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A type of the 400,000 Moros from Mindanao in the Philippine Islands, who have been confided to the care of His Excellency, James T. G. Hayes, S.J. One fleeting vision of the pleading heart beneath these eyes was sufficient to lance the Heart of Christ, until the red blood of hope ran out, dissolving into the waters of unsatisfied desire.

An Oblation

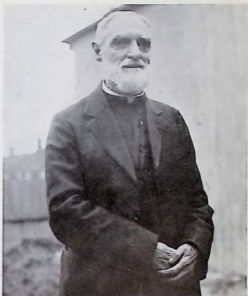
Felix M. Devine, S.J.

PROMINENT men in Church and State gathered recently in Hotel Ojibway, Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan, to bid farewell to Father William Francis Gagnieur, S.J., who had performed Our Lord's work, not exactly amongst them, but amongst the Indians of their district for the past forty-five years. A note of deep sincerity was most evident in the tributes paid to Father Gagnieur, for these men were soon to lose a missionary priest who, by his absolute self-abasement and charity towards God's less fortunate ones, had come to be considered by them as a saint.

See Father Gagnieur as he sits at that banquet table, admired by hundreds of guests. Seventy-five years of age, grey-haired, grey-bearded, his frame weakened by years of indefatigable labors, yet with a mind as alert as it was fifty years ago; childlike in heart, kind and self-effacing almost to a fault. Nothing about him that the world would term great. No flowing eloquence about his many great deeds—just a simple and very kind priest who has done great things for God. But let us see something of the early life of this man, and try to learn the secret motive power that carried him through those years of suffering and labor in which he accomplished so much for souls.

WHILE Father Gagnieur was yet a Scholastic, even though his talents fitted him for a life of study and teaching, he nursed a secret ambition to devote his life to the Indian missions. Through years of teaching, in which most men would consider his success as an evident sign of a vocation to that career, Father still kept his eyes fixed on the goal of his desires, and in 1888 he reached Wikwemikong on Manitoulin Island to begin the difficult task of learning the Indian language. Here his fluency in Latin, Greek, Hebrew, French and English was of very little use to him, but the determination exercised in acquiring these languages was still in him. After remaining a few years here and at Fort William, he came to Sault Ste. Marie, ably fitted to begin his life's work.

The daily routine of an Indian missionary's life involves not only dangers by water, blizzards, ice floes and often starvation, but also those keener sufferings of mind, the sufferings of disappointment and discouragement and apparent failure. The Indians of our civilization are no longer the legendary heroes with eagle feathers and magic bow who roamed through the forests of our boyhood imaginings. Whatever of truth there might have been in the old folklore, the present day Indians, who have long associated with the Whites, are anything but romantic, and a young man who gives his life to them, to better their temporal and spiritual existence, is truly God's hero, God's martyr.



"Seventy-five years of age, grey-haired, grey-bearded, his frame weakened by years of indefatigable labors, yet with a mind as alert as it was fifty years ago; childlike in heart, kind and self-effacing almost to a fault."

After all, is it not martyrdom for a man to die daily by annihilating himself in the eyes of God, for the love of God and of his neighbor? We all realize that St. John de Brebeuf, St. Isaac Jogues and their companions died gloriously for God by the sacrifice of their lives. God seems to demand this form of martyrdom before the seed of Faith takes root in the land. But what we often fail to realize is that the perpetuation of this Faith demands that missionaries sacrifice their lives, too, not necessarily by a bloody martyrdom, but by a daily surrender of every human gratification, which surrender is the principal element of martyrdom.

FATHER GAGNIEUR'S life has very closely resembled the lives of the early Jesuit Martyrs. Here we have a man, the brilliant product of Canadian and European universities, living a life of abject poverty and sacrifice among Indians, a man whose tastes and accomplishments fitted him for a snug life of refinement and ease, laboring, giving his life, sacrificing every ambition, that these poor waifs, God's poor, may enjoy eternal life.

Father Gagnieur is now a little too old for the work of an active missionary, but in his new home at Guelph Novitiate he inspires zeal in the hearts of the young Jesuits, some of whom are destined to carry on in his place. His mere presence amongst these men is enough to draw down God's blessing upon them, and their knowledge of what he has accomplished makes them yearn for that blessed day when they too will be allowed to sacrifice all to follow in his footsteps.

House of the Holy Child

Joseph M. Reyes, S.J.

