., 160 Wellesley Crescent, Toronto, Canada.

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

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



Martha Afraid of Hawk, little Indian maiden of Holy Rosary Mission in charge of the Jesuits on the Sioux Indian Reservation, Pine Ridge, South Dakota, is only one of the 100,000 Catholic Indians of the United States and Alaska who are being ministered to by 211 Priests, 450 Sisters and 70 Brothers.

# The Last of the Romans

Victor F. X. Hinderer, S. J.



"The Last of the Romans,"—Father Alexander Diomed, S. J.

**T**HE subject of our narrative, Father Alexander Diomed, was born of illustrious parentage in Italy on the tenth of May, 1843. His seventy-one year career as a Jesuit began with his entry into the novitiate of the Roman Province on the twentieth of November, 1861. Father Diomed pursued his philosophical and theological studies with distinction in Rome and also at St. Beano's in Wales. He made his Tertiarieship in Belgium. His first work after the completion of his studies was that of professor of theology at the famous Gregorian University in Rome. The learned, yet simple, Jesuit was not to remain at this high post a long time; the year of 1874 found him, accompanied by Brothers Rinaldo and Negro, crossing the Atlantic to join their fellow Romans as volunteers for the Rocky Mountain Indian Missions.

The new Roman trio landed in New York on the twenty-ninth of June, and after a brief visit at Woodstock College, Maryland, they continued their journey on to St. Louis. Superiors had directed Father Diomed to purchase a small printing press in St. Louis. The press, which was installed at St. Ignatius Mission, was the first to be used in the Rocky Mountain Missions. The future Indian missionaries continued their journey from St. Louis to Ogden, Utah, by rail and from Ogden to Helena, Montana, by stagecoach. The last lap of the journey took four days and four nights of continuous driving. Father Diomed, upon his arrival at Helena, spent a week recuperating from the effects of the long and tiresome trip. He then went to St. Ignatius Mission to begin his active missionary work. Superiors were soon to learn that the former Gregorian professor had a proclivity for the Flathead language, and as a consequence he was placed in full charge of the printing shop. The new shop was indeed an asset to its pioneer surroundings. A complete dictionary of the Kalispel language, spoken by the Flatheads and other tribes west of the Rockies, was produced under the supervision of Father Diomed. This work was a real accomplishment, considering the fact that it was edited, printed, and bound in a frontier country, and for the most part the product of Indian labor.

**O**N the feast of St. Ignatius, 1875, Father Diomed was transferred to a new field of endeavor, among the Coeur D'Alene Indians at the Sacred Heart Mission. The Mission was situated near Cataldo, Idaho. The sta-

tion on the Union Pacific Railroad was named in honor of the grand old missionary, Father Cataldo, with whom Father Diomed labored. Nearly twenty years before, Father Ravalli, S. J., had built a church at the Sacred Heart Mission,—a structure whose massiveness and grandeur filled the Indian's hearts with awe. All the materials used in the construction of the edifice were taken direct from the virgin forest. The work was done with crude tools, and only the Indians whose conduct was exemplary were permitted to assist in the erection of this House of God. Undoubtedly it was a labor of love for them. Father Diomed, upon being made Superior of the Mission, was soon to endear himself to the Indians so well nurtured spiritually by his predecessor, Father Ravalli.

**B**UT alas, their happiness was to be of a short duration! For sometime past the Whites had been crowding in on the peaceful environs of the Mission, and the Government ordered the Indians to move to a newly planned reservation. Naturally, the command to sacrifice their beautiful church and the haunts that were so dear to them, was heartbreaking to the poor Indians. At first the Redmen resented the Government's order and refused to move. To Father Diomed's numerous capacities was added still another—that of a diplomat between the Government and the Indians. But the (*Turn to page 141*)

# *a Missionary Nazareth*

*Walter J. Malone, S.J.*



*Native Filipinos with the following American Jesuits at the new Sacred Heart Novitiate, Manila, P. I. Front row (beginning third from the left): Walter J. Malone, Father Anthony L. Gaupp, Father Raymond R. Goggin, Master of Novices, Father James P. Moran, (second from right) James Cawley. Second row (second from the right): Brother John J. Doyle.*

**H** E singing silence of open spaces, the chime of a clock, a dazzling vista of the "high blue afternoon" through the chaste white arches of a cloister—here was a heaven for contemplation and study, here a novice's seventh Heaven, a Junior's Paradise Regained, a Philosopher's Empyrean. Our dream had come true.

The Novitiate and Juniorate for Jesuits in the Philippines had not always been so fortunate in its home. A Novitiate had been founded here as early as 1617, at a time when the Philippines were a Province of the Society and the country that is now supplying it with so many of its missionaries could hardly have thought of a Novitiate of its own. The ruins of this first House of Probation and Studies still stand near the Church of San Pedro Macati outside Manila. The Novitiate had led a turbulent and much interrupted existence down through these three centuries, and during the past few decades our Novices and Juniors had been moving from one house to another house with no independent abode of their own.

And now the kind Providence of God had inspired one of His generous servants to make it possible to have a home ideal of our own. She to whom we are so indebted, would have her name kept secret. But that will not prevent us from seeing under the holy joy and bright hope of this great event in the history of the Mission, the generosity and zeal of the one who brought it all to pass, as it will not prevent the Community at

Novaliches from remembering in their daily Masses and prayers their unknown benefactress in America across the seas.

It was on the feast of the Immaculate Conception, then, December 8, 1931, in the late afternoon, that a small party motored out along the north road leading from Manila. They were heading for the intended site of the new Jesuit Novitiate, the Novitiate of the Sacred Heart, as it was to be canonically designated. The turning of the first sod was a private, informal affair. After the blessing, His Grace, the Most Reverend Michael J. O'Doherty, Archbishop of Manila, drove home the shovel into the stubborn soil, turning over a patch of rusty-colored earth. The Right Reverend James McCloskey, Bishop of Jaro, was next; then Very Reverend Father James T. G. Hayes, Superior of the Jesuit missions in the Philippines, and after him each of the small group of Jesuits there assembled. Refreshments awaited the party at our little residence nearby; then back to Manila at sundown, with the world none the wiser.

**T** HE intervening year was a hectic one. It saw the Ateneo, our Jesuit College in Manila, go up into a mid-August night in a column of smoke and flames. It saw the hurried readjustment that followed—the San Jose Seminary departing from its spacious home on Padre Faura for the narrow quarters of the mission house, adjoining the College ruins. It saw the Novices, Juniors and Philosophers who had lived under the same roof

with the seminarians take flight to the Santa Ana district, there to await the time when they could set out for their new Nazareth. La Ignaciana, the Retreat House on the Pasig River would be their home for the next four months.

The Ateneo was thus able to open at its new site on Padre Faura, within a month's time. It was nothing short of providential that such an arrangement could have been made at all. And it was no less providential that the new novitiate was nearly completed. There were, however, the usual delays, unforeseen difficulties

cars drove up and under the triple-arched porte cochere. This was crowned in front with a huge medallion on which was inscribed the Holy Name. This in turn was imbedded in a heavy arch that spired upward in what resembled an ornate lance-head. The roof of this heroic entrance receded into the front proper of the building with its bas-relief panels, rose window, and rich billowing curves of Spanish Mission architecture that mounted to the white cross over all.

A double tier of cloisters ran out on either side of the entrance, a row of round arches below and above



*"We prayed that from this Sacred Heart Novitiate, this mountain of prayer and solitude, would go down an ever swelling army of apostles to carry the light of the Gospel into the cities of their own and out to the far corners of the Archipelago."*

and inevitable squabbles with the contractor. Finally the day came. Meantime, Father Provincial had arrived in the Islands on his visitation, and we should have the pleasure of his presence at the opening.

The inauguration ceremonies that were to last for three days, had been announced and featured in a special supplement in three of the Manila newspapers, the English, Spanish and Tagalog dailies. The friends of the Society had been personally invited and all Catholics and the public in general were to be welcome.

ONCE more, this time on the feast of the Epiphany, January 6, 1933, cars were sallying forth from Manila along the north road, bound for a little hill outside the town of Novaliches. But now it was not two or three but a steady stream of autos that like the caravans of the Wise Men were coming to adore the King in His new home. The visitors began to arrive at about 4:00 P.M., and were royally welcomed at the gate by one of the local brass bands.

What a different sight from the grassy mound of a year ago met the eye as they drove in from the main road! A long, white, cement structure of two stories now rested on the hill. The building, an island in a sea of sunlight, fairly beckoned with its shadowy halls and graceful arches, that whispered of cool and peace. The

parapet panelled with a honey-comb design of tiles and mounted by twisted pillars that rose to meet the sloping red tile roof. A balcony with its penthouse supported on two pairs of noble columns stood solitary at the head of either wing.

HIS Grace, the Archbishop had now arrived. After an exchange of compliments, His Grace vested for the ceremonies. Assisted by Very Reverend Father Provincial as deacon, Reverend Father Raymond R. Goggin, Master of Novices, and Vice-Rector of the new house, as sub-deacon, and with Very Reverend Father Superior, as master of ceremonies, the Archbishop proceeded to the blessing and laying of the cornerstone. After this the procession, led by the Novices, Juniors and Philosophers, chanting the responses and liturgical hymns prescribed, moved off to the center of the building. The Domestic Chapel was here solemnly blessed, and then the entire building. Meanwhile, the Blessed Sacrament had been brought from the chapel of our residence nearby and had been reverently deposited on an improvised altar in the outer cloister. From here the Archbishop carried the Blessed Sacrament in procession to the newly blessed chapel for Solemn Benediction. The King had crossed the threshold of His new home and was now being raised (Turn to page 141)

# Bucking a Blizzard

O. H. Labelle, S. J.

Last month, the author told of his difficulties in traveling by sleigh from his headquarters at Wikwemikong, Ontario, to one of his mission churches, which he finally reached after fighting through a northern blizzard. He ended his account with the words: "I thought that my adventures were over for the day, but I was mistaken, for my greatest adventure was yet to come."—*Editor.*



NOT for long did I remain in idle musing in the little room in back of my church, for it was time to go to supper. I carefully closed the damper of the stove to prevent any accident by fire, and then I rang the Angelus. Once more wrapped in my furs and heavy overshoes, I set out for my boarding-house, half a mile away. The snow was still falling thickly, driven by a wind that seemed ever to increase in violence. At quick intervals, heavy gusts blew the light powdery snow in great clouds, which took one's breath away and made walking extremely difficult, especially for one bundled as I was in clumsy driving apparel. The roar of the surf just a few hundred yards away indicated that the irresistible force of the gale had broken the already thick ice of Georgian Bay and was lashing the shore with huge pieces of ice. After twenty minutes of strenuous walking through snow that varied in depth from a foot and a half to three feet, I arrived at the little cabin of my Indian hostess, Manganit (Margaret), who greeted me with her cheerful, "Ah! Bojo, Bojo, Nosse." I heartily returned her greeting, took off my heavy coat and mitts and overshoes, and enjoyed the cheerful glow of the fire and the savory smell of frying potatoes. Supper over, we sat and talked, as the wind howled around the stout little log shack.

