WESTON COLLEGE LIBRARY
WESTON, MA

Jesuit Missions

January, 1934

PRICE 10c

INDIA HEARS THE DIVINE LOVE STORY OF THE CROSS, EVER ANCIENT AND EVER NEW

HOLY CROSS COLLEGE

WORCESTER, MASS.

A. B., Ph. B., and B. S. Courses

A conservative college which retains the best of the classical traditions. A progressive college which meets the highest modern educational requirements. A complete college which glories in molding character in her students. A fearless college which teaches the fundamental truths pertaining to eternal as well as temporal life.

Entrance by certificate or by examination

Bulletin of information on admissions will be mailed upon application to the Dean of Freshmen.

LOYOLA UNIVERSITY

Chicago, Illinois

(*Conducted by the Jesuits*)

Graduate School, Arts and Sciences, Social Work, Commerce, Home Study, Law, Medicine, Dentistry, Nursing

Photo Engraving Art Work
Electrotyping Printing

Cuts in This Publication Made by

Chester T. Leikert

ADVERTISING SERVICE

124 West 47th St. BRyant
New York, N. Y. 9-2733

"JESUIT MISSION PRESS, INC."
257 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

is the legal title that may safely be included in wills which specify legacies and bequests for distribution among the American Jesuit missionaries, or for the use of JESUIT MISSIONS in its work for these missionaries.

IN THIS ISSUE

Page

Frontispiece
The Holy Father's Blessing.... 2

The White Nurse
Edgar Dowd, S.J..... 3
Women in white—a daily scenario enacted on the plains of the northwest.

Images of God in Ebony
Henry C. MacLeod, S.J..... 4
"The white man's God and the yellow man's God and every man's God is He."

A Song of the Shepherds—*A Poem*
William A. Donaghy, S.J..... 5
"For lambs must die to give men meat."

In the Bush of Honduras
Allan A. Stevenson, S.J..... 6
Searching for strays who will not be *concentrated*.

"As Little Children"
Raymond Oliver, S.J..... 8
God's kindergarten — among the Ojibways of Ontario.

Java
Gerard Aben, S.J..... 9
Land of contradictions: physical, political, economic and religious.

Even as Today
John P. Delaney, S.J..... 10
The home *and* foreign missions —as it was in the beginning.

St. Peter Speaks—*A Poem*
Raymond J. Cotter, S.J..... 11
"He spoke of ripened wood
And fields where lilies blow."

Many Climes 12
The Centenary Year.

Thunder God!
George H. Dunne, S.J..... 13
Twenty miles out of Shanghai —and leagues upon leagues from the Truth.

Among the Santals of Narainpur
George A. Dertinger, S.J..... 14
An annal of Patna's poor, written in letters of light and grace.

Editorials 16

The Mission Intention..... 17

The Mass of the Missions..... 17

Thank You 18

Afield with American Jesuits... 19

Tagnipa
Walter Hamilton, S.J..... 24
Sanctuary of salvation.

Book Reviews 27

Grateful Acknowledgments 28

JESUIT MISSIONS *is indexed in the Catholic Periodical Index published by the Library Section of the National Catholic Educational Association.*

Founded in 1841

Fordham University

190th St. and Third Ave.

(*Adjoining Bronx Park*)

Conducted by The Jesuit Fathers

The Largest Catholic Educational Institution in America

College: Law: Graduate School: Education Extension: Pharmacy: School of Social Service: Accountancy: Business Law and Pre-Law.

BOARDING & DAY STUDENTS

Write for Catalogue to Registrar

THE BOY SAVIOUR MOVEMENT

Publications

The Call of the Shepherd to the Youth of the Fold
By Rev. W. H. Walsh, S.J.
8 cents postpaid

Jesus as Boy and Youth in Christian Education
By Rev. Mario Barbera, S.J.
15 cents postpaid

Loyal and True—12 hymns with music
25 cents postpaid
Words alone of hymns (reduction for quantities)
8 cents postpaid

The Hidden City with XII Century Music
15 cents postpaid

Small Pictures—Size 2¾ x 4 inches
with prayer to the Boy Jesus on the reverse.
The Boy Jesus, Model of Obedience (Sinkel).
The Boy Jesus, a Shepherd Youth with Lambs.
The Boy Jesus, and the Youth St. John the Baptist.

Each in packets of 100—60 cents postpaid
(Postage stamps accepted for small orders)

REV. W. H. WALSH, S.J.
986 Park Avenue, New York

JESUIT MISSIONS, January, 1934. Vol. VIII. No. 1. Published monthly, September to June; bi-monthly, July-August, by the Jesuit Mission Press, Incorporated, 257 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y., in the interest of the home and foreign missions attached to the North American Provinces of the Society of Jesus. Subscription price, $1.00; six years, $5.00. Canadian and Foreign, $1.25 a year. Entered as second-class matter, January 14, 1927, at the Post Office, New York, under the act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance of special rate of postage provided for in the act of February 28, 1925; paragraph 4, section 412, Postal Laws and Regulations, authorized January 14, 1927.

MISSIONS OF THE AMERICAN JESUITS

The **PHILIPPINE ISLANDS,** a foreign-home mission: a large portion of the Island of Mindanao, the leper colonies of Culion and Cebu, and educational work in Manila; and **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.
51 East 83rd St., New York, N. Y.

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

Rev. William A. Lynch, S.J.
Bellarmine House, Margin St., Cohasset, Mass.

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 W. Roosevelt Road, Chicago, Ill.

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.
Church of the Immaculate Conception,
118 N. Campbell St., El Paso, Texas

North American Indians in Wyoming and South Dakota; Maya Indians and Caribs in **British Honduras,** Central America; and **Negroes** in or near St. Louis, Missouri, and in Omaha, Nebraska, for their spiritual needs look to the Jesuits of the Missouri Province of the Society of Jesus which comprises the States of Colorado, Iowa, Illinois (southern part), Kansas, Minnesota, Missouri, Nebraska, North and South Dakota, Oklahoma, Wisconsin and Wyoming. The Province Mission Procurator is

Playful Indians

Prayerful Indians

REV. WILLIAM J. WALLACE, S.J., 221 N. Grand Blvd., St. Louis, Mo.

SÜCHOW MISSION, China; and **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

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

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

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

Missions among the Indians of **ALASKA** and **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 Boulevard, Seattle, Wash.

Educational work at **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

JESUIT MISSION PRESS **257 FOURTH AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.**

Most Holy Father

Father Joseph A. Cochwend, S.J., Editor in Chief of the Jesuit Missions, the Assistant Editors, the Editorial Staff and their Assistants the Subscribers and Benefactors of this Mission Periodical, humbly prostrate at the feet of Your Holiness beg the

Apostolic Benediction

Pius PP. XI

The White Nurse

Edgar Dowd, S.J.

SISTER JOHN GABRIEL from her classroom window saw the entire tragedy. There was old Isaac, upright and kind, persuading a "lowing herd to wind slowly" down the street, when two burly, burlap-complexioned bucks, galloped up behind him, stabbed him in the back and then tossed the poor creature into a muddy ditch.

Recently from the east, Sister was thoroughly and properly horrified. She wasn't quite sure what had happened; perhaps, it was just a wild-and-woolly west joke of a somewhat boisterous nature. But this thought was quickly dispelled when Isaac began emphatically to announce unmistakable mayhem, impolite mayhem too, seeing that he was stabbed in the back!

A nurse's instinct overruling pedagogic devotion, Sister left the classroom and rushed to the rescue. On the way out of the house, she telephoned Father d'Aste, S.J., and then the government doctor. Father came over immediately to attend the spiritual needs of Isaac, who still lay in the mud. The doctor, however, replied that he was busy, and that furthermore, Sister shouldn't worry about the affair, for the Indian would be dead in a few days anyway.

A CIRCLE of indifferent, idle onlookers were viewing the scene, evincing mild curiosity and offering no help.

"Get your hands from your pockets, and take this poor man to his tepee!" stormed Sister Gabriel.

There were men at work, immediately.

Isaac, wrapped in a blanket, was laid prone in the middle of his tent. Sister thought of bringing a mattress, but, as Isaac was a full-blooded Indian, that would kill him. The government doctor nowhere in sight, Sister began an examination, which revealed, besides the dorsal carving, three broken ribs and a pair of eyes well-clogged with alkali mud.

The garage, or surgery for all these damaged parts was primitive: the blanketed ground, the operating table; the feeble light struggling through the tepee's vent, the powerful, shadow-less searchlights; the great blue basin of the heavens dripping cleansing rain, the goose-necked faucets. But these conditions, though increasing labor, did not deter Sister from administering salutary first aid: strapping the broken ribs, dressing the gash, and irrigating the eyes, clogged with alkali. Surprising, perhaps, but this last service presented most difficulty and consumed most time. The right eye was fine, well cleared; but the left eye just failed to brighten. Finally, after numerous interrogations anent sight-recovery in the left eye, a girl interpreter volunteered the exasperating information: "Isaac, he never see out of that eye . . ."

Sister John Gabriel, R.N., B.A., Educational Director for Schools of Nursing, Sisters of Charity of Providence, House of Providence, Mt. St. Vincent, Seattle, Washington.

Mrs. Isaac, having no bridge parties to endure or sewing circles to so and so, was home when Isaac was packed in. True to the stoicism of her race, she showed no surprise or anxiety at her husband's horizontal home-coming. But once he was comforted and settled, she squatted near the head of his buffalo-rug bed, where with a hawk's wing, she fanned away all insects, including the tribe's medicine man.

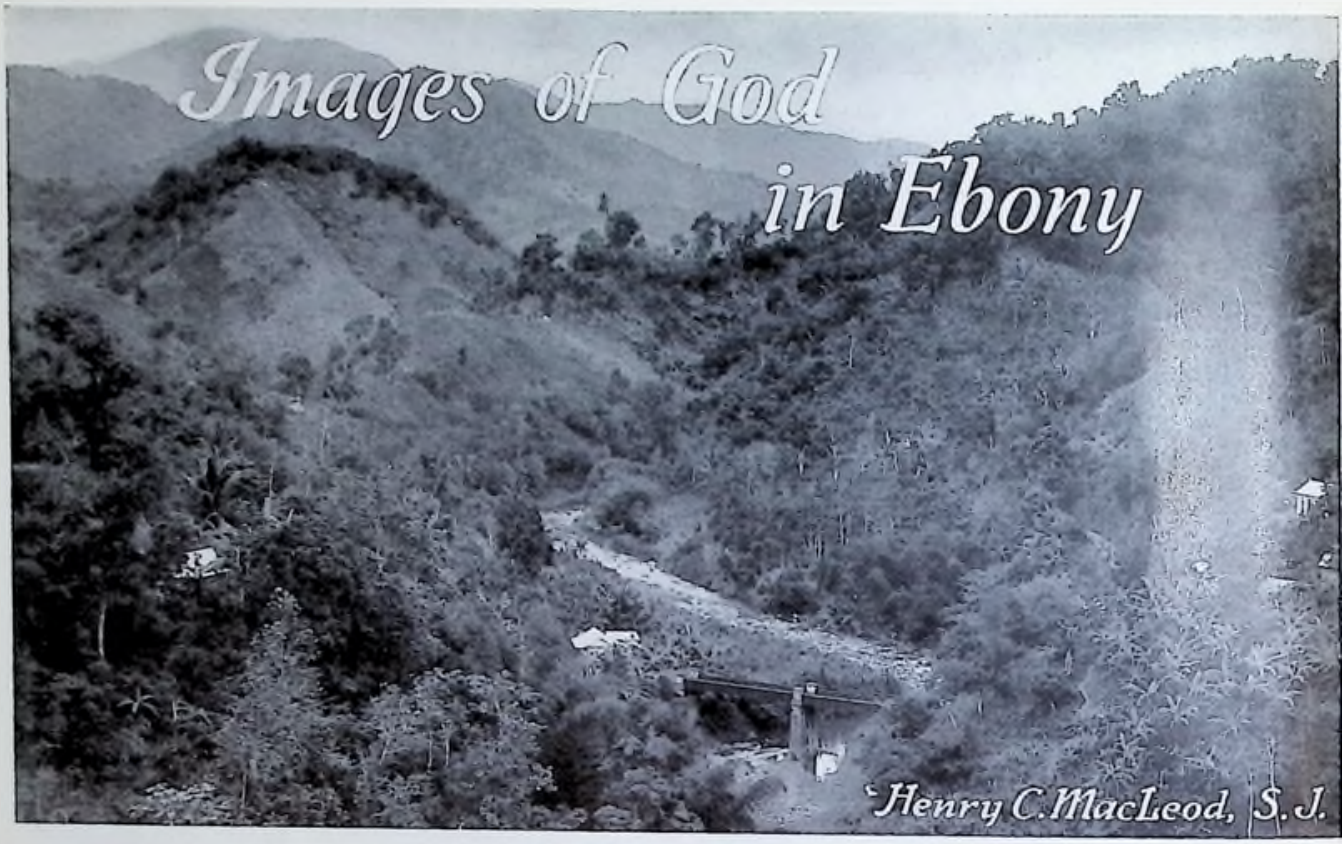
However, fearing that low caste charlatan, Sister gave orders that no one should give Isaac anything. Mrs. Isaac nodded; Sister departed.

THE next morning found the victim torrid with fever, his jowls flushed with continuous up and down movements for moisture. But old Isaac wasn't sick; he was just thirsty. "Why in the world didn't you give him a drink?" But the answer came back in a fish-eyed look that made Sister remember her own orders that no one should give Isaac anything!

A drink of water from a well bent tin cup put Mr. Isaac on the proverbial road to recovery. Every morning Sister visited him and noted his continuous improvement. However, before coming to Isaac's tent, it was etiquette to shake hands with the chief, who stood before his canvas roundhouse, waiting to shake the hand of the "White Nurse," as she was called.

One day the chief wasn't in (*Turn to page 26*)

Images of God in Ebony



The hills and mountains of Jamaica as seen by the missionary on the road to Castleton.

MY first Christmas in Jamaica came on a Sunday. The day before the usual market day was unusually busy. I got up on Saturday about four in the morning, awakened by the rain dripping through the roof on to me, read my Breviary, opened the cash box to get the usual supply of farthings and half-pennies for the poor, who come constantly throughout the day, and then it was time for Mass. The rain had stopped and Mass on this particular Saturday was said with a choir of cacophonous cackles from the hens left in baskets outside the church door by their owners. Occasionally, mangy dogs would come in and sniff about for their masters, but "Wooly," my heirloom dog, would escort them out promptly by encouragement or, if necessary, in his own canine way put them out.

Confessions before High Mass at midnight began about ten in the evening, giving uninterrupted work until nearly twelve-fifteen. Christmas and Good Friday are events in Jamaica, and in the country places especially, all denominations come to the services. I prepared well for this and borrowed about forty benches from the school. These were put out of doors around the church, where the visitors could stay undisturbed,—for they have a fear they would be put out if they should come inside. Here they sat and watched and listened in the balm of a tropical night, so famous for its moonlight and jasmin. The Pocomanians, a queer exotic sect, holding services across the gully from the church,—where nightly they sing their jazzy, moody hymns, rested Christmas eve to attend Mass at Our Lady, Star of the Sea. The real congregation comes in freshly starched gingham dresses,—white dresses, white shoes, white souls, images of God in ebony. The men, too, are in white,—most of them in suits made of flour bag material. After Mass, Benediction, and then the popular celebration begins. It is celebrated very much like our own fourth of July, fireworks being the principal way of showing joy for the festive season.