TWO years ago, with my headquarters at Jimenez, I paid my first visit to the town of Clarin. Now, I am reconnoitering regularly from my new station in Misamis. Still fresh in my memory are the dire forebodings and gloomy prophecies made, both by my fellow missionaries and the Faithful, in regard to this modern Jezebel of Mindanao. That their discouraging prophecies had real foundation in fact, I realized all too soon, for the outstanding data, gathered from merely a superficial census, revealed with all the unmasked candor of a fluoroscope, almost complete abandonment of religious duties, invalid marriages by the hundreds, unbaptized children and adults everywhere, a Protestant church next to the Catholic, a Sabbatists' Temple on one corner of the Plaza and a schismatical Aglipayan camarilla across the way. Such was my environment when first I came to Clarin. Although I am a Filipino, yet, temperamentally, I must be Irish, too, for I immediately accepted the situation as a challenge and, relying upon the grace of God and my own good will, girded myself for the fray.

At my first Sunday Mass, I had only three communicants and at my first Sunday School, only six children. As a challenge, this was, to say the least, provocative. More provoking, perhaps, was the attitude of the people who dispassionately sat around me, querying with their eyes, "Well, what are you going to do about it?" As immortality is never the lot of cowards, I decided then and there to do something and suffer. I did something, and suffered too. And now, thank God, if my American readers will excuse my oriental touch, hopeful flowers are blooming in Clarin's spiritual meadows.

THE ways of God are wonderful and mysterious and often entirely unexpected. This I discovered for myself, when, having tried every apostolic means within my power to rekindle the sparks of Faith, I finally and almost in despair, not to mention in awesome contradiction to the laws of probable success, raised my voice, if not my heart, in song. I had struck the right note. Immediately, the children were attracted to my side, and soon children and adults were rallying to the scene. I had formerly organized the St. Cecilia Choir of Occidental Misamis, which I founded in Jimenez under the supervision of my Reverend Superior, Father



"On our way from the riverside with basins, baskets and cans filled with sand with which we hope to build for the Christ Child a little less unbecoming Bethlehem."

James G. Daly, S.J. I now offered to incorporate the Clarin branch, and the people were delighted with the proposition. As formality is in their blood, they insisted then and there upon an election of officers. After this, there followed a spirited rehearsal of religious hymns for the following Sunday. Their interest was sustained to such an extent that members were enrolling daily, and my own peregrinations around the barrio began to resemble the triumphant maneuvers of the Piper of Hamelin. Whereupon, I hid me to the pulpit and in no uncertain terms assured them, that as God could use any created creature as a means to draw souls to Himself, so He could use music—indeed, of all the planks in the platform of Catholic Action, the apostolate of song seemed more propitious of success.

THEY took my hint, and by adapting the principles of the catechism to music, won the children back to their proper catechetical centers, from which an ignorant and unscrupulous enemy had lured them. Catechetical drives were held in every center, and at the conclusion of each, Clarin witnessed the inspiring spectacle of first Communions by the hundreds and the no less edifying spectacle of general Communion on the part of adults. It was only to be expected that as grace begets

grace, the apostolate of prayer and the other religious organizations began to increase in membership, zeal and life.

Finally, last June, during the celebrations in honor of the Sacred Heart, I launched my first big objective, the erection of a church which would be worthy of the God whom we hoped to enshrine therein. But to my first request, dull, senseless silence was the only reply.

Then on June 25, I made the following proclamation at all the Masses: "On Tuesday, the twenty-seventh, I am going to the forest, and I invite the workmen to aid me in rebuilding our church. If you love the Christ Child, follow me." They did. They walked with me the ten miles distance to the forest, where I celebrated Holy Mass at the foot of the very trees that were to be felled for timber. After the Mass, one hundred and thirty men began to hew these age-old monarchs of the woods.

AUGUST 1, marked the first day of the experiment called *general pahina*, which means work done for the Church voluntarily and without wages. It began with a Missa Cantata at seven, after which a business meeting was held, and it closed with the singing of the *pahina* hymn. At nine, accompanied by a band and an alarm of bells, men, women and children proceeded to



The tree on the ground, to which the boy is pointing, fell on a robber who attempted to steal a log which had been prepared for the new church. The people regard this as a visitation of God's just judgment.

the riverside to fetch the sand, stone and gravel for the foundation of our new Church of the Holy Child. At twelve, all hands ceased work for dinner, returning at two to continue the labor of the morning. At five o'clock, the procession formed once more to await the arrival of the timber from the forest, which was drawn by twenty-six carabaos, the Philippine beasts of burden. The blocks of wood were covered with nipa branches to protect them from the sun. The Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament given by our Superior, Reverend James G. Daly, S.J., ushered in the end of a perfect day.

