

# Jesuit Missions

July-August, 1933

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## Please Note

The attention of our readers is called to the fact that only one summer number of JESUIT MISSIONS is issued: that is, the July-August number. The next issue will be out for September.



## MISSIONS OF THE AMERICAN JESUITS

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

(3) **AMERICAN INDIAN MISSIONS** in Wyoming and South Dakota, and (4) **BRITISH HONDURAS** a foreign mission in Central America among the Caribs and Maya Indians are cared for by the Jesuits of the mid-western States which comprise the Missouri Province. The Missouri Province also cares for four **NEGRO MISSIONS**: three in Missouri, one in or near St. Louis, and one in Omaha, Nebraska. The Province Mission Procurator is  
 Rev. William J. Wallace, S.J., 221 North Grand Blvd., St. Louis, Mo.

Missions among the natives of (5) **ALASKA** and (6) **AMERICAN INDIAN MISSIONS** in Washington, Idaho, Oregon and Montana are served by the Jesuits of the Oregon Province which is co-extensive with these States. The Province Mission Procurator is  
 Rev. 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 tilling these fields. The Province Mission Procurator is  
 Rev. Patrick A. Ryan, S.J., St. Anne's Church, Rock Hill, S. C. Box 445.

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

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

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



St. Ignace Loyola, whose feast is celebrated on July 31, pronounces the vows of poverty and chastity and a third vow to go to the Holy Land after two years, with his companions at Montmartre, France, on August 15, 1534.

# Manresa in Jamaica

Joseph F.  
Ford, S.J.



His Excellency, Bishop Thomas A. Emmet, S.J., and Father Joseph F. Ford, S.J., at Mandeville, Jamaica, B. W. I., on the occasion of the inauguration of the Laymen's Retreat Movement in Jamaica.

**A**RCH seventeenth was a day that will mark the beginning of an important chapter in the history of the Catholic Church in Jamaica. On that day, His Lordship, Bishop Emmet, started the retreat movement at Mandeville with six Catholic men as a pioneer group.

The event had recalled for me a similar start, made at Fordham University, when I was a Scholastic there, when Father Shealy gathered his first group about him, that was to usher in a movement that has borne wonderful results for the Church in the United States.

In Kingston, we have a number of men sponsoring what is known as the Catholic Action Movement, who gather twice a month under the guidance of one of the Fathers, and discuss questions of apologetic interest, with a view to getting an answer to them for the man in the street. They also do their share of providing means to non-Catholics to get accurate information on the Church, by presenting the Catholic Encyclopedia to the Public Library of Kingston, and in other ways. The six men were chosen, not because there were only six, as they number about twenty-five, but because the new rectory at Mandeville could only accommodate that many. The Bishop plans to extend this house to have room for about twenty at a time, but at present we can only start in this humble way.

In the six, were represented varied occupations, an American Vice-Consul, a lawyer, a newspaperman, a surveyor's clerk, and business men.

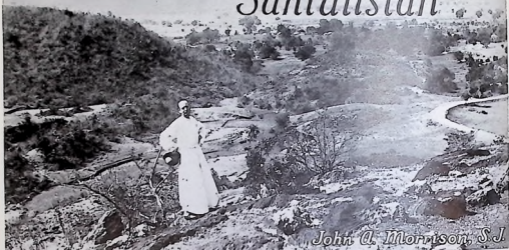
Gathered about the round table in the living room, these retreatants absorbed the spirit of the retreat movement from the lips of one who has had much experience in that line, and, who, as head of the Church, would seem the natural leader in such an important step. The Bishop was impressed with the serious manner of the men, and more than edified at their silence. Spiritual books were read at lunch and dinner, and Stations of the Cross gone through daily.

**P**ROTESTANT friends have shown an eager interest in knowing what it all might mean, and as they gathered something of its meaning, were almost anxious to come themselves. Another reaction, apart from the spiritual, was the clear mental state the men found themselves in upon taking up their ordinary avocations, resulting from the lesson of logic taught by the clear sequence of the Spiritual Exercises. Few of these men had gone through college courses, and the little taste of philosophy that lies beneath the great spiritual book of the Exercises, opened up new mental gymnastics for them. We all feel that much will come of this first step.

and the Bishop alluded to the famous seven who vowed before Montmartre's altar after their retreat, and compared his group to them, hoping for a small share of their great example's influence on his part of the Lord's vineyard.

**I**N the light of this project so happily launched in the Church's mission land of Jamaica, these words of His Holiness, Pope Pius XI, quoted from his Encyclical on Spiritual Exercises, are both appealing and appropriate: "It is recognized that among all the methods of spiritual exercises which very laudably adhere to the principles of sound Catholic asceticism, one has ever held the foremost place and, adorned by the full and repeated approbation of the Holy See and honored by the praises of men distinguished for spiritual doctrine and sanctity, has borne abundant fruits of holiness during the space of well nigh four hundred years. We mean the method introduced by St. Ignatius of Loyola, whom We are pleased to call the chief and peculiar Master of Spiritual Exercises, whose 'admirable book of Exercises' ever since it was solemnly approved, praised, and commended by Our Predecessor Paul III of happy memory, already, to repeat some words We once used before Our elevation to the Chair of Peter, already, We say, 'stood forth and conspicuous as a most wise and universal code of laws for the direction of souls in the way of salvation.'"

# Looking on in Santalistan



John A. Morrison, S.J.

"I am standing on the northern boundary line of my mission," writes Father Edward A. Scott, S.J., "looking into the sector cared for by Father George Deringer, S.J. Behind me my parish extends some twenty miles. Hundreds of little villages await conversion."



HE place was an open rice field near a little mud-walled house. The time was about 9:30 P.M. Two or three miles away were some jungle-covered hills, and between the little mud-walled house and those hills was some rather wild country. In the hills were bear and wild boar surely, and a tiger or two, perhaps. But the bears didn't always choose to stay on their hills.

"That bear was about this big," said Damien in Hindi, indicating the size by a gesture, because I was innocent of Santhali and he didn't know English, "and he walked like this on two legs,"—accompanied by an illustration,— "and if we hadn't come with spears when we did, he would have killed and carried off that pig." You who read this story, comfortably seated in your own home, with strong policemen at your beck and call, may no doubt smile at the perturbations of a

tenderfoot in the Santal Parganas (Parganas means reservation) in Patna Mission, India, but change places with me for a few minutes and perhaps you may share my feelings of lively interest.

The man of the house slept with a spear by his side, but that was the only spear procurable, so I took one last look at the stout stick by my cot and rolled over. The stars were twinkling magnificently, as only stars



Catholic Santal boys of Sundarnur. Smiling cheerful boys like these have already given the Catholic Santal Boarding School at Bhaugpore a fine reputation.

in Hindustan can, in a sky of velvet that only Hindustan has, and a glorious breeze was blowing down from the hills, a kind of nightly reparation for the blinding glare and burning heat of a tropical sun. Three or four minutes must have passed, and I was nine-tenths asleep when suddenly I heard a noise, a grunt or growl it was, and I was off of that cot in no time, with a cry on the lips, the stick in one hand and a flashlight in the other. "A bear has come for a goat," I thought, "and I'm the goat." Then the beam of my spotlight picked up a flying sow,—and a boy laughed,—and so to bed.

That day Father Edward Scott, S.J., and I had ridden forty miles from Bhaugulpore to Godda in a bus, with our cycles on top, and at Godda the life boats had been removed and we pedaled the remaining eight miles to Sundarmur. Two streams had to be crossed, but towards the end of May, in the midst of the hot season, they were mere sand beds with tiny trickles in their channels that were easily stepped over. As we passed village after village, and drew nearer to the hills above mentioned, I began to wonder to what kind of home Father Scott was leading me. "I was hoping to have a roof over our heads," said he, as we drew

nearer to headquarters, "but the wind and the sun decided otherwise." Father's catechist is putting up a neat little mud-walled chapel, and the thatch roof was almost completed, when half of one entire wall caved in and spoiled his plans. He then had one room in his catechist's house. James had his establishment so arranged that his own two rooms, our room, the stable and a little wall formed four sides of a neat compound. Everything opens into this compound, and Santal life goes on there.

**N**OW privacy in Santal land is a rare bird indeed. Stop at a house in a village to talk to someone, and in a few minutes a large crowd is around, just staring and listening. At the house of one Santal missionary whom I visited, the children had built a little mud mound under his window so that they could stare in upon him more easily. Never stop in the bazaar to speak to anyone, as traffic will be blocked in no time. I have gotten off my cycle to rest under a tree a quarter of a mile outside a village, and in fifteen minutes had a ring of fifty children around me, just staring, and if they got tired of standing and staring, they squatted Indian

fashion and continued staring. In "Speaking of Operations," Irvin S. Cobb remarks that a patient in a hospital has as much privacy as a goldfish. In my opinion, a goldfish is a cloistered Religious compared to a Santal missionary. But a good missionary does not mind.—I mean he does not show that he minds this utter lack of privacy, because to do so would offend, and that is precisely what the missionary wants to avoid.

Father Scott has a room all his own, a neat little mud-walled room it is, with one door and a six-inch square window. We decided to have our first meal alone, and did so, but when we had finished, our wringing



Father Edward A. Scott, S.J., and some members of the Santal congregation at Dhamni in Patna Mission, India. Only two or three years ago, these people were devil-worshippers.

clothes and bath towels applied frequently to steaming brows told an eloquent story.

**D**URING my two weeks at Sundarmur among the Santals, I learned a great deal. In the first place, I had read about missionary life out in the bush, but after all, that was in books, generally dealing with cases one or two hundred years ago, and somehow or other, it is hard to get it into one's head that such conditions can prevail today. But they do. In the Santal Parganas you live very close to nature, and it is surprising how easily many of the things which most people consider necessities are dispensed with. In the Parganas the missionary is a rover, traveling about his districts on cycle where there are paths and roads, and on foot where there are not; eating and sleeping when and where he can; making contacts; strengthening the converts whom he has made, and telling all those who will listen about the Figure on the Cross which he always carries with him. Fortunately, I had a chance to see some of this work at first hand, but the queen of them all was the journey to Dhamni.

(Turn to page 165)

# Wind plus Snow

Adolph A.  
Bischoff, S.J.



WIND plus snow—is the formula for a blizzard. And an Alaskan blizzard is another word for adventure. But Father Paul C. O'Connor, S.J., writing from his mission at Pilot Station, admits that he is not looking for that sort of adventure. He has already experienced several narrow escapes and is not anxious to get lost in another blizzard.

On one occasion the missionary and his Eskimo guide, George Tununa, were caught in a blizzard far up on the Kuskokwim, not far from Napamute. They had mushed all day and hoped to reach shelter before nightfall. About ten miles from the nearest cabin they encountered a strong wind and blinding flurries of snow.