To folks born and brought up in the seasonable weather of New England, Christmas is a kind of disappointment if it is not a white one, so that first Christmas in Ja-

On Christmas Day, Father Henry C. MacLeod, S.J., through the application of the waters of Baptism, restores the image of God in a new-born soul.

maica,—where those with leisure can swim, play a few sets of tennis, or a game of soccer before dinner, is stripped of all the traditions that make for homelike feeling. Yet, peoples all over the world have the same tendencies, and so, with Mass over, a kind of fashion parade starts down the main street of the town. Of course, the natives have to get out of the way of an occasional banana wagon, drawn by six unshod East Indian nose-ringed oxen, making dusty progress toward the banana boats or home.

I went to my Breviary again, and with that finished, started for my second station where another High Mass was to be sung at five o'clock. Although only seven miles away, it took me nearly two and a half hours to get there. The old car, the last model of that particular make that did not have shock absorbers, would get ingloriously stuck, hub and sometimes wheel deep, in the mud of the mountains. Eventually, it had to be abandoned for a "beast,"—a horse who in turn sank so deep in the marl that he broke his leg in an effort to get out. He had to be shot and left there. (Six days later when I returned to the same mission there was not the semblance of a horse, for the vultures, John Crows, as the natives called them, had disposed of him nicely.) This second station offered its own particular novelty in the form of the Crib. It consisted of a table with a bamboo nailed to each corner, a few pieces across the top like the frame of a roof, the side and the top covered with newspaper, and inside, a little celluloid doll about four inches long, a statue of the Immaculate Conception, and not being possessed of a statue of St. Joseph, the only other available one was put in to complete the group,—that of St. Francis Xavier. The whole was illuminated by a lighted candle put inside. One other little feature offered some grounds for meditation. Just as in the original, the black boards were moist with the breath of cattle to keep warm the little Body that imprisoned the majesty of God, so a friendly cat curled up in the crib to add a little life to the poor tableau. Again, Benediction, and we're off for another station.

BY now some loyal friends,—coolies, as they are known in Jamaica, but more politely, East Indians, had extricated the car and cleaned it so that I could go on my business. Of course, that meant a "tip," so some of the collection was disbursed, but it was worth it. Benediction and a sermon at two different stations, one at seven-thirty and the other at nine, saw us on our way to the last place for another High Mass, Confessions and Benediction. Here the little touch that was added, again had to do with the Crib. When I came into the sacristy, there on the vestment case was one lonely egg. After inquiry from the sacristan, I was informed that "Fadder's fowl lay him in de straw of de crib." Then came about fifteen Baptisms. The devil seemed to make a very difficult exit, for the commotion caused by the Black babies being turned white inside was boisterous in the extreme. Breakfast at 4 p.m., followed, and then off to home, a welcome prospect but a very weary drive of some thirty miles over little mountains and through rivers.

A SONG OF THE SHEPHERDS

WILLIAM A. DONAGHY, S.J.

Eagerly over the hills they go,
Seraphic splendors in their eyes,
Over the purple shadowed snow,
Under the glory of the skies;
And they pause as they hear the lullabies
Of a mother crooning soft and low.

A star swings down like a pendent gem;
Breathless they enter the cattle shed,
And bow to the Lady who smiles at them
Above an Infant's tousled Head;
Her eyes are bright, her cheeks rose red
With joy and the winds of Bethlehem.

A tiny lamb one shepherd brings,
With timid bleat and frightened eyes,
Missing his mother's pamperings,
Within the cradling arms he lies
And sees where, sweetly human, cries
The Lamb of lambs and King of kings!

Queen Mary strokes the fleecy mite,
Upon his head death's shadow falls,
"His price is paid, he dies tonight
To grace the board in Herod's halls,"
Her smile a blast of Winter palls,
A chilling stab from Calvary's height.

And sudden sad, her soft eyes dim,
Closer she hugs her Lambkin sweet,
The shadow falls alike on Him,
For lambs must die to give men meat,
His Flesh the sons of men shall eat,
A feast denied to Seraphim!

ON the way I had to stop for a distinctive Christmas touch: professional begging parties, called Masqueraders. Of course, I did not know what I was letting myself in for. These begging expeditions savor very much of the barbaric. To the squealing sounds of homemade reed pipes and goat skins stretched across hoops for drums, these men wiggle and scream and shake and dance in a fashion for a coin. They were dressed in clothes of brilliant patchwork with small mirrors sewed on shorts, and were carrying jingling tin ornaments, tridents, spears, clubs and battle axes. With silly masked faces, they were dressed as cows, horses, and devils, while some of the men were dressed as women. Altogether, with their lascivious dances and motions, they presented a sorry spectacle on the Birthday of Christ. It was pitiable to see the little children, boys and girls, imitating their almost bewitched elders, but this is what we have to contend with. Occasionally, one or another would break from the ranks and, continuing the hideous dance, would extend a begging paw for a recompense.

But we came home to our new Crib,—the only real one in my whole parish of two hundred and forty-nine square miles. Of course, it had to be protected against pilfering hands, but the simple Black children from five years old up to eighty were visiting it when I made my rounds of inspection that night. I hope that the dear Babe of Bethlehem and His Mother will bless us and bring closer to themselves all these images of God, whether they be in ebony or ivory. It is for this end especially, that our Jesuits of the New England Province, through the efforts of His Lordship, Bishop Emmet, S.J., and Very Rev. Charles F. Arnold, S.J., are endeavoring to create interest in Jamaica.

In the Bush of Honduras

Allan A. Stevenson, S.J.

Dear Father Editor:

Your repeated requests for copy have been hanging over me at times like a nightmare. Yes, you are quite right: things that are very ordinary to me now, will probably be quite interesting to your readers. But the fact is that I cannot sit down to my desk after returning from a jungle trip and write out my experiences; it appears almost conceited to me. So I thought I would try a "Bush Diary" of one of my regular tri-monthly rounds; jot down, off and on, whatever might seem of interest to the JESUIT MISSIONS, and let you pick out whatever you want for your readers.—*Allan A. Stevenson, S.J.*

MISSOURI FARM, July 22, 1933. No, this isn't on the Missouri, but on the Rio Grande; and it isn't the Rio Grande which separates Uncle Sam from his Mexican neighbor on the southwest, but little romantic Rio Grande in British Honduras, entering the Carribean Sea about six miles northeast of Punta Gorda where I am stationed.

I left Punta Gorda this morning at about eleven o'clock in a little motor dory, and reached the "Farm Bank" about 4:00 P.M. The trip had its thrills at the many runs and narrow passages in the picturesque river.

One item of interest was a blockade of the river by fallen trees and rubbish after a recent flood. This might be something quite exciting; here it is nothing. This "Missouri" is a sugar farm and cattle ranch. As there is no church here, the Padre has to take the "Catholic Church" along with him. Only a few families here, three of them validated as such on the last visit by Father Tenk. Folks don't come down to Punta Gorda, so the Father has to run after them. "If the mountain does not come to Mahomet, Mahomet has to come to the mountain."

Program at night: Rosary, sermon, confessions. The confessional is a screened window with the priest sitting inside the house and the penitent kneeling outside on the veranda. Fifteen confessions. The people? They are *Ladinos,* that is, natives with the colors of the whilom German flag in their blood: black, white, red; a mixture of Negro, Spanish and Indian.

"As there is no church here (at Missouri Farm), the Padre has to take the 'Catholic Church' along with him."

BIG FALL—Rio Grande, July 23, 1933. Two hours further up the river. The Fall isn't big at all, but it has the name anyhow. Have a look at the photo and see how my men are pulling the dory through and up the "Fall."

There are to be two marriages here; again of couples that might and should have married years ago by going to Punta Gorda or to the Indian village San Pedro Colombia, where I am bound for. So you see how we have to pick up the big fish in the bush. This is no village either, just a few bush houses along the river. Small planters. How small you may judge from the sugar factory snapped by one of the natives with my camera with the Padre admir-

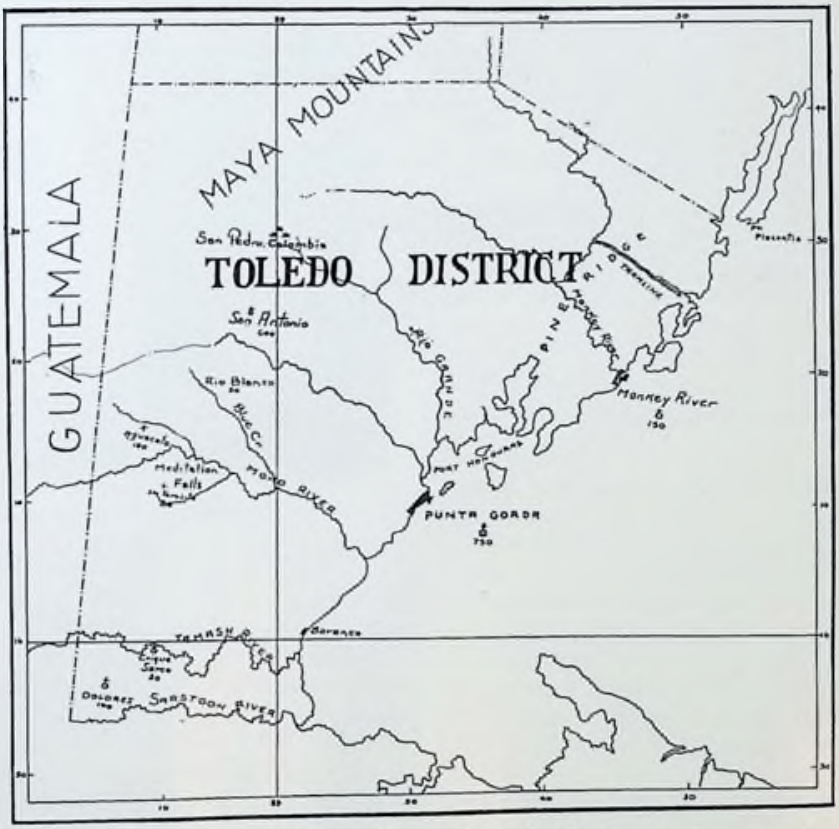
"The Fall isn't big at all, but it has the name anyhow. Have a look at the photo and see how my men are pulling the dory through and up the 'Fall.'"

ing it (not the camera, but the sugar factory, which consists of two sticks and a board, with a pan below to catch the juice).

Just as I am writing this there comes a third marriage case. *Deo Gracias!* But the man, twenty-four years of age, hasn't made his First Communion yet (though he was confirmed as a baby in his native Guatemala); so please excuse me; I'll have something more important to do now than write a bush diary.

10 P.M. same day. Everything O.K. and more: a fourth couple came just now: he, thirty-five, she forty. Neither he nor she ever made their First Communion! Came also from Guatemala. They are going up the river to their farm—though it is pitch dark and there is a strong current—to get ready to go along with me tomorrow to the Indian village of San Pedro and get instruction there.

11 P.M. I had just penned the preceding lines, when the couple came back from the river: they couldn't go up to Colombia after all; they wanted to fix up everything here. So I threw in an extra hour and just got through with instructing them and hearing their first confession. Now they stay here with their *padrinos,* that is, witnesses for marriage. Good night!



Scale of miles: approximately 16 *miles to the inch. Numbers under names indicate the Catholic population.*

SAN PEDRO, Colombia, July 24, 1933. So we really had four marriages this morning at Big Fall. The room in which I said Mass (after sleeping in it) was fifteen feet square and perhaps the most crowded "church" I ever had services in. When making genuflections at the improvised altar, I had to take care not to kick the newly-weds behind me. The people, scattered along the river in this neighborhood, promised to build a little church. And I am sure they will do so now. But in order to get that far, I first had to run after these stray sheep in the wilderness. I merely mention this, because some good people don't believe in this kind of pastoral work, and talk about concentration in the regular stations. But the trouble is that there are any number of people in this Colony who don't live in towns or villages, nor near them either, but one or several days away from them as traveling goes here. They live "in the bush," and very frequently not in settled fixed homes, but as long or as short a time as circumstances warrant. *"Siempre asi andando en los montes,"* (always so roaming in the bush) is their answer when you inquire into the reason for their neglect of religion. What will you do? In such cases you must seize the opportunity by the forelock if you want to save souls.

Well, I am now in San Pedro Colombia. It took us six hours hard paddling from Big Fall. This San Pedro Colombia is the first village of the regular bush pastoral round — with church, school, Padre's house and teacher's house. Everything bush style, of course: the walls "pure stick," that is, nothing but sticks without windows, or if you want, as many windows as there are sticks or rather slits between the sticks. The roofs are of palm leaves, to be renewed every five or six years. The village (inhabitants about two hundred and thirty) is chiefly Keckchi Indian—a branch of the great Maya family of Central America. But there are not less than five languages spoken in the place. Besides Keckchi, there is Maya, Spanish, English (but not the King's) and Carib; and I have to hear confessions in all except the last, because that is confined to the teacher's family, and they in the present case all know English. These Caribs furnish most of our elementary school teachers in the out-stations, not only among their own people, but also among the other races, especially the Indian.

July 26, 1933. The people here are up in arms against the worm pest, which is threatening their *milpas* (plantations) with ruin. These worms eat up corn, beans, plantains, everything. So the *mayordomos,* the caretakers of the church, got up a collection among all the planters to have a High Mass sung tomorrow "against the worms." Now your Indian has some additional ritual for such occasions beside the one provided in the Missal. But we'll tell you about that next month.

"As Little Children"

Raymond Oliver, S.J.

An Ojibway Indian family of Longlac, Ontario.

INDEED they are as little children, these far-scattered sons and daughters of the forests of Canada. Father Couture, whose apostolic zeal is backed by a real appreciation of the practical ways of exercising it, travels many miles in his plane to reach all his little ones.

Longlac is his chief rendezvous and we shall stop for a moment in the tiny church for night prayers. First comes the recitation of the Rosary, a daily devotion of these simple people. The prayers to the *Kitchitwa Marie* are, after all, the same the world over. But here you have hearts untrammeled by any of the cares that weigh upon their brethren in less humble stations; here you have an innocence that shows itself in the unquestioning faith of the child.

THE beads over, either the good Father or a helper preaches a few words on the truths of the Faith. No long proofs of God's existence or of Mary's merits. Everything around them speaks to them of God. Their forefathers, indeed, made it their duty to appease the wrath of gods that were false, but now that they have accepted the true Faith there is no more doubting. As little children they listen to their Father's words. He tells them what is bad, what must be avoided, encourages them to do good, and can guide their whole lives with but a few simple precepts.