Our system as you see, is simple. Men who can saw, go to the forest and saw. One hundred and thirty of these men have been busy since the twenty-eighth of June, cutting lumber and sawing it into blocks, fourteen meters long and seven inches wide. Those who remain at home prepare the meals. The carriers are chosen

from among the more robust young men, about two hundred of whom are required to extricate the fallen trees and place them in position for transportation by sixty of their fellows, driving carabaos. The remainder of the (Turn to p. 54)



Resting in the forest, ten miles from the town of Clarin, after felling a log for the new Bandica; one hundred and thirty men labor free of charge, out of love for the Holy Child.

PATNA IN REVIEW

Rt. Rev. Bernard J. Sullivan, S.J.



IN the survey of the Patna Mission, India, for the past year, July 1, 1932, to June 30, 1933, which shows a gratifying gain all round, perhaps the most striking point is the marked increase in the Catholic population. In 1932, it was 8,532, and in 1933, it was 10,482. While practically all the stations show an increase, the increment is chiefly from the Santal section of the diocese in which the American Fathers have been doing intensive work since the beginning of 1930.

The high rate of exchange of the American dollar for the Indian rupee, strict economy and diligent begging, particularly by our home Procurator, have enabled us to advance. Having practically no permanent foundations in the Mission, we are dependent almost entirely on the alms of the Faithful. The number of benefactors who have disappeared from our lists since 1930 is distressing. Their repeated letters and prayers show that it is only the stress of circumstances that prevents them from continuing their pecuniary help. In token of appreciation of our benefactors past and present, we have gathered this delightful spiritual bouquet for them as a 1933 Christmas gift. Holy Masses, 46,877; Holy Communion, 29,055; Visits to the Blessed Sacrament, 38,565; Way of Cross, 2,685; Beads, 15,187; Holy Hours, 660; Aspirations, 234,502; Other Prayers, 323,599. It is obvious that an increase in population means an increase of work and adds to expenses. Furthermore, we simply have to go ahead, for to stop now would mean that our enemies would take advantage of our lack of means to destroy our work, particularly amongst the Santals.

MISSIONARIES. Father R. J. Conway, S.J., was the first American Jesuit to die in Patna. He was a true "socius Jesu," and a religious priest of the highest ideals and thorough-going zeal. He had been in Patna since 1926. After completing his training at Kurseong and Ranchi, he was Superior of the High School, Bettiah, and had spent ten months in Santal work. He had a good knowledge of Hindi and Santali, and had laid big plans for solid work amongst the Santals, when God preferred to take him away to continue his apostolate from Heaven. He died on October 15, 1932.

Father J. J. Meyer, S.J., John H. Lane, S.J., and Vincent G. McGlinchy, S.J., came to Patna in 1932, and Father Bertram E. Ernst, S.J., Father Charles D. McAleese, S.J., Edward H. Niesen, S.J., and John S. O'Connor, S.J., in 1933. All are from the Chicago



His Excellency, Bernard J. Sullivan, S.J., Bishop of Patna, India, who presents his annual report.

Province, which in spite of most trying difficulties is doing its best for this large and fruitful Mission in India.

Seven Sisters, from Munich Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary, came to Patna in 1932, bringing the number of Sisters in Santal work up to twelve. This Congregation was prepared to give Patna a dozen more Sisters in 1933, but lack of funds for the journey out here prevented this zealous act of missionary enterprise.

Ten young ladies from Changanacherry Diocese in Malabar came to Patna in 1933, and have entered the novitiate of the Indian Sisters of the Sacred Heart for missionary work in Patna.

Father Charles Saldanha, S.J., and Fathers Michael Lyons, S.J., and Richard Welfe, S.J., were ordained this year for Patna, and will be ready for work in 1936. There are two Indian seminarians in the major seminaries at Ranchi and Nellore, and six in the minor seminary at Mangalore preparing for Patna. Our Apostolic school boys number four at present. Jesuit Scholastics number nineteen, and there are two novice lay-Brothers.