SUDDENLY, I realized it must be time to get back to ring the first bell for evening prayers. Yes, it was a quarter to seven. Dressed again in my heavy furs, I was forcibly reminded of the violence of the wind by the sudden jerk of the door as I opened it. It was now dark, pitch dark, no moon, no stars, no road, for the wind and snow had obliterated even my own tracks of an hour before. I had a good flashlight, and as my church was only a short half mile away or so, I had no presentiment of my coming predicament. The first hundred yards were across an open field, then through thick woods and then again an open space. I groped my way with difficulty through the deep snow—my flashlight almost useless as the snow fell so thickly I could not see ten feet ahead. I made a blind stab at



Two little Canadian Indian girls and their White playmate at Wikwemikong, Ontario.

the direction, but before long I looked back to see the light from the shack to guide my directions, but no light could I see,—all was blackness, the wind like an invisible arm striving to push me over and driving the snow against my face with stinging force.

I struggled on, trying to keep my direction by keeping the wind always at the same angle. Luck was with me, for I struck the opening where the road led through the woods. I felt relieved, for now I need not follow a road but rather a cut through the woods which marked the road. But here new fears beset me. All around me the roar of the wind through the trees mingled with the cracking of breaking limbs made me fear that some tree, unable to bear the strain, might fall on me. And then again, although I had never heard of wild beasts in the vicinity, still the place was a likely one, and the blackness of the night made my imagination vivid. I imagined hungry wolves or lynxes were lurking by the roadside, ready to pounce on me. But I trudged on, ducking mechanically when I heard an unusually loud crack.


FINALLY, I was out in the open again. The snow was much deeper now and I had nothing to guide my direction except the wind, the tremendous force of which often obliged me to stop and get my breath. After tramping thus for some time, I judged I must be about opposite my church. I turned my flashlight this way and that, but nothing could I see, no indication of road or anything else. I tramped on another ten minutes. Surely I must have passed the church. I decided to turn back. Back I went over my almost obliterated tracks. Suddenly, I thought I saw some— (Turn to page 142)

# WEDDING DAY IN HAIMEN



"Tradition demands that the girls on leaving their homes should show sad countenances. The features on their faces in the picture reveal to what a degree they have been faithful to this tradition."

*Edouard Cote, S.J.*

 HE wedding bells were ringing in Haimen in the Kiangsu Province of China—and they were ringing with vengeance. On the fine Spring morning, fifteen couples were to be married! On the eve of the wedding day, all came to the Mission Compound on wheelbarrows—a common method of travel in the rural districts of China. Strapped on the side of each barrow was a suit-case that contained the nuptial dress that was to adorn each bride on her wedding day. Arriving at the mission, the young men lodged at the missionary's house, while the brides retired to the Girls' School.

With the coming of morning, the host of Christians from the surrounding farms, and even some pagans, hurried to the church, all eager to take part in the ceremony. When the time for the services arrived, the fifteen couples, clad in their glittering silky gowns, made their way up to the front of the church and crowded it to capacity. The young Chinese priest in charge, clad in golden vestments, entered the sanctuary and gave a stirring address to the brides and grooms. Following his sermon, a Chinese catechist who stood next to him, called out the names of the different couples and then there was confusion, for the very first bride was in no rush to come to the front. Her name was announced but she did not move. A long heavy silence wrapped the whole of the little church and, of course, the silence simply intensified the nervousness of the young lady. In a moment she was being urged on by a number of people to advance to her place at the rail. The family and rela-

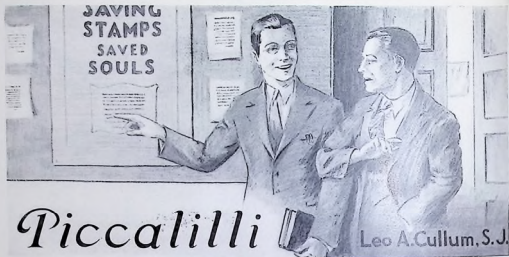
tives exhorted, impelling her to step forward. Meantime, the poor bridegroom knelt at the rail in embarrassment while waiting for his bride. Finally, the much embarrassed young lady started from her place and timidly walked to the rail.

**T**HE example set by the first bride was followed most diligently by the other fourteen, and hence it was that fourteen times a similar scene was repeated to the great amusement of the spectators. Finally, when all were assembled at the rail, the crowd came up close behind them to make sure that they heard each particular couple's answers to the questions that would be asked them. This scene was typically oriental, for each one's business was the business of everybody else.

The poor priest at the altar was just about weary with his repetitions and appeals. Finally, the service was brought to a conclusion, and each one of the fifteen couples happily married, marched solemnly out of the church.

Of course, a picture had to be taken of this marvelous group of fifteen couples, for they wanted to retain the picture as a souvenir of the happy event. You will notice how sternly the girls face the camera. Tradition demands that the girls on leaving their homes should show sad countenances. The features on their faces in the picture reveal to what a degree they have been faithful to this tradition.

Before leaving for home, the fifteen couples came to greet the missionary and then, when the time for departing came, the wheelbarrows were brought out again and off went the happy fifteen couples along the country road. Truly, it was a big wedding day for Haimen.



# Piccalilli

Leo A. Cullum, S.J.

**T**HE two seniors stopped before the bulletin board on their way out. A huge sign blazed forth the news that SAVING STAMPS SAVED SOULS. In smaller print, details of the campaign were given and the two lads stood in silence for a few minutes reading. As they turned away, one of them, Joe Burns—"Burnsie" to the "gang"—laughed pleasantly and said:

"Another one of Father Mac's big ideas."

His companion answered contemptuously, "Piccalilli! Pious piccalilli!"

Joe laughed. Frank Morrissey was always at his crustiest at the end of a five period day.

"Sure, Father Mac's ideas are always piccalilli. Do you want a lift home?"

"Got the family coffee mill with you?"

Uh-huh. My mother wants me to pick up some groceries at Brown's."

**T**HE two young men slid into the automobile and dropped their books on the back seat. Joe Burns put his foot on the starter and the car began to worm its way through the swarming students.

"You know, Frank, you give me an acute pain in the collar at times," remarked Joe as he dropped the car into high.

"I'm sorry for your collar," answered Frank calmly, applying the lighter to a cigarette. "What's the matter now?"

"Why don't you get on the band wagon? Every time Father Mac starts something, it's piccalilli. The K. B. S. was piccalilli. The Christmas package drive was piccalilli. Now the stamps are piccalilli."

"Sure they're piccalilli. The idea of a crowd of able-bodied men getting hunchbacked over a lot of postage stamps is piccalilli. What do I care whether the Chinese have their walls papered or not!"

"I suppose you're not interested in whether the Eskimos

have poinsettias on their Christmas trees either. But what has that to do with stamps?"

"That's what they want them for. The Chinese paper their walls with them."

"Go to the head of the class. I thought I saw you reading that sign on the bulletin board, but I guess I was mistaken. Father Mac's remarks told very plainly why they want the stamps, and it has nothing to do with interior decorating."

"No?" asked Frank in surprise. "Well what in the world do they want them for?"

"They sell them."

"Sell them? Cancelled stamps? Who buys them?"

"Only a couple of million people," answered Joe calmly.

**F**RANK was sure now that he was being made fun of. "And I suppose they pay a dollar a piece for them?" he asked sarcastically.

"Sure, for some of them."

"Well, even supposing they did; I'd rather give Father Mac a dollar than get curvature of the spine looking for a pre-cancelled commemorative of the Battle of Bunkerloo."

"You don't happen to have that dollar with you, do you? I'll be glad to keep it for Father Mac. I have to see him tomorrow about this campaign."

"Do you want me to supply you with cigarettes and spending money too? If I want to give away any money, I'll hand it directly to the consignee."

"You ought to make that present contrary-to-fact. Francis. Imperfect subjunctive in prothesis and apodosis."

"So they sell them," mused Frank. "No fooling. Burnsie, who buys them?"

"Well, there are over a million stamp collectors in the United States alone who are ready to pay coin of the realm for stamps."

"But what do they want them for?" asked Frank in amazement.

"They collect them. That's all. There's no further explanation. They just collect them. Why do you collect traffic signs?"

"Look out!" yelled Frank as the auto narrowly missed a "Car Stop" sign. "Phew! Sure I collect them, but I didn't ask you to start picking them up on your bumper, did I?"

"Whose bumper is this anyway?" answered Joe calmly, as he turned around to see if the big officer on the corner had noticed his serpentine weaving. "They just collect them, Frank, old boy," he resumed. "And if these deluded souls are willing to pay money to enjoy themselves, then we're the boys to gratify them."

"I BET they don't give you enough to pay for the trouble," scoffed Frank.

"No? Well, St. Louis University has made over a thousand dollars a year for the last ten years. Woodstock makes over a hundred dollars a month. I don't know what the stamp bureaus at Milford, Ohio, Weston, Massachusetts and Mount St. Michael's in Spokane make, but if it is less than a hundred a month it is because there are too many Frank Morrisseys in the world."

"A hundred dollars a month!" Frank looked at Joe Burns to see if he was serious. "For cancelled stamps! Good night, I think I'll start collecting for myself."

"You would."

"A hundred dollars! They must be rare stamps. What kind of stamps do they collect?"

"Any kind. Ones, twos, threes, fours, fives, sixes, anything. American, German, Australian, South African. Any cancelled stamp as long as it is undamaged."

"Great Scott, it doesn't seem possible. Why everybody would be collecting stamps if that were true."

"Sure, if everybody had a big organization to handle them and convert them into cash. A lone individual wouldn't make enough to keep a gunman in league leaflets. It is only because these organizations have large groups to take care of the stamps sent them that they are able to realize such considerable returns."

"Oh!" said Frank, his enthusiasm fading. "Oh, if that's the case, my help wouldn't make much difference. As I said, I guess I'd rather give the old missions a dollar than be bothered."

"And as I said, I'll take that dollar any time you say the word. The missions want the dollar and they want the bother too."

"They want the bother!" exclaimed Frank in a grieved tone. "What good does it do the missions if I get arthritis pottering about collecting stamps? Haven't I enough to worry me?"

"Sure, you're getting crowsfeet from worry. Did you ever hear of sacrifice?"

"Yeah," answered Frank vaguely. "I guess I heard it mentioned some place."

"Well, the sacrifice involved in collecting stamps is even of more value than the money earned. You know, Frank, a Catholic has to make lots of sacrifices if he is to be worthy of the name he bears. The missionaries want money but they want something else more. They want spiritual backing; they want . . ."

"Excuse me, Father, haven't you forgotten to announce the coal collection?"

"Oh sure! You growl about the stamp work and when somebody tries to give you the straight facts about it you won't take them. Of all the . . ."

"Oh, all right. Go ahead," grumbled Frank. "I suppose you'll hit a telegraph pole if I don't listen."