"The blizzard was bad enough," Father O'Connor writes, "but the thing that made me sit with ragged and jumpy nerves on the edge of the sled was the presence of running water not thirty feet away. The swift current of the Kuskokwim is often open up to the middle of January. These angry waters have frequently swallowed up musher, sled, dogs, and all. I knew this only too well, and didn't relish the fear of being the next victim. It could happen so easily and quickly. A sudden swerve of the sled on the wind-swept ice,—a miscalculation of the leader was enough."

Like most good stories, this tale has a happy ending: the priest, guide, and huskies came through safely. A few months later, however, the missionary was again caught in an Alaskan storm. This time he was alone in the middle of the frozen Yukon, with neither guide nor dog to help him.

THE day had been wild and stormy. Even the natives hugged the meager warmth of their little cabins. Snow was drifting everywhere, obscuring trails and landmarks. Father O'Connor had studied the Innuít Verb until late in the afternoon, and he naturally longed to get a breath of fresh air. "I determined to brave the elements down to the lower village just a mile away," he says. Arrived at the village, he gathered the natives about him in one of the central cabins and instructed them in the catechism. When it was time to return to his own cabin, Father reluctantly left the warm dwelling of the natives and set out to retrace his steps in the face of a strong gale. With the help of a lantern he succeeded in covering part of the distance. Then the trouble began: a sudden gust of wind upset both priest and lantern. The lantern bumped against the hard trail; the light popped out; and Father O'Connor, half way across the frozen Yukon, was left to grope his way through the raging blizzard.



"Myself," writes Father Paul C. O'Connor, S.J., of Pilot Station, Alaska, "sawing my wood. I am my own everything: sacristan, cook, housekeeper, etc."

"It was impossible for me to hold the trail now," he tells us. "Sense of direction is the easiest thing in the world to lose in a blinding blizzard. I hadn't turned yet. I knew that a high bank was on the left a couple of hundred feet away. If I could reach that I could follow its ragged contour back to the ravine that led up to my house. Off to the left I went. I was in the deep snow now. I half waded, half crawled, for what appeared to be a pretty long time. I almost began to think that I had crossed the river in the opposite direction when I banged against a huge rock. It was a good bump that I got, but it made me very happy. I was on the right way. . . ."

By following the river bank the priest finally reached the ravine that led to his mission. Covered with snow and exhausted from his harrowing experience, he was glad to get back into his protecting cabin. He was too busy getting into dry clothing to waste time in thinking about "what might have happened."

"I had lost one headache," he says, "and didn't wish to get another. Besides, studying the Innuít Verb is preferable any day to getting lost in a blizzard."

Of another dangerous trip on a sickcall, Father O'Connor writes: "The wind pierced my very eyes through and through. I thought at times my very eyes would freeze in their sockets. For eight solid hours I faced that bitter wind with the haunting thought that it would be but a question of moments before I would be transformed into a cake of ice. But if my trip was cold, my reception in the village late that night was warm. I could not help but thank and love these gentle Eskimos."

# "Why Tiger Never Eat Christian"

Allan A. Stevenson, S.J.

**Q** N a recent mission trip through the backwoods of British Honduras, I came across the footprints of a huge jaguar—the American edition of the tiger, and so also called by our natives. My companion on that trip was Telesforo, one of my Maya Indians. That tiger track gave him the impetus to tell me one of their delightfully naive Indian tales, explaining the immunity of human beings from being attacked by the jaguar, or, as he put it, much more poetically, "Why Tiger Never Eat Christian."

Here is about what Telesforo told me,—and I am sorry I cannot reproduce his charming intonation as he told me the tale.

**"W**HEN Almighty God want to create man, and dog, and gun, He don't want tiger to be there. So He give tiger a big calabash (the shell of a big tropical fruit used instead of cups by the Indians); but with holes in it; and he tell tiger to go to creek and fetch water.

"So tiger go to creek and he shoob (shove) calabash into water and he run back to his Father (God). But along before he get there, the water all run out of calabash through the holes. So tiger run back and shoob

calabash again into water, and then start back again 'quick time.' But water all run out again soon. So tiger run many time, but get no water, only waste time. So

he sit down tired and very sorry. Then he hear some noise from frog near the creek. And he hear the frog say, 'Chauch, Chauch' (in Maya 'txotx,' which means 'earth,' or 'clay'). Well, tiger listen to that, and he go to frog and ask him, 'I hear you talk txotx, txotx. What you mean?' But frog never say nothing. But tiger think, and he understand something. 'Ah,' he says to himself, 'frog tell me I must put clay inside calabash, so to stop holes. I will do that.' And so tiger stop

(Turn to page 165)



Kechechi Indian girl of the Punta Gorda Mission, British Honduras, with a relic of the Mayan civilization.



A Catholic Kechechi Indian family of the Mays country, Punta Gorda Mission, British Honduras.

# THE KISS OF PARDON

*Fulvio Cordignano, S.J.*



OU must know that our missionary work in Albania takes place chiefly in the Winter, as only at that time have we the possibility of gathering the poor people around the statue of the Sacred Heart and the pictures which represent the various issues of man in regard to eternal life,—namely, sin, death, judgment, paradise, hell. You must know, likewise, that the Albanian Catholics of the villages and mountains are extremely simple, living along the traditional lines of their ancient Faith and superstitions. This condition must be attributed in all justice to the great scarcity of priests and to the difficulty of communications.

What is our missionary method? When October is drawing to a close and labor in the country is almost at an end, we move from village to village, two Fathers and one Brother, who is in charge of the mission of the children. Our method, as you see, is not so very different from that of Father Paolo Segneri, or of St. Francis Regis, or of Blessed Bernardino Realino. We use a method which at first was unique for these people, as we try to inculcate the great truths of the spiritual and eternal life by dramatic representations and by pictures. From these we obtain startling results. Aided by the paintings, we preach to the people the first week of the Spiritual Exercises, as this particularly suits the simple and the poor, and is adapted to give instruction about different points of the Catholic Faith, namely, confession, mortal sin, impurity, Catholic marriage, education of the children, as well as those vices and abuses which are most common in a particular village.

ONE of the most effective means of preaching is that called "The Pardon." Jesus has taught us that we must forgive even our enemies. Now it occurs only very rarely that one who is intent upon revenging, let us say, a murdered relative (which is a frequent occurrence in Albania) will not succumb before the image of Christ, kissing the Cross. Last November, during a Mission preached in the village of Kaca in the diocese of Sappa, there was a family which for four years had been striving to take revenge upon the one who murdered their chief. He had been a very clever man and it was out of rivalry for his prominent position in the country, and not for any crime, that he had been killed in a tragic manner. During the mission, his son would appear at the church every day, but up to the last day, no member of the family was seen approaching the altar to give "The Kiss of Pardon." On the day before the closing of the mission, we went to his home with a crucifix in



*The author, Father Fulvio Cordignano, S.J. (right), and his Jesuit companion, ready to start out on a mission journey through the mountains of Albania.*

our hand, but he refused to wait for us, and the members of his family even rebuked the crucified Christ upon the Cross. However, that very evening, the son of the murdered man, together with all his family, capitulated before the persuasive words and prayers of some of their friends, and on the last day came to church to kiss the Christ and to receive Holy Communion. Similar occurrences happen very frequently, and the enthusiasm which the mission excites in the people is beyond all description. They mind no difficulty. In the very heart of Winter, whether it rains or snows, they come from far away, and many are found knocking at the house door before the break of day.

ALBANIA is a small mountainous country situated in the southwestern part of the Balkan Peninsula, just across the Adriatic, off the heel of Italy. We are told that Christianity was preached there as early as the year 100. In the fourteenth century, however, the country was over-run by the Turks and became, as it is today, almost entirely Mohammedan. Today, out of a population which numbers more than 1,000,000, only a trifle more than one-tenth is Catholic, about one-fifth is Orthodox and the remainder, more than 600,000, is Mohammedan. We have not only to contend with Mohammedanism but also with Protestantism, for American Protestant money has built and supports two or three schools in the country, those at Durrazzo and at Korca and at Tirana, the Capital. The Jesuits direct a Pontifical College in the city of Scutari, which is situated in the north and is recognized as a Catholic center. They, likewise, control six other centers of influence. At present 52 Jesuits are laboring in Albania, including 24 priests, 4 Scholastics and 24 lay-Brothers.

# "Never Turn Back!"

Joseph M. Couture, S.J.



SHRANK from a huge billow which caught our slowly rising bow and dashed a heavy spray of stinging cold water into our faces, already smarting under the whip of the whistling north gale. A coat of ice everywhere burdened our craft which was laboring under a load of five men and equipment with a canoe in tow with its cargo of dogs. There was question of swamping. "Shall we turn back, Father?" "No," I replied to Sam King, our Indian pilot. "My motto is 'Never Turn Back!'" Two days, November 25 and 26, we fought into the teeth of that storm which swept unimpeded over Ontario's level land from the not too distant ice frozen northland. Nipigon Lake would be next to surrender its violent waters to the unrelenting strength of the closing grip of Winter.

The second evening away from Sand Point, when the waters calmed in the cove between Caribou Island and Champlain Point, we witnessed the obedience of wind and wave to the Will of the Master, Who seemed, as it were, to have sent an angel to breathe a magic silent breath, forming in the fraction of a second, a mile of undulating ice, dark-polished, transparent, too fine to feel. Falling snow soon whitened the lake all around. Admiration turned to anxiety. The ice thickened quickly. Large sheets of new ice broke and shoved and slid under one another.

Approaching shore later, we were obliged to break a passage with a pole till solid footing could be gained on the thicker shore ice. Camp was set; the dogs fed; we ate and said our Indian prayers at the fireside. Outer clothing was cast off and I slipped into my eiderdown.

Sam remained standing, looking, listening. The wind was rising again, he feared. Before morning, the boat would be ground to pieces in the jaws of molar ice. We abandon the eider-downs—better save the launch while we may.

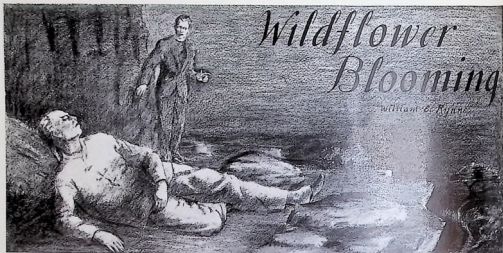


In front of the Catholic Church at Longlac, Ont., Father Joseph M. Couture, S.J., his Indian companion, Duncan Onobigon, and the four powerful dogs: Prince, Nigger, Tiger and Wolf.

It is late and it is very dark. I light and feed two huge fire-piles to act as torches. The Indians chop a passage for the launch to the shore, sliding severed ice underneath, and forcing the boat forward till she drags on the sand. They then pull sideways at the center of a long chain hitched from boat to tree, the slack is reefed and the experiment, with this substitute for block and tackle, is repeated till little by little the boat is dragged to safety. There we let her lie till daylight when we would pull her high and dry and prop her up for the Winter.