Doctor Anna Dengel's Daughters, Medical Mission-

aries, reported a substantial increase in members in 1933, which gives Patna every hope that this valuable contingent will soon be added to Patna's workers for souls. Missionaries actually working in Patna: 28 priests, 10 Scholastics, 10 Brothers, 83 Sisters.

CATHOLICS. The 195 Europeans in Patna are practically all Government officers and their families.

The Catholic Anglo Indians number 1,449 and are in the Government offices, railways, telegraphs, printing, etc. Kurji's Christian Brothers provide for the education of the Anglo-Indian boys, while the Daughters of Mary Ward have a high school and orphanage for the Anglo-Indian girls. The question of free education has become more acute during these days of depression, but it is alleviated somewhat by a larger attendance of fee-paying Indians, particularly girls, at our European and Anglo-Indian schools.

Indian Catholics may be divided into old and new. The old Catholics are practically all in North Bihar, a few being scattered along the railways north and south of the Ganges. Some go to Calcutta and other large centers for work, as cooks and servants, while a few conduct prosperous businesses in some of the larger towns, or work in offices. Nearly all of these have their homes in one or other of the Catholic stations, and in this way are not lost to the Mission. Many of them have small agricultural holdings, and not a few are blacksmiths or carpenters. The Jesuit and secular priests, the Holy Cross Sisters and the Indian Sisters are educating 638 of their boys and 487 of their girls.

THOUGH true Indians, the Catholics kept out of the civil disobedience movement, as they have regularly in the past kept out of political disturbances.

The Printing Press, the Knitting School, and the schools throughout the Mission give work to a number of our Catholics.

The old Christians in several stations joined the Co-operative Movement some years ago, when the pinch of the World War was being felt. Practically all of them have suffered the common lot of members of Government supervised, co-operative societies in India—in-

solveny, liquidation and hardship. However, the Mission has helped them very liberally, much to their relief.

The old Indian Catholics have given the Mission all its Indian priests, three Jesuit Scholastics, three Jesuit lay-Brothers, two Seminarians, and thirty-three Indian Sisters.

The new Indian Catholics are again two-fold, those converted by the Indian and American Fathers since 1921, and those converted by the American Fathers amongst the Santals. The former are all in North Bihar, and those of them who have been settled on agricultural land have remained faithful. Most of them are from the more dependent classes, though a few are from amongst the better to do Hindus and Mohammedans.

The Santals, including some Pahariyas and Mahles, number about 2,500,000, some 225,000 of whom are in the Patna Diocese. Although we began work amongst the Santals in 1927, we were able to tackle their conversion seriously only in 1930. From a zero population amongst these people, we have (census, June 30, 1933) Catholics, 3,918 and Catechumens, 3,643. Practically all these aboriginals are farmers, but they are keen for education, and our schools, particularly our boarding schools, have been responsible

for most of our contact with the Santals. We have 232 boys and 117 girls in boarding schools amongst the Santals, besides thirty-six day schools. We maintain fifty-eight teachers and sixty-one catechists amongst them; seven priests, twelve Sisters and two Scholastics are giving their best to the Santals.

RESTRICTIONS of a very unfair nature, have kept us from getting land for schools and churches and dwellings amongst the Santals, except in Monghyr and Bhagalpore. But in the real home of the Santals, Santal Parganas, where there are some 800,000 Santals, the Catholic Church is being discriminated against rather shamefully. However, the two Missions working there have gained some 8,000 souls to the Church militant in the last three years. The movement of the Santals is definitely towards the Church, and the influence which the missionaries are exerting over a rather large area has not failed to arouse "the dog (Turn to page 54)



By the banks of the Ganges River. Devil-worshipping Santals only a few years ago,—now smiling children of God.

Mardi gras in Alaska



Paul C. O'Connor, S.J.

The whole family, from grandpa and grandma down to the little tots, is eager for the coming event of the mask-ball at the kazim.

LAST year (1932) was a year of plenty along the Lower Yukon. The big flood on the coast forced the fox up into this district. They were so numerous that even I, a tramp missionary, was able to see them along the main trails of the Yukon. Over around Chakartoiik, off the beaten trail, one could spot as high as five in a single day. Despite the low price of fur outside, the Eskimo fared well. The time was ripe for a potlatch, and a royal potlatch was had. Presents ranging from pokes of seal-oil to bolts of calico were mutually given and received.