Children they were in the time of our Holy Martyrs, children in the very way they first embraced or rejected the Faith. Children they were with the cruelty of wicked children who are led astray and do not see what is right. In those days they stared in awe at the little clock which announced the hours. Even now the simplest trinkets delight them. In their simplicity they will listen for hours to the stories of Bethlehem, of Nazareth, and will be made silent and sad by the story of Him who died on Calvary for children such as they. Preaching to them is easy indeed.

At the conclusion there is a hymn. This church at Longlac, you should remember, is one of the cathedrals of Father Couture's vast mission, for it contains an organ, and boasts an organist of no mean talent. She has been taught all the hymns in the little book which is her treasure, and if she be not too shy she will play them all for you.

THE hymn is strange to hear. No matter what be the time the music calls for, or the range it demands, these choristers of ours adjust it to their own manner of singing. Nothing must be done quickly, and so the *"Ambe Madjada,"* the Ojibway hymn, is rendered very slowly, with an intonation that seems musical, one must admit, only to those who love these children of the forest very dearly. To the missionary, the hymn spells many hours of hard-spent work, for these children do not learn easily. But it means also that another chord of praise has been sounded in God's honor from our earth, another group of souls is worshipping its true God, and the little children, so peaceful and happy in this life, are winning their way to God's Heart with the innocent boldness so characteristic of them. Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.

An Ojibway tent in the Canadian woodlands, which recall Longfellows' immortal lines:

This is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines and the hemlocks,
Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct in the twilight,
Stand like Druids of eld, with voices sad and prophetic,
Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on their bosoms.

JAVA

Gerard Aben, S.J.

"Grobaks," native carts, drawn by slow-moving yoked oxen, lumber down to the docks of Java.

THE Dutch East Indies is the collective name for the islands scattered between the continents of Asia and Australia: "An emerald-girdle winding round the equator." This epithet was first used by the noted Dutch novelist, Eduard Douwes Dekker, whose fame is inseparably bound to the modern history of the colony, and whose book, with nearly a similar tendency as "Uncle Tom's Cabin," produced quite a revolution in the thoughts of men. In English the islands are known as the Malayan Archipelago or the Netherlands East Indies. The total area covered by all the islands equals half the surface of the U. S. A.

The most important of these islands is without doubt Java, of about the same size as the State of New York; its total native population is estimated at forty million. The first European who reached Java was Fra Odericus da Pordenone, about 1330, six centuries ago. He was the first also to penetrate into Lhasa, the inaccessible capital of Tibet. He has been canonized since, but he made a mistake: he called Sumatra "Java-Minor," and Java itself "Java-Major." Java, however, as to the size, is the smallest of the Greater Sunda Isles. Was it a prophetic foresight that told him the future greatness of Java from an economical and political point of view, and . . . perhaps the leadership of the Greater Sunda Isles in the conversion of its inhabitants?

THE ancient traveler Ptolemeus speaks of the island of Java as being very rich in mineral treasures: gold and silver. Well, he also was mistaken! Java supplies no gold at all; no mining concern is winning any gold out of the Javanese *soil;* it is the Javanese *soul* in which the missionaries discovered the golden treasures.

So Java is a land of contradiction; moreover, it is a land of contrasts. The primitive lives on here in immediate contact with modern life,—most times untouched by it. Motor trucks thunder down to the docks, but also *grobaks,* native carts, drawn by slow-moving yoked oxen, are used for the transport of goods. The machines of a sugar factory are humming their modern song of efficiency and speed, while nearby in the villages one sees the women crush the juice from the sugar cane with a primitive press turned by a stolid ox.

In Central Java, the Soosoohoonan of Solo and the Sultan of Djocja, behind the white-washed walls that enclose their spacious palaces, are still living the feudal life that age-old tradition has consecrated. One of the Soosoohoonan's sons, however, is an officer in the army of the Netherlands East Indies; another occupies a seat in the *Volksraad*—the People's Council—an incipient form of Parliament.

I don't know of any agriculture more beautiful to the eye and more poetical to the initiated than the vista of the water-girded mountain sides, where the rice, from terrace to terrace, climbs out of the valley to the top: each field a mirror to the sky framed by a narrow dike of mud. Dutch hydraulic engineers are in charge of the irrigation system, but the natives themselves look after their dikes and keep their terraced gardens in good repair. An American farmer would be amazed and exasperated by the amount of manual labor involved. It is, however, a picture of our missionaries' work: God—the Great Engineer—provides the wholesome water; as to the missionaries: they retain and scatter it in patience over the arid, sterile spirits of Hinduism and Mohammedanism, and . . . their work reflects the cerulean blue skies of Heaven.

BUT, as one stands at the edge of a crater, looking into its tumultuous depths, the scenic beauty of Java changes from loveliness to austere grandeur, and one remembers the enormous forces that produced these tremendous mountain blocks. Mankind, however, builds its home and tills the soil above the hidden fire that may destroy him.

Most of our principal mission stations also encircle the Merapi, a volcano still active,—and where the cone remains unbroken, serious eruption is always a possibility. It is heavenly optimism that reaps the benefit of that fertility of the soil, inherent in the layers of volcanic matter. And we don't fear, for at every earthquake earth itself will tremble more than we!

Java, our dear island, beckons the traveler with its wealth of tropical scenery, with its (*Turn to page* 26)

EVEN AS TODAY

John P. Delaney, S.J.

WORD had gone about among the new Christians of Jerusalem that Peter had been seen entering the home of an uncircumcised Gentile, that he had actually eaten food with the man and his family. It was the front-page scandal of the hour: for the Jews despised all unbelievers and felt it sinful even to associate with them. And to think that Peter, their leader,—Peter, the head of the Church,—Peter, the Chief of the Apostles,—to think that he had broken bread with an unbeliever! They were as shocked as Catholics would be today, were they to see our Holy Father beating the drum at a Salvation Army street corner rally.

Something must be done about it at once. And so it was that an irate delegation of prominent members of the new Church erupted suddenly into the midst of an important consultation among the Apostles. A trifle impatient of the interruption, Peter greeted them without rising, with what patience and graciousness he could muster.

"Welcome, brethren!" he said rather gruffly, "I don't suppose you realize that you have just intruded on a very serious consultation. . . ."

"But," hastily put in St. John, coming to the rescue of his blunt-spoken friend, "Peter and all of us will gladly postpone any other business to attend to the wishes of the Faithful."

Courtesy of Edward Gross Co., Inc., N. Y. Painted by C. Bosseron Chambers

"In the suffering and blood of Christ, the Church was born. In the suffering and blood of missionaries and in the heroic sacrifices of those left sorrowing behind, the Church both in the homeland and among the pagans will take its growth. It is God's will. It is God's way."

A LONG bearded Jew, who had evidently been chosen spokesman, took courage from the friendly smile of John, and Peter's sheepish grin.

"Is it true what we hear?" he blurted out.

"And what do you hear?" asked Peter.

"That you enter the homes of the uncircumcised and eat with them—with Gentiles." He spat out the last word and Peter winced.

"Yes," he answered quietly, but those, who knew him well, might have noted a familiar, stubborn glint in his eyes. "And I will tell you more. All of us will soon set out for the lands of the Gentiles to lead them to accept the word of Christ."

That was a bombshell.

"Abraham! Isaac! Jacob!" shouted the spokesman. "This is unheard of! You will associate openly with the Gentiles! You will make them equal to the people of Israel? You will abandon us to live among the unclean?"

Peter raised his hand in quiet protest.

"I do not like that word! God is no respecter of persons. Before Him there is no longer circumcised or uncircumcised, Jew or Gentile!"

That was rank heresy to their ears.

"Are we not His chosen people?" exploded the spokesman.

"YOU are," said Peter gently, "or rather—you were. And for that reason, among you the Messiah first appeared. But now He would gather all the people of the earth into His Kingdom. Be not surprised—or hurt—or angry. I, too, once felt as do you now. And so did all my companions among the Apostles. But God sent me a vision to correct my narrow sight. It was while I stayed in Joppa. In prayer there, I saw a vessel let down from Heaven to me; and in that vessel were animals and fowl and creeping things of earth that it has always been sinful for a Jew to eat. And a voice said to me: 'Arise, Peter! Kill and eat!' But I drew back and I said: 'Not so, Lord—for nothing common or unclean has ever passed my lips.' But the voice answered: 'What God has made clean, do not thou make common.'"

"But what meaning has this dream?"

"That too God taught me. For scarcely had the vision vanished when word was brought to me that three

men waited at the door for me. And they were uncircumcised, and I would have had nothing to do with them, but the Spirit told me to go with them. And I went and we entered the house of Cornelius of Caesarea —a Gentile, you would call him. And yet, an Angel from Heaven had appeared to him and bid him summon me to his house. And I spoke to him of the Master, and to all his household. And, as I spoke, the Holy Ghost descended upon them as upon us in the beginning. . . ."

PETER paused and stretched forth his hands appealingly:

"My friends, if God gave them the same graces as to us, who was I to withstand God? Or who are you to withstand God? He has broken down the barrier between Jew and Gentile—and this is the meaning of the vision."

"And this," said John in the silence that followed, "is what we have been discussing. Many even among us were at first inclined to find fault with Peter; but now we understand that God would have us teach the Gospel of the Kingdom to all peoples—and we must go!"

"But not so soon, surely!" protested the spokesman, more quietly this time. "The Church of Jerusalem has too much need of you."

"No," said Peter gently, "the Church does not need me, nor the rest of the Apostles, nor any man. It is Christ's Church and He shall care for it. 'I shall be with you all days . . .'"

"But what business is this?" asked one of the delegation with tablets and a money bag under his arm. "I should know business. I carry on trade with all ports of the world, but I build my business firmly in one place before I pass to another. And today, I have a big business and the shekels roll in. That is the wise thing to do, the only thing. . . ."

"It may be," answered Peter, and even John marveled at his persistent gentleness with all these objections. "It may be the wise human thing to do, but it is not the will of the Master. It is not the wisdom of the Master, and He is God; and He it is who directs the Church and the leaders of His Church."

"But how will you go? You have no money, no influence."

"And you will starve in foreign lands," added still another, assiduously munching on a sprig of garlic. In those days etiquette did not forbid such familiar form of sustenance in public conference.

John smiled.

"A real Jew," he chided the speaker. "Surely you don't think that all the world outside Jerusalem is a foodless desert? There must be cooks in Rome and Greece who can cook the garlic."

Peter laughed and the other Apostles with him.

"But you will be drowned at sea," urged the spokesman. "You will meet hatred and dangers and persecution and death. A few years maybe you will live, if you are lucky, among the heathens, and you will accomplish nothing."

PETER'S eyes were almost misty as he answered slowly:

"All this is possible. The Master promised us that."

"Then why will you go?" the spokesman pressed his point. "Here you will have a long life—among friends —and you will do great good, and the people will flock to you—and the Church of Jerusalem will be glorious—and you will be honored like the high priest—and your influence will move the people to virtue. . . ."

"And after that," said another before Peter could answer, "you may go to evangelize the heathens."

"Or," added the spokeman hastily, "you could send some other priests who are not so important, so necessary as you leaders are . . . ."

"Or if you must travel,'" suggested the merchant, "there is all Judea yet to hear the word of God and to be baptised. . . ."

"Home missions we could call them," said the spokesman—a real stroke of genius, he thought. "Is that not solid business organization, Isaac?"

His friend, the merchant nodded.

All this time Peter has been sitting motionless, staring fixedly before him. His eyes were on his visitors, but it was evident that he did not see them. Something more than a group of argumentative Jews must have filled his vision at that moment, and his eyes grew wide with wonder, and a new brilliance was in them and the fire of conquest, and all about him were awed into silence. Now, at last, he rose and his words took on the tone of authority, reminiscent of the voice of the Master, when He walked among them.

"MY friends," he said ever so gently, "now perhaps you cannot understand; nor do we ourselves. Only this we know—that Christ, our Lord, has commanded us to teach all nations. It is His plan and His wisdom, far beyond the wisdom of man. 'Going, therefore, into the whole world, teach the gospel to every creature! . . .'"

And almost to himself Matthew spoke:

"Going, therefore, teach ye all nations, baptising them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost."

"But what shall become of us?" asked the spokesman in despair.

"We leave you," answered Peter, "in the hands of God, and of those we shall appoint over you. Have no fear. For from now until the end of time, no nation shall be less rich for the missionaries she sends to teach the heathen. No priesthood but shall increase in proportion as missionaries give up their home and loved ones for the conversion of the pagan. For the blessing of God is upon generosity and sacrifice."

"And yourselves," persisted (*Turn to page* 26)

ST. PETER SPEAKS

RAYMOND J. COTTER, S.J.

He spoke, I hear Him still,
Strong beauty fled His lips;
But my thoughts ran down a
greening hill
To nets and harbored ships.

He knew that I misunderstood,
Knew surely I would know
Why He spoke of ripened wood,
And fields where lilies blow.

THE CENTENARY YEAR

1833-1933

In addition to the epochal achievements of our Jesuit missionaries during the century of 1833 to 1933, which stood out in glowing relief from the pages of our December editorial, there are innumerable others which will enable our readers to recall "the first preaching of the Gospel accomplished in a prodigious and triumphant manner by the Apostles," upon which His Holiness wishes the Christians to meditate during the Holy Year. More lasting than bronze, these achievements of our Jesuit missionaries throughout the world will remain as a memorial of praise and honor and benediction and thanksgiving and power and glory forever and forever.

First Congo Eucharistic Congress

Among these, are the Congo Eucharistic Congress success that was sponsored by Father Mouwen, S.J., at Leopoldville, Belgian Congo, August 13, 14, 15. Careful planning and generous cooperation of civil and commercial interests made this first Eucharistic Congress of the Belgian Congo a splendid success. The Holy See was represented by the Apostolic Delegate, Archbishop Dellepiane, while Belgium was represented by the Vice-Governor General of the Congo-Kasai Province, General Ermens and his wife. The Congo Railway Company ran special trains and special reduced fares. Over 16,000 native men gathered from throughout the Lower Congo, and were housed in fourteen enormous hangars. There were 114 missionary bishops and priests present, and marvelously imposing was the Mass and the procession on the feast of the Assumption.

The Last of the Pioneers

Pathos was woven into this tapestry of events, when Brother Joseph Hedley, S.J., last surviving member of the band of pioneers who left Grahamstown, Cape Colony, in 1878, to found the Zambesi Mission in South Central Africa, died at St. Asaph, North Wales, October 11. Brother Hedley often recalled the last Mass of Father Law. The natives had abandoned them, and Father Law had contracted fever, from which he was failing fast. Brother Hedley, formerly of the Merchant Service, noticed that Father Law, at one time of the Royal Navy, was growing weaker and about to fall to the ground. He lashed the priest to the rock on which he was saying Mass and thus sustained his ebbing strength. A few minutes later, Father Law died in a miserable hut and the Brother, burning with fever himself, had to pass the night driving away the rats which came to devour the corpse. Brother Hedley was a brother of Bishop Joseph Cuthbert Hedley, O.S.B., Bishop of Newport, well known as a writer.