WE roll out early in the morning. It is too cold to stay abed when the camp fire is long dead. When unchaining the dogs, two of them, Wolf and Tiger, broke loose. These dogs, each weighing 125 pounds, were strong sons of a Mackenzie River malamute and a huge timber wolf. In the excitement now they became wholly savage wolves. There were angry growls. Wolf rushed on Tiger. The two snarled, gripped, tumbled, tore hair and flesh, seeking a death-hold. I fortunately caught Wolf's chain, dragged him back, and the men beat off Tiger. A moment more would have meant the loss of one at least of these fine beasts. Tiger would not be caught. I set a lasso-snare and coaxed him finally with a fish on a stick to step into the loop. A quick jerk of the rope and I had him by the leg.

Indian file, one man tracking the dog sled with the luggage, the rest each with a dog on a chain and with pack sack, stick or axe in hand, we stumbled for miles on shore rocks, covered with fresh ice from the splashing of the waves, till we were well in from the mouth of Gull Bay where we risked a crossing, stepping cautiously over the new ice which had welded together older broken blocks. Over the (Turn to page 166)



# Wildflower Blooming

William C. Ryan

"Bolstered up against a rock, lay the injured man, a Chinese. Even in the darkness, Father McCarthy recognized him, and inadvertently drew back. Well he might, for the man was Shen Chin."



FATHER MCCARTHY was tired. Only continual jolting of the horse beneath him kept him awake, and even the jolting was beginning to have a rhythmical, lulling effect. The trip to Satoo had been long and arduous, especially since the heavy rains had swelled the river and softened the road in the lowlands; so it was with pleasant anticipation that the priest looked forward to his arrival at Kaotson. Hungry, he was, yes, and sleepy, too. But he could not drowse. Night had fallen; May's sky was dotted with faint candle-like glow of stars. He had to give his attention to the road, especially on the hilly stretch, or Bumpy, who was as tired but not as concerned, might send him tumbling over any of the abrupt cliffs edging the road to Kaotson.

The month was May. Thought of it prompted an aspiration to Mary, for Father McCarthy liked her month. Somehow, it differed from all others. How, he couldn't say. Weather appeared about the same, days grew warmer and longer, perhaps, stars dimmed somewhat, the azure dulled to a powdery blue, flowers blossomed; but there was something else, something more subtle, more mysterious and subdued, more difficult to understand, like the undercurrent of a stream, a something more intangible still, yet none the less present.

The priest stiffened in his saddle; his head rose in a strained tenseness.

"Did I hear something, Bumpy?"

They were on a ledge, about two miles from Kaotson. On one side, the narrow road rose in a steep incline, on the other, it dropped in a sharp descent. Father McCarthy stood in the stirrups and peered into the darkness below. He could not see the bottom, but he was familiar with the country and knew there was a sheer drop of some twenty feet or more. Loudly he called in a voice which broke the stillness with echoes, reverberating against the empty hills.

A faint cry answered him. Jumping from the saddle, the priest shouted, "I'm coming." He patted the horse. "Wait here, Bumpy. I'll try farther down."

HE hurried along the edge of the road to a section where the declivity was not so steep. Steadying himself by clutching stray bush, he made his way to the lower ledge and hurried along towards the voice, still calling.

Bolstered up against a rock, lay the injured man, a Chinese. Even in the darkness, Father McCarthy recognized him, and inadvertently drew back. Well he might, for the man was Shen Chin. Ever since the priest's arrival at Kaotson three years before, Shen Chin had been a thorn in his side, persecuting the missionary's faithful group in petty ways. Although there had been no proof, more than one finger had pointed accusingly at Shen when Father McCarthy's first Chapel of the Immaculate Conception was burned.

The Chinaman recognized the priest.

"You?" he gasped.

"Yes, me," the priest replied. "What's the matter?"

"Legs," the other muttered slowly, distrust in his tone. "Fell off; broke 'em, maybe. Hurt head. Snake bite, too, when I wake up."

THOUGHTS flashed before the priest's mind. Without Shen, Kaotson and surrounding territory would be a Paradise. Bandits had long left the section, and with Shen gone, work would continue unimpeded. Father McCarthy could envisage newer and better buildings, larger quarters to accommodate crowds flocking to the center, fields of souls ripening for harvest. And here was Shen!

"Run off, huh! Leave me die!"

The priest felt the blood rushing to his face. He had

not prompted the thought; it was so abrupt, but . . . His eyes watered; he bit his lower lip. Life was so intricate! Beset by paradoxes, ironies, how could one hope to understand! They were not fair—such decisions!

The thoughts consumed but seconds in passing, yet Father McCarthy chided himself for allowing them even the briefest consideration. Another more consoling thought crowded out all others: "A man went down to Jericho. . . ." To think he had hesitated! He breathed an aspiration of contrition.

"You'll have to brace yourself, Shen," he warned casually, as he bent over the prostrate form. "It's steep, you know, and it may hurt a little. Better put your arms around my neck here. I'll try not to jar you. Long time since I gave anybody a piggy back!"

"You—you take me?" The tone was softer than the priest had ever heard Shen speak. The surprise, the implication of trust warmed him. He smiled.

"Yes, Shen. Hold tight now." It was not easy climbing back, and the tired priest stumbled more than once. Later, he marveled that, worn and tired as he was, he could even carry Shen, much less make the ascent with him. He wondered how he had ever struggled up those twenty-odd feet of loose, treacherous trail.

But then—the month was May!

ONCE he fell backward, Shen emitting a piercing shriek. The priest caught a flexible sapling, and, although he jarred his human bundle and nearly pulled his own arm from its socket by the sudden wrench, they were saved from a backward tumble. The climb became more difficult, as the acclivous stretch was void of brush. Father McCarthy dug his feet into the insecure gravel, and by sheer strength—he wondered afterwards how he ever did it—raised the body up, up, high over his head to the clumpy ledge which jutted out shelf-like. And none too soon!

He slipped from his uncertain position. One foot caught in a clump of shrubbery, and he fell, twisting his ankle. Tears filled the priest's eyes as he pressed his foot to the ground. His countenance twitched in pain; his lips pressed together until they whitened. Every step was a dagger thrust. At the road, he whistled, and when faithful Bumpy plodded up, Father McCarthy placed the Chinaman on the saddle, shaking his head silently when the yellow man pointed to the priest's limp. He searched about and found a heavy branch which he used cane-like for support.

The journey to town was so long! Only by sheer will power could the missionary stand; every footstep was an agony. With the actual strain consuming energy and

attention past, the reaction left him exhausted. Leading the tired animal and its burden, he limped on. Only the recurring flash of "A man went down to Jericho" straightened drooping shoulders and opened closing lids. Most of the journey was made in silence, but as town lights pierced the darkness before them, the Chinaman asked,

"Why—why you do this for me?"

The priest tripped over a rock. He stiffened with a jerk as the aggravated pain from the twisted ankle passed through his body like an electric shock. The stop was momentary, and the priest limped on.

"It's my duty, Shen. I should do it. Don't you think I ought to practise myself, what I've been"—Father McCarthy smothered a yawn—"what I've been teaching all of you?"

"Teaching?"

"Yes, love and charity."

The Chinaman became silent again, watching the priest stagger over the road, guided by, rather than guiding, the horse. Father McCarthy could feel his ankle swelling. It was like walking on carpet tacks.

"Better for you I died."

The priest heard the voice afar off, as if in a dream. He fought off pain and fatigue.

"Not as you are. I'm thinking about your soul, Shen,—your soul." It was torment, forcing himself to think coherently.

"But I hurt you."

"Yes, Shen, you have."

"Why you help then?"

"As you live now, Shen, you must hate your enemies. The way I want you to live—the way I try to live, Shen—is to love your enemies—and help them. See?"

THIS afforded thought for the Chinaman, and he remained silent until placed upon a cot in Doctor Menon's home. The doctor had been reading, but he came hurrying out at their arrival.

"He—needs attention, Doc.—right—right away."

The doctor stared at the priest.

"And so do you, I'm thinking. Come along."

"I'm—I'm only sleepy, I guess. My ankle! Been a long. . ."

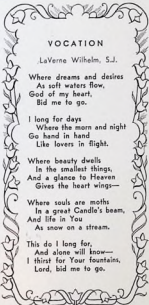
The doctor caught hold as the priest's body sagged limply.

Before the week's end, the priest was on his feet again. Assisted by a cane, he limped in to visit Shen, who met him with words of thanks.

"Say, tell me, Shen," he smiled. "How come you happened to take that tumble?"

The other was reticent. Much coaxing was required to extract an answer.

(Turn to page 167)



VOCATION

LaVerne Wilhelm, S.J.

Where dreams and desires  
As soft waters flow,  
God of my heart,  
Bid me to go.

I long for days  
Where the morn and night  
Go hand in hand  
Like lovers in flight.

Where beauty dwells  
In the smallest things,  
And a glance to Heaven  
Gives the heart wings—

Where souls are moths  
In a great Candle's beam,  
And life in You  
As snow on a stream.

This do I long for,  
And alone will know—  
I thirst for Your fountains,  
Lord, bid me to go.

# A Mountain Paradise

Constancio  
Reyes, S.J.

**G**IRDLED round with towering peaks, approached only through deep winding canyons, lies the flat fertile plateau that is Sumilao, Mindanao, P. I. The simplicity and loving kindness of the people, the benign, pleasant and quite uniform weather, the fertility of the soil and the quiet, deep and sometimes ravishing beauty of the place come to my mind. Sumilao is a place of simple, hard-working people, untainted and free from city vices and sophistication. It is a place where beautiful natural scenery abounds; it is a place gorgeous in its mountains, canyons, brooks, falls, creeks and in its varied sunsets.

Early every morning, as the soft silver glow of the rising sun appears behind the Kimankil Mountain, the skies still gray with the dawn, you may see children treading the wet roads on their way to church: the girls, blue-girdled and clad in white garments; the boys, poorly but neatly dressed. During Mass, they offer up in common their morning prayers, recite the rosary and sing beautiful hymns, pouring forth their souls in strains of melody. Again, every afternoon, during the month of May, you may see these children among the roses, lilies and poinsettias in the school garden, picking flowers and twining them into beautiful bouquets to be placed at the foot of the Blessed Virgin's altar.

It is delightful to watch on Sunday afternoons, the baseball game on the Plaza of Sumilao. There, is the grave merchant, hitting the ball; the policeman, running and jumping like a frog; a ten-year old boy, ready to be thrown out by his bigger brothers; there, the farmer with his engirdled *bolo*, and there, scampering over the grassy mound, just in time to catch the ball, is the fielder, Father Henfling, known to his friends and benefactors as "The Little Missionary of the Mountain."