Fat years are followed by lean. This year, fur is scarce and prices low. Luxuries such as milk, sugar and dried fruit are strikingly absent from the native menu. Fish or reindeer for breakfast, dinner and supper, with a little Eskimo ice-cream thrown in for dessert, are the order of the day. By way of explanation I might add that this dessert, more redolent than Limburger, is a delicious concoction made out of white fish, berries and seal-oil. One need only smell it to realize its particularly appetizing qualities.

With the above conditions prevalent, a potlatch this year was out of the question. Still, a dance had to be had, and a mask-ball was decided on. It was to be a village affair and, therefore, no presents given. At my suggestion, Lent was to be observed with Apostolic vigor. Why not have the gala performance on Mardi gras? It thus happened that a wholesome festival preceded the distribution of ashes in Alaska.

A mask-dance on the Yukon is intimately allied with native customs and traditions. Formerly, the dance was

nothing else but the expression of dreams of potent medicine men. The strength of the medicine man was judged from the success of his dance to presage favorable trapping conditions. For example, if his dance portrayed the antics of a fox and afterwards fox were caught in plenty, the medicine of this man was reputed powerful. His services from then on were sought and cultivated. Now-a-days, the medicine men are gradually dying out. The songs, however, remain.

ONCE a mask-dance is decided on, it takes about two or three weeks to round it into shape. Of course, just as in amateur performances outside, the rehearsals are brimful of fun and gaiety. The songs, consisting of endless repetitions, are not so hard. The dance itself is more difficult. The dancer's movements must be done in perfect time with the drums and song. The dance is a very funny and realistic pantomime of the animal in question. The dance begins with the slow beat of the drums. Gradually, the tempo is increased until it waxes almost into a frenzy. The length of the dance depends on the crowd. They will sometimes keep the dancer going until he drops from sheer exhaustion. The cries of the dancer are wonderfully true to life. The cries of a duck, a goose, or a swan will almost make you wish you had brought your gun.

Of course, just as in the Mardi gras, one of the principal features of the dance is the mask itself. The natives generally make these out of wood. The stump of a birch tree is used. This is taken because it is round and will not crack. The carving of the mask is done in the kazim at the rehearsals. Heads of bear, beaver,

crow, seal, fox, etc., are ingeniously carved and painted with a mixture taken from crushed rock.

DANCES are portioned out to practically every one of dancing ability in the village. The men choose their lady partners. Generally one couple, and at most two, hold the floor at one time. The man with mask kneels in the center of the kazim. The woman stands a few feet behind. Both carry in each hand fans made out of goose or swan feathers. The woman is never masked. Rather, she is decked out in her best furs. Her head is adorned with a wolf band studded with feathers, something on the order of the headdresses of the Indians in the States. It is the business of the woman to copy the actions of the masked man in front of her. She imitates the comic gestures of her masked consort with a gracefulness and artistry that makes you marvel.

The kazim itself is decorated with the express purpose of making one feel that one is in the open air with sky overhead. Long light lathes, such as are used in making fish traps, are run from the sides to the center of the ceiling. A cord is tied to the sticks in the center of the ceiling, and this is so manipulated from the sides that the entire improvised ceiling can rise and fall to the measure of the dance. The sticks are studded with tiny feathers to represent stars. Ill omen is portended if one of these little feathery stars falls on a person during the dance. An eerie effect is produced by this combined movement of dancer, chorister and ceiling. It is impossible not to be carried away by the spirit of the song.

When all the preparations are made, the whole village resorts to the kazim at sundown. Unlike the potlatch dancers, the men now range themselves on the first tier which encircles the entire kazim. The women and children sit directly underneath them. The floor is left free for the dancers. Just over the door a long pole runs for the entire width of the kazim.

On this are fixed thirty or forty candles. When all are seated, the candles are ceremoniously lighted amidst a hushed expectation.

Suddenly from the vestibule of the kazim the hoarse growl of a bear is heard. The unmistakable pawing and scratching of a bear searching for food is then heard about the entrance. Then amidst the cries of all, a bear-masked native comes hurtling through the entrance. Several young men jump up to attack him. With everybody shouting, babies crying and general clamor, a bear assault is staged. Bear is finally wounded or killed, quiet is restored, lady dancer takes her place, chief motions to drummers and the dance is on.

Sometimes the masked native will come flying out from the corner of the kazim. His cries will be a perfect mimicry of a wounded goose in flight.