Greater Love No Man Hath

Such was the judgment spontaneously tendered by Protestants, Parsees and even Hindus, who crowded with Catholics into the room where Father J. Gonsalves, S.J., died at Belgaum, India, within a few weeks of his ninetieth birthday. All wanted to see him, to come near him, to touch his hands, and to apply pictures, medals, rosaries, handkerchiefs and so forth. School children crowded around him as they had done when he was alive, not in the least afraid. Mothers raised their babes onto his face and made them kiss him, whispering to them a prayer, which the little ones repeated, gazing in wonder at the calm and peaceful face which seemed asleep. When the coffin was uncovered at the cemetery in the rain, for the last prayers, there was a rush. Stolid faced soldiers and young men knelt in the mud to kiss his hand, and it was touching to see the loving solicitude with which each one tried to shelter the coffin, while he lay uncovered in the rain. When the remains had been lowered into the grave, soldiers' bugles gave him the last salute. Father Gonsalves was born in Portugal in 1843, and came out to Goa in 1889. He had preached in almost every corner of India and had won the love of all.

Mission Briefs

Twenty-one candidates in five-month old Jesuit Novitiate, Hazaribagh, North India; Silver Jubilee of St. Mary's Jesuit High School, Trichinopoly, India,—School grew from 70 to 1,000 pupils;—Uncle of famous Bengalee poet, Rabindranath Tagore, presented the Jesuits of Calcutta with original Guido Reni, "The Madonna in Prayer;" Jesuits open new mission among the gardens of Terai at the foot of the Himalayas, former habitat of tigers now exploited for tea; blessing of new St. Xavier's College by Archbishop of Calcutta; golden jubilee of Fathers E. Goety, J. Erhart, J. Kendal, J. Apel and J. Moreau of the English Province, who are laboring in South Rhodesia, and of Father Leopold Bernard, S.J., of the Province of Belgium, who has spent thirty-three years in India.

A Chinese Tarsicius

From *Letters And Notices* of the English Province, comes the story of a Chinese servant who secretly carried Holy Communion to Father Esteban who belonged to the Vicariate of Wuhu and was captured by the Reds in December, 1931.

"The servant, supplying himself with medicine which passed as the excuse for his visit, gained entry to Father Esteban, and lived with him for three days, always under surveillance. On the third day, finding himself for the first time alone with the priest, he tore open his shirt, in which was concealed a single Host. Hurriedly, in a transport of joy, for the first time for so many months, the priest received the Blessed Sacrament. A guard came, the dull-faced servant took his simple leave, and departed with the message of the bandits demanding 20,000 *piastres* for the release of their victim. It reads like St. Tarsicius in the Early Church."

Out of the Mouth of Babes

The present Consular General of Japan at Sao Paolo, Brazil, asked Father del Toro, S.J., to suggest a school for his daughter. The Conservatory of the Canonesses of St. Augustine was recommended and in due time the child, charmed by the life she saw, asked her father for permission to become a Catholic. "My child does nothing but weep," the father said. "She wants to be a Catholic. She tells me that the most beautiful gift I can give her for her feast would be to let her be baptized. I have consented. I admire very much the Catholics. I am proud to have known at Warsaw, Monsignor Ratti, who is now your Pope."

On June 16, Father del Toro baptized the young lady, who took as first name, Maria, and as second Pia, out of regard for the Vicar of Christ.

Thunder God!

George H. Dunne, S.J.

The spot where the "Thunder God found them out and left their crisped bodies flung there on the muddy floor of the water wheel shed."

THE two men glanced at the ominously lowering sky and bent to their task with increased fervor. The huge oar shuttled back and forth swiftly in the muddy waters of the canal, the sampan picking up speed with every stroke. Less than a mile ahead loomed the hills of Zose, crowned with the Jesuit Observatory and the magnificent cathedral nearing completion.

Suddenly a flash of lightning sliced wickedly through the blackening skies. Then came a deep basso profundo roll of thunder, swelling into an awful crescendo and reaching a climax in an explosion that shattered the universe overhead.

Fear struck at the hearts of the two boatmen. They were Chinese peasants and pagans. The "Thunder God" was striking close.

By the side of the canal stood a thatch covered lean-to, a shelter for a water wheel. They moored the sampan to the bank and took refuge under the thatch roof. Perhaps, the Thunder God would not see them here. There they huddled, glancing fearfully out upon the crackling, roaring skies. The Thunder God found them out and left their crisped bodies flung there on the muddy floor of the water wheel shed.

They were found by other peasants, after the storm had passed. Manifestly the wrath of the Thunder God had punished them. The two, father and son, had they not been on their way to murder the older man's mother-in-law? That was certain, for poison had been found upon them, and poison is used for murder. That it was a mother-in-law they meant to slay, no one could doubt. Is not a mother-in-law the most likely person one would want to murder? There was no room for doubt.

So the story spread and assumed ever growing proportions in the minds of the pagans near Zose. It reached the Buddhist monks in the city of Sungkiang, ten miles away. Quickly they added to the story a bit of legend that whispered of miraculous cures taking place at the spot where the Thunder God's visitation had occurred. Then they despatched a monk to the spot to reap possible benefits.

THIS all happened in June. A month later, when the Jesuit Scholastics of Zi-ka-wei went to Zose for their vacation, they watched from their windows on the hillside, or strolled down the path along the canal to watch at closer hand, evidences of the deep hold superstition has upon pagan minds in China.

From morning to evening there flowed a steady stream of people. They came from as far as twenty miles away. There where the Thunder God had flung the bodies of his two victims, the monk, squatting on the ground, kept his small fire burning throughout the day. There the pilgrims knelt, knocking their heads a dozen times upon the ground, while their incense burned.

It was sad to see them there, often almost two hundred at a time, rubbing mud on their bodies, washing in the canal, and filling their bottles and teapots with its muddy waters to be carried home to drink, for such was the prescription for the healing of all ills.

"Well, it will soon die out," thought the Scholastics, as they left Zose to return to Zi-ka-wei.

I was back at Zose a month later. It had not died out. Some days during that month, I was told, pilgrims had come in thousands. The legends of miraculous cures had grown. The monk was no longer there. He caught cholera, sleeping there through the nights on the damp ground, lest pilgrims of the night come and de-

(*Turn to page* 26)

"There the pilgrims knelt, knocking their heads a dozen times upon the ground, while their incense burned."

Among the San

Every Santal house has a mud ledge around it, and here the people sit or squat to listen to the village gossip—after all, so little different from folks the world over.

SUPPOSING your interests in Patna as broad as ever, I shall tell you something of Narainpur Mission, which I inherited from the late Father Conway, and in which I have been acquiring experience since Christmas, 1932. The Mission is a section of Santal country about six hundred square miles in area, thickly inhabited with two hundred populous villages. I live in the middle, or keep my supplies there in the sacristy of a neat, sun-baked mud-walled church at the village of Narainpur. I also inherited two hundred widely scattered baptized Santals.

My work is not at the church, but is almost all on the road, week after week. On Monday or Tuesday, I start our for one side or corner of the district, to say Mass and ex plain the Faith in promising centers where my catechists think the have prospects ready for Baptism. Two men carry the Mass boo bedding, and the supply of rice for the week. My route is by round about ways through many villages, in all of which there are numerou opportunities in a day to explain the Faith to groups of villagers The subject needs no introduction at all, for the minds of the Santa people are ready and open. My medicine box also is in constant de mand for dressing sores and treating fevers.

At night, when the destined village is reached and I find the hous where my carriers and I are to be guests, we sit around, and wit the catechist explain catechetical charts to the group of curious fol and children that assembles, sing the nice Santali hymns, and try t teach prayers to the youngsters and those who may be getting read for Baptism.

IT is a bit difficult to give you the correct idea of the nature o these people. You are apt to imagine them too different from th people you know. No, they are quite like the simple people we kno and talk to at home. God has wonderfully preserved them in hones human naturalness, the virtue which makes anybody attractive. The are just ordinary plain "folks." Some of the Christian men amon them might, I think, sit on the bench with the plain honest farmer of most any land, and discuss the weather and crops, and in the dar nobody would distinguish them. And perhaps a few of the pleasan Christian women could step into a ladies' meeting and quickly pleas everyone with their easy dignified bearing, free ready smile, an pleasant reserved conversation.

These good qualities are near the surface in all the Santals, but a human nature goes, the crowd lets little faults blur the surface, an consequently the faults of childishness and ignorance generally giv the missionary a test of patience. He must not lose his smile, muc less frown "audibly," no matter how many grinning pagan faces bloc his windows to observe his actions by the hour. Any remonstranc or plea for a bit of privacy might delay or prevent conversions, "be cause the Father is unkind."

But I was telling you about the daily work of proposing the Fait in a new village. Late at night, my carriers prepare a meal, and m host finds a suitable corner and spreads straw on the floor for m bed. In the morning I g through the village an visit most every Sant house to invite the peop to come and see the wo ship of the true God (th know only a half-serio worship of the devil) a to hear the talk. They say, "Yes, yes, we'll come and a good number do come. We have Mass the open yard,—every Sa tal house has a neat, squa

These Santals "are quite like the simple people we know and talk to at home. God has wonderfully preserved them in honest human naturalness, the virtue which makes anybody attractive."

ls of Narainpur

George A. Dertinger, S.J.

uirt-yard inclosed by a group of buildings. The finest lace and linen hiave goes on to the altar, and undoubtedly the people are impressed the dignity and solemnity of the Sacrifice which they do not yet dlerstand. The catechist and I explain a bit before and during Mass, dl talk to the people at length after Mass. Frequently there is a aptism of a family or of an individual before or after Mass, a rremony of great interest to the villagers, for, no doubt, in many sses they are wondering when they too will have the nerve to take e: big step.

By the time all ailments get a little medicine, and lunch "is served," its past noon and time to start out for the next stopping place, five six miles further on, and there, on the following day, about the me program will be repeated, always with varying interesting isodes, ranging from losing the way, to a last-minute death-bed aptism.

ON Friday or Saturday I land back at my central supply station, dust off the khaki cassock, remove all straw from the beard, kce on new supplies, and arrange a similar trip for next week in anhier corner of the district. This work is soon due to become less reenuous, once the best centers for Mass have been determined. here are already two good mud-walled churches in my section, one tthem named St. Raymond to commemorate the builder, Father R. Conway, S.J., and now a third church is just being completed. I ncerely hope to see six built by the end of another year. These, at teervals of about six or seven miles, will about serve the district. A rmanent serviceable building, Santal style, with those heavy stucco alls, and bamboo and straw roof costs about seventy-five dollars; e: capacity is for one hundred to two hundred people. A verandah the church serves for a school, where one is needed.

These churches assure the missioner of a fixed and decent place rrest at night. True, the adventure of each night seeking a safe spot stretch out on will go, but anyway, that is not so romantic after e: first month. The church also provides a safe place to say Mass, here the sun and weather can't catch one about the middle of the rvices, as they often manage to do in the more picturesque open- Mass. On one occasion last month a tame pigeon flew low over ee outdoor altar, and with wings extinguished a mdle and blew all the sts from the corporal. ett me insert an observaon that is always remarkly obvious to the misoner: Our Lord is in the idst of missionary inconmiences, always taking immeasurably bigger are of the unseemly cirmstances and indignities aan are the little rubs hich missioners write out; but that subject ould take pages by itself. was speaking of the urch buildings. Their

Some of the Santal boys of Bhagalpur School which is so large a factor in the success of the Narainpur and other Santal missions.

final advantage is to encourage and unite the new Christians and attract more.

THERE were forty Baptisms in Narainpur district in the last month. As far as I have observed, none of them were people I had tried to preach to; they are coming in by a different route, and I believe it will interest you to know just what that route is. I'll tell you what happened in one village, and the process of bringing good Santals to the Faith (Turn to page 28)

Santal pagans taking part in a wedding dance.

JANUARY, 1934 VOLUME VIII, No. 1

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.

JOSEPH GSCHWEND, S.J.
Editor

THOMAS J. FEENEY, S.J. CORNELIUS PINEAU, S.J.
HUGH C. DONAVON, S.J. FRANCIS B. PRANGE, S.J.
LEON A. FOSTER, S.J. PATRICK A. RYAN, S.J.
ALEXANDER ROLLAND, S.J.
Associate Editors

E. PAUL AMY, S.J., *Business Editor*

Editorial and Publication Offices

257 FOURTH AVENUE NEW YORK, N. Y.

Subscription price, year, $1.00; three years, $2.75; six years, $5.00. Canadian and Foreign, $1.25 a year.

For the Jewish People

THE Holy Father asks our prayers this entire month of January for the conversion of the Jewish people. Then, too, during the Church Unity Octave, a special day is given to this same intention. In placing the cause before you, we feel we can do no better than quote the words of one writer, a zealous convert to the Catholic Church from Judaism—Miss Rosalie Marie Levy. She is the author of "The Heavenly Road," "Why Jews Become Catholics," "Judaism and Catholicism," and other works. In a recent appeal "To the Jews of the Whole World" she writes:

"What an opportune time (The Holy Year of Jubilee, marking the nineteenth centenary of the death and resurrection of Christ) for the Jews of the whole world to give serious thought and study to the life and teachings of Jesus Christ! We should be proud of Him—one of our own race! Never has any mortal ever lived, who led such a holy life and taught such holy precepts as did Jesus of Nazareth. Therefore, we should be the first to accept His teachings and follow Him. And yet, strange to say, many of His own flesh and blood refuse to accept Him as the Savior promised by the Prophets of the Old Law, even though He fulfilled all their prophecies in His life and death, and countless millions have accepted Him as the promised Redeemer of mankind.

"The works of Christ testify, that He was not only human, but Divine, as He claimed to be. No mere man could do the things that He did, for they were beyond human power.

"After His death and Resurrection, the Apostles preached Jesus, and Him crucified. They had all been Jews. Does not reason tell us, that they would not have done this, if they were not convinced of the Divinity of Christ? They had nothing to gain, humanly speaking. In fact, all were martyred for the faith they professed. They rejoiced 'that they were accounted worthy to suffer reproach for the name of Jesus.' (Acts, v, 41) During the centuries since then, many Jews who have taken the time to study the life of Christ and His teachings (as found in the New Testament), have been obliged to acknowledge that He was Divine, as He claimed, and to ask for Baptism in the Church which He founded—the Catholic Church.

"While there is yet time, we implore you, dear Children of Israel, to take advantage of the opportunity God gives you to consider this all-important matter. Christ has said: 'Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and you shall find; knock, and it shall be opened to you.' (Matt. vii, 7, 8)

"Christ did not come to destroy the Old Law, but to fulfill it. Just as the Jews who listened to the Prophet Isaias had to give up nothing they learned from Moses, but only increased their former knowledge by additional truth, so the convert from Judaism in listening to the revelations of Christ in the New Testament gives up nothing that is in the Old Testament. On the contrary, he finds in the New Testament the fulfillment of the prophecies in the Old."

The Church Unity Octave

ALL of our Catholic people are asked to join in reciting the special prayers of the Church Unity Octave during January. The form of prayer prescribed for the Octave is:

Antiphon: "That they all may be one, as Thou, Father, in Me, and I in Thee; that they also may be one in Us, that the world may believe that Thou hast sent Me." St. John xvii, 21.