**T**HE Little Flower school, whose director is Father Frederick Henfling, S.J., deserves a special mention and eulogy. It is a school *sui generis* and perhaps nowhere in the Philippine Islands can a student obtain such a practical and sound education as this school offers. The Little Flower School is the best and the best known school throughout Bukidnon. Up to now the primary



The Little Missionary of the Mountain, Father Frederick J. Henfling, S.J., with the teachers and director of the School of the Little Flower at Sumilao, Bukidnon, Mindanao, P. I.

and intermediate courses are being offered, but a high school is being hopefully contemplated. The faculty consisting of well-trained and experienced teachers (one of whom got one of the highest honors in the Catholic Normal Institute which was held recently in Cagayan, Misamis, and directed by Father Joseph Reith, S.J.), it is no wonder that the students of this school show such an advanced education and

speaking the English language with such proficiency that one thinks that they are high school students.

The bigger boys of the school are offered opportunities to earn while they are studying. In the morning they work on the farm, called Bontongon Farm, comprising about one hundred acres of land; in the afternoon they go to school. Their work on the farm brings them two-thirds of the harvest. It is to the credit of these hard-working boys, and through their strenuous effort and work, that the present school building, beautiful and well-ventilated, was erected.

**T**HE girls are taught embroidery. Their embroidery work, done without the aid of machines, has elicited enthusiastic praise. The girls' renowned, far-famed choir, pride of Sumilao, is heaped with honors and praises. During the annual town fiesta of Malaybalay, the capital of Bukidnon, I heard this choir sing a Mass composed by L. Brodesse; and its beautiful rendition, with happy blendings of soft *pianos* and brilliant *allegros*, left deep impress on my heart, and lifted my soul, as it were, on the wings of devotion.

And see how they welcome their visitors! When Raymond A. Lutz, S.J., and three Beaterio Sisters came to visit the place, they were given a sweet, simple and familiar program. A welcome address was delivered by a bright girl who stood up unabashed before quite a numerous crowd,—and I can remember such poetical phrases as these: "Our mountains which speak to us of the Majesty of God, of peace and of kindness are saying to you: 'Welcome!' Our creeks and brooks which daily teach us ever-new and ever-fresh melodious strains are singing to you: 'Welcome, Welcome!'" Who could not feel a poet in such a beautiful place as Sumilao, with its radiant sunsets, glorious sunrises and enchanting beauty? And who could not find happiness amidst such a simple, loving and lovable people?



Photo by E. F. Peter, N. Y.

His Excellency, Most Rev. James T. G. Hayes, S.J., who was consecrated Bishop of Cagayan, Mindanao, Philippine Islands, on June 18, 1933, by His Eminence, Patrick Cardinal Hayes, Archbishop of New York. The new See of Cagayan comprises 20,000 square miles and has a population of about 650,000 souls. Of this number, 400,000 are Catholic, 100,000 Aglipayan schismatics, and the remainder, pagan.

# JESUIT MISSIONS

A MAGAZINE OF APOSTOLIC ENDEAVOR

Published monthly, September to June, bi-monthly, July-August, by the JESUIT MISSION PRESS, INC., in the interest of the home and foreign missions attached to the North American provinces of the Society of Jesus.

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## Propagation of the Faith

NATIONAL Directors of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith held their annual meeting in Rome during the last week of April. Giving a general account on the Society's work during the year, the Roman *Fides Service* reports:

"Despite the crisis, Propagation funds for mission aid promise to be but slightly below last year's figures. Incomplete returns have been announced at the annual assembly of the Superior Council, the sessions of which closed Thursday, April 27, by an audience with the Holy Father. His Holiness expressed his keen pleasure that the aid for the missions could be sustained at almost its present level.

"Returns from the United States have fallen off substantially, but increases in several smaller countries almost balance this loss. Of the English language group, England has increased, Ireland decreased, Scotland held its level, Western Canada decreased, Australia and New Zealand increased. Countries with gains include Spain which reports 80,000 pesetas advance, and Mexico with a slight increase despite the religious difficulties in both countries. Other countries reporting increases over last year's figures are France, Italy, Holland, Portugal, Switzerland, Chile, Costa Rica, Panama and Venezuela. Those maintaining their position of last year are Austria, Germany and Luxembourg. Reporting decreases are Belgium, Malta, Poland, Hungary, Jugoslavia, Argentina, United States, Canada (Quebec), Colombia, West Indies and Peru. The Propagation of the Faith organized in the missions of Asia, Africa and the Pacific Islands reports important gains."

The report of a decrease in funds from the United States (in 1931, the funds totaled \$1,056,084.50; the total for 1932 is \$769,913.56) ought to act as a spur to all American Catholics to take a greater interest in mission work. Surely, every Catholic ought to be a member of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith. This can easily be done through the Director in each diocese

when he appeals for membership. If every adult Catholic in the United States and throughout Europe enlisted as a member of the Society, it would not be so necessary for the various Religious Orders and Congregations caring for foreign missions to make frequent appeals. As the situation stands at present, these appeals are simply a necessity if the missions are to survive at all. Let us hope that during the present year every Catholic will cooperate with the zealous effort of Propagation Directors to enlist each diocese one hundred per cent.

## The Marquette League

OVER and above the Catholic Indian Bureau of Washington, D. C., there is another organization laboring for our American Indian Missions. That organization, The Marquette League, deserves unstinted praise. With a minimum amount of overhead organization and a maximum amount of generosity and zeal, it accomplishes truly marvelous results under the energetic guidance of Rt. Rev. Monsignor William J. Flynn. The reason for a special mention of the League at the present time is found in the report of the annual meeting of the directors which was held on Friday, May 5, at the League's offices, 105 East Twenty-second Street, New York City. The President of the League, Judge Alfred J. Talley, presided.

The report of the Treasurer, Victor F. Ridder, showed, despite these difficult times, that the League during its fiscal year ending April 30, 1933, had sent direct to the missions of the northwest and southwest of our own country and of Alaska, the sum of \$70,000 for the support of priests, Sisters, catechists and little children in Indian mission schools. The League helps to support 150 missions with 200 priests, 450 Sisters and over 7,000 children in mission schools. It is the League's practise to distribute its funds among all the missions as equally as possible according to their needs.

The League's receipts this year were about the same as those of last year. During the past five years alone, the Marquette League has sent to the missions over \$600,000. More than \$400,000 of this amount was from the League's ordinary receipts.

At the annual meeting, the following officers were elected: President, Judge Alfred J. Talley; First Vice-president, Henry Heide, Jr.; Second Vice-president, Charles A. Webber; Treasurer, Victor F. Ridder; Secretary-general, the Rt. Rev. Monsignor William J. Flynn. Three new directors were also elected: Dr. Louis M. Mooney, Henry Mannix and George B. Fargis, to take the place of his father, the late Joseph H. Fargis.

## Maryknoll's New Bishop

JESUIT MISSIONS extends heartiest congratulations to Very Rev. James A. Walsh, Superior General and Founder of Maryknoll, on his elevation to the dignity of Titular Bishop. This is a well-merited honor for the new Bishop and a splendid tribute to Maryknoll for its wonderful work on the missions and the great part it has played in making the Catholics of the United States more mission-conscious.

## The Mission Intention

July—Freedom from Laicism in the Missions  
August—Bishops, Vicars and Prefects Apostolic

THE danger of laicism on the missions is the moral danger inherent in lives that are withdrawn from the influence of ecclesiastical and religious authorities. This danger is conspicuously evident in lay schools, lay legislation, lay states and the so-called lay morality. A lay school is one wherein the instruction given ignores all religion and God Himself. Lay legislation is that which is inspired by no religious idea, which looks on society as atheistic, and reduces religious worship to the purely voluntary acts of individuals. A lay state or government is one which recognizes no Church, no religion, and which excludes even the name of God from all its institutions and from all its acts. The so-called lay morality is described as a moral code independent of all revealed religion. The curse of laicism is alarmingly apparent today in three non-mission countries, Russia, Spain and Mexico, for it is laicism in these countries which—despite the pussyfooting about the subject on the part of the *New York Times* and the press generally—is persecuting Catholics, prohibiting them from the public practise of their religion, interfering with their privileges, deprives them of all government office, forbids them to teach religion to their children, robs the Church of her property and of her ancient liberties, and bars, bans and boycotts her in a dozen different ways. It must be evident that laicism is a moral termite boring into the very pillars of the social structure. It is a moral carbon monoxide that does its victims to death by the sure process of asphyxiation.

In the Mission Intention for August, we are asked to pray for direction by saintly Bishops, saintly Vicars and saintly Prefects Apostolic, who, as St. Paul prays, may "in word, in conversation, in charity, in faith and in chastity, show themselves an example to the faithful" and bring to happy fruition the earnest intentions of His Holiness, the success of their respective missions, the promotion of a true Franciscan spirit of poverty, the protection of the faithful from forbidden books, the Christian education of youth, the promotion of the Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius, the Catholic principles of matrimony, a restoration of the social order according to the Gospel norm, and the various platforms in the important apostolate of Catholic Action on the missions. In asking the readers of *Jesuit Missions* to pray for the hierarchy of the missions, His Holiness admits that each of our readers is a sub-station in the Church's power house of prayer, generating and transforming untold streams of moral power which they may transmit on generous wave currents to the furthestmost boundaries of mission lands. This transference requires no laying of ocean cables, no telegraph or telephone systems, no costly airway facilities, no ingenious tunnelling or bridging. It may take place instantly, alone by day or by night, merely by a single act of good will, or by a morning intention for the hierarchy in mission lands.

*His Holiness celebrates the Mass of Christ the King, to whom the Father gave the Gentiles for an inheritance.*

## The Mass of the Missions

The Gospel With the thumb of his right hand, the celebrant now marks the beginning of the Gospel with the Sign of the Cross to indicate that his faith in the Father, in the Son and in the Holy Ghost is founded even as is ours in the Gospel. In like manner, he traces a Cross upon his forehead—that the exhortation of St. Paul may be fulfilled, "Let this *mind* be in you which was also in Christ Jesus, (Philip ii, 5); and on his lips—"Open, O Lord, my lips and my tongue shall announce Thy praise"; and on his heart—mindful of Love's Promise: "If you love Me, you will keep My Commandments and I will come and abide with you, will abide in your heart."

The Gospel, the entire Gospel without any reservation, is the word of God. In token of his love for this word of God, the priest at its conclusion kisses the Missal, praying in secret as he does so: "Through the words of the Gospel may our sins be blotted out."

The Credo "He that believeth (this Gospel) and is baptized shall be saved, but he that believeth not shall be condemned." As a witness before the bar of justice, the priest now takes his stand before the tabernacle door and, in the presence of his hidden Judge, testifies to his belief in the principal dogmas of our Faith.

In One God, Creator of all things.  
In Our Lord, Jesus Christ, the only begotten Son of God.