What impressed me with this dance is how perfectly every man, woman and child enters into the spirit of the occasion. Unlike the popular White dance, which is nothing but a stereotyped,

sentimental affair, the native dances are what one could well term a native light opera. Clever acting and pantomime is had on the part of all. Every one has a part at least in the singing. The singing is not a hit and miss wild bit of shouting, but carefully prepared harmony perfected by myriad performances through past generations. The deep and resonant crescendos of these songs inspire one with nothing else but awe.

And so, the mask-ball of my people turned out to be a delightful affair, enjoyed by young and old. It was a good substitute for the potlatch, and left my people in a sufficiently happy mood for the beginning of Lent

CANDLEMAS

Cyril B. Delaney, S.J.

What fairer symbol may there be
Than candles for Her purity?

In wax of purest honey-bees
Her spotless heart its image sees.

The wick Her soul, whose inward fire
Consumes the heart with pure desire.

Her martyr role these candles play:
In serving God they waste away.

Tell Seraphim in secret raise
On flaming tongues a hymn of praise.

Fit image then may candles be
For Lady Mary's purity.



Where mile upon mile presents nothing but a vast stretch of white to the lone missionary traveler in Alaska.

In the Bush of Honduras

Allan A. Stevenson, S.J.

In the January issue of *IESUIT MISSIONS*, the author told of the first days of an extended mission trip in the bush of British Honduras. The latter portion of his narrative told of his arrival at San Pedro Colombia, B. H., where he found the people up in arms against the worm pest which was threatening their *milpas* (plantations) with ruin. So the *mayordomos*, the caretakers of the church, got up a collection to have High Mass sung "against the worms." The author takes up the narrative here. *Editor.*



NOW your Indian has some additional ritual for such occasions beside the one provided in the Missal. They bring some representatives of the evildoers, bottled up, to church "to hear the Mass" as my second *mayordomo* put it. And each planter brings his own bottle with worms, if you please. They shoved an extra box under the altar, a whole worm police station, as it were. After the Mass tomorrow, each planter carries his bottle back to his plantation to tell the other worms to stop their nuisance and not vex the *milpa*.

They wanted to have an all-night watch in the church in preparation for the High Mass. Sounds very edifying, doesn't it? But I am sorry to have to tell you that it isn't. Why? Because these *velorios* (wakes) fulfill only the first half of the evangelical advice, "Watch ye and pray," and often not even that half. The trouble is that your Indian is too stolid to pray, at least as we understand it, and the majority are too lethargic to learn to pray. They leave that job to the so-called *rezadores* (prayer leaders), one or two in the village, if they have them at all. I have been at it here in this district for eleven years to teach them their prayers in their own language because, as one of them told me, "they don't want to pray in any language," it is much more comfortable to sit there in passive contentment and let the *rezador* recite in Spanish, which the bulk of my Indians don't understand.

NOW here in San Pedro Colombia, they didn't even have a *rezador*. Well, what do they do then? Sit down on the benches and watch; and when that gets too tiresome, they lie down on them and sleep. Outside, and sometimes inside the church, a concoction is served towards 11 P.M., or so. Then things get a little bit lively; it is so nice to have a nocturnal confab, moon or no moon, until you are good and drowsy in the morning by the time for Mass.—Well, I don't approve of that kind of devotion. So about 10:15, after I was finished with my own spiritual exercises, I called my In-



Starting off on the bridal march to four weddings in the bush of Honduras

dians, who, quite contented to see their *Kagua Padre* (Mr. Father) say his prayers in church, had absconded to devote themselves to the more congenial bowl in the neighboring hut. I told them that now we were going to pray real good and hard. So I started the Rosary with them in Kekchi, pronouncing it for them, phrase by phrase, and insisting on the whole bunch of them repeating each phrase. That takes time, especially with the singing after each decade. Well, by eleven o'clock we were through. Then I told them to go home—and saw to it that they did—and take a good sleep, and be in church, all of them, for High Mass at 6:30 A.M.

And they were. It was really a good sight to see the little bush church packed. The school children, led by their Carib teacher, sang the *Missa de Angelis* right lustily. And the Padre gave them a good straight-from-the-shoulder sermon on what was needed, besides paying for a High Mass, to get the blessing of God on their *milpas*. After Mass I blessed three bucketfuls of holy water, especially for their *milpas* with their worms and larger robbers, as coons and peccaries.

BOTH yesterday and today, I went around to visit those who most needed the Padre and his advice. The principal source of trouble are the matrimonial, or should-be matrimonial or can't-be matrimonial difficulties; in plain English: married couples that are separated; unmarried couples that can't make up their minds to marry; couples that are married, but not to each other, and finally children, couples of uncanonical age, that have already been matched by their foolish and stubborn parents, to marry when their age comes. I could write on this subject until I would get cramps

in the fingers, but what's the use? So, I'll close this chapter once for all, (because it recurs at almost every mission stop) with a fervent appeal to your pious and mission-minded readers to give us missionaries the precious and indispensable assistance of prayer.

San Antonio, July 28, 1933. I left San Pedro Colombia yesterday morning with two *cargadores*, one carrying my portable altar, the other my *patakee*, a sort of telescoping traveling basket in which there is always room for more. I might have secured a horse, but it would hardly have been a help; so many ups and downs, where you have to get out of the saddle and in again—often in deep mud—that you might just as well walk. I used to smile, in the beginning of my bush travels, at the words of the Psalmist, "How beautiful are the feet of them that carry good tidings over the mountains." Well, I tell you I am a sight after such a trip. No beauty to boast about! So also yesterday, when arriving in San Antonio after my tramp of nearly three hours. The first thing was a bath in the creek, walking in with boots and pants on; that's the simplest way of getting rid of the mud; then clean and dry clothes on, and you feel fine!

THIS San Antonio is the largest of our villages without a resident priest. About five hundred people in the village itself, and over two hundred scattered in the bush for miles in so-called *alquilos*. These latter are the cross of the missionary, with their hurry-up First Communion when they come to get married on a *tabula rasa* Catholicism. Our Indians are—and have been for hundreds of years—nominally Christians; but in many cases it remains a Baptism Christianity until marriage. After years of urging, I finally succeeded in having the most populous of these groups of *alquilos*, at Rio Blanco, build a little church at a central point. I am going there next week.

Here in San Antonio we have a school with about seventy pupils, but mostly small children. Very few are above twelve years. The parents take them away to help at home and on the *milpas* just when they begin to learn something. The Carib teacher has a Maya Indian from the village as assistant and interpreter. The Maya spoken



San Antonio, an important bush station among the Kekchi Indians of British Honduras

here is not the *lingua franca*, or *Maya Yucateco*, but the southern dialect called *Maya Mopanero*, which has not been cast into anything like a grammar. I had to be my own pioneer to a great extent, with the help of a few of our old boys who had finished the rather elementary school. To give but one example of the difficulties of such linguistic pioneering: when getting up the translation of the "Our Father," and asking for the Maya word for "who art," I was told by my smart scholars that it was *mac a keen*. So I prayed with them for a year or more, until I found out that the Maya has no relative pronoun, only an interrogative. Consequently, our prayer had been, up to that stage of enlightenment, "Our Father, who art thou in Heaven?"

UPPER RIO BLANCO, August 3, 1933 (after a six days' blank). I was getting altogether too profuse for a bush diary, and couldn't keep it up in that style. A number of interesting things happened which I might have jotted down. Here is what I remember at present:

Dental case. Since my visit to the States in 1927-8, with a concentrated course in exodontia at St. Louis University, I am the missionary dentist for the whole south of the Colony, and have extracted thousands of teeth, including hundreds of old roots. They come to me from all over, but, of course, often don't find me at home in Punta Gorda. So it happened to an Indian who came to me the second day I was in San Antonio. Some time previously he had walked the twenty-five miles down to Punta Gorda through bush and swollen creeks, only to find me gone to Belize for my retreat. He returned to his mountain village and awaited the news of my return to Punta Gorda. He was told a week ago that I had returned, and he was about to make the long journey again, always in agony because of his teeth, when he was told just in the nick of time that I had left again, this time, however, on my way to San Antonio. Well, the poor fellow got rid of his bad teeth (I forgot how many; it's six days back, and I've pulled others since).

(To Be Continued)



After the marriage of four couples in an improvised bush church at Big Fall, B. Honduras.



FROM MANY CLIMES



MISSION APOSTOLATE OF THE CATHOLIC PRESS

Mission Apostolate of the Press

In keeping with the general purpose of all Catholic Action, the mission apostolate of the Catholic press, is the conversion of the mission world to the Church of Christ, through the aid of our Catholic press, as supported by both clergy and laity.

Agencies of Propaganda

Four distinct agencies of mission press propaganda are available today: (1) the Fides International News Service, (2) the scientific and popular contributions from the mission world to the non-mission world, (3) the scientific and