V. I say unto thee, that thou art Peter;

R. And upon this Rock I will build my Church.

PRAYER

O Lord Jesus Christ, who saidst unto Thine Apostles: Peace I leave with you, My peace I give unto you; regard not our sins, but the Faith of Thy Church, and grant unto her that peace and unity which are agreeable to Thy will, who livest and reignest God forever and ever. Amen.

(Under the usual conditions, a Plenary Indulgence is granted on the feast of the Chair of St. Peter, and a further grant of two hundred days is extended to those of the faithful who simply join in the devotions piously. Benedict XV, Feb. 25, 1916.)

The following is the list of intentions for each day of the Octave:

January 18: Feast of St. Peter's Chair at Rome. Return of the "other sheep."

January 19: Return of Oriental Separatists to communion with the Apostolic See.

January 20: Submission of all Anglicans to the authority of the Vicar of Christ.

January 21: That Lutherans and other continental Protestants may return to Holy Church.

January 22: That all Christians in America may become one with the Chair of St. Peter.

January 23: Return to the sacraments of all lapsed Catholics.

January 24: The Conversion of the Jews.

January 25: Feast of the Conversion of St. Paul. Missionary conquest of the world.

The Mission Intention

Conversion of the Jews During the Holy Year

JESUS CHRIST died for all men, the Jews not excepted. Scripture has portrayed few more masterfully touching scenes than that of Jesus, seated lonely on a hilltop, weeping over the people and the city which would not be saved. These tears were wrung from the same Heart that prayed, "Father forgive them, for they know not what they do!" and that, in answer to their cry, "Crucify Him, crucify Him! His Blood be upon us and upon our children!" must have groaned in anguished acquiescence, "Amen, Amen, may My Blood fall upon you indeed, bringing you salvation and eternal life."

Today, sixteen million Jews are dispersed throughout the world, laboring in all careers and in all conditions of existence: motley masses, congregated in the ghettos of Russia, Poland and Morocco, persecuting and persecuted, some, masters of international finance, others, in squalor, some, still retaining their belief in the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, others, propounding, from college and university bemas, their principles of atheism and materialism,—men, whose god, if any, is mammon, enemies of the Gospel and the Cross, yet souls for whom Christ died. The Church of Christ has never repudiated her commission to convert all nations. Her attitude towards the Jews may be summed up in the words of St. Paul to the Romans (xi, 1, 2): "I say then: Hath God cast away His people? God forbid. For I also am an Israelite of the seed of Abraham, of the tribe of Benjamin. God hath not cast away His people, which He foreknew."

On the other hand, when the conversion of the Jews will be realized, God alone knows. Yet, that the dismembered branches of Israel should be grafted back into the Tree of Life, is the Will of God and of His Church, as explained centuries ago by St. Paul, in his Epistle to the Romans (xi, 24): "For if thou (the Gentiles) wert cut out of the wild olive tree, which is natural to thee; and, contrary to nature, were grafted into the good olive tree; how much more shall they that are the natural branches (the Jews), be grafted into their own olive tree?"

Waiting for the Mass of the missions in a neglected sector of our American Southland.

The Mass of the Missions

In the Spirit of Humility *(Continued)*

Yet all these are, as it were, sacrifices merely of the fruit of the tree. There is a higher sacrifice, a nobler holocaust, that of the tree itself. Such is the sacrifice, such the holocaust of the Religious life: the offering of the vows. Of this offering, Saint Augustine says, "The man who in God's name consecrates himself wholly to God is a sacrifice, in so far as he dies to the world, to live to God;" and Saint Thomas, "The Religious state is a kind of holocaust, through which one offers entirely to God, himself and all his possessions." Of the unbloody sacrifice of Christ's life, from the crib of rock to the prie-dieu of rock beneath the olive trees that lined the Brook of Cedron, the unbloody sacrifice of the Religious life is the closest imitation upon earth.

Come Holy Ghost

When the Archangel Gabriel announced to the Virgin Mary that she was to be the Mother of God, the Mother of the Victim of the Sacrifice, our Lady asked him: "How shall this be done?" And the angel, answering, said to her: "The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee, the power of the most High shall overshadow thee." And now we ask: "How shall the bread become the Body of Christ and the wine mingled with water become the Blood of Christ?" The answer is that of the angel: "The Holy Ghost shall over-shadow each and shall in each effect the mystery of transubstantiation."

It is the blessing of this mystery of transubstantiation, that the priest now invokes, calling on the Holy Spirit. For, as once by the power of the Holy Spirit the Son of God became incarnate of the Virgin Mary, so, by that same power, shall the bread and wine become incarnate in the consecration of the Mass.

The Washing of the Hands

From the days of the Apostles until the eleventh century, there was always a procession as the priest recited the antiphon now called the *Offertorium*. And during this procession, those who intended to receive Communion offered gifts of bread and wine, from which the materials for the sacrifice were selected. Other gifts were also offered, not only for the maintenance of divine service, but also for the sustenance of the clergy and the poor. Such were corn, fruit, grapes, milk, honey, wax and oil. For these donations, money, except where it was at a premium, was later substituted. Needless to say, the priest, in receiving these gifts, unavoidably soiled his hands. Therefore, we have today, as a relic of those other days and other ways, the ceremony of the washing of the hands. In reality, the priest now merely rinses the tips of his consecrated thumbs and forefingers, thus indicating his eagerness to be purified from the tiniest imperfection whether of hand or of heart.

THANK YOU!

—for the financial support, which, during the year 1933, you gave to the American Jesuit missionaries.

—for the 2,838 Mass stipends which have been sent to the office of JESUIT MISSIONS for distribution amongst the missionaries.

—for your interest in our magazine as shown by your subscription newly received during the year, or by your renewal of subscription.

—for your responses to the open letters which appeared in JESUIT MISSIONS for September and November.

—for the answer which our letter, sent under date of December 1, 1933, to all our subscribers, has received.

and in anticipation

WE THANK

—those who during 1933 were unable to give financial help to the American Jesuit missionaries, but who during 1934 will show their generosity when opportunity presents.

—those who will during the coming year send us Mass stipends for the missionaries.

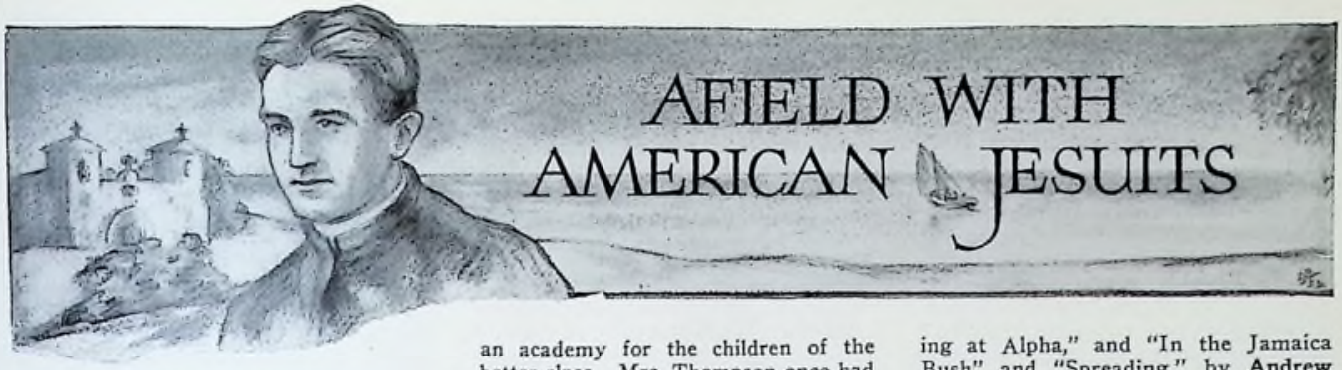
—those who have not as yet answered our letter sent under date of December 1st to all subscribers, but who will answer it by sending us new subscriptions to JESUIT MISSIONS.

TO ALL

—subscribers and readers of JESUIT MISSIONS—

the Editors extend

The Best of Good Wishes for a Holy and Happy New Year



JAMAICA, B. W. I.

Snapshots of life along Jamaica's mission trail are given somewhat hesitantly by Father **Frederick J. Donovan, S.J.**, the energetic Pastor of St. Mary's Church, Above Rocks and allied stations:

"The bizarre has indeed become the obvious, and what might be of interest to outsiders has become just another event. For example: a bad spill on my horse and myself scratched was an accident. It might easily have been something more. A broken bridle rein and stirrup while I was galloping like a mad Cossack over wet concrete had the following results: to the horse, a scratched knee and hip; to the rider: a bruised shoulder and deeper appreciation of how God is protecting me. Again, I was driving through rain and mud in my Ford when a hillside slipped and I stalled. I sat there until the mud, sand and water reached the floor of the car. Then I moved my precious self to a safe distance. The landslide ceased while I invoked my Angel Guardian Insurance Company. After a certain amount of pleading, scolding and *backsheesh*, two men dug out the car and I tinkered with the engine, and again, it was just another happy accident. I can't write about my experiences, I'm bashful, but here's my promise to try."

* * *

Father Charles J. Eberle, S.J., who has been interesting our readers with an account of his efforts to secure schools and teaching Sisters, adds the following details of his planning:

"A very kind friend has recently sent me down an automobile. It's a five passenger Chevrolet sedan. Let me take occasion to thank her most sincerely. I offered to give up my house at Highgate to the Sisters. There they shall live. The new church at Highgate will also serve as a day school. In fact, I am now having the church benches made with boards on the backs that will open up and serve as desks during school hours. At Port Maria, two schools will be opened. I shall remodel the house we own there, making it more lightsome and airy, making it two or even one big room by raising the roof. This will also give better ventilation. This will be an academy for the children of the better class. Mrs. Thompson once had a school in this house, and at one time had thirty children.

"The church will serve as a day school for the other children. They will pay three pence or six pence a week.

"But the Sisters cannot live at Port Maria. Every day they will come down from Highgate in the car just mentioned. Of course, the scope of my work shall be limited, I shall have to say Mass for the Sisters almost every morning at Highgate. But what is the use of spreading and branching when the missions you have are not on a solid basis? I have tried everything, and am convinced the school and the Sisters are the only solution. It is a venture. But there is no great outlay of money involved. The only expenditure will be remodeling the old house at Port Maria, and that I hope can be done for fifty pounds."

* * *

In the succeeding issues of JESUIT MISSIONS, we promise our readers interesting and delightful reading in regard to mission work in Jamaica as furnished particularly by Sister Constance in "Miss St. Teresa's Pickney," by **Father Joseph Krim, S.J.**, in "Scouting at Alpha," and "In the Jamaica Bush" and "Spreading," by **Andrew B. Ochs, S.J.**

PATNA, INDIA

That **Father John Kilian, S.J.**, of the Chicago Province, enjoys the love and veneration of his fellow missionaries and his new Christians among the Santals of Patna Mission is evident from a recent account printed in the *Patna Mission Letter* under the title: "The 'Torn Father' Goes to America." It is a pleasure to reprint it here as a tribute to the great Patna missionary who has just arrived in the United States:

"A fighter will go on furlough this month when Father John Kilian leaves Patna Mission for a brief visit to the States.

"The shots have generally been thick and the bombing heavy in those sectors of the Mission where the Father has camped during these past ten years. Without suggesting that possibly the vigorous missionary warfare which has usually surrounded him was due in part to a militant spirit as its center, we can at least record the fact that Father Kilian has seen service in the most strenuous activities under-

Father Thomas L. McLaughlin, S.J., who returned to Jamaica, B. W. I., after a year's absence in the United States, and who is now welcomed everywhere by the natives with the greeting, "Fadah, 'im back!"

An Arab beggar lad from Iraq, the land of Aladdin, where American Jesuits are preserving the Faith in Christians.

and solemn, hollow eyes containing a far-away look, a man who speaks in sad sepulchral tones and never writes back home except to tell of hardships and the wonders he could do with five dollars, most of your missionaries who write for the magazines are a bit chary about saying anything that is not strictly redolent of piety and edification, anything that departs from the 'trek across the veldt' or the 'steaming jungle' tradition."

CHINA

Albert R. O'Hara, S.J., and **John J. O'Farrell, S.J.**, sent a long letter describing their trip from California to Shanghai. In the latter part of the letter they describe their arrival in the city of their adoption:

"Sunday, September 10, found our ship nosing its way up the muddy Wang Po and nearing Shanghai, the goal of our desires. The customs' routine finished, we were carried in a tender to the Bund, which reminded us of San Francisco's waterfront. As soon as we could make out faces in the crowd, we picked out **Father Leo F. McGreal, S.J., Father Joseph I. Gatz, S.J.**, and **Father John Lennon, S.J.**, ready to welcome us. More official red tape ticked off, but finally a taxi got us out to the new Gonzaga College where **Father Pius L. Moore, S.J.**, had a good old-fashioned American dinner waiting for us. The evening hurried by all too quickly as we distributed messages from America, answered queries about old friends and acquaintances, and described our trip.

"Our first assignment, but a temporary one, was teaching at Gonzaga. As we were uncertain whether we should be teaching all year or just for a few weeks, we let our correspondence wait until we could give definite information. We found the school located in the International Settlement at the corner of Kiaochow and Singapore Roads. A large house on the property had been turned into a faculty residence, and a new school building had been erected during the Summer. This year has brought a good increase in the Chinese section with a slight decrease in the foreign group. As soon as facilities for room and board can be provided, there will be another increase, because the Chinese prefer a boarding school to a day school. Gonzaga's property is quite extensive and present buildings on the grounds will provide gyms, physics and chemistry rooms, and lodging facilities for the boarders. There is ample room for playgrounds and more buildings as they are needed. A church is to be located on the property as soon as developments call for it. At present the large school chapel is used as the new parish church.

"**Father James Kearney, S.J.**, opened the new parish, September 17. That day twenty Catholic families were registered. Since then the number of families has more than doubled, and he now has a total of 153 Catholics. The task now is to convert pagans living in the parish. How will this be done? Chiefly by opening a catechumenate. In fact, there will be two, one for men and one for women. On October 9, a group of nine was signed up. The number will probably increase to fifteen and perhaps twenty, as this is the desired number. With such a group, classes will be held three times a week and, if possible, even daily. Thus we hope our new Saint Aloysius parish will grow.

"With the arrival of **Father Mark Falvey, S.J.**, and **Brother James Finnegan, S.J.**, on September 30, we both moved to Zi-ka-wei on the edge of Shanghai, where we have commenced the fascinating task of learning the Chinese language. **Paul O'Brien, S.J.**, has been giving us a great deal of assistance in the work, as both he and **George Dunne, S.J.**, have made great progress in their first year at Chinese. Our task is two-fold; for to learn to speak Chinese with its intonations and strange sounds is quite a different thing from learning to read and write the thousands of hieroglyphic-like characters. However, since we trust the Master who has called us into His vineyard will supply the help and strength that we lack, our enthusiasm is undaunted by the difficulties that lie ahead."