In the Incarnation of this Son of God through the power of the Holy Ghost.

In Mary, Virgin and Mother.  
In the Passion of this Son of God under Pontius Pilate.

In His Crucifixion and His Death for the sins of men.  
In His Resurrection from the dead. (Turn to page 168)



# AFIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUITS



## CANADIAN INDIANS

Father Joseph M. Couture, S.J., whose headquarters are at the Catholic Church, Longlac, Ontario, and whose mission work among the Ojibway Indians carries him to far distant places, writes:

"After much prayer and mature consideration, I have determined to fly to my missions in a hydroplane. Hitherto, two-thirds of my time has been necessarily spent in traveling by canoe or dog team to and from my thirty-nine missions, which are widely scattered, often by a five or six canoe-day journey.

"I am a lone missionary in a territory of 74,437 square miles, between Lake Winnipeg and James Bay. The doctors say I cannot continue with canoe and dog team on account of knee trouble. There is, at present, no priest to aid or replace me, and I am now well equipped for these missions, being in my prime, knowing the Ojibway Indian language fluently and the people intimately. During ten years of continual effort I have been confined to my Catholic neophytes. It is my ambition to extend my missions north into the camps of the pagan Indians whom I know to be desirous and ready for the Word of God. Zeal shall be no longer reckoned by the distance in miles mused, but by the number of souls converted. However, in spite of this generosity, I am still lacking sufficient funds to take up the work as I wish, so I have to rely on the assistance of other friends, in the hope that I shall soon be sufficiently equipped to use a plane and thus to give myself a great deal more free time to work for the conversion of my Indians.

"I have studied and practiced successfully as a mechanic and pilot, and my mission is perfectly adapted to flying, there being no part of Canada where lakes are more numerous. My secular and Religious Superiors

have encouraged me spiritually and financially. However, I still have to find more funds to carry my plan through to completion."

## PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

From Father David A. Daly, S.J., stationed at Tagoloan, Misamis, Mindanao, P. I., comes the following:

"I wish to thank you for printing the article on St. Mary's School, which appeared months ago. The school, I am afraid, loomed brightly on the horizon just in time to suffer an eclipse. This year for the first, and I fear the last time, we have had the full complement, from kindergarten to seventh grade, which is the last elementary grade in the P. I. Next June, even if I see my way to open again, I shall have to reduce the number of classes and teachers. Even at that, I am afraid that the children may not be able to come. This year some have dropped out because of lack of proper clothing, and many come on empty stomachs. And conditions seem to be getting worse. Rumor has it that the public school in this province will drop seventy teachers next year. The authorities were considering closing some of

the grades even before the end of the school year. The President of the town is advocating the closing of the schools for two years, until things get better. The authorities are finding it hard to collect taxes. For 1932, they got about fifty per cent of the amount to be collected. The people just have not got the money to pay taxes. Even though it is cheaper for them to come to our school (in the fifth, sixth and seventh grades), since we loan them the books which would have to be purchased if they went to the public schools, yet only a very few have paid our small fee of two dollars and fifty cents. Many have paid nothing. Since conditions are such, there is nothing to be done about it.

"Now that the engineers and other so-called experts have demonstrated how inept and hopeless they are, perhaps the good Lord will turn a pitying ear to the prayers of His children during the coming Holy Year, and bring order out of chaos, just to let the unfaithful see that He is still in the heavens and has a controlling interest in the affairs of man."

\* \* \*

At eight o'clock on the evening of June 4, St. Peter's Church, Jersey City,



"What impressed the visitors to the new Sacred Heart Novitiate, Novaliches, Manila, most of all were the lightsome chapel and the ever changing panorama that stretched out before them as they gazed from the upper cloister that extended out and around the end of the chapel wing."

## PATNA, INDIA

A despatch from Rome, under date of May 22, stated that on April 30, His Excellency, Bishop Louis Van Hoek, S.J., died at Calcutta. When the first band of American Jesuits went to Patna Mission in 1921, it was Bishop Van Hoek, as first Bishop of the diocese, who welcomed them. In giving the account of his death, the *Fides Service* of Rome states:

"The secret act of sublime heroism on the part of Bishop Van Hoek of Ranchi, India, is made known at his death, which took place at Calcutta, April 30. The General of the Society of Jesus reveals that His Excellency returned to Europe for treatment for cancer, was informed by his doctor that cure was impossible and that his death must take place within a year. Hiding this fact from all except his Superiors, Bishop Van Hoek returned gaily to India in order that he might pass away at his post of duty.

"Bishop Van Hoek was born at Antwerp, April 17, 1870. He entered the Society of Jesus in 1889, and was ordained in India in 1903. In 1909, he began work in Ranchi and was named Bishop of Patna, July 20, 1920. He was transferred back to Ranchi as Bishop of that diocese, February 15, 1928.

"For a long time he had been suffering from a throat infection and June, 1932, returned to Belgium with the hope of gaining relief. He underwent a long painful X-Ray treatment at Brussels and returned to India last Fall, his priests and people welcoming him joyfully in the belief that he had been permanently cured. Back in India, he continued to suffer until his death last Sunday, April 30."

\* \* \*

Here are some news flashes from the Mission itself:

"Very Rev. Peter J. Sontag, S.J., Superior of Patna Mission, has been summoned to Rome to attend a Mission Conference. He left from Bombay in the beginning of May. Before leaving Patna, he made every effort to visit as many of his missionaries as possible. His first visit was to the Theologians at Kurseong. From there, he traveled south to see the Scholastics at Shembaganur. Subsequently, he visited the various stations of the Mission."

\* \* \*

"Paul C. Joehl, S.J., who is Head Master of Loyola Middle English School at Chuhari, addressed the assembled Inspectors and Head Masters of Champaran District schools at Chanpatia. His subject was 'Education and Character.' He stressed the necessity of developing the moral life of the student, without which there can be no true education. At the same time he insisted on the need of inculcating a belief in God and His law,

without which there can be no true moral development. In spite of the fact that the audience was made up entirely of Hindus and Mohammedans, the paper was very well received."

\* \* \*

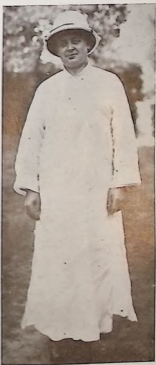
"John A. Morrison, S.J., says a new church building is needed at Bhagalpur. He tells why:

"Ours is very small, and on ordinary days the children are jammed into that small space like so many apples in a barrel. When we have only one priest here, as occasionally happens, a shoe-horn has to be used, and even then, with thirty boys in the sanctuary, and Masters, etc., on the front porch, only about half the girls can be accommodated. The others just don't get to Mass. On Sundays, the Father binates and the other girls get a chance to hear Mass."

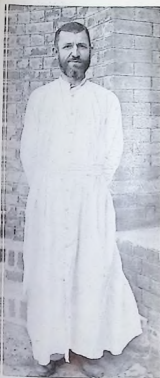
## CHINA

Under date of April 15, the *N. C. W. C. News Service* carried the following message from Shanghai:

"The Rev. Leo F. McGreal, S.J., was selected by the Very Rev. Vladimir



Father Leo F. McGreal, S.J., who in April of this year was installed as first Rector of the California Jesuits' College—Gonzaga College,—Shanghai, China.



A spendthrift for Christ: Father John Kilian, S.J., one of the American Jesuit apostles among the Sautals of Patna Mission, India.

New Jersey, was the scene of the thirteenth annual departure ceremony for Jesuit missionaries to the Maryland-New York Province to the Philippines. Of the thirteen Jesuits assigned to the Mission, five are priests and the eight Scholastics. The occasion was an impressive proof that Superiors and members of the Maryland-New York Province are striving heroically even in the face of the terrorism of material depression to obey the age-old command of Pentecost, and to be true to the commissions conferred upon them by His Holiness and by their General-in-Command.

The missionary priests are the following: Priests—Father Bernard F. Doucette, S.J.; Father Charles W. Hausmann, S.J.; Father Edmond J. Nuttall, S.J.; Father Juan Gaerlan, S.J.; Father Gregorio de Guzman, S.J. Scholastics—Joseph H. Bittner, S.J.; Gerard F. Knoepfel, S.J.; William F. Masterson, S.J.; John J. McKeane, S.J.; Philip H. O'Neill, S.J.; Joseph J. Farrell, S.J.; Thomas J. Rocks, S.J.; Thomas B. Tuite, S.J. All but Fathers Doucette, de Guzman, Hausmann and Nuttall left on June 7 from New York.



Francis J. Tully, S.J., of the Missouri Province, who has been assigned to teach at St. John's, the mission college of Belize, British Honduras.

Ledochowski, General of the Society of Jesus, as the first Rector of Gonzaga College here.

"Father McGreal was born in Ontario, N. Y., August 18, 1890. After receiving his A.B. degree at Marquette University, Milwaukee, in 1912, he taught for two years in Tacoma, Washington, before entering the Society of Jesus at Los Gatos, California, in 1914. Upon finishing philosophy at Mount St. Michael's, Hillyard, Washington, he passed his regency at Gonzaga University, Spokane, and Seattle College, Seattle. Sent to the French theologate at Hastings, England, he was ordained in 1925. One year after ordination the theologate was transferred to Lyons, France, and there Father McGreal completed his final year of theology. He made his Tertianship, or third year of novitiate, at Port Townsend, Washington. Afterwards he was Prefect of Studies at Yakima, Washington, and came to China in 1929. A year at Zi-ka-wei studying Chinese was followed by a year at Nanking. Father McGreal was a pioneer on the Gonzaga staff when the school was opened in 1931.

"Gonzaga College is under the management of Jesuits of the California Province, eleven members of which are now in China engaged either in the conduct of this institution of learning, or preparing themselves for the work in the missions."

\* \* \*

One of the Jesuit Scholastics in Shanghai, Paul W. O'Brien, S.J., writes:

"How does it feel to be over here? Well, it feels great, if you ask me. In fact, I have to pinch myself to realize that I've at last landed in China, and that I'm really living here. As a mat-

ter of fact, our present program makes living a great deal as it would be in good old U. S. A. And if it weren't for the Chinese atmosphere we might think we were back in America. However, any time I want to be disillusioned I have only to look at my desk, and I know I'm in China. All I can see is Chinese characters—pesky, funny, elusive little things, that keep me going from morning to night. . . .

\* \* \*

"You know, the Chinese have the habit of singing whenever they do any work. Take it back! You can't call it singing. It's a continual *Hee Haw, Hee Haw*. You see a couple of Chinese carrying a basket of vegetables as they shuffle along to the tune of *Hee Haw*. The other day I saw two little boys, they couldn't have been more than six years old, getting ready to carry a small barrel. One of the little fellows wasn't too anxious to put the big stick on his shoulder, but he finally got it arranged. Then the lad in the back gave a big *Hee* and the one in the front gave a corresponding *Haw*, and away they went. . . ."