"BUT seriously, Morrie. Don't you see that mission work, like all the activities of the Catholic Church, is a combination

of the natural and the supernatural? That's why the Pope has to be as great an organizer as the president of an international industry, but he has also to be a saint. It is the same with the missions. They need energetic, smart, learned men, supplied with money. That's the natural side. But they need the grace and help of God besides. Now collecting stamps meets this two-fold need in a very marvelous way. A man who pauses to tear a stamp from an envelope, by that act wins God's blessing for the missions. It is a prayer. Equivalently the man says, 'Lord, I can't do much about saving souls for You, but the little I can do I will do.' With a million Catholics offering that prayer every day of the year, tremendous grace will be poured down on the work of the mission. It means that the whole Church is praying for its representative in the mission fields. See how saving stamps saves souls? It helps the human side of the work by sending money. It helps the spiritual side by getting help from God." Joe paused and glanced at his friend, "Well, here's the Morrissey estate. Got the idea on stamps now?"

"Well, it was a great l'il speech, Burnsie," said Frank as he reached for his books. "But I still say piccalilli."

"And I still have that uncomfortable feeling in the collar," answered Joe disgustedly, as he brought the car to the curb.

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#### LOVE'S BARRIER

Maurice A. Whelton, S.J.

"What paradox is this, O Jesus mine,  
That Thou, Whose love bids all men come to Thee,  
The way dost bar with dreadful canopy  
Of pain encompassing Thy Heart Divine?"

"For thee, My child, My love hath fashioned here  
This road; hath twined My Heart with piercing crown;  
For thee the stream incarnadine rains down  
Where gaps My side, deep-cleft by soldier's spear.

"Would'st find eternal soles in My Breast?  
A chastened heart must blossom forth My Cross;  
In love's pure flame refine the baneful dross  
Of sin; thy brow enwreathed with thorny crest.

"And when thou seekest comfort in thy pain,  
These wounded, spear-wrought portals, wide apart,  
Will welcome thee within My Sacred Heart  
To share with Me Love's everlasting reign."

# One Against One Hundred

Edward T. Wiatrak, S.J.



Happy parishioners at South Kinloch, Mo. Father Otto J. Mooruan, S.J., is seated. Father Arnold J. Garey, S.J., standing, was for long years an ardent missionary among the Negroes of Missouri.



PAGAN black cherub boyishly looked up into the eyes of a Jesuit Father stationed at Holy Angels Parish in South Kinloch near St. Louis, Missouri, and pipingly insisted: "Fodder, my daddy done told me dat I can be a Catholic purvidin' you all don't dump me in the river when you all do the baptisin'."

George Washington Cunningham, born of a white man and a slave mother in the Civil War days, said: "I was sprinkled in one religion, when a boy, then another minister dumped me into a river, and finally, another creed demanded that I be chucked into a pond." The Jesuit Father then rounded out the story with: "It looks as though you ought to be clean now." The old man struck the table beside his bed with his fist and all but shouted: "I am not clean; I ain't yet found a church that can take away my sins and that's why I sent for you."

In these two little bits of true stories, we have the persons and setting of our story. Father Otto J. Moor-

uan, S.J., leads the troupe of players composed of poor, spiritually and materially destitute Negroes. The scene is the mission grounds of a real mission at South Kinloch, Missouri, just six miles from the city limits of St. Louis.

The 1930 April number of the *Jesuit Missions* magazine told us of the "Passing of Wamblee Ska." Now Father Mooruan formerly was Wamblee Ska, or the "White Eagle" to the Indians in South Dakota whom he served from 1920 to 1929. In that year he was called to take stand against one hundred preachers and thirty-two sectarian churches in South Kinloch, a village of six thousand, all Negroes—and less than twenty of them were Catholics.

**S**OUTH Kinloch rests noiselessly in the Florissant valley. There is no noise because there are no factories and no activity, for ninety-two per cent of the population is unemployed. Each family has its own home and lot—and what homes they are! Patched, tumbling, hardly can they be called homes. Poverty is king and queen and all. Surely this settlement easily rivals in destitution the wretched settlements in the foreign missions. And here a lone Jesuit during three years has not retreated an inch in front of the one hundred Colored preachers who

(Turn to page 143)

"At present, two-thirds of the children, ranging from the kindergarten to the 'pedants' of the eighth grade are non-Catholics."



# Visiting the Lepers' Home

Sister M.

Francis Xavier

From Father Leo T. Butler, S.J., comes the following note: "The native Sisters of Jamaica, B.W.I., are hustling in quite a fashion alien to the tropical 'mañana.' Furthermore, they have taken quite a hold with the people of the district in which they live, and are going ahead with enthusiasm. The elementary school which they started only a year ago is, as you can see from the picture (see page 137), quite prosperous. Then, too, good Father Joseph Keller, S.J., and his Little Flower Society of Boston, this year embarked on several new ventures, one of them a playground for the children of the vicinity. Besides the school attached to the convent, they run the school at the Whitehall Mission and have increased its numbers to four times its original size." In common with the members of the other Congregations of Sisters in Jamaica, the author of the present article welcomes with sympathy the newly approved Missionary Sisters of St. Francis, the "Native Sisters" as they are called.—Editor.



The native Sisters of Jamaica, B. W. I., who are helping American Jesuits to conquer the tropical "mañana."

On one occasion a visitor, a devoted friend of the lepers, being curious to see what a leper lady, who was intent on a vigorous stirring of the contents of her pot, was preparing, addressed her:

"My lady, what are you cooking?"

"Come, Mam! Me will show you and mek you tase' it, too. Dis pot on dat fire dere belong to Caroline and hab in it rice and pease, cooking wid cocoa-nut hoi, and in dis pan is mackerel fe eat wid it."

She was then asked to show her own pot, to which she demurred.

"No show me?" asked the lady.

"Well, den, come, Mam, look."

There were two dozen bananas bubbling in the pot and when asked if she could eat all those, the reply was,

"Yes, Missus, and more, too, and Caroline sure fe gib me piece der mackerel which messenger man bring from the shop for her."

Poor messenger man! He is deserving of sympathy. In rain or shine, his task is to go to market at least four times a week for anything the patients may desire to purchase from their private pennies. In the early morning, list and sack in hand, he goes forth on his expedition. "Trusty" is a clever and patient man and returns not

until he has procured all items on the list, which are generally as follows: three-pence bun; quarter pound salt fish; three-pence mackerel; half pint kerosine oil; one yard of tobacco; box of match; three-pence pomade; half yard brown calico; bit a yard for bandana; reel of thread penny half-penny; one and a half pint draught porter; half pint wet sugar; and with nothing mixed up, he is seen before sunset, approaching the gate of the gray stone wall, while all are on the look-out for "Trusty." Every article finds its way to its rightful owner.

Joseph Williams, now gone to his eternal home, was a very musical fellow, deprived of sight and of both his hands, but could dexterously use his stumps. He earnestly begged a mouth organ as he wanted to entertain his brother lepers with some Christmas hymns. He was soon the happy possessor of a very good mouth organ on which he played some pretty airs.

It is pathetic and also edifying to hear these dear lepers sing their sacred hymns. There are some among them who are very good and lead penitential and meritorious lives. One poor leper woman who died some time ago, who had been in the institute eighteen years, bedridden for ten years, blind for six years, when asked how she was, would invariably answer, "Blessed be God for His goodness to me, and all I have to give Him is my love and, yes—my pain." Ah! was it not love and pain that redeemed the world? How dear to our Lord must be the soul in that despised and almost unrecognizable body!



The author, Charles P. Saldanha, S.J., a Brahmin Jesuit of Patna Mission, India, will be ordained priest at St. Mary's College, St. Mary's, Kansas, U. S. A., on June 25, 1933.

THE first Jesuit to set foot on Indian soil was none other than the great missionary hero of modern times—St. Francis Xavier. The Society of Jesus was hardly founded when the King of Portugal asked for Jesuits to evangelize his newly-acquired dominions in the East Indies. St. Ignatius, with his wide vision always seeing the greater glory of God, generously parted with "the dearest bought of all his sons" for the great enterprise. Giving Xavier his paternal blessing he bade him "go and set the East on fire" for Christ. How well this dear son carried out his father Ignatius' command is a story too well known to be detailed here. In the brief span of

# The Jesuits in

Charles P. Saldanha, S.J.

ten years he blazed a mission trail that won him the name of a modern Paul; he gave that impetus to mission work in India which has gone on gathering momentum down to our own times; Japan he threw open to the Church of Christ and preached to the Japanese that Faith which they proved a century later with their best blood even as the noblest and most heroic martyrs of old; and he died within sight of the promised land of China.

But this story is familiar to American Catholics who count the Novena of Grace among their most loved devotions. Today, the incorrupt remains of this great Saint and Patron of the Missions rest at Goa—the protection and inspiration of his brethren who have followed him to the Orient down the centuries from every country in Europe, and who during this century have been joined by his American brothers.

THERE are at the present day 1,030 Jesuits in India. Of this number, 270 are natives, the rest are distributed mainly among the following nationalities: American, Belgian, French, German, Italian, Portuguese and Spanish. The Belgians and the French are the most numerous—each over two hundred—the Spaniards number over a hundred. There are 45 Americans, of whom 27 are priests. The 270 native Jesuits, of whom 85 are priests, are distributed throughout the country, but the bulk of them are in the southern section where the Faith has been in the blood of the people for many generations. Out of the total number of 1,030, some 230 men are still in their studies. The remaining 800, assisted by 240 secular priests, man nine missions (seven in India, two in Ceylon) in which some forty different languages and dialects are spoken. They run a Papal Seminary, three diocesan Seminaries, two Jesuit Novitiates and two Scholasticates, nine University Colleges, sixteen High Schools and a large number of Middle and Primary schools. Also among the works in their charge are a Hospital, a Leper Asylum (not to mention numerous small dispensaries in mission stations), several Industrial Schools, Catholic presses and publications in English and the vernaculars.

Which among the works of the missionaries in India is the most important? Perhaps you have on your lips the ready answer: "Conversions, of course, conversion of the pagan natives." The Holy

Father answers the question differently. His Secretary of State recently wrote to the Secretary of Propaganda: "This thought . . . is most dear to the August Pontiff: namely, that among the many activities expended on behalf of missionary work, that should be the best which seeks to foster and develop



Father James R. Gibbons, S.J., with a group of Oraons. There are thousands of these in Patna Mission, and only a shortage of priests hinders the American Jesuits from organizing mission work among them.

# India

ecclesial vocations among the very peoples which are being converted to the Faith that their own Gospel workers may be prepared. Such a thing corresponds with the practical utility of missionary work and corresponds even better with the character of the Catholic Church which is destined to spread throughout the whole world and is able to adapt itself to every race and clime..."

The primary end of missionary work is the planting of the Church in the native soil, and this is accomplished by the creation of a native clergy. To show that the Jesuit missionaries are reaching the goal, let me quote only one instance—that of my own home town, Mangalore. Here the Italian Jesuits built a school, a college and a seminary, and during fifty years of patient labor they fostered an ever increasing number of vocations and created a thoroughly-trained native clergy. In 1928, the Holy Father was able to hand over the diocese to the native priests and set the Jesuits free to plan the Church of Christ in another region.