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

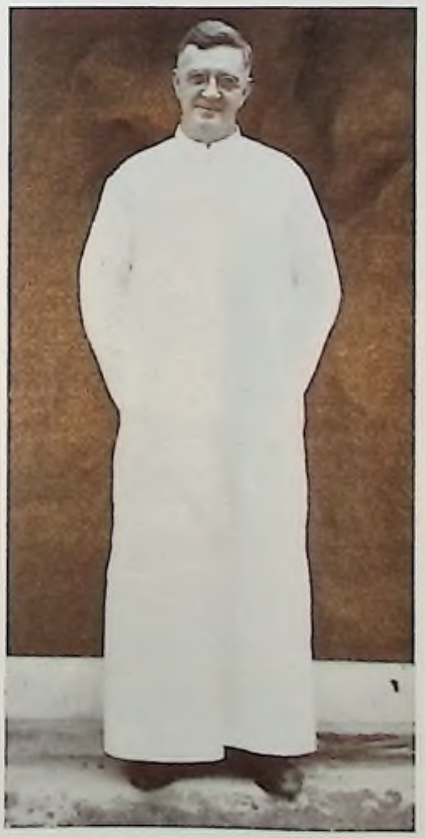
A pioneer, **Father John F. Hurley, S.J.**, greets us from the Ateneo de Manila:

"The Young Men's Sodality of **Father John O'Connell, S.J.**, is a big advance for things religious in the town of Gingoog. A zealous priest and *muy simpatico* told me that, despite all his efforts, the men who went to the sacraments in a year in that town could be counted on the fingers of one hand—and you would not use the thumb or pinky.

"It is no news for you, but it was a big event for us Saturday. What? We won the N. C. A. A. Basketball championship in Senior and Junior divisions, N. C. A. A., for the uninitiate, we translate 'National Collegiate Athletic Association.' Ateneo is the Notre Dame of the Island in basketball."

* * *

As a postscript to our description of funeral customs in the Philippines, printed in "Afield" for December, we are told by **Father Joseph Reith, S.J.:**



Father David A. Daly, S.J., the ever genial and attractive Pastor of Tagoloan, Oriental Misamis, P. I., whose pleas for American relief are always lightened by his prayerful confidence in God.

"Some funerals are pompous affairs with ringing of bells, resounding *cantores,* vested priest and a multitude of candles and paper flowers. The *vigilia,* a Spanish burial custom not uncommon in the Philippines, is a stately ceremony and lasts much longer than would a Mass. Simpler folks are given the ordinary burial service prescribed in the priests' ritual. Saddest of all is the burial of the many, many infants who die almost before they had a chance to live. Enfolded in a small wooden or pasteboard box frequently wrapped in tissue paper, the tiny burdens are laid upon the floor of the church to have the priest read over them the prayers of the angels.

"For nine days after a death, the 'Novena' is observed. Every evening the friends of the deceased come together to pray for the soul of the dead, to chat, play games and take a little refreshment. On the ninth day, a special Mass is said and the period of intense mourning is over. However, relatives, even to the second and third degree, will wear black for more than a year to keep alive the memory of one who was near or dear."

* * *

The advantages of retreat work for men in Manila are typified by the following experience related by **Theodore E. Daigler, S.J.:**

"A young lawyer on retreat, told me how one of his poorly instructed Catholic friends resolved to throw away or destroy all the statues in his possession, because a Protestant minister told him that they were idols and that it was sinful to have them. 'Listen here', replied my lawyer friend, 'why do you let that picture of your mother hang there? Why don't you throw that away?' 'Why that is my mother', came the reply. 'Well, my good fellow, if you keep your mother's picture, how much more you should wish to keep the picture and statue of our Lord and our Lady and the Saints, your friends'. The outcome of that incident was the death knell of Protestantism in that section. Many of the poor Filipinos are almost ignorant of their Faith, due to lack of priests; and on that ignorance some of these robber enemies of the Faith would like to feed."

ALASKA

"Last year was our best year for a long time," writes **Father Martin Lonneux, S.J.,** of St. Michael's, Alaska. "We have had no real sickness; this was exceptional. *Deo Gratias!* Spiritual results have been satisfying, too. The natives have shown a great attachment to their Faith. Their devotion is more noticeable this year because there has been opposition. St. Michael's has been a center of attraction for Whites of doubtful reputation, and heavy drinkers. Liquor has come by barrels; and plenty of it has been given to the natives. Show a glass of hard liquor to a native and he will not refuse. At times I had to act strongly to avert great misfortunes.

"But my people, true Catholics, showed good spirit, and I am proud of them. Last Easter when more than 160 people came here from other places, I was fearful; but all the Catholic natives, with very few exceptions, behaved perfectly.

"Last Winter a terrific storm swept off part of our roof, broke the chimney and nearly started a fire. In Spring, the storm shed caved in; so I either had to repair or abandon the place. I started the repairs in May and did everything myself except the heaviest work. I have made the chapel larger by making my living quarters smaller, as the big church built here during the boom is only a shell and cannot be used in Winter. I also painted the big church to save it from the sea air, which was eating deeply into the wood. It had not been painted for fifteen years.

"This extra work, however, has hindered my progress on the dictionary of the Innuit language. The natives helped me in making new songs and correcting the old ones. We want to have them truly Innuit and not a mere translation of English.

"I corrected also the prayers of the Mass which had been translated into Innuit three years ago. As soon as I can mimeograph them for a few natives to read, they will be recited during the Mass. While the priest is saying them in Latin, the people will recite them in pure Innuit. After a year or two, those who cannot read will know them from hearing them. In this way, the people will follow Mass more devoutly."

* * *

Writing from his new station at Kotzebue, **Father Francis M. Menager, S.J.,** reports on his early days in the most northerly mission of the Jesuits:

"I am in peace above the Arctic Circle, settled in the highest Catholic mission in the north of Alaska. I have been here not quite a month and am trying to get things going; quite a few improvements were called for, and little by little we are making them. We have here quite a large plant: a church that will accommodate about two hundred, a good-sized parish hall, and fair quarters for the priest. After an interruption of three years, I am back where I began in Alaska,—that is, back to doing my own cooking and housekeeping and sacristy work. So far, I have not had to bother with a dog team, for the natives have excellent dogs, and if I have to go anywhere it will be cheaper to hire a dog team. Then, too, there is a lot of work to be done right here in Kotzebue, and, therefore, it is not wise to start moving around the trail until things are put on a lasting footing right at headquarters.

"I have to learn another Eskimo language, and that will take time and patience. It will also mean writing a new set of prayers and songs and a new catechism. The language is not at all like that spoken by the Eskimos of the lower coast, though one can trace a relation between them. The language of the Eskimos of the lower coast is much more regular, whereas that spoken here is full of uncertainties and irregularities, probably owing to the fact that this place has been in contact with Whites for a long time. God helping, I am setting myself to the task, and perhaps after a year or so I may be able to say quite a few things to the people in their own language without using an interpreter as I have to do now."

A First Communion group in Alaska. The missionaries in the picture are Very Rev. John B. Sifton, S.J., Superior of the missions of northern Alaska (left), and Father Paul C. Deschout, S.J.

Father Joseph Cadot, S.J., of the Upper Canada Province, at the age of seventy-three (having spent twenty-nine years on the Indian missions), is still preaching the word of God with zeal and energy in Ontario.

CANADIAN INDIANS

It is pleasant,—and wholesome, too,—for us of the younger generation to recall now and then the heroic lives of some of our veteran missionaries. **Donald Killerin,** Jesuit Scholastic at Toronto, does this in giving us some lines on **Father Joseph Cadot, S.J.,** seventy-three year old missionary of Upper Canada:

"When, twenty-nine years ago, Father Cadot became a missionary, he did not go to Cape Croker at once, but spent a year studying Indian at Garden River and Fort William. He says of this language, 'It may sound harsh to white people, but the Indian hears in its full sounds the cry of birds, waters lapping on pebbled shores or the winds playing in pine forests'.

"Following the year of preparation, Father Cadot was summoned by Father Provincial (Father Lecompte, S. J.) who told him he could go to Cape Croker. He was very glad to be a missionary, doing real mission work, like his peers, Saints John Brebeuf and Daniel Lalemant and the other heroes of old. At once he set to work to bring these wandering sheep to their true owner. Despite great difficulties—partly because of the Protestant missionaries who were better equipped in every way, received more government support and were in the majority—he managed to make the Catholic population about equal to that of his Protestant neighbors. In 1902, Cape Croker had fifty Protestant families and only thirty Catholic; now there are five hundred Protestants and four hundred and fifty-five Catholics.

"Through many long years of unknown trials and sacrifices, Father Cadot went faithfully about his Master's work. Today, at seventy-three, Father Cadot still has his youthful zeal. However, hardships and old age have so weakened him that he can only attend to two missions, Cape Croker and Saugeen. This latter mission is called 'The Missionary's Cross'. Three years ago, Saugeen had only six persons at Mass. Father Cadot, urged by the Holy Spirit, set out at seventy years of age to remedy this sad condition. He had wonderful success. On Sundays now he has fifty regular attendants at Mass. Love conquers all.

"What is the secret of Father's success? It is due to his wonderful character and personality. His people love him. God gave him many excellent qualities for drawing people to the things of Heaven. Above all, he has trained himself to wonderful patience. He is kind even to a fault. He gives his own front room for a boy's club; he lives on small rations that he may give to others; and in all things he seeks only the good of the Indian. They all know of his courage and constancy. His final proof of it is that at seventy-three years of age he refuses to leave them.

"What he has done for the Indians will live on in their children. He has Christianized them, and has built up the spiritual edifice of a fervent parish at Cape Croker. He has civilized them by music: his famous Bruce County Band; by education: through the Nuns of the Sacred Heart.

"Father Cadot knows that he must soon leave the mission field. His one regret is that there are so few ready to take his or others places. He prays daily that the good God may send, even at this eleventh hour, zealous workers into the missions of the Canadian north."

BRITISH HONDURAS

Writing from the Convent of Mercy, Belize, British Honduras, **Sister M. Teresa, R.S.M.,** gives further news about **Sister M. Eleanor, R.S.M.,** of Dallas, Pa., and **Sister M. Rosella, R.S.M.,** of Providence, R. I., who, in answer to a call for volunteers, sailed for British Honduras on August 26:

"It is with pleasure that I enclose a photo of our two zealous missionaries who so generously volunteered their services for the foreign missions, and who are now happily and busily at work teaching in our Academy. Realizing what a privilege it is to toil where 'the harvest is great and the laborers few', the Sisters have gone heart and soul into their work. Very soon we intend to open a high school with Sister M. Rosella in charge and Sister M. Eleanor as an able assistant. The young ladies of Belize will have every opportunity then for secondary education and every facility for advancement. Knowing how the people of Belize appreciate higher education, we feel that St. Catherine's Academy has before it a very bright future, and that the voluntary sacrifice of our missionary Sisters will be blessed with abundant fruit."

* * *

That **Father Quirinus P. Leonard, S.J.,** has a warm spot in the hearts of his people is evident from a letter received from P. A. Avila, native school master at San Antonio Cayo, B. H.:

"About 7:00 P.M., Friday, October 27, Father Leonard, accompanied by Maestro L. B. Garcia of Santa Elena, slipped in upon us unexpectedly. There was great rejoicing when the Father's arrival was announced, and the whole village turned out to greet this man of God. The Lord Mayor of San Antonio was the first to shake hands with the priest; then followed a host of others. There was a recital of *marimba* music and the young players or *marimberos* left no stone unturned in showing Father Leonard what wonders they can do upon their homemade musical instruments. The school children gave an exhibition of singing.

"On Sunday, the feast of Christ the King, High Mass was celebrated and the children sang in a most beautiful manner. Father Leonard gave a simple but fervent sermon and impressed all by the very devout way in which he said his Mass."

Left to right: Sister M. Eleanor, R.S.M., of Dallas, Pa., and Sister M. Rosella, R.S.M., of Providence, R.I., who, in answer to a call for volunteers, sailed for Belize, British Honduras, on August 26, and are now happily engaged in teaching at St. Catherine's Academy for girls in the new land of their adoption.

Tagnipa

Walter Hamilton, S.J.

MY parish is long and wide, extending some fifty kilometers along difficult shore roads and over more difficult mountain passes. When in my boyhood I watched in breathless awe movie actors descend on horseback what seemed sheer cliffs, I never dreamt I'd be doing the same some day. It is all in the life of a missionary.

Probably, you have seen pictures of little children riding on the backs of innocent looking carabaos. These animals are normally the last word in gentleness, yet when something goes wrong with them, Buffalo Bill's bisons would be meek lambs compared with them. About two weeks ago, I attended the death-bed of a man gored by a carabao. Only the other day also, Father Consunji gave the last sacraments to a man who met with a similar accident. After the man had confessed, and was being anointed, he lapsed into delirium and died soon afterwards.

When one is here a few years, he begins to take things for granted and feels he has been living here all his life. Only when a stranger comes to our shores and keeps gazing at the lizards running about the walls and ceilings of our conventos, or, to pass to the sublime, only when a newly-arrived Father gives vent to his priestly joy at seeing an infant soul pass from the regenerating waters, *sine ullis eorum meritis,* to the unending bliss of Heaven, then it is that we realize that many customary daily occurrences here may prove of interest to the folks at home. A short time ago, I picked up a snake outside my window and have encountered a few, heard a rattle or two—but these things you have at home.

These are busy days, and we were wistfully looking forward to September for recruits. September is on us and no recruits are in sight. Here, one must be moderator for all societies, be on duty every day, Sunday being the hardest, excluding fiestas, which are veritable orgies of work. One sits in the confessional after breakfast to hear the school children for their first Friday Communion. The last time this occurred, I had to smile, almost laugh at myself (the Lord forgive the irreverence of laughing at being called on a sick call). But I was too ambitious that particular day and wanted to clean up work after the confessions. Man proposes, but God disposes. So I hied myself off to the distant call and prepared an old man for the last journey, returned and entered the box again. This is still a mission country in more ways than one. As one Filipino Father once remarked, it would be easier and more encouraging to work among the pagan Chinese than among many of these people who were spoiled by heresy before they ever learned how to make the Sign of the Cross. (May the Sacred Heart reign once again in these hotbeds of proud indifference!) Gradually, we are making inroads in the worst of these towns in some of which we have had to suffer not only for the Faith but also for being Americans. So we have been doubly blessed.