#### JAMAICA, B. W. I.

From the *Catholic Opinion*, Jamaica, B. W. I., we cull the following:

"The Three Hours' Devotion on Good Friday was given this year by Father James M. Harney, S.J., the new Pastor at Savanna-la-Mar. The little church was comfortably filled with the Catholics from the surrounding districts, augmented by many non-Catholics. Father Harney gave the Three Hours' discourses on the Seven Last Words and made a lasting impression on the congregation.

"Father Harney covers the different mission stations at Savanna-la-Mar, Top Hill, Revival, Orange Hill and Lucea. Mass is celebrated at the latter mission twice each month, on the second and fourth Sundays, and at Revival in the Little Flower School once each month on the third Sunday.

"The mission at Seaford Town, Pisgah and Black River is managed by Father Francis G. Kempel, S.J."

\* \* \*

"On the evening of April 18, the Catholic Troop of Girl Guides of Montego Bay gave a very excellent concert in the Chetwood Memorial School. Among the appreciative audience were Father Charles Mahan, S.J., Joseph L. LeRoy, S.J., Andrew B. Ochs, S.J., D. Cruchley, S.J., and Charles Judah, S.J., of St. George's College, Kingston. At the close of the concert, Father Mahan spoke a few words of appreciation and congratulation. The director of the Troop, Father James Becker, S.J., Pastor of Montego Bay, is to be congratulated on the high calibre of his Girl Guides."

\* \* \*

"The old church at Richmond is no more. The church where Fathers

Rodock, Kayser and Ford administered to the wants of the people of this district has been torn down, and is now in pieces at Highgate. Thanks are due to Mr. Henry DeLisser, Mr. Everard DeLisser, Mr. Schliefer and Mr. Walker for the use of their trucks to bring the lumber salvaged from the old church up to Highgate. Work is progressing splendidly on the new edifice and we hope to announce in the June number that the floor has been laid."

\* \* \*

"Mass was said at Mile Gully by the Pastor, Father Charles J. Eberle, S.J., on the fourth Sunday of March. There was a fairly good attendance.

"After Mass on Monday, the Pastor visited the district of George Town and administered Holy Communion to five persons."

#### IRAQ

From Father Edward F. Madaras, S.J., comes the following:

"There's a young Jesuit down in India whom we should like you to take in hand, if you can. He's been on our trail ever since he heard of our arrival in Iraq. He wants stamps, Iraqi stamps. He even supplied us with a number of stentorian posters to help the cause; maybe he nursed a secret hope that we'd go out on New St. (pardon: Ar Rashid St. now) and distribute these handbills to the passing crowds. Maybe it's mean of us, but we haven't sent him a single stamp. But here's our difficulty; we don't get any mail from Iraq, so we don't get any Iraqi stamps. We buy a godly number (at least we used to) but we send them all to America—to you, good people. If anyone in America can quiet the young man in India by sending him some stamps, he may



John C. Ruoff, S.J., of the Missouri Province, who sailed in June for British Honduras, where he will teach at St. John's College, Belize.

take this as our share in the campaign and cease thinking hard things about us. He'll be glad to get even American stamps of the more unusual denominations. Here is his address: R. T. Mehren, S.J., St. Mary's College, Kurseong, D. H. Ry., India.

"Why can't we have American Sisters for our grade schools to prepare the boys for your high school?" we are asked. All right, you tell us.

"Woodstock Letters" referred to us as the "Jewish School." "Tiss'n" so. *Memorabilia* linked us up with Columbia U. No connection whatsoever.

"Through the good offices of Father Edmund Walsh, S.J., we received twenty-two reels of educational movies. It leaves us gasping. And Boston College sent us six cases of books. With friends like that, how can we fail? Dear! I wonder if we've forgotten anybody.

"This is the first chance we've had to extend congratulations to a fellow-editor; we mean Alfred E. Smith, of the *New Outlook*. Best wishes, Al. That was fine work of yours, too, in the inaugural parade.

"It was by the merest chance that we tuned in on President Roosevelt on March 5. Were we thrilled to hear our President's voice, coming to us across the ocean and the desert! But we were a wee bit disappointed when we found out at the end that it was a transcription from London.

"You've all heard of the Jacobite convert, Mar Ivanios, of India. He paid us a visit on his way back home from the Eucharistic Congress. We learned to like him at once. He has a delightful sense of humor.

"Just in case you want to cable us, our full address is 'Irameda Baghdad.' Iraq-American Education Association: that's what it stands for.

"The last word. Father William A. Rice, S.J., keeps some pipe-line workers in the desert supplied with Catholic magazines. Have you any current *Messengers* or similar reading matter you can send him? Father J. Edward Coffey, S.J., is looking for things like Gilbert and Sullivan, with the music. We think he mentioned Kilmer's 'Trees' too. He'll take anything in the dramatic line, including prize-winning elocution pieces. To your attics, then! And we... If you have noted any improvement in the *Baghdadi* drawings, it is because we are teaching drawing. What do we want? Now don't laugh! Have you a good correspondence school drawing course? We'll take it. Or you can collect cartoons by Orr (Chicago Tribune), Darling, and Johnson, and send them to us. Nothing like studying the masters, you know."

## ALASKA

The last issue of *Jesuit Missions* contained a brief mention of a Winter visit to Holy Cross, made by Very Rev. Francis M. Menager, S.J., Su-

perior of the Alaska Missions. The following is a more complete account of the airplane and dog team inspection trip to most of the missions.

"On January 17, I started from Fairbanks with pilot Robbins of the P. A. A. on a visit to all the Catholic missions of the Yukon River and Delta. I stopped at, and visited Tanana, Ruby and Nulato. I stayed at Nulato five days and was then picked up by pilot Jones of the P. A. A. who took me to Holy Cross. After more than a month's stay there, I was flown by pilot Blunt of the P. A. A. to Mountain Village and to Akulurak on the Yukon River Delta. I stayed at Akulurak three weeks and then started my dog team for St. Michael, visiting all of the villages along the way. I was picked up by pilot Pollock of the N. A. T., after a four-day mashing trip and brought to Nome.

"On the way to St. Michael I stopped at Point Romanoff for the night, in the relief cabin, and had a good night's rest, lying between two knotty logs. However, I forgot to take any coffee or anything to eat, and so was forced to forego the pleasure of breakfast. When I got to Stebbins, they asked me what I would like to eat and I said that all I wanted was about a gallon of coffee.

"During my trip I found all the Fathers in good health, and the mission work prospering. To date, this Winter, I have visited our twelve main missions and most of the twenty-eight stations connected with them. Our boarding schools are doing splendidly; at Holy Cross, our principal mission, we have 165 children, at Akulurak 115, at Pilgrim Springs 50. I am happy to

say that there was practically no sickness in our schools this year.

"The natives, especially those of the Lower Yukon, find it rather hard to make a living, the fur catch having been in most cases rather below the average, and the prices of fur so low that it is quite a problem for the Eskimos of the coast to get the bare necessities of life. With flour and tea, the native can get along somehow, but even this little is often wanting. The flour which was supposed to be distributed among the Eskimos last year through the Red Cross somehow vanished into thin air and never reached them. I think it would be a fine thing for all concerned if some steps were taken to establish relief stations here and there on the coast, where under the guidance of trusty Government officials a distribution of tea and flour could be made to the most destitute families."

\*\*\*  
Father Joseph Tompkin, S.J., Superior at Holy Cross Mission, Holy Cross, Alaska, sends just a note:

"Many thanks for your donation. Being only a *Chichako*, I'm afraid to venture an opinion on Alaska further than to state that the Lord had lots left over when He made the world and He didn't stack it all up as in Montana.

"The Mission here is a real old type such as we had in the States thirty-five years ago. The church is the center of life—the whole village attends every service en masse—the babies not left out. The singing is congregational (Gregorian) introduced thirty-nine years ago by Bishop Crimont and Father Ragaru."



Brother Alfred Murphy, S.J. (right), of Akulurak, Alaska, teaches the Eskimos how to use machinery to advantage.



# FROM MARY CHINESE



## Education in Mission Lands

The danger of lay schools, and the desire for the Christian education of youth, indicated in the Mission Intentions for July and August, naturally tend to focus the attention of Catholics on the purpose and condition of education in mission lands.

## The Catholic Ideal

Its purpose is none other than that which the Pope of the Missions indicated in his encyclical "The Christian Education of Youth." "The proper and immediate end of Christian education, is to cooperate with Divine grace in forming the true and perfect Christian, that is, to form Christ Himself in those regenerated by Baptism according to the emphatic expression of the Apostle: 'My little children of whom I am in labor again until Christ be formed in you.'"

## The Protestant Ideal

"Where missions are conducting schools, the aims of these schools should be primarily education, not evangelization." (Laymen's Foreign Mission Inquiry, Installment No. 8.)

## The Pope Versus Protestantism

The Protestant conception is directly opposed to the Catholic conception, as noted by His Holiness: "Unto no other end has the Church been founded than that by extending the Kingdom of Christ throughout the world, she may cause all men to share in redemption and salvation"—and this is evangelization as opposed to Protestant education.

## Contradictory Tenets

Again, directly contradictory to the Protestant idea that religion in the school is but one of many electives, is this frank statement of His Holiness, Pope Pius XI: "The mere fact that a school gives some religious instruction (often extremely stinted) does not bring it into accord with the rights of the Church and of the Christian family and make it a fit place for Catholic students." These are the words of Pope Leo XIII: "It is necessary not only that religious instruction be given to the young at certain fixed times, but also that every other subject taught be permeated with Christian

piety. If this is wanting, if this sacred atmosphere does not pervade and warm the hearts of masters and scholars alike, little good can be expected from any kind of learning and considerable harm will often be the consequence."

## The Obligation of the State

"If such education (Catholic education) is not aided from public funds as distributive justice requires, certainly it may not be opposed by any civil authority ready to recognize the rights of the family and the irreducible claims of righteous liberty."

## Missiology

In accordance with Papal desires, missiology, or the science of missions has been definitely established and regular courses of the same are being given at Louvain, Rome, Milan, Lille, Paris, Vienna and Nymegen.

## Missiology Week at Louvain

A tentative program for a missiology week at Louvain beginning August 27, reflects a concerted effort towards the situation of education on the missions. Among the topics to be discussed are very appropriately: The Purpose of Education on the Missions; Its Legal Status; Its Present Condition; The Use of the Vernacular; Modern Teaching Methods; The Gramophone and Moving Pictures; Native Culture as a Basis for Education; the Humanities in Mission Lands; Moral Training; Professional and Technical Training; Agricultural Schools; Native Trade Associations; Physical Culture; Secondary Education of girls, and Catechetical Schools.

## Catholic Schools in China

While we must wait until the September issue before presenting a world view of education on the missions, still the following report of the Catholic school situation in China may be taken as a typical indication of the work accomplished.