This same work of developing an indigenous clergy is nearest the heart of the American Bishop of Patna (where I belong) and the Jesuit Superior. Witness the fact that within three years of their arrival in the country, and long before they even had a school built, they had accepted their first candidate for the priesthood. Today, against 45 Americans they count 30 natives, and from Father Superior's letters I know that this number could have been doubled, if only this long lingering "depression" at home had not shortened the hand of our benefactors and made them unable to provide the all too necessary "silver missionaries" for the support of the seminarians during their long years of training.

WITH our own school now established at Bettiah—God bless that unknown American benefactress who built it for us!—this work will surely go on more securely and speedily; already it has sent out a dozen candidates in three years. For the Catholic school is the heart of the mission, the center from which, next to the sacraments, all life flows into the Catholic body. It is here that the missionary strengthens the newly-acquired Faith of the neophyte and gives it backbone; here during four to six years he forms the new convert the habits of prayer and frequent reception of the sacraments and gives him the Catholic view of life. To the older Catholics themselves, the school is the center of Catholic culture and the only means of social advancement, for in India, education is the only path to social and economic progress. Finally, the school is the nursery of religious vocations: there they first unfold themselves and are carefully fostered during the many years of steady training. In fact, the silent patient work of the missionaries in the school demands heroic endurance of the kind that the soldiers in the trenches showed during the Great War.



Future priests for India. A group of Jesuit Scholastics at Sacred Heart College, Shembanur, Madura District, India, who received Minor Orders at the hands of a native bishop, His Excellency, Bishop Francis T. Roche, S.J. Sixteen nationalities and castes are represented. An American Jesuit, Marion R. Batson, S.J., is standing at the extreme left of the picture.

IT is natural, therefore, that on the occasion of my own ordination, I should look back with deep gratitude on those who have helped me ascend the Altar of God—the Italian Jesuits of Mangalore, the German Jesuits of Bombay, the French Jesuits of Madura who gave me my early training and education in India, and the Jesuits in this country who have brought their work to fruition. I happen to be the first native Jesuit priest of the Patna Mission, and through the pages of the *JESUIT MISSIONS*, I desire to express my heartfelt gratitude to the numerous benefactors of the mission—so many unknown to me, but surely written down in golden letters in the Book of Life—who have helped me arrive at this Great Day, and who are helping my thirty native companions to attain the same goal in the none too distant future. "May God bless the friends of Patna Mission!" This is my heartfelt prayer. In a couple of years, God willing, I hope to take my little share in the work of the school at Bettiah—work

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A Hindu beggar. There are tens of thousands of these "prayer men" who, though squalid and repulsive to the westerner, are both feared and revered by the pagan millions of India.



# JESUIT MISSIONS

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JOSEPH GCHWEND, S.J.  
Editor

THOMAS J. FEENEY, S.J. CORNELIUS PINEAU, S.J.  
HUGH C. DONATON, S.J. FRANCIS B. PRANGE, S.J.  
LEON A. FOSTER, S.J. PATRICK A. RYAN, S.J.

THOMAS WALSH, S.J.  
Associate Editors

FRANCIS J. McVEIGH, S.J. E. PAUL AMY, S.J.  
Business Editors

Editorial and Publication Offices

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## Touring? Why Not Auriesville or Midland?

WITH the advent of milder weather and balmy Summer breezes, the highways through rural districts will entice many American and Canadian tourists. Road maps will be studied and routes planned through scenic valleys and over mountain passes. We trust that many of our Catholics will find it possible—surely it will be attractively inviting!—to include one or both of our Shrines to the North American Martyrs in their travels this year. Both can be reached by train or auto.

In northern New York, about forty miles west of Albany, at Auriesville, is the sacred spot where the three Jesuits, St. Isaac Jogues,—priest,—Rene Goupil and John Lalonde,—Brothers,—laid down their lives for Christ. There, too, is kept sacred the memory of those other five Jesuit priest Martyrs: St. John Brebeuf, St. Noel Chabanel, St. Charles Garnier, St. Gabriel Lalemant and St. Anthony Daniel. At Auriesville, too, is recalled to memory, heroic Kateri (Catherine) Tekakwitha, the saintly Indian maid, known as the "Lily of the Mohawks," whose cause for Beatification is being advanced.

Auriesville is the site of the ancient Iroquois village of Ossernenon, once alive with the war cries of savage Indians, but today permeated by quite a different atmosphere. Save for the hum of human life on days of pilgrimage, Auriesville is a quiet sanctuary. Thus one writer describes it on a September day: "Silence everywhere save for the dulcet call of a bird and the hum of bees busy in midst of clover. Amber sunlight falling aslant on slopes of jade and flecking the foam on the waters of the Mohawk until it is changed to a glittering mass of opalescent gems. . . . Somehow the thought of the savage Iroquois who here did to death the heroic trio who loved them too well never comes to mind. You forget the barbaric gauntlet, the cruel pointed sticks, the ragged conches tearing nerve and fibre brutally apart.

the hellish bedizenment of the rude children of the forest who danced for glee as they tortured their innocent prey. For here you come into the presence of the human soul sanctified by spiritual heroism, into the company of men who, having joy put before them, endured the Cross. Even the sunlight seems garish as you remember, and you feel the urge to seek some cool and verdant nook, there to pause beneath aged trees that witnessed high and holy and terrible things in the centuries ago—to think on pain and love and on love and pain."

But one must visit Auriesville to be captivated by its charm and to drink deep at the fountains of grace that flow so freely where Martyrs suffered. Prospective pilgrim tourists can receive information about roads and accommodations by writing to Father Peter F. Cusick, S.J., Director of the Shrine, Auriesville, N. Y.

While the New York Shrine is famous as the site of the Indian village where Martyrs bled, the Canadian Shrine at Midland, Ontario, is no less sacred. The place is most important in the annals of the North American Martyrs, for there, on the banks of the river Wye, was old Fort Sainte-Marie, the residence of the early missionaries. From there they branched out in every direction in search of souls. There, too, the Martyrs were buried. The spirit of the Jesuit Martyr Saints who laid down their lives between 1642 and 1649, unmistakably hovers over the Canadian Shrine. There, as at Auriesville, pilgrims are found in thousands, drawing hope and courage and new inspiration to carry on in the battle for things eternal and their souls' salvation. Father Thomas Lally, S.J., is Director of the Shrine and he will gladly furnish any information desired by prospective pilgrims.

The Christian history of North America centers so largely around the story of the early Jesuit missionaries that even if some of them had not been raised to the altar, we should still hold as places of historic interest the spots sanctified by their labors. But now, since His Holiness, Pope Pius XI, has canonized eight of these missionaries, their Shrines should become places of pilgrimage for every American Catholic. At the Shrines we shall be more than just curious tourists; we shall kneel in humble reverence at the holiness of these places and we shall drink in some of the spirit of the Martyrs.—a spirit of unbounded faith, of intense hope and of ardent love, of tireless zeal and dauntless courage.

## For Tekakwitha's Canonization

THOSE who are interested in the Cause of the saintly Indian girl, Catherine Tekakwitha, are asked to join in the recitation of the prayer for her Canonization. This prayer, given below, has the *Imprimatur* of His Eminence, Patrick Cardinal Hayes of New York.

"O God, Who didst wondrously protect the innocence of Thy Servant Catherine Tekakwitha, and bestow on her the gift of faith and spirit of penance, grant, I beseech Thee, that all who invoke her intercession may obtain what they desire, and I also the blessing I humbly beg; so that her favor with Thee may be manifest to all, and she may be exalted to the honor of our altars, as among the Blessed in Heaven. Amen.

"Our Father, Hail Mary, Glory be to the Father."

## The Mission Intention

Trust in the Sacred Heart

THE Sacred Heart is the Central Credit Bank for which the mission world is searching. It has a gold reserve of grace which is inexhaustible. In its safe deposit vaults are preserved all the merits of missionary heroes, clergy and Religious, martyrs and saints. It has no banking hours. It plans no holidays or moratoria, for its portals never close day or night. Depositors, rich and poor, from the north and from the south, from the east and from the west, in unending processions, may bank or borrow their meed or their mite with trust in a Heart that is forever sacred to its obligations. Its interest is paid in the coin of the realm—the realm of Heaven, grace and an increase of grace, glory and an increase of glory. With its dividends, one may purchase all that is necessary for the salvation of the infidel world, one thousand million souls, both in spirit and in body. Its capital of Faith is sufficient to force from the doubting Thomas of a pagan world, the guilty but contrite confession, "My Lord and my God!" Before its capital of Hope, depression of spirit will vanish as did the diffidence of the disciples, at Emmaus, at the breaking of the bread. Its capital of Charity is both infallibly necessary and infallibly sufficient to restore international good-will throughout the world. Backed by its reserve of grace and their own good-will, missionaries are today fostering projects which are as apostolic in their scope as the yearnings of the Sacred Heart and the desires of Margaret Mary. They are offering commodities of salvation gratis. They erect neither tariff laws nor restrictions, and a salutary commerce in prayer and spiritual intercourse is forever being vivified between the members of the Communion of Saints. Affiliated with this Central Credit Bank of the Sacred Heart is the tabernacle on each and every Catholic altar in the world. For the tabernacle is Heaven's Federal Reserve branch upon earth. To it, daily at the moment of Consecration of the Mass, Hosts of spiritual reserves are carried by priestly messengers who bear their burden on high, unprotected save by the divine decoy of bread and wine and the lightnings of invisible Angels. In these tabernacles, during the Holy Year, the readers of **JESUIT MISSIONS** may place their spiritual investments,—the daily offering of prayers, works, thoughts, actions and sufferings, Holy Hours of adoration, Communions of reparation, entire days of special devotion on the First Friday of each successive month, the consecration of themselves and of their families to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, confident that they will receive a bonus which this world, with all its international money exchange, can never give.

## The Mass of the Missions

**The Collect** It has been written "All beautiful prayers are Catholic." This is especially true of the Collect, so called because it is a prayer for the collected congregation.

**The Epistle** It has also been written that "All wise interpretations of the Bible are Catholic," a tribute which is descriptive of the Epistle.

**Munda Cor Meum** By the words, "I am a man of unclean lips," the prophet Isaias confessed his unworthiness to proclaim the word of God to God's people. And as he did so, he tells us "a seraph flew to me and in his hand was a live coal which he had taken with the tongs from off the altar (fire) and he touched my mouth and said 'Behold thy sin shall be cleansed.'" (Is. vi.) Conscious of the need of similar purification, the priest bowing low before the middle of the altar prays: "Almighty God, Thou who with a burning coal didst cleanse the lips of the prophet, Isaias, cleanse my lips and my heart, that through Thy gracious mercy I may worthily proclaim Thy Sacred Gospel—always—through the merits of Christ our Lord." He then proceeds to the Gospel side of the altar.

We will remember that by His command to Moses, "Thou shalt appoint Aaron and his sons over the service of the priesthood," God destined Aaron and his descendants as priests of the Old Law. He later vindicated their authority by the blossoms on Aaron's rod.

We will likewise remember that by the words, "Do this in commemoration of Me," our Divine Lord appointed and ordained the Apostles and their successors priests of the New Law, priests forever of the sacrifice of His Body and His Blood.

The passage of the priest from the Epistle to the Gospel side symbolizes the transition from the Old Law of Promise to the New Law of Fulfillment.