BESIDES, we have been blessed here with the appointment of Brother Manuel Pascua who was a pupil of the writer some twelve years ago at Seminary-College, Vigan, in the Province of Ilocos Sur. Brother is a great consolation to all and a relief especially to the Fathers. For years, our convento has been the dispensary, refuge for the sick and wounded. Desperate cases have been treated here, and when we doubted we prayed or used a little St. Ignatius water in the medicine. One night we kept here in the convento, a poor man

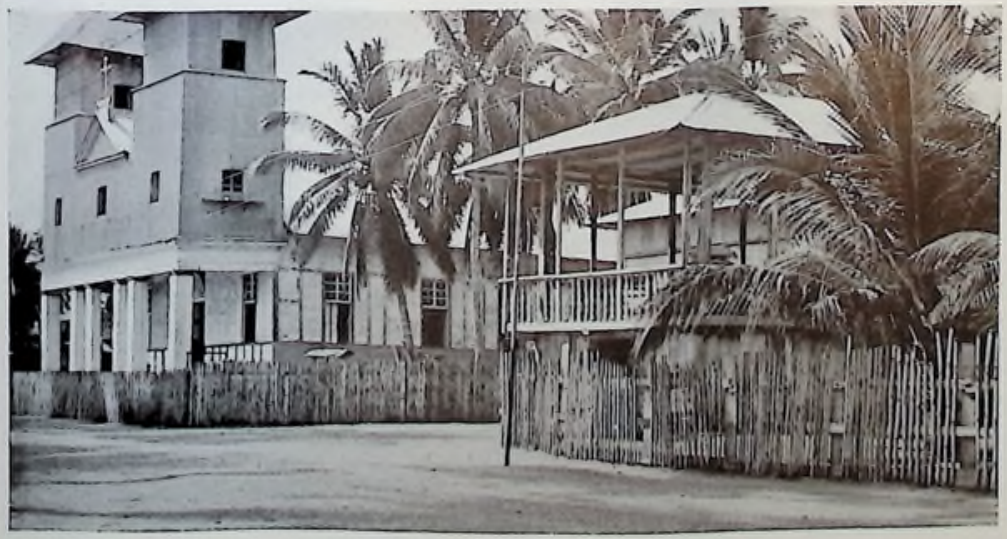
struck down by an auto. He's on the road again. Some of the swings in the amusement park we erected opposite the convento, we tied up for a while, as there were several accidents in a short time, one girl's head being opened from end to end. Boils and all manner of skin diseases are treated. Often infections are produced by mere scratching. When the patient returns repeatedly with boils, we give a tonic. Cod-liver oil in many of these cases is "indicated." Tiki-tiki, a concentrated food tonic, is indicated especially in beri-beri which is not infrequent here. We are noticeably drawing the people away from their quack doctors.

Little by little, we are accustoming the natives to the proper use of proper medicines, and by taking the more urgent cases to the Cagayan hospital, we will gradually lessen their dread of such institutions. It takes a bit of practice and experience to understand the Visayan expressions for their ailments and symptoms, and to be able to phrase properly for them directions for medical treatment, doses, etc. Our terms often have to be combined with set Spanish words, though very little Spanish is understood here. At times, in explaining and demonstrating with spoon and glass, the proper administration of the various medicines, I take a little myself to remove their fear.

Left to right: Father Walter J. Hamilton, S.J., parish priest of Tagoloan, and Brother Emmanuel Pascua, S.J., a former pupil of the author when he was teaching at the College of the Immaculate Conception, Vigan, Ilocos Sur, Northern Luzon.

FROM time to time I have ambitioned writing an article on the dialects of the Philippine Islands in general, and Visayan in particular. But I find it too tropical to do much serious analyzing and thinking here. Like Goldsmith's parson in the deserted village, "all my serious thoughts have rest in Heaven." The language is very idiomatic. In the various dialects, words in common usage, such as, e.g., day, night, sun, moon, stars, etc., are very similar, there being only a difference of a letter here and there. Due to former lack of means of communication, divergences have occurred. The study is interesting and fascinating, full of natural mysteries.

How we would like to open fifth grade in our St. Joseph's recognized school of Tagnipa. It means much, as the children come from near and far and can bring back what they learn to the mountain barrios. After fourth grade, they have just about enough English to be able to study profitably the textbook on "home-economics," and under the guidance of a good teacher can learn valuable lessons for their home and community life, acquiring practical knowledge and skill in agricultural and industrial work. Our school is situated in a far more advantageous and convenient place than the public school. Then, we have the various "kindergarten" schools, the object of which is to prepare the children for the reception of the sacraments. What a burden to keep them supplied with chalk, blackboards, bells, etc.! For in some places, the teachers conduct practically full-fledged schools, especially in barrios which boast of no public school. The Master and Lord of the little children has made our burden light, through the help of friends in the States. May these friends continue to keep us in their prayers.



The church and convento at Tagnipa, a center of missionary activity that extends to the adjacent stations of Alubihid, Lourdes, Mantikaw, Molungan, and points north, south, east and west.

THE WHITE NURSE

(*Continued from page* 3)

sight. He didn't need to be, for Isaac was well and the White Nurse wouldn't be coming into camp. The day before, though, Sister was asked to name the price of her services. Not wishing to relieve poverty-familiar Isaac of a blanket, she accepted one of his photos, depicting Isaac sprouting a plethora of head-feathers, wearing a chest protector of beaded buckskin and driveling from elbows, hips, knee-joints, all sorts of jingle bells, eagle's claws and weasel pelts.

A YEAR later double pneumonia decisively floored old Isaac. Immediately, he called for the White Nurse, who was now two hundred miles away. However, the Mother Provincial of the Sisters of Charity of Providence was in the mission, and when the aged Indian assured her that, were the White Nurse here, he surely would live, she telegraphed Sister John Gabriel to come at once.

In a trice, Sister was en route, glad to make the journey to save Isaac. But while this journey was in progress, Isaac went on another, that inevitable trip across the Hills of Time . . .

A few post-mortem reflections on this Isaac affair: it is similar to the parable of the Good Samaritan. Though it does not explicitly state that the traveler in the Gospel was stabbed in the back and pitched in a mud hole, still the results are nearly identical: both men very sick. If we continue, I guess the White Nurse becomes the Good Samaritan . . .

Draw a line under all this, and the total merely depicts a missionary at work, for body and soul, the corporal and spiritual works of mercy, in action. A missionary's life is not a Robinson Crusoe existence on a tattered mission, hopelessly marooned from the busy world, strenuously employed in refined idleness.

On the contrary, there is action, always "something attempted, something done," with no time for day dreaming of the noisy, meaningless world that so seldom pauses to scan the blueprints of Christ's doctrine. Missionary lives are full—full of unselfish labors for God.

JAVA

(*Continued from page* 9)

primitive art that is real art, with its weird oriental music, its stern *batiks* and tapestries, its variegated fauna and flora. That is its "fatal gift of beauty!" "Would thou wert less lovely or more powerful . . ."

FROM the earliest dawn of history, we hear of one tribe after another, sweeping like waves over the island, each forcing its predecessor onward, till there arose a power strong enough to drive back the current, and bar aggression for many an age. This power existed in the Hindoo-Javanic era; its superior culture is still testified to by thousands of temples, statues and tombs, —many of them being more than one thousand years old—that are the envy of our modern architects. No sooner, however, was this power weakened than the incursions began again: the Mohammedans—first coming as merchants, and preachers from Arabia—who soon provoked strife and then became conquerors. In the sixteenth century, when the peaceful penetration of the new faith had been completed, the Portuguese came for the first time in search of the spice trade with the Moluccas. In their turn they were expelled by the Dutch; in 1602 the Dutch East Indian Company was formed; at first a purely commercial body, the Company gradually obtained political powers and assumed political authority over nearly the whole of Java. At the downfall of Napoleon, after the East Indian Company had been liquidated, the colonies became a national possession of Holland. Since the Dutch Government introduced freedom of religion, Catholicism—at last—got a chance for work in these far removed countries.

In concluding these brief notes, we quote the saying of J. P. Coen, the famous Governor General of the seventeenth century: "Never despair," he used to write, "never give up. A grand task is to be done in the east." Well, Dutch energy, Dutch stubborn tenacity has gradually built up industries, agricultures and commercial enterprises that may indeed be considered to be true wonders.

We missionaries are hard at it to accomplish the far greater wonder: the conversion of both a Mohammedan and Buddhist country that generally shows itself so rebellious to the yoke of the Gospel.

On Java a specimen of the earliest known man was found. That is the fate of Java: to be considered the birth-place of first-born men, yet to be among the last-born to the Faith.

EVEN AS TODAY

(*Continued from page* 11)

the spokesman, "your exile—your sufferings—your hardships. . . ."

'They," said Peter, "are as God wills. In the suffering and blood of Christ, the Church was born. In the suffering and blood of missionaries and in the heroic sacrifices of those left sorrowing behind, the Church both in the homeland and among the pagans will take its growth. It is God's will. It is God's way."

Slowly the delegation of prominent Faithful took its leave; and shortly after, the first of the Church's long line of missionaries began the long trek that has not yet ended.

And the Catholic world and the civilized world thank you, Peter . . . and modern missionaries still imitate you. . . . But, sad to say, there are men even today who think and talk as did those visitors of yours on that day so long ago. . . .

THUNDER GOD

(*Continued from page* 13)

part without leaving their coins for him. And so he died. His Thunder God had let him down.

The mother-in-law had set up there. A typical peasant woman, in her patched trousers and short blue coat of rough canvas. She was reaping undreamed of wealth in the coppers that came to her daily as a result of the hate of a son-in-law.

Superstition dying out in China? Well, it is not wise to generalize. Only twenty miles away lies the great, modernized city of Shanghai.

I sat on the verandah of the Observatory with Brother Joseph Aguinagalde, S.J., who has passed thirty-three years here on the hill at

(*Continued on page* 28)

BOOK REVIEWS

Protestant Home Missions to Catholic Immigrants. By Theodore Abel. Institute of Social and Religious Research, New York. Price $1.00.

The tenor of the work herein described is evident from the title. A few catch quotations, however, may convince ingenuous Catholics of the arrogant designs of Protestants towards our Catholic immigrants. "The most effective way to make good Americans of the foreign born, is to draw them into the membership of Protestant churches"—"Jesuitism is a menace to the spirit of progress, civil and ecclesiastical rights, the very spirit of Christ"—"I freely and gladly admit that I am proselytizing my Catholic brethren."

Like all Protestantism, they are strong on undefined general statements of purpose as, for example, "The dominant ideal of home missions is to inspire the spiritual life of America with the dynamic of the Christian Gospel,"—but they are helpless in giving a reason for their faith, as, for example, "I find that our workers are at a total loss, when it comes to defining the relation between social and religious work. They have no more conception of what Christianity means . . ." —"The Mission, the Foreign Language Church and the Department Church are the main branches through which the religious work of the mission enterprise among immigrants is carried on. The methods most commonly used are, first, the corner meeting, second, the house to house canvass, third, the revival meeting, fourth, the distribution of tracts and bibles."—"We hope that our work of winning the children of Catholic immigrants for the church will be greatly facilitated, if we get hold of them at an early age, when they can be easily impressed and guided." The Catholic reader's one consolation is the conviction based upon the author's creditable appraisal of results, that, despite a campaign that has lasted fifty years and demanded an outlay of possibly one hundred million dollars, the conclusion is as follows: "The mission enterprise has failed to realize the main purpose for which it was instituted."

Religious Certainty. By Martin J. Scott, S.J. P. J. Kenedy & Sons, New York, N. Y. Price $1.50 cloth cover, 25 cents paper cover.

The very title is a proof that this eminent apologist for the Faith is in step with the mental tempo of our times. Yet, the title is merely indicative of the timeliness of the truths it entitles—the essentials of modern religious research. As early as page sixteen, the author's strategy of logic is opened to the analysis of his readers, when he premises "(1) that Christ is God in the true sense; (2) that He established a Church; (3) that He guaranteed this Church perpetual existence and immunity from error in teaching religious truth; (4) that the Church so established is the Catholic Church." It is these four theses that are established throughout the succeeding pages with statements of piston rod directness and with all the impelling impact of right reason. The book is a polemic for the people. It orders men's gravest issues, co-ordinates mind and will with reason and faith, outlaws atheism, court-martials skepticism and arrays in glorious parade for the consolation of wondering and wandering souls the consolations of revelation. It will shock the apathetic into salutary interest and stay the ravages of that indifference which like pernicious anaemia is sapping the strength of modern religious life. Christ once challenged the Jews: "Which of you shall convince Me of sin?" Their silence was eloquent. In his chapter on "Christ's Church Must Be Holy," Father Scott throws down his gauntlet to the modern world. May the modern world, with God's grace and its own good will, accept the challenge of the facts and their own logical conclusions, the conclusions of this latest contribution to Father Scott's growing and popular library of apologetics, namely, "The Catholic Church alone teaches all that Christ taught, upholds the standards that He reared, inspires in multitudes the heroic life of consecrated service which He lived, speaks with the certainty and unity which He manifested, and, in a word, is like Him, the Light of the world."

The American Catholic Who's Who—1934-35. Romig & Co., 10457 Gratiot Ave., Detroit, Michigan. Price $3.75 postpaid.

The names recorded in "The American Catholic Who's Who" have as their least common denominator the possession of a Catholic philosophy of life, in the exercise of which some individuals are raised to the nth degree of dignity, according to their achievements in the professional, financial, civic and social movements of our day. Aside from this monument of a record in print, merited by those whose names are here inscribed, the book is an admirable apologetic for the contributions of Catholics to American life and letters. Even he who runs may read the testimony of that racial integrity, cultural pre-eminence in art and science and tried and true Americanism that is so ignorantly challenged at significantly recurring instances in our national history. If only as a memorial to the Faith of our fathers, no less than to their modern sons and daughters of the Faith, let the work go on. *Prospere procede et regna.*

Christian Life and Worship. By Gerald Ellard, S.J., Ph.D. The Bruce Publishing Company, New York, Milwaukee, Chicago. Price $2.00.

Opening the pages of "Christian Life and Worship" is like opening a treasure vault of graces, natural and supernatural. Or, better still, perhaps, it is like opening the doors of the Catholic Church itself which, for the first time, our collegiate youth is invited to enter and appreciate, from the point of view of the Mystical Body as studied in Corporate Worship. Natural Life and the Super-Life; A Christocentric Universe and the Social Obligations of Christian Christocrats; The Story of the Divine Bridge-Builder, Who, daily, from the rising of the sun even to the going down, spans by His Sacrifice the distance from man to God; the Temple of each Sacrifice and the setting of the Sacrifice itself, together with the liturgical significance of each least detail; the Mystery of Faith and its Supernatural Life Assurance; the Beautiful Rites of Baptism, Confirmation, Eucharist, Penance, Matrimony, Holy Orders and the Last Anointing, sacramental love-tokens, each in its apostolic setting; the Rationale of all Sacramentals; the Master and the masterpiece—these are some of the features that will cause the reader's mind and will and affections to ascend and descend continually, this Jacob's ladder of grace, with alternate satisfaction and desire. Rites whose significance for the average Catholic has long been dead, here live again; priestly gestures now have meaning; signs signify and symbols symbolize; while the very altar stone itself tells its story of other days and of other ways, of the Lord's days and of the ways of God. And always, keeping pace with each unfolding mystery of ritual, runs with insistent majesty, the God-like consciousness of the student's own dignity as a child of God, concorporate with Christ, a member of His Mystical Body, adopted into the family life of Heaven.

The Mass Book. The Paulist Press, 401 West 59th St., New York, N. Y.

This is a handy *vade-mecum*, explaining the essential and integral parts of the Mass and adding an anthology of the Church's more popular prayers. Practical moral mementoes are appended for memories that lapse and fail.