"The official 1932 statistics on Catholic schools in China have just been released by the Synodal Commission, Peking, revealing that there are 330,483 children now attending the institutions of learning, including three universities, main-

tained by Catholic missionaries in China. According to the official report, there are in China at present: 9,442 Doctrine Schools; 3,177 Lower Primary Schools, of which 17 per cent are registered; 309 Upper Primary Schools, of which 46 per cent are registered; 73 Lower Middle Schools, of which 47 per cent are registered; 28 Upper Middle Schools, of which 57 per cent are registered; 25 Normal Schools, of which 40 per cent are registered; 198 Special Schools; 3 Universities, of which two are registered.

"Comparing with last year's figures, we find that: Doctrine Schools have increased by 7 per cent; Lower Primary Schools have increased by 15 per cent; Upper Primary Schools have remained the same; Lower Middle Schools have increased by 33 per cent; Upper Middle Schools have increased by 75 per cent; Normal Schools have decreased by 14 per cent; and Special Schools have increased by 77 per cent.

"The total enrollment in all these schools amounted to 330,483; this represents an increase of 13 per cent over last year's figures. This total is split up among the various schools as follows: Doctrine Schools, 188,018; Lower Primary Schools, 107,616; Upper Primary Schools, 15,699; Lower Middle Schools, 1,637; Normal Schools, 936; Special Schools, 6,752; Aurora University, Shanghai, 200; Catholic University, Peking, 573; 'Hautes Etudes,' Tientsin, 57.

"During the months of September, October and November, Reverend G. de Jonghe, Secretary of the Synodal Commission, made his third visitation of the schools of Szechwan, Hupeh and Hunan Provinces. Everywhere he found the Catholic schools attended by a great number of pagan children, making it clear that the parents are pleased with the education given in these schools which corresponds with the desires of the new generation seeking sane and sound instruction in institutions where the course continues without interruption. Nearly all of these schools have been registered and follow the program laid down by the Chinese Government; the Government, in turn, has allowed the Catholic educators full liberty in their work." In the words of His Holiness, "Let us supplicate the Divine King that He may cause the splendid fruits of Christian education to be gathered in ever greater abundance in the whole world for the benefit of individuals and of nations."

## LOOKING ON IN

### SANTALISTAN

(Continued from page 149)

Dhamni is one of the few spots on this earth still unspoiled by so-called civilization. The only trouble is that it is difficult to reach. With two boys balancing our necessary things on their heads, we started at about ten o'clock on Saturday morning from Sundarmur, through the fields, across the Sundarmur creek and into the woods that cover the base of the nearby hill. Two or three miles more, and the woods thinned out into an open valley lying between the hills whose base we had just rounded and another line of hills about three miles distant. Beyond this second range of hills lay Dhamni valley. The sun gets hot in Santalistan during June. Besides, Father wanted to speak with the people who lived along the way, and just about every village through which we passed saw us stop for a drink and a little talk with the Santals. The Santal women, unlike their Hindu and Moslem cousins, do not draw their saris over their faces and turn their backs when they see a *Sahib* coming, and a few pieces of hard candy soon remove the shyness of the children, while a cigarette, presented to the headman and passed about from one to the other of the by-standers, makes the conversation flow more easily.

THREE rivers had to be crossed, —I found out upon consulting a map that the same river had been crossed three times,—and finally, about four o'clock in the afternoon we rounded the little hill that blocks the western end of Dhamni valley.

Oh for the pen of a Vergil or Horace to sketch this charming valley, tucked away in the hills of southeastern Bihar! May no rushing railroad ever jar the soft notes of the native flutes, echoing sweetly across thy pleasant fields from hill to hill, smiling valley, and may no arts of so-called civilization ever break in upon the unswollen loveliness that has been thine for centuries! Let only the holy name of Christ be known and loved by every Santal heart living within thy gentle hills, and thou shalt be perfect, unspoiled valley of Hindustan!

Father Scott's church in Dhamni is one half of a stable, the horned inhabitants of the same dwelling being shut off by a mud partition that almost reaches to the roof. The church is also the parochial residence. Santal boys have none of the,—whatever it is that makes American boys shy about such matters,—and after they had cooked our rice and eaten their own, they sat out in the moonlight with some

their hearts the King of Heaven. Perhaps it is because the pagan atmosphere of Hindustan, with its hundreds of millions of pagans and hundreds of thousands of temples, with their hideous idols, symbolic of hate and fear, the evidences of pagan life that one sees on all sides, and the fact that the missionary, the representative of Christ is, for most Indians, a stranger in a strange land, make one expect to see all Indians act as most Indians act. Perhaps it is the sense of exultation at seeing with our own eyes how Christ the King has triumphed over Satan in hearts that were once pagan. Whatever the reason, when the priest raises up the Host under a thatched roof, in the heart of a heathen land, and devout hearts bow down in humble faith and adoration, the thrill is there. I rather fancy that this thrill is often present as a consolation to the missionary to offset the difficulties he faces. The Santal missionary must give everything he has, all day and every day of the year. He leaves all companionship of his own kind for weeks at a time and hears only a strange language. His food is poor and he sleeps where he can. Ignorance tires his patience, stupidity shortens his temper, opposition tests his courage, months of heat sap his energy, and fever lays him low; but no matter what the cost, he labors on heroically, because he is working for Christ, the King, Who is ever inspiring, urging, leading as only Mary's Son knows how, along a front that circles all the world.

#### I WILL

Richard A. Wolfe, S.J.

There came one gay, just at dawn  
of day,

Where the lanes of Life divide,  
And the sparkle of youth was  
gleam in his eye;

The white flame of youth burned  
bright and high,

And a robin sang in the hedge  
hard by,

As he paused for a space to  
decide.

A ribbon of road stretched out to  
his right,

Like a beacon that shines 'cross  
the bay,

And its gleam was as gold in the  
soft light of dawn;

Fair riches and pleasures beckoned  
him on . . .

"Aye, this for me!" And he would  
have gone,

But a clear, calm voice bade  
him stay.

He turned to gaze up a rough  
steep path

That climbed a rugged hill,  
And the stones o'er the way were  
stained with red;

For He Who had called, His  
blood had shed,

But, "Come, follow me!" that  
calm voice said,

And the youth replied: "I will!"

Catholic Santal neighbors and lull Father and me to sleep with Santal hymns to the Sacred Heart and Mary, varied with an occasional *Gloria* or *Credo* from the *Missa de Angelis* which they had learned at Bhagalpore.

THE next morning, Sunday, about thirty people crowded into our little chapel for Mass. I don't know why it is that I get such a thrill out of seeing Santals in their own element attending Mass, answering the same Latin prayers that are answered in the great cathedrals of the world, and receiving into

## WHY TIGER NEVER

### EAT CHRISTIAN

(Continued from page 151)

up all holes with clay. Then he shoo calabash again into creek and he lift it up to see if water leak out. And when he see it good, water no leak, he go right to God again.

"Now, when he get there, he see something big stand near God; and it was man. And man have a stick in his hand and it was gun; and some small animal was there and it was dog. Then Tiger ask God, 'What is this?' And God say: 'This is Christian with his gun and his dog ("Christian" is synonymous with "man" for your Indian). Then

tiger go near Christian and smell him and say to God: 'Ah, I smell it very nice.' And then he go to dog and smell him too. And God say to tiger, 'This is your brother.' And tiger say, 'Oh, I smell them very nice. I think I will eat them.'

"**T**HEN God say, 'Well, now let us see if you will eat your brother. I will send you among the rocks and hills and see if your brother can hurt you. And I try if you can eat him. But if you try to eat him you must be 'fraid of Christian. If he point that stick at you, you sure must die.'

"And so God send tiger away and tiger run to hills and rocks.

"And then Christian go with his dog and his gun and begin to hunt for tiger. God know what tiger thinking about, 'How can this man and my brother find me, because I gone far among the rocks. But my Father, he tell me, 'If you kill your brother and if the owner is near and point his stick at you, you sure will die.' And my Father he also tell me, 'If you climb up the tree, they going to kill you on tree.' Well, if they find me, I better not climb on tree and not kill my brother. If I get tired, I better go straight to my Father. Then I will be saved.'

"After some time, the man and his dog find the tiger among the hills, because the dog he go down with his nose on the ground and he smell good where tiger walk. Then the dog begin to run at tiger. And tiger run and the dog he chase him two time and three time around the hill. Then the tiger come straight to his Father, God, and the dog still chase him. There the tiger lie down tired, tired—and he can speak no more yet. After a while he get up and he kneel down before God and he beg pardon because before time he say that he will eat Christian and his dog. And he tell his Father, God, that he will never eat Christian and his dog in all his life. And so that's the reason why tiger never eat Christian."

Teseforo told me that the Mayas bore many such tales. If there are enough readers with what I might call a Hiawatha taste left in them, I'll try to get the tales down in black and white and send more.

## "NEVER TURN BACK!"

(Continued from page 153)

last few miles of this ten-mile bay, dog driving became feasible, and we rode up in style to the Indian Reserve.

From November 28 till December 15, I remained at Gull Bay preparing for the great feast of Christmas. My every day mission activities included preparing the altar for Mass, a half hour in the confessional, Mass, a forty-minute sermon,

### PRAISE

Raymond J. Cotter, S.J.

For turn of Spring, and Summer,  
Fall

And Winter whitened on a wall;  
Band of leaves upon a bough  
And flowers that soothe a field's  
green brow;

For song of wind and thunder  
roar,

For these we praise Thee Lord,  
and more:

Pain that gathers to its breast  
The high-crowned, lowly and the  
best;

Truth that holds her sure head  
high

And blinds dim error with an eye;  
Love and mind, and solemn  
beauty

And the boom of rest;  
For these we Thee praise, O  
Lord,

For brother unto brother true  
Who walk in parallel with You;  
All joyous saints, and Mary of  
the Child,

Saintly Joseph, justly styled  
The Just; Peter, John and Paul;  
The Holy Ghost placed over all  
And Jesus Who with Thee art  
one,

More true than by our counting  
done;

For these and Thee God most  
adored  
We praise Thee everlasting Lord.

Communion to all the Indians, Thanksgiving prayers, an hour of catechism to children in the forenoon,—and after dinner, often two hours of singing lessons and instruction for the elders, later visiting all the log cabins, baptizing, marrying couples, teaching Mass servers, smoking and conversing with the men, and evening devotions, with another long sermon, followed by confessions till 10:30 or 11:00 P.M.

There is no privacy the whole day. If I am not in the church, (granting that our shack at Gull

Bay could be called a church) at all times, the Indians crowd around me, requesting medals, holy water, medicines, gramophones, baby blessings, tobacco,—and often they remain with me for no ostensible reason. Travel is difficult and entails hardship and suffering, but it is a treat in comparison to life at the mission itself.

**O**N December 10, came the "freeze-up." Beyond the entrance to Gull Bay stretched a 2,000 square mile road of ice. I would visit a few missions on the lake and return to Gull Bay for Christmas. On Monday, December 16, Nate McGuire, a half-breed Indian, and I took to the trail. A three hour run brought us within a mile of Nipigon's Gibraltar, half a mile in front of which lay Undercliff Island. Between the high cliff and the island a current ebbed back and forth. We figured we were still some distance from the current's dangerous ice and would avoid it as the Indians do, by heading for the island. My guide probed with a pole. To our dismay, his stick slid easily through, and water surged up over the ice. We tried to left and right and behind and there was no safety. Ahead there was more solid ice. We moved cautiously, testing everywhere. We could not turn back over the thin ice we had crossed because it was now too weakened with the holes punched and dangerously weighted with water.

An hour went by,—two hours. It seemed that we were on an island of firmer ice, not a quarter of a mile each way, surrounded by a very thin floe. Two or three inches of water was flooding over large surfaces, wherever we had punched holes. Our feet and legs were numbed with the cold water. The dogs shivered. Sensing danger on all sides, they kept close to us, crouching against our legs. Ice froze on our leggings and on the dogs' shaggy hair. Each time we drew the sled from the water, more ice formed on the runners. McGuire now more cautiously made holes and at more rare intervals, for the water was spreading and getting deeper. We feared we would sink.

Three, four hours, groping and in growing fear. Darkness found us still prisoners. A desperate move was planned. At 8:30 P.M., McGuire, the lighter man and more fleet of foot, would try alone to cross the main channel to the cliff. He succeeded. McGuire whistled to the dogs. I, lying prostrate on the sled, the better to distribute the weight, then urged the dogs to mad gallop. Half way across, the ice sagged in a gentle curve, like a wave, under the weight of the sled. I saw water on the ice ahead where McGuire's foot had gone through. "Haw!" I cried fiercely to my leader, and he obediently swung the team left. I was saved!—Saved for God's ministry.

### WILDFLOWER BLOOMING

(Continued from page 155)

"I see wildflower," Shen muttered in a confused manner. "Pretty one. I reach and . . ."

"An aesthete!"

"Huh?"

"Oh, never mind, Shen. Who would have thought it! A Mayflower! May! I had almost forgotten."

IT was May once more when the missionary spoke of religion to Shen. They were down by the river. A soft breeze stirred Father McCarthy's black hair, now streaked with gray, as he poured eloquence into his plea. The last blockade! He knew what Shen's conversion meant; he knew the effect it would have upon the doubtfuls. And then, unimpeded progress! Slowly he leaned back against a tree trunk and surveyed the immobile countenance of the other. Years in China had made Father McCarthy patient. He waited silently. The reply came.

"I don't want to be like the others."

The Chinaman's eyes held the priest's gaze, tiny black eyes like coals, not dead, but living coals. If ever there was a burning in any one's eyes, that person was Shen as he shifted his position nervously on the grassy slope.

"What do you mean, Shen?"

"If I become Christian, I be like you." Seeing the priest's bewilderment, he followed up eagerly, "I— I help you. Shen help."

SHEN did help Father McCarthy, becoming one of the best loved and most devoted catechists in China.

May, subtle and mysterious, Spring's soft breath! It was May that told Shen's story in death as in life, for when the bloom came to the wildflower back home, Shen died. Whether by chance or by intent, no one knows, but a single wildflower blooms over Shen's grave. Father McCarthy spends the little spare time he has by the lone grave, not solely to pray, but to rest and meditate. The single wildflower, a gentle river rising with fifth month's rain in an annual reminder, soft clouds, and dusty sky! It is quiet and peaceful there, especially in May, and Father McCarthy likes May, the month of Mary.

### THE MISSION CRUSADE

THE Eighth Annual Convention of the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade will be held in Cincinnati, August 8-11, 1933. Headquarters for the Convention will be The Greater Hotel Gibson. Information concerning accommodations for delegates, railroad fares, exhibits, program and other Convention matters may be obtained from the May issue of "The Shield," or from the Convention Secretary, Crusade Castle, Linwood, Cincinnati, Ohio.

This biennial spectacle of young America, pledging its hand and its heart to the God of Missions, is like a beacon light leading a laicized world out of the gloom of material depression, of religious prejudice, of national jealousy, of racial rancor and of international ill-will. Where there is charity and love, there is God.

### ZEBEDEE

WILLIAM A. DONAGHY, S.J.

WITH a start the dreaming old man awoke and sat blinking owlishly in the afternoon sunshine of a Judean June. Before him the Lake of Tiberias stretched away like a sheet of hammered silver to the verdant hills beyond. The day was waning and the shadowy vanguard of dusk reproached the old sailor for napping at his task. Sheepishly he picked up the net which he had drowsily dropped, and set to work. His shaky toil-garbled hands were clumsy and his sad eyes, try as he would to keep them on his task, invariably sought the sail-dotted lake. He, Zebedee, good for nothing but mending nets! Never again to launch a boat or haul a catch with those massive but feeble hands, although for sixty years they had wrested his bread from the deep! Never again!—no wonder Zebedee's eyes were sad.

They brightened, however, as they fell on two little lads playing on the lake shore near his chair. Ever he had loved the little ones, and his high hope, as he and Salome stood hand in hand upon their wedding morn, had been that God might give them many sons. Their prayer was heard and two sons blessed their home. The people of Capernaum had seen proud fathers before, but never a father proud as Zebedee. To him his two young sons were life itself, and they well nigh adored him in return. Many a time with James and John, he, too, had frolicked on the lake shore sand, until time's winging magic made his babes strong boys, then stalwart youths, whom Zebedee was proud to welcome on his ship. What wondrous years had followed, years of toil, of intimacy, of love beneath the sun and the stars. . . .

Then had come that day when all was changed! James, John, the hired men and Zebedee were in the ship. Along the road a shout was raised, "Hail, Jesus!" Then a Shadow fell which chilled the little craft, yet strangely thrilled the heart of Zebedee. Then came the Voice which summoned James and John, "and they immediately leaving their nets and their father, Zebedee, in the ship with his hired men, followed Him. . . ."

At first black grief had seized their father's heart—and he rebelled! His men had tried in vain to solace him. One told him: "This Jesus is a Fool the Pharisees despise, — thy sons are ingrates to go after him." And Zebedee in anger struck the man, although he knew not why. . . .

At last had come the balm of faith, and from the lips of John he heard the tale of love, the tale of sacrifice. Proud was he then of his Apostle sons!

The old man stumbled to his feet, for dusk had come. Upon his weathered cheek a tear hung trembling, then ran down to smiling lips. His eyes were bright with noontide radiance, for they saw smiling at the journey's end the God Whom John had seen, Who wipes away all tears, and bids us, "Come!" He saw awaiting him a deathless bliss with that dear trio he had "loved long since and lost a while."—Jesus, and James and John.

THE MASS OF  
THE MISSIONS

(Continued from page 159)

In His Ascension into Heaven.  
In His Judgment of the living  
and the dead, and

In His Kingdom that shall never  
end.

In the Holy Ghost, true God,  
equal in glory to the Father and the  
Son who spoke to man through the  
prophets of old.

In One, Holy, Catholic and  
Apostolic Church.

In One Baptism by which we  
gain forgiveness of our sins.

In the Resurrection of the body,  
and

In the life of the world to come.

It is Faith in these truths that to-  
day makes one-fifth of the whole  
world kin, and it is faith in these  
truths that has made hundreds of  
thousands of martyrs, martyrs who  
have died and gone to Heaven. "For  
he who shall confess Me before  
man, him will I confess before My  
Father, who is in Heaven."

At the words, "He was made  
man," priest and people genuflect  
in thanksgiving for a love whose  
depths have never yet been sounded,  
in thanksgiving to a God who be-  
came a man, that by the hands of  
man He might be offered back to  
God as a Victim of reparation, "for  
us and our own salvation."

Such is the Lord to whom the  
priest would introduce his people by  
the words, "The Lord be with you."  
Happy the people of such a priest.  
Yet today, throughout the mission  
world there are people who have for  
generations desired to see the things  
that you see and have not seen  
them, and to hear the truths that  
you hear and have not heard them.  
A picture of one tiny section of  
that mission world is in my mem-  
ory now. Rising from the waters of  
the Abra, an hour's walk across a  
coastal plain, stand the Cordilleras  
of the Philippines. Their moun-  
tain sides are aflame with the night  
fires of the Tinguianes. Thousands  
in number, docile even as children,  
these pagan souls still gather for  
their nightly vigil round a carved  
image of a woodland god. For  
generation after generation their  
spark of hope flared up and bright-  
ly burned, only to sputter out into  
pagan darkness.



Off to Arcady. By Max J. Herz-  
berg. American Book Com-  
pany, New York, N. Y. Price  
\$1.00.

"Off to Arcady," offers teachers of  
poetry 424 poems and 72 pages of pointed  
pedagogic aids with which to inspire in  
junior and senior high school and junior  
college students, a love for poetry in  
daily life. The anthology lists a collection  
of American Indian verse, and carries  
out the Study-Unit plan in sixteen  
groupings of the selections and inter-  
relation of modern verse with the great  
poetic literature of the past. Mr. Herz-  
berg's discussion of the nature of poetry  
should be supplemented and completed by  
the still more scholarly analysis of  
poetry in "A Study of Poetry," by F. M.  
Connell. The latter's definition of poetry,  
"The imaginative representation, through  
the medium of language, of true grounds  
for the noble emotions," will enable Mr.  
Herzberg to appreciate even better than  
he has already the excellencies of his  
subject. While the primary object of  
poetry is not to point a moral, the fact  
remains that Catholic students would  
adventure "Off to Arcady" much more  
readily and with easier consciences if a  
greater proportion of the selections were  
Catholic in their moral. If Mr. Herz-  
berg's knowledge of Catholicism is as  
extensive and intensive as his readings in  
poetry, he must know that Catholicism  
alone of all the religious systems in the  
world is best calculated to provide mat-  
terial for the noble emotions which, after  
all, are the stuff from which poetry is  
made. Yet, despite this fact, we look in  
vain for an adequate representation from  
modern Catholic poets. The editor is to  
be congratulated on his orderly presen-  
tation of his material on his choice of the  
concrete and on his pedagogical sense of  
the value of example.

The Man We Can't Ignore. By  
Herbert O'H. Walker, S.J. The  
Queen's Work, 3742 West Pine  
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Man," those self-sufficient souls who  
maintain that they can get along without  
Christ. Then, with eager camaraderie,  
Tommy argues from the Messianic  
prophecies, Christ's consciousness of His  
Divinity, miracles, and the Resurrection,  
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fession of his Apostolic namesake in the  
Divinity of the Man we can't ignore.

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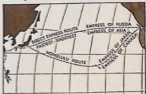


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