*Father James A. Creane, S.J., of the Missouri Province, at the Consecration of the Mass in Bachha, Patna Mission, India. His altar is a blanketed bed.*





# AFIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUITS

## PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

Father Andrew Hofmann, S.J., of Iligan, Lanao, Mindanao, P. I., writes:

"I wish that I had something startling or even interesting to write about. This is a humdrum existence. Five sermons each week that must be prepared in Bisayan, School Commencement Exercises, and since it is Lent, the usual hunt for the lost sheep. The people have no money for clothes, no money for marriage licenses, etc. The U. S. papers mention high taxes in the States, but it is my opinion that no less than a heartless genius devised the system of taxes in use over here. If the people were rich there would be rebellion. Meantime, we can hope for little or no help from the tax-burdened poor. God alone knows how long we can endure the situation.

"The assurance of your prayers and mementoes is encouraging. All my prayers and sacrifices are offered for benefactors."

\* \* \*

Writing from Jimenez, Occ. Misamis, Mindanao, P. I., Father John F. Treubig, S.J., says:

"A few days ago I returned from a six days' visit to the Municipio of Tangub. Here are a few figures about the place that may be of some interest, as indicating the extent of the work.

"Besides other work during those days in connection with the little poverty-stricken school, I had 16 Baptisms, 6 marriages, 9 sermons and instructions in my broken Bisayan, 3 funerals, 3 sick calls (two of them meant a whole morning apiece on horseback in the blazing tropical sun, and a pair of well-burnt hands), and about a hundred confessions. The previous week Father Daly, in the same place, had 17 Baptisms and 7 marriages. Visiting a barrio some seven kilometers farther up the bay, he baptized 71 more and performed 4 more marriages.

"Altogether last year there were in the Tangub Mission, just to mention the number of Baptisms and marriages, 2,209 and 364 respectively, as compared with 1,630 Baptisms and 238 marriages the previous year. Each year the work is increasing, due to the constant influx of new settlers from Bohol and Cebu, especially the latter. These are all doing the pioneer work

of clearing the land and tilling the rich soil, in which they raise principally corn and tobacco. The locust plague in the past year has wrought havoc with many of these numerous little farms, and consequently the people are hard put to it at times for food. Still, all this big territory of Tangub has a very bright future, not only agriculturally, but also from a religious aspect.

"But priests are badly needed, as you can well imagine. How can one priest adequately care for 20,000 Catholics scattered over that extensive territory, in which there are more than twenty-five barrios and no roads? And what about the pagans? The mountain people, the Cebuanos, could very easily, I think, be brought into the Fold if attention could be given to them. As it is, some of their own accord come to the priest, asking for Baptism.

"All of which means—that you already know—that we have to pray earnestly to the Lord of the Harvest for more laborers."

ON June 18, 1933, in St. Ignatius Church, Eighty-fourth Street, New York City, His Eminence, Patrick Cardinal Hayes, will consecrate St. Rev. James T. G. Hayes, S.J., former Jesuit Superior in the Philippines, as a new Missionary Bishop of Mindanao, P. I. A brief biography of the new Bishop may be found on page 108 in the May number of JESUIT MISSIONS.

## IRAQ

From Iraq, Father Edward Madaras, S.J., writes:

"The ordinary school day begins with an hour's study at eight o'clock. That will be changed to seven when the weather gets hot right after Easter. Then, with two short intermissions, we go until twelve. Classes resume again at one and go until two-fifty, with ten minutes' recess between the first and second periods. Then we have recreation until three-twenty, when the evening study period begins, which lasts until four-ten. In the hot weather we shall go straight through from seven to one and be done for the day, with possibly an optional study period in the late evening, espe-

cially for the sake of those who do not find home-conditions favorable.

"And here we are minded to speak of our library. It is not very big as libraries go in the States, and it may be that some of our sections are a bit *jeune* or out of proportion to their true importance. But when we bear in mind that practically all these books were donated to us, we shall not be inclined to quarrel simply over a mere matter of lack of balance. And with all its defects, our little library may claim, so we are told, to be the best of its kind in Baghdad, and in all Iraq for that matter. When the boys were told that they might take these books home and read them free of charge, when, in fact, they were urged to acquire the habit of browsing about in the library and making themselves familiar with its contents, they were no little surprised.

"But this was not the only thing that surprised the boys when they came to school the first day and for several days thereafter. The newly made individual armchair seats, the generous expanse of real blackboard, the history maps, the hygiene charts, the projectors and movie machines, the steel office furniture in Father J. Edward Coffey's sanctum—these and a multitude of other things were objects of wonder and admiration to them. And how they did enjoy the novelty of using a machine to sharpen their pencils! Of course, we were gratified to see that they were pleased by their surroundings. We had had some misgivings at first. The two houses which we made over as best we could for the school are not gems of the builder's craft: the classroom floors of rough uneven brick made it difficult in some cases for the boy to get his chair on an even keel; the rooms are too small and the light is not as good as it should be; the windows and doors are ill-fitting and when a dust storm comes up, the atmosphere is not pleasant; the two courtyards are small (perhaps twenty-five feet by forty, and thirty by fifty respectively) and at first the center of the larger one was occupied by a sunken garden surrounded by a low wall, which made the playing of games an impossibility. This was removed subsequently, and its removal is a story all in itself, but we cannot stop to tell it now." It will be continued in JESUIT MISSIONS for July.

## JAMAICA, B. W. I.

From Father James M. Harney, S.J.,  
Savanna-la-Mar, Jamaica, B. W. I.:

"Last week I had a unique experience which I shall describe and then close. Miss Williams of Log Wood, twenty-two miles away, gave a note to Mary James of Cave Valley, twenty-four miles away, telling Mary James to send it to the Catholic priest. Mary James gave it to Miss Gordon, one of those ladies who goes to market with a basket on her head, and she traveled twelve miles and gave it to a Mr. Hilton, who goes to church at Top Hill. Far be it from Mr. Hilton to let the 'buck' stop with him, so he gave it to a fellow named Hogg, who lives at Revival, and the latter gave it to a fellow named Sherman, who takes care of my house. Clement gave it to the teacher, only to hold, as he wanted the honor of presenting it to the 'Fatha.' The teacher put it on a sill for safekeeping, but the wind came along and all that could be found of the note was the newspaper in which it was wrapped. This was folded neatly, but some 'pickney' or other must have attempted to decipher its contents.

"On returning from Revival the next day, I stopped at Top Hill and tried to get information at Hilton's house, but all that Vionilla could tell me was that a lady had called the previous day and given 'Pappy' the note. 'Pappy' was then away at Springfield and would not be back till evening, so I left word that he should tell Vionilla all that he knew about the mysterious letter and especially say if it were a sick call.

"The next morning after breakfast, I motored to Hilton's where I learned the letter had been brought by a Miss Gordon, from a lady at Cave Valley, whose name was not known. How-

ever, they knew that it was a sick call. We drove to Cave Valley, made inquiries for any Catholics in the district, found a few families, among the members of which was the above mentioned Mary James who said she had been given the letter by a Catholic who wanted the priest for her brother at Log Wood. We motored back to Log Wood, found the sick man and his sister. The man was very ill with pneumonia and was a non-Catholic. I instructed him, gave him conditional Baptism, heard his confession, anointed him and later brought him Holy Communion. I have not been able to hear yet whether he passed away or not, but I did not expect him to live. Such was the outcome of my mysterious letter.

"Sick calls are generally sent by telegram. Letters are always a puzzle, because of the tendency to exaggerate on the part of some of the natives. I received a sick call by a letter marked 'Urgent.' Putting aside some important work, I hurried twelve miles to the place, and on my arrival the sick woman came out to greet me."

## AMERICAN INDIANS

Sister Mildred, H.H.M., one of the band of heroic Sisters from Cleveland who are working at Our Lady of Lourdes Indian Mission, which is part of Holy Rosary Mission among the Sioux Indians of South Dakota, sends the following account to tell the story of the death of an Indian woman:

"The Porcupine district is a beautiful section, all valleys and hills bristling with pines. Yet it has its ugly spots, places where poverty and sickness makes one heartsick. Such a place was the Pumpkin Seed home. A two room log house, four little children, a bed-ridden mother. 'Could anything be worse than this,' I thought, as



Charles D. Simons, S.J., the first California Jesuit to be ordained priest in Shanghai, China (June, 1933). Father Simons has been a frequent contributor to the columns of JESUIT MISSIONS.

I entered that home in company with the Master. Mrs. Pumpkin Seed lay in bed with a tubercular leg that was a running sore. The odor of the house was nauseating. Her four little ones huddled in a far corner like sheep, too timid to say a word, almost too frightened to take the candy which I placed in their grimy hands.

"Father Leo C. Cunningham, S.J., had been visiting this home every week for more than a year, most of the time the Sisters accompanied him to prepare the place for the King of kings, who had come to strengthen and brighten this poor lonely soul. While Father was preparing Mrs. Pumpkin Seed for Holy Communion, I looked about the kitchen. Not a bite of food anywhere. The stove was cold. Not a dish to show that a dinner had been eaten.

"How happy the dying woman seemed to be when she had received her Christ! There were no signs of pain; only peace and contentment. We prayed and sang songs and then said good-bye, promising to come again soon. I stepped out onto a side porch for a breath of fresh air and learned what the poor unfortunate people lived on. There lay a cow's head, hoofs, a tub of entrails. Such poverty and squalor in this fairy land of Porcupine is almost unbelievable.

"Father was in Pine Ridge when the news reached us that Mrs. Pumpkin Seed was dying and calling for the priest and the Sisters. Our Indian Catechist, Noah Yankton, his wife, Sister Mary Louis, and I, were on our



The new elementary school started by the native Sisters of Jamaica, B.W.I. They have a playground association also for the children of the district.

way at once. I have been at death beds, but never such a one. Mrs. Pumpkin Seed lay fighting for life, her face covered with blood, as from a hemorrhage. Her poor husband stood at her side, wailing and calling to her. Mrs. Yankton got water and washed the dying woman's face and made her as comfortable as possible, while the rest of us prayed aloud the prayers for the dying. Mrs. Pumpkin Seed was breathing easier now, and although not altogether conscious, seemed to realize we were present and praying for her.

"When the prayers for the dying were said, Noah sat down and lighted a cigarette. The odor of the room was awful. His wife stood by him. Sister and I withdrew from the bed to leave the husband with his dying wife. He held her head, and in his eyes was the sorrow of a broken heart. I began the rosary, and never shall I forget those words, 'Pray for us sinners now and at the hour of our death.' In a few minutes death came. Mary heard our prayer and took home a daughter that had borne her cross courageously and patiently for six long years.

Next morning, Father buried her. The ceremony was as sad as her life. The tolling bell brought us to church, and as I looked out of the window I saw the funeral approaching, the saddest I have seen. Two old white horses plodding along drawing a farm wagon, the coffin, shining black in the sunlight, and standing erect but pitiful, the driver, her husband. That was the whole cortege.

"As they carried in the body I played Beethoven's 'Funeral March,' composed for the death of a hero. I made the little church ring with the martial air, for I knew that here were the mortal remains of a heroine in

Christ, one who trod the road with Christ, one whose feet left blood prints behind. Here was a true Christian martyr for Christ."

### PATNA, INDIA

Interestingly as ever, Father Charles P. Miller, S.J., one of Patna's missionary priests, located at Gajhi, Chakai, P. O., Via Simultala, Monghyr District, India, writes:

"Many thanks for your letter of January 30, and the enclosed check.

"You certainly have been very good to me. I had hoped to send you a long letter this week but my medical assistant has been away for three days attending to a very sick case. In the meantime there was an epidemic of burnt babies in this neighborhood. Four cases in three days. One boy has his right thigh charred. His bed caught fire. Another little one has the right arm burned from the shoulder to the wrist—clothing caught fire. I just finished doctoring a baby who fell head first into the fire—whole top of head burned. A fourth was scalded. This, plus sick servants, a wedding on Tuesday, and the monthly bills have just about finished off the few hairs that remained on top of my head.

"My people are very poor and getting poorer. Most of them are in the hands of Hindu money lenders. The latter tell the people they may not become Christians till they have paid off their debts—and if the money lender can help it that debt will never be paid. He makes these people work his fields, herd his cattle—and gives them a little food and clothing in return. The rest he says goes towards their debt. They demand twenty-five and more per cent interest. I rescued a man the other day who worked fourteen years to pay off forty rupees and was still in debt by more than forty rupees.

"A woman with four children, a widow at that, asked me for ten annas to ransom her cooking utensils from a money lender.

"And the worst of it is that these people are losing their courage, and slowly but surely succumbing to a spirit of acquiescence to their state of servitude. They are plain slaves, and religion for many at best has no value unless it benefits them materially—so demoralized have they become. They can be helped, can be raised to a higher level, but that requires time, patience and money—and much grace. God will give the grace, He can give the time. He has the patience, and we trust He will arrange charitable souls to furnish the money."

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Father Aloysius S. Pettit, S.J., Superior at Christ Raja High School, Bettiah, Champaran Dist., India, gives a little information about happenings in his important section of Patna Mission:

"Your letter of January 27 received in fine time. Thank you for that letter. It was good. I only wish you could do something like that every week! But I suppose if you did our reliance on the Divine Providence that feeds His sheep all the world over would diminish and be not so pleasing to the Good Shepherd. God bless JESUIT MISSIONS for all that it does for us.

"We had to close down our High School for ten days because of the mumps. The epidemic swept through our boarders thoroughly. Scarcely a one of the fifty-five of them escaped. And this in spite of the fact that we segregated each case just as fast as it appeared.

"A worse epidemic started in one of our village schools. More than seventy people, mostly children, in Banpakari are down at one time. We have had to give a vacation there, too. And (this lest you think that all the people in the villages become Christians as soon as we open a school there) when you go into that village these days, please take off your shoes and get off your cycle. The *deota* (goddess) of smallpox does not like leather or rubber. In fact, she gets angry if you desecrate the street with shoes, and she takes out her wrath on the people who are sick. Some one is almost sure to die if you go into the village with shoes. So while they can say the Our Father and the Hail Mary and the Act of Contrition as well as you can, they have not forgotten all their old tricks yet. Paganism does not die in a day. Pray for us that we may kill it quick! (But—some of those who die, die Christians.)"

### ALASKA

Father Thomas W. McKay, S.J., writers from Nulato, Alaska:

"Many thanks for your kind letter



Moments of spiritual consolation for the missionary. Father Edward A. Scott, S.J., of Patna Mission, India, distributing Holy Communion to Santal Catholics who only a year or two ago were devil-worshippers.



His Excellency, Bishop Joseph R. Crimost, S.J., still smiles in the face of the almost insurmountable difficulties confronting him in the financial support of the Alaska Missions. Though seventy-five years of age, he made a Confirmation tour of the Missions this Winter.

and the money you sent. It was generous of you, indeed, to judge us among the poorest. You need have no scruple on that score, however. We are poor all right—not that we are destitute, with not enough to eat or sufficient clothing to keep us warm, but we have to deny ourselves in many things, as we are forced to get along as economically as possible, many of the former sources of income being now shut off.

"But there is one thing about this part of Alaska, at least, and it is, that one need never fear of starving if he has industry enough with a little skill to put a fish trap or net under the ice of the many rivers and lakes, and attend to it occasionally. These rivers and lakes abound in fish. Nor is it real difficult to get rabbits and ptarmigans in the woods. However, one tires of fish continually, and longs for a change—say, something in the line of vegetables or greens; but canned goods cost money, and this is where we must deny ourselves.

"I have been on no trips of any consequence so far this Winter, so experiences are lacking. I 'attized' (Indian English for baptized) a little two day old 'wood-chopper' (boy baby) yesterday. Says the father, who has several girls—'dish-washers,' but only one other boy, 'I am glad she a boy for I need help.' Woodchopping, of course, is as necessary as eating here, and wood is provided as food is provided—from day to day."

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Very Rev. Francis M. Menager, S.J., Superior of the missions of northern Alaska, has visited most of the

missions this Winter by plane and by dog-team. Of his January visits he says:

"After Christmas, the medical staff decreed that I had to go to bed for acute rheumatism brought on by undue exposure during one of my trips. But the good care of the Sisters and the doctors had me on my feet again after two weeks in bed, and about the middle of January I started down the river for a visitation of all the missions.

"I am now at Holy Cross, our largest boarding school, and I am due any time to start for Akulurak when the weather permits. We have here over 160 Eskimo and Indian children, twelve Sisters of St. Anne, three Fathers and three Brothers; we run a large farm that furnishes us with potatoes and other vegetables, and that is quite a help to other missions. The main trouble in running this farm is that we are very short of help. We used to have six Brothers working here, and that was not too many; but now we only have three, and it is quite a problem to run things as they should be. Besides, the depression is felt very keenly inasmuch as some of our friends who used to contribute to our upkeep and that of our schools find it impossible to do so now. The Government, whilst recognizing that we have a good school and that we do much for the natives, is doing nothing for us; and sometimes it seems strange that Government schools spend so much money with so little results. But that seems to be the general law everywhere in our country, to lavish money on Government institutions and to ignore private schools no matter what good work they may do. In Canada, the mission schools are much better off, because, provided they live up to a certain standard, they are recognized and helped by the Government. It seems to me that such a course of action is the only fair one and that in general there should be steps taken to bring the matter before the public in America."

### BRITISH HONDURAS

Mail from British Honduras has been rather sparse of recent months, but it is a pleasure to quote some lines of a letter from a veteran missionary of British Honduras—Father Joseph L. Kemper, S.J., who is stationed at Cayo De San Ignacio:

"A couple of weeks ago I received your welcome letter, together with the money you sent. Thank you for remembering me and diverting the alms my way. . . .

"When are you people going to introduce some prosperity? Some months after you have it again, we may get the echo of it down here. If you want to do something for us up there, you might start a crusade in JESUIT MISSIONS in favor of using

a lot of chewing gum and mahogany furniture. Those are the two chief industries that would bring us a little cash. This cash is a rare bird around here at present. At one evening service in the church, I got in the collection all of two cents. Another time I got twelve cents and two eggs in the collection box. I don't know what bird laid them there. On several other occasions, they put into the collection box several cheap candies; that also makes a light collection.

"You asked me to write up something for JESUIT MISSIONS. I'd like to do so, but I'm not much on writing. Besides, scarcely any interesting events happen around here. We haven't even had many funerals—in fact, very few—to live things up a bit. Lately a woman from here was dying in the hospital and her folks were sure that she would die that night. As they have to bury the dead within twenty-four hours and as, therefore, there would not have been another chance to have a wake, they started the wake at about 8:00 P. M. She was considerate enough to die at 10:00 P. M. So it was all O. K., and nobody was disappointed.

Besides, I am one of those irremovable Pastors—I'm not the running-around missionary; Father William A. Ryan, S.J., does that for me. Hence, I don't have many adventures like Father Allan Stevenson, S. J.; and adventures are the things that count for interesting articles. I had only one semi-experience, but I doubt whether it would do, as it might just as well have happened in New York as here.

"Meanwhile, I am trying to write to a few of my friends and benefactors to wish them a happy Easter and to let them know that my address is the same as it was last year.

"I pray the good Lord that for the feast of His Resurrection, He may be more than ordinarily bounteous to you. Pray for me and for my up-hill work."



Father Joseph B. Kammerer, S.J., Superior of the Jesuit Mission of British Honduras from 1920 to 1928; later, Pastor of Benque Viejo, B.H., now in charge of the mission station at Corozal.



### The Pagan Woman and Christianity

At the National Missionary Congress held in Lyons, France, December 4-7, 1932, Mgr. Bruno de Solages, Rector of the University of Toulouse, spoke on "The Liberation of the Pagan Woman by Christianity, and Its Spiritual Significance." George Goyau of the French Academy gave a conference on "What Christianity has done for the Liberation of the Pagan Woman," and Rev. Father Dubois, S.J., discussed on "Penetration of Christianity into the Pagan Feminine Atmosphere." Other lecturers have treated the subject in particular regions, namely, in Africa, India and elsewhere.

### The Catholic Ideal

The study of the Catholic objective in regard to women in mission countries, together with a survey of some existing obstacles, would convince readers of Jesus Missions of the urgent need for trust in the Sacred Heart inculcated in the Mission Intention for June.

### Triple Objective

A Catholic life in marriage, a Catholic life within Religion, or a Catholic life outside both marriage and Religion is the triple Catholic objective for women in mission lands.

### Catholic Marriage

The ideal Catholic marriage is that which is sanctified by the presence of a priest and two witnesses and blessed at a Nuptial Mass. Because of the dearth of missionaries, this ideal is honored in many lands today more in the breach than in the observance.

### Polygamy

Opposed to the Catholic ideal of monogamy, that is, one man with one woman, is the pagan ideal of polygamy, in which one husband is united with many wives simultaneously. Polygamy was permitted to the Jews because of their hardness of heart. It was abrogated forever by Christ. It is generally harmful, moreover, to the proper rearing of children, since it is a fecund source of domestic disturbance and jealousy, and threatens peaceful cohabitation. It is the law of Mohammed, and because of it, a

missionary in Mindanao, P. I., was recently forced to write: "No Moro conquests yet. Three hundred years of glorious missionaries have made no impress on them,"—and neither, incidentally, has the notorious Protestant Doctor Laubach.

### Polyandry

Likewise opposed to the Catholic ideal in marriage is the pagan practice of polyandry, in which one woman is united with many men simultaneously. Although the practice of polyandry is against the primary and secondary precepts of the natural law, it is being practiced today in many mission lands, for example, in British Juansar, northwestern India. This is accounted for by the fact that there are only 940 women for every 1,000 men and, therefore, there are 600,000 men for whom there are no wives.

### Out of the Depths

More difficult to combat than even polygamy and polyandry is the shameless commercialism of women, rampant, for example, in Japan. A certain Mr. Shibata of Kobe fell into the clutches of a money lender by the name of Hayashi from whom he had borrowed 150 yen. Unable to meet the note, Mr. Shibata was forced by the usurer to marry his beautiful young daughter to a son-in-law who could foot the bill. Another proof of the need for the Gospel of Christ and Christ's doctrine on Christian marriage in mission lands.

### Church and State

Everything pertaining to Christian sacramental marriage must be regulated by the Catholic Church. The State has power concerning the civil effects of marriage, for example, questions relating to the property of husband and wife and to intestacy. The State, likewise, regulates the marriages of unbaptized people which are not sacraments, and in the eyes of the Catholic Church these unions are good and holy if entered into without violation of the natural law. Yet, conflict between Church and State arises to offer a further obstacle to the sanctity of the Catholic ideal of marriage. Not so long ago in Aleppo, Lebanon, the Catholic Oriental Bishops were forced to raise a strong united protest against the Lebanon Government because of the attempt of the

civil authorities to arrogate to itself the right to legislate and judge Catholic marriages.

### Mixed Marriages

A further difficulty which the Catholic missionaries experience is that of mixed marriages. Yet, with the wisdom reaped from many centuries of experience, they are now using our Catholic Sisters as a means to educate catechumens in regard to the evil of this practice. So valuable have the Sisters proven themselves, that some missionaries have now invented the saying that a mission without Sisters is a family without a mother. In 1924, at Kongolo (northern Katanga in the Belgian Congo) there were eight mixed marriages and only one real Catholic marriage, the situation when the Daughters of the Cross of Lisieux arrived. In 1928, four years after their arrival, the Sisters saw the definite triumph of their labors. Their first pupils were baptized. There were forty Catholic marriages and not one irregular union that year. The natives themselves declared that now that they had been made the children of God they did not wish to be yoked with the slaves of the devil.

### Paganism at the Feet of Mary

In the parish of Pudet, Madras, India, there is a solemn procession every year on the feast of the Immaculate Conception. This year, the pagans of the section took part in the solemnities, decorating their houses with banners and flowers and torchlights. Some of them sent garlands to adorn the statue and left candles to be burned in the church.

The lotos speaks of slumber,  
The rose is as a dart,  
The lotos is Nirvana,  
The rose is Mary's heart.  
The genius of the lotos  
Shall heal earth's too-much fret  
The rose in blinding glory  
Shall waken Asia yet.

Not the least influential means of bringing pagan women to the feet of Mary is the presence of Religious, foreign and native, contemplative and quasi-contemplative, in mission lands: such for example, as the twenty-seven Sisters of Mother Kevin from Yorkshire, England, now laboring with one hundred native Little Sisters of St. Francis in Uganda.

## THE LAST OF THE ROMANS

(Continued from page 123)

Indians were not to be deprived of their treasures so easily, and even their beloved Blackrobe was given the deaf ear. The words of Augustine, a spokesman of the tribe, fittingly expressed the sentiment of his people: "Blackrobe, you have been our Father, but today your words sound strange and hard to us. Have we then to leave this beautiful church which we have built with our own hands and which has given us a knowledge of God? Must we leave the place where we have been taught to live morally; where the hungry were fed, the sick got medicine, and the poor got clothing?" However, at length the good counsel of the Blackrobe was heeded and the Coeur D'Alenes peacefully migrated to the new reservation at DeSmet, Idaho.

AFTER accomplishing the difficult task of moving the Coeur D'Alenes, Father Diomedes was sent to the Colville Mission in northern Washington. At Colville he built a large log church, rightly called the pride of the missions. The church was destroyed by fire on Christmas Day, 1889.

Owing to Father Diomedes' knowledge of the Kalispel language, Superiors were able to shift him about among the different tribes of the Kalispel nation; a few weeks with the new tribe was sufficient time to acquaint the Blackrobe with their language and customs. His new post was St. Joseph's Mission among the Nez Perces Indians in Idaho. In 1883, we find the zealous missionary extending his activities not only to the Indians in their tepees, but also to the miners in their camps. At first Father Diomedes attended the Whites at Lewiston, Idaho, from the mission; however, later in the same year he was appointed resident pastor at St. Stanislaus Church. In 1885, Father Diomedes erected a new church and later started the first Catholic school in Lewiston. He remained in Lewiston three years and was then made assistant to Father Cataldo, Superior of the Rocky Mountain Missions.

The year 1888 found the ver-

satile Blackrobe in a new status; the infant city of Missoula, Montana, was to be the scene of his labors. Father Palladino, in his "Indian and White in the Northwest" sums up Father Diomedes' activities in Missoula quite well: "Father A. Diomedes is a man of grit and uncommon energy, and, to use a western expression, a genuine 'rustler.' At the time of this writing, he is putting the finishing touches to a spacious and beautiful church."

### MASS ON THE MISSIONS

Raymond J. Cotter, S.J.

There where white dawns walk abroad  
the plain

Spending wonder on her way,  
A young priest stands.

In his hands a miracle of dread and  
mystery.

He whispers, soft as the flight of a  
bird,

In words that Peter, John and  
Thomas heard

When Christ gave Christ in Bread.

A bell tinkles, sweeter far  
Than the crush of stars beneath the  
feet of Michael the Angel.

God has come—

And every tree is glad for its sweet  
burden,

And the great wide organ of the  
morn

Rises up in diapason from the full  
round throats of birds

As the flowing of waters

God has come.

THE rapidly growing city of Missoula was not going to hold the energetic Blackrobe many years. For a time it appeared that Father Diomedes' multitude of activities were beginning to tell their tale upon him physically. The Turin Province catalogue for 1895 has him listed as Spiritual Father at Gonzaga College, Spokane. From Spokane, Father Diomedes was transferred to Seattle, where, for a brief time he was Superior, and then he was sent to Yakima to take the pastorate of St. Joseph's Church.

After so much parish work it appeared as though Father Diomedes' missionary life was a thing of the past. However, in 1899, despite the fact that he was rapidly approaching his sixtieth year, Very Rev. Father Martin, General of the Society of Jesus, sent him to the mission of Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, to erect a Jesuit college. But the veteran was

too far advanced in years to become acclimated to South American conditions. He remained in Rio de Janeiro for three years and then returned to the northwest to spend various periods at his former missions and parishes. Superiors sent Father Diomedes to California to regain his health; he spent a brief time at Santa Clara and also Los Gatos. The venerable Blackrobe was broken in body, yet he possessed a lively soul. He was still to do some real apostolic work among the Italian parishioners of the Holy Cross Church, San Jose; a stained glass window in the church is dedicated to his memory.

After a sixty-eight year itinerant life for the cause of Christ, the indefatigable Blackrobe was at last permitted to retire from active service. In 1929, he was sent to Manresa Hall, Port Townsend, Washington, to await the call of his Divine Superior to send him on his eternal mission. To sum up his assiduous life, we may say that he was an outstanding philosopher and theologian, a zealous missionary, an able diplomat,—and, we may add that Father Diomedes was an eloquent preacher and an accomplished musician. The call eventually came on the last day of the year of 1932 and "The Last of the Romans" went to join his fellow Romans in the land of everlasting bliss.

## A MISSIONARY NAZARETH

(Continued from page 125)

aloft on His throne for the adoration of all.

After Benediction, the Archbishop delivered a very inspiring address to the congregation that packed our artistic chapel. He congratulated the Jesuits on their great undertaking and called down God's blessing on the work.

The various Religious Orders and Congregations were all represented, and the different brown and white habits lent color to the procession. Many great friends of the Society and prominent persons in Philippine circles were present. Mrs. Sofia de Veyra and Doña Isabella Regalado, both very apostolic and well-known Catholic women in Manila; Mr. Ventura, Secretary of the Interior; Judge Romualdez,

former Chief Justice of the Supreme Court; Mr. Ynchausti, a prominent Inter-Island shipping magnate, and a Señor Perez, who had befriended the Spanish Jesuits in the recent suppression, were the sponsors chosen for the ceremony.

**T**HE next day, Saturday, there was open house. Sunday, January 8, the feast of the Holy Family, found us on our way out to attend the first Mass in the new chapel. His Excellency, the Most Reverend William Piani, Apostolic Delegate to the Philippines, was to be celebrant. He arrived at 8:00 A.M., and the brass band was on hand to escort him to the front door where he was welcomed by the Community.

After the Mass, the Apostolic Delegate in a stirring address in Spanish expressed the heartfelt gladness he experienced at the thought that this house was now the house of God, the holy house of Nazareth. He went on to remind us that here countless apostles would be born, nurtured and fed with the manna of grace and the bread of the strong, and would come forth armed with the fortitude and zeal of other Xaviers to plant the standards of Christ in the islands and to be the bulwark against heresy and Protestantism. Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament followed, and thus ended the ceremonies.

And now, the last farewell to the Pasig. Bright and early on the morning of Monday, January 9, we were bouncing over the dusty road for the last time. Arrived, we hustled about trying to settle down. But we could not help entertaining that comfortable feeling which came over us with the thought that now everything was before us,—our work was just beginning and there were days, years, centuries to do it in.

We had escaped the stentorian radios of Padre Faura, the strident grating of its trolleycars, and the fierce honking of the yellow cabs that streamed from the nearby station. We should no longer hear the plaintive Kundimans or native songs that issued from barge and banca on the Pasig. Instead,—there lay before us now a scene of peace.

As our eyes took in the whole grand panorama, they could not help but turn to the center whence radiated all that beauty, to Him Who was the cause of our joy. We thanked Him for His great kindness and prayed that we would not betray the trust He had reposed in us, but that from this Mountain of Prayer and Solitude would go down an ever-swelling army of apostles to carry the light of the Gospel into the cities of their own and out to the far corners of the Archipelago.

### THE SACRED HEART

John B. Toomey, S.J.

Why do the waves break ever  
Against the rocky coast  
In pounding kiss, though never  
May that hard sea-wall boast  
It once went out to meet  
This love's untiring feet?  
To mind all those this sod  
Upholds, of the soft Heart, the  
quick Heart, the great  
Heart of God.

Why does the spray strain  
blindly  
To run the inflowing breeze,  
Leaping high, and kindly  
Drenching the points of the  
trees?  
To tell us through the years  
His Heart loves us to tears—  
Nor does this true love nod,  
This love of the strained Heart,  
the kind Heart, the heal  
Heart of God.

### BUCKING A BLIZZARD

(Continued from page 126)

thing black ahead—a human shape, I called out "*Anish! Anipish ijai-an?*" which in good old English means: "Hello! Where are you going?" Several times I called out,—but no reply. My eyes had played me a trick. I trudged on now, not knowing in what direction, for I could see no tracks, and the wind seemed to be shifting, blowing swirls of snow now on one side of me, now on another. I pressed on with feverish haste, dripping with perspiration in spite of the bitter cold.

Finally, I realized the utter folly of tiring myself out. I moderated my pace and was beginning to con-

template the prospects of remaining out all night when I came plump against a pile of logs. I recognized it as a pile of old posts that had been placed not more than fifty feet from the church. Thanks be to God, I could now reach the church, for I knew I was but a few feet away. With the aid of my flashlight I made out the outline of the building, and was soon in my little room back of the church where I threw myself all tired out on the bed. After a few minutes of rest I took off my heavy furs, and then replenished the fire. I thought there would be no one for night prayers in such weather, but the slamming of the church door announced the arrival of someone. Yes, three faithful souls had braved this awful storm to assist at night prayers. Truly, God has His faithful souls everywhere. After night prayers I sat beside the fire, conning my sermon of the morrow, but one thought continually broke in on me—truly, man's puniness is evident when measured against the fury of the elements, and I was convinced of the truth of the tales of the northwest blizzard.

### PICCALILLI

(Continued from page 129)

**A**S Frank got out, a little girl of about six, a stack of books under one arm and a package under the other, came running up.

"Ooh, Francis, you know what?" she exclaimed while she was still twenty-five feet away. Her pretty face was flushed with excitement.

"Hello, sis," answered Frank kindly, his sophistication melting in a warm smile, as he grabbed the little girl in his arms. "What's up?"

"You know what, Francis?" she panted. "Sister gave me these to take home and se'rate."

"Gee, that's great sis. What are they," asked Frank, all interest.

"Pos'age stamps. We get money for them for the missions. And Sister says that every time we pick out a stamp we make a sacrifice and we can offer it for the success of the miss'naries. Isn't that won'ful?"

"Sure is, sis," said Frank, getting a little red in the face as Joe grinned.

"Kid sister?" asked Joe releas-

ing the emergency.

"Uh-huh."

"Incredible. Too much sense," said Joe as the car started to move.

"Aw, piccalilli."

## ONE AGAINST

### ONE HUNDRED

(Continued from page 130)

oppose him. The unsightliness and insanitation have only been a stimulus to his zeal. Father Moorman's mission is a mission in the exact sense of the word.

Several years ago a mission church was established at this village so that Holy Mass could be celebrated on Sundays; nine to thirteen attended the Holy Sacrifice. On the feast of Christ the King, 1929, Father Moorman, fresh from the Dakota missions, gripped the throttle, discarded the "Wamblee Ska" title and dubbed himself "The Blackrobed Engineer at the Throttle of the Sun-Tanned Express." He lived on the premises; the sacristy was his home; he was the community. The one hundred preachers and almost six thousand non-Catholics naturally enough found excuse to oust the white intruder. They started to petition for his removal. Petition number one, on the charge that he was white, failed; petition number two, which demanded his evacuation because he did not conduct a bible class, was unnoticed by justice; petition number three, insisted that Father leave town because he was conducting a bible class. It, too, was ignored. Satan tried three times to drive the apostle from his post, but three times he failed completely.

IT was December. The new Pastor from the Indian country looked out of his window upon the lands. Schemes for salvaging these souls crowded in upon his mind. This was the Winter of 1929-30. Smoke lazily wound upwards from the half erect smokestacks, and a lazy wind refused to disturb the smoke settling down upon the village. Hovering in this murky air was the ravaging figure of "Depression," with claws ready to scratch out the very existence of South Kinloch's populace.

The Negroes there needed relief, material help, true religious strength

and life, and hope. The formed, the set, the determined hearts of adults are not easily altered by grace. This the trained missionary knows only too well. To the heart of the child, then, to the hearts of these piccaninies must the darts of Catholic Faith make their way. But Father had no school where he could assemble these children.

#### BYWAYS AND THE ROAD

George J. Rohit, S.J.

Is this my end,  
By praise or blame  
To climb perchance to fame,  
Only to die, to vanish into dust  
From whence I came—  
And nothing more?—

To work and sweat from day to day  
In fevered zest,  
Headless of rest,  
Gaining gold for leisure years:  
Is this the best?—  
And nothing more?—

Were this my end,  
The sins and tears  
Of wasted years  
Would pall my weary heart  
With awful fears  
Of something more.—

'Tis not for this alone  
God fused my flesh and soul,  
But something more—  
To make my life,  
Each joy and pain,  
A precious pearl,  
Eternal gain.  
To win my place through Jesus' grace  
In God's eternal home.

Into this world I came  
For this—and nothing more!

Such were the thoughts of the Pastor looking out upon the dark field. Like a bolt from Heaven, came the pledge of a friend to build a frame school with the understanding, of course, that His Excellency, the Archbishop, would give his sanction. There was a proviso in the Archbishop's consent, namely, that Sisters must first be obtained. After a wandering search, a Superioress was found who would supply two Notre Dame nuns. Trippingly, briskly, Father Moorman returned to the Archbishop's residence and exclaimed: "We have the Sisters, Your Excellency, may we have the school?"

SHORTLY after, on an auspicious day for South Kinloch, watched by twelve thousand eyes

poking out of black-rimmed sockets, Father Moorman and his working men started to build the school. Friends donated the furnishings. Soon the piccaninies signed up at Holy Angels School, the American flag went up,—and we have the first day of school, September, 1930, with a faculty of three. The present staff consists of Sister Peter Fourier, Sister Kostka, Sister Claverine of the Congregation of the School Sisters of Notre Dame, the Misses Marie and Rebecca Gordon and Mr. Gordon. Let it suffice to say that the labor of these teachers is truly heroic. At present, two-thirds of the children, ranging from the kindergarten to the "pedants" of the eighth grade, are non-Catholics. King poverty clothes these passengers on the "Sun-Tanned Express." Furthermore, the Pastor, who is also the Principal, allows them free passage, for the parents of the youngsters are absolutely unable to pay. In October, 1932, 167 pupils paid \$10.90 tuition.

The remarks of the children after they witnessed the Holy Sacrifice for the first time were interesting. "Your Church is a real prayer-house." "You all don't laugh and cut up in your Church." "What was that the Father took out of the box and put on top of the altar?"

WOULD you readily and hurriedly wish to locate Father Moorman in South Kinloch, merely inquire of the first Negro met on the wayside in that village: "Where is the priest who has the soup-kitchen?" Thus do the Kinlochians know him. From the boiling pots and the piping hot food in the mission kitchen waft delicious appetizing odors reaching in all directions and penetrating the very chinks of the toppling houses. Through the aid of the very same St. Louisian whom we have already credited for the building of the school, the Pastor has been able to maintain his soup-kitchen and give free meals to thousands since December, 1930. There in the basement floor of the school is a cafeteria "just like downtown." Mr. Gordon, the sexton of the church, is the cook; the Sisters and lay-teachers manage the children and

serve them too. Besides the school pupils, thousands of the unemployed have known Father Moorman's charity and eaten in his kitchen. This, then, in brief tells of the dining car service on the "Sun-Tanned Express."

A glance at the records of the parish will tell the story of spiritual progress. Eleven people attended Mass in 1929, and there were about 40 Holy Communion a month. In 1933, the Sunday Holy Communion total 768 a month. Between 1929 and 1933, the number of converts, adults and children, received into the Church totaled 93; and 48 others are under instruction. In 1929 there were 13 Catholics in the village. In the school at present there are 76 boys and 82 girls; of these, 51 are Catholics.

South Kinloch has "tolerated" Father Moorman for three years. Surely there should be no regret on its side. In truth, a warming mutual conciliation is actually felt. This has been decidedly observed. But Father's efforts will cease only when six thousand will have boarded his Express en route to Heaven, and when the odds will no longer be, as they still remain, one hundred to one.

## THE JESUITS IN INDIA

(Continued from page 133)

which I have tried to describe above—and be a co-laborer with the men across the seas, the dear sons of many mothers who have generously given their boys for Christ's mission field, and who today have the happiness of knowing that they are bearing manfully the "burden of the day and heats." God bless these generous parents and reward their daily-renewed sacrifice a hundred-fold! Assisted by the prayers and sacrifices of so many generous souls in this country, we are bound to succeed, even though to human eyes our progress seems small or slow. May the dear Lord hasten His reign in pagan Patna! These are the thoughts that run through my mind as I draw near the great day of my ordination. And when I am privileged to hold my Lord in my anointed hands at my first Holy Mass, you may be sure that I shall remember them all—our relatives and friends and

benefactors, our own Jesuit brethren working in Patna, and the Christians and pagans in my native land.



**The Conversion Policy of the Jesuits in India.** By Rev. H. Heras, S.J. Indian Historical Research Institute, St. Xavier's College, Bombay, India.

This brochure is a brief and devastating refutation of the ignorant accusation labeled by Mr. Boies Penrose, Curator of Prints in the Pennsylvania Museum, against the conversion policy of the Jesuits in India, a policy which Mr. Penrose describes as one of fire and steel, the dungeon and the rack, the rice pot and the rupee, a policy of fanaticism. The historical and geographical inaccuracies of Mr. Penrose as depicted by Father Heras, S.J., do not predispose the reader to remain docile to the end of this historical extravaganza. Docility, benevolence and even interest cease entirely as this Indian Jesuit with scholarly poise deflates calumny after calumny of its apparent value. While the intemperance of Mr. Penrose offers us no warrant that he is capable of appraising facts impartially, nevertheless, it is precisely his own intemperance that has called the following facts forth into the light of critical research in order, (1) that the truth may appear and (2) that it may have the upper hand even to the discomfiture of Mr. Penrose. We respectfully call his attention to the following points: (1) The works of God's special Providence in mission lands, p. 57; (2) The fact that the Jesuits had nothing to do with the Inquisition, not only in Goa, but even in Portugal and in Spain; (3) That conversion as understood in the Catholic Church is not merely a matter of counting heads and listing a total of names as a stepping stone to higher salaries for the missionaries. That conversion, on the contrary, presupposes intellectual conviction, grace of God, faith and good works; (4) That the use of fire and steel, of dungeon and the rack, of the rice pot and the rupee is contrary to historical facts, p. 63. (5) A modern parallel to the charge of Mr. Penrose on p. 69; (6) The real causes of the decay of the Portuguese Empire on p. 71. With charity towards Mr. Penrose, although hardly for his consolation, we direct his attention to the following testimony of a contemporary of the Jesuit missionaries in India to be found on p. 53: "I firmly believe that the Fathers of the Society do not make Christians by force or fraud, and I believe also that the conversions are genuine and not apparent, the callings of Divine Mercy, and not fragments of human industry. Secondly, I believe that the slanderers deserve God's punishment."

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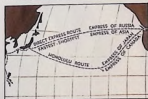
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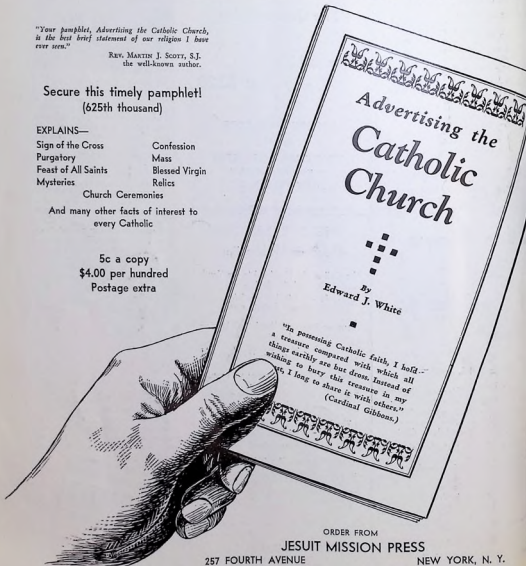
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