THUNDER GOD

(*Continued from page 26*)

Zose. The rice fields and numberless canals far below lay under the deep blackness of night. Suddenly, there floated up to us out of the darkness a weird, chilling, long drawn cry. *"Lai tze, lai tze!"* It was just such a cry as a ghost might make. I started.

"What is that?"

"Oh, you hear that almost every night here," said Brother. "Someone is dying down there and they are trying to call the soul back. Listen and you will hear the answer."

Immediately, it came. *"Lai tse, lai tse!"* This time from farther off.

"You see," Brother went on, "One of the family climbs up on the roof. The other wanders about the fields calling the soul back. He is answered by the man stationed on the roof. Thirty-three years I have been here, and almost every night, that goes on down there below, that calling back of dying souls."

Superstition dead?

AMONG THE SANTALS OF NARAINPUR

(*Continued from page 15*)

will become quite evident to you. Some months ago three pagan Santal men, at the suggestion of a catechist, came and asked if their boys could be sent to the Mission Boarding School, which the Mission runs free of charge in the Hindu town of Bhagalpore. The boys were of suitable age, so I gave the usual answer, "Yes, your boys may go, provided you are willing that they should be baptized in case they want to, and you, yourselves, are willing to listen to the instructions of the catechist." They agreed to these two conditions and the boys went to Bhagalpore, into the care of Fathers Stoy, Mullen and Morrison.

A month later, on the occasion of Bishop Sullivan's visit to Narainpur, the catechist brought two of those pagan fathers for Baptism. Two weeks later I went out to their village, said Mass there, baptized their families, and some of their neighbors, fifteen persons in one day. Others of the village have boys they wish to send to Bhagalpore school. So you see, there are two material agencies that are bringing these splendid Santal people into the True Faith: catechists and Bhagalpore school.

A CATECHIST costs about three dollars a month, and a boy at school costs a dollar and a half a month. Unfortunately, the particular section of Patna Mission entrusted to me has lacked benefactors. This has come about largely because of necessary frequent changes of the missionary in charge. Father Pettit's great pioneer work in Narainpur ended too quickly with his transfer to Bettiah, to take charge of Khrist Raja High School, and Narainpur passed to Father Conway. Father Conway's more than heroic labors, brought to an end by an untimely death, were of but one short year's duration, and Father Scott held the Mission for an interval. Then it came to my inexperienced hands. But in the frequent changes, Narainpur's identity as one of the fruitful missions was quite forgotten, and that at the very time when the long depression in America was finally eliminating the missioner's last personal helpers. I wouldn't explain this at length, but I have reason to believe that you are eager to know the intimate state of the Mission. And, too, I imagine it's more satisfying for instance, to know exactly why and how catechists are needed in Narainpur district, than merely to hear the familiar statement that catechists are needed in the missions.

I was hoping to tell you about the Santal girls' school in Bhagalpore, but this letter has run on too long. How those Sisters can train girls! Work, sanctity, Catholic culture for a hundred Santal girls—all on the verandahs of a former planter's bungalow. Now I'm sure this letter must end before it drifts onto that subject.

At

HOTEL COMMODORE

(42nd Street and Lexington Avenue)
New York, N. Y.

from

January 14 to January 21

will be conducted a

MISSION EXHIBIT

under the patronage of

PATRICK CARDINAL HAYES

by

The New York Diocesan Office

of the

Society for the Propagation of the Faith

REV. THOMAS J. McDONNELL, Director

There will be no admission fee, nor charge of any kind at the exhibit. All, adults and children, are cordially invited to visit the exhibit during the week.

Grateful Acknowledgments

JESUIT MISSIONS gladly transmits money gifts to any Jesuit Missionary.

Gifts for the Missions

L. P., Eldora, Ia.	$ 4.00
H. M. B., Brooklyn, N. Y.	3.00
M. B., New York, N. Y.	2.00
Mrs. F. J., E. Elmhurst, N. Y.	1.00
For Father McNulty, S.J.	
N. A. S., Brooklyn, N. Y.	100.00
Ladies' Sodality, St. F. X. Ch., New York, N. Y.	100.00
H. J. D., Brooklyn, N. Y.	50.00
Mrs. F. W., Missoula, Mont.	2.00
For Father Reith, S.J.	
H. M. E., New York, N. Y.	50.00
E. R. K., New York, N. Y.	25.00
H. E. H., Providence, R. I.	10.00
A. McH., New York, N. Y.	5.00
E. W., Brooklyn, N. Y.	5.00
M. V. K., New York, N. Y.	5.00
Mrs. H. J. D., Philadelphia, Pa.	5.00
V. R., New Orleans, La.	5.00
M. S., Paterson, N. J.	2.00
Anonymous, New York, N. Y.	2.00
J. J. H., Philadelphia, Pa.	1.00
A. L. S., Birmingham, Ala.	1.00
J. F., Galveston, Tex.	1.00
N. R., New York, N. Y.	1.00
M. E. C., Philadelphia, Pa.	1.00
For Father Lucas, S.J.	
Rev. M. W. S., Newark, N. J.	10.00
H. I. B., Hartford, Conn.	5.00
H. J. D., Philadelphia, Pa.	5.00
For Philippines	
A. C. D., New York, N. Y.	8.00
Anonymous, New York, N. Y.	5.00
S., I.C.S., Darlington, N. J.	2.00
M. E. O'R., Woodhaven, N. Y.	1.00
For Father Kennally, S.J.	
A. M., Ireland	13.26
For Father J. A. Lennon, S.J.	
Mrs. F. M., Brookline, Mass.	10.00
For Father C. P. Miller, S.J.	
L. R. W., Louisville, Ky.	5.00
For Father C. Simons, S.J.	
M. B. C., Chicago, Ill.	5.00
For Dakota Mission	
Via M. B., New York, N. Y.	5.00
For Bishop Crimont, S.J.	
Mrs. H. J. D., Philadelphia, Pa.	5.00
For Father McGowan, S.J.	
G. F. C., Glenside, Pa.	2.00
For Father Hofmann, S.J.	
Mrs. F. W., Missoula, Mont.	2.00
For British Honduras Mission	
A. T., New York, N. Y.	3.00
For Patna Mission	
Anonymous, Canada	1.00

Gratitude is also expressed for one hundred and seventy-seven Mass Stipends.

Jesuit Brothers!

All young men from the age of 17 to 35, desirous of using their talents entirely for God, assisting the Priests of the Society of Jesus

May apply to

Jesuit Mission Press
257 Fourth Avenue
New York, N. Y.

Books are needed in the mission schools of our American Jesuit missionaries.

For information as to where you can send your old

BIOGRAPHIES
HISTORIES
BOOKS OF FICTION

Address DESK B,
Jesuit Mission Press
257 Fourth Avenue
New York, N. Y.

Short Story Lives of The Jesuit Martyrs of North America

A Novena to the Martyr Saints of North America
by —10¢
EDW. F. GARESCHE, S.J.

The White-robed Blackrobe—
St. Isaac Jogues—10¢

The Giant of God—
St. John Brebeuf—10¢

Surgeon and Saint—
St. Rene Goupil—10¢

Squire of Christ—
St. John Lalande—10¢

A Shepherd Staunch—
St. Anthony Daniel—10¢
by
NEIL BOYTON, S.J.

All of the above for 50c postpaid

JESUIT MISSION PRESS
257 Fourth Ave. New York, N. Y.

Almanac and Calendar of the SACRED HEART, 1934

A new and larger size, 11 inches by 8¼ inches. Calendar pages show the fast, abstinence days and holydays of obligation. Reading matter is instructive, consoling and interesting.

Price by mail
One copy 17c; three copies 45c
Order from
Jesuit Mission Press
257 Fourth Ave., New York, N. Y.

For Your Library VOLUME VII *of* JESUIT MISSIONS

Attractively bound in heavy red cloth, lettered in gold.

$3.00 per Volume

A limited number of complete sets of JESUIT MISSIONS, Volume I to VII, bound in heavy red cloth, lettered in gold are obtainable.

Price for the seven volumes
$18.00—postpaid
Order at once from
Jesuit Mission Press
257 Fourth Ave., New York, N. Y.

for
INFORMATION
concerning the

—Remailing of magazines to the missions—

—Saving of cancelled postage stamps for the missions—

Address DESK E

Jesuit Mission Press
257 Fourth Ave., New York, N.Y.

Prepare in advance for the Novena of Grace from
March 4 to March 12
ORDER NOW
NOVENA of GRACE
a pamphlet
10c each; $7.00 a hundred; $60.00 a thousand

Prayers for the Novena of Grace
a leaflet
40c a hundred; $3.50 a thousand
JESUIT MISSION PRESS, 257 Fourth Ave., New York, N. Y.

MY MISSIONS

A combined mission atlas and calendar of convenient size, 34 x 22 inches, which tells at a glance—

—the geography of the missions

—the number of missionary workers

—the feasts and fasts of the year

—the Catholic and total population

In the schools it prompts to zeal.

In the home it teaches love and sacrifice.

Everywhere it encourages and fosters vocations.

—Prices Postpaid—

Single copy	**$ .50**
Six Copies	**2.75**
Twelve copies . .	**5.00**

JESUIT MISSION PRESS, 257 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Why Not a Book For a Gift?

THE JESUIT MARTYRS OF NORTH AMERICA
By JOHN J. WYNNE, S.J. - - - - - Price $1.50, by post $1.60

THE PADRE OF THE PRESS
Recollections of the Intrepid Philippine Missionary John J. Monahan, S.J.
By THOMAS J. FEENEY, S.J. - - - - - Price $1.50, by post $1.60

MIGUEL AUGUSTIN PRO of the Society of Jesus
Done to death in Mexico City, November 23, 1927
By ANTHONY DRAGON, S.J. - - - - - Price $1.50, by post $1.60

GOD'S JESTER—The Story of Father Pro, S.J.
By MRS. GEORGE NORMAN - - - - - Price $2.00, by post $2.10

ISAAC JOGUES MISSIONER AND MARTYR
By MARTIN J. SCOTT, S.J. - - - - - - Price $2.00, by post $2.10

MUSH, YOU MALEMUTES!
By BERNARD R. HUBBARD, S.J. - - - - Price $3.00, by post $3.20

JESUIT MISSION PRESS 257 Fourth Avenue New York, N. Y.

taken by the American Mission of Patna. After a long spell under fire, there must be some scars to patch up or some shrapnel to remove (he does not recall having ever been shell-shocked) and these little operations will be effected by a visit home. Then he can return with new energy to his sector on the mission front.

"That sector at present is a thousand square miles of sandy rocky country inhabited by the smiling Santal race. This tract has been the Father's stamping ground for the past three years. It centers around a truculent village called Sugathan, where for reasons of chance, fate or geography, the Father has evolved his home and central church edifice. The location of his main station in this one surliest all-pagan village of his district is fairly characteristic of the circumstances in which Father Kilian has generally been working since his coming to the Mission. The splendid group of Christians who attend Mass at Sugathan are strictly commuters.

"Eight or ten other places of the district now have churches, whose thousand and more Christians are the result of this missionary's continual struggles with paganism and other isms. The details of those encounters are much too interesting to be found in print,—also too voluminous. They must be omitted here. They can, however, on occasion, be drawn forth, unfolded, spun to considerable length when Father Kilian finds opportunity of conversing with friends in his own language. In the past those opportunities have been limited to about once a month, when 'The Torn Father', as the Santal girls at Bhagalpur have nicknamed him, drifted into Bhagalpur for repairs, supplies and a chance to view his troubles from a distance. There, close behind the lines, where **Fathers R. H. Mullen, S.J.,** and **P. L. Frank, S.J.,** run a school and also keep open house for all Santal mission workers, Father Kilian's brethren have heard of the stirring adventures attendant on pioneer mission work at Sugathan.

"Two former occasions when Father Kilian was obliged to leave his station, turned out, strangely enough, to be times of blessing to his mission. It was while he was detained by illness in Bankipore that a group of leaders of the opposition in his district capitulated to him. In the Father's absence they had launched a drive against his new Christians, and when the drive collapsed the leaders decided it would be more interesting to fight on the winning side. During his more recent stay in Calcutta, while **Father Henry I. Westropp, S.J.,** was caring for Sugathan, unusual numbers of catechumens accepted the yoke of Christ, and a formerly hostile village asked for admission *en masse*. During the present furlough, **Fathers Stoy** and **Westropp** will be on duty out there at Sugathan. May the great harvest continue!

"Father Kilian has other helpers near Sugathan about whose extraordinary deeds he is much more fluent than about his own. Four Sisters of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary traverse the extent of the rugged district of Sugathan, out-smiling the smiling Santals, attending the sick, stabilizing the mission. Spiritual Amazons they are, laughing at difficulties as they go forth from their earth-walled dugout in the village of Kati Bari.

"We commend Father Kilian to any of our readers who may find him searching his way in America. There are various ways in which you could make him feel at home and less removed from his beloved Sugathan. The first obvious one that suggests itself to us who have frequently seen him setting out for his station, would be to give him a ride in your old Ford. Leave off the magneto and have the batteries weak. Load the rear seat with window frames, doors, church furniture and spare parts for an ox-cart. A few missionary Sisters with their pupils should find seats somewhere back of this load. Get fifty miles away from the nearest amateur garage, on a country road where rivers are many and bridges few. It will be the duty of the Sisters to obtain miracles from the Little Flower every time the engine dies. At the end of the journey, lodge him most anywhere, omit the trimmings, provide black coffee and hard tack."

May Father Kilian's stay in America be profitable to him physically and may his work win the sympathy it so richly deserves.

IRAQ

Illustrated by a cut with the caption, "This will put them in a giving humor—maybe," **Father Edward F. Madaras, S.J.,** writes from Iraq:

"We glance at our note book and we observe that we jotted down something not long ago about humor in mission publications. Maybe this effusion is going to sound something like Cicero *pro domo sua*, but as we search our motives we find them upright, so we'll go ahead. By way of introduction, we'll tell a story. In our Scholastic days when we were teaching at Toledo (oh no! not Spain), a woman came to us one day with a letter she had received from some missionary who, of course, was begging for funds. In the course of his letter he happened to mention that he was 'as busy as a one-eyed cat in a bird store.' That touch of humor made the good woman suspicious: no bona fide missionary, she felt, would talk like that, and she concluded that he must be a fraud. She had come to us apparently to have her suspicion confirmed. Well, we looked his name up in the Catholic Directory and we found him to be perfectly genuine. As we remember it, the woman was almost sorry.

"Now, that woman's attitude illustrates a popular misconception: the impression has somehow got abroad that missionaries have no sense of humor, or at least that they ought to have but little. Well, if missionaries weren't humorists, they wouldn't hold out on the missions very long, as our fellow Jesuit, Richard Welfle, down in India remarked in a recent issue of *Catholic Missions*. But as a consequence of the popular idea that the missioner is a gaunt individual with long beard

Father James R. Gibbons, S.J., of the Missouri Province, missionary at Chakni in Patna Mission, India, furnishes a nilgai feast for his poor people. He writes: "Nilgai as well as deer are plentiful, and sometimes come right into our back yard. There is great rejoicing amongst the poor villagers when any game is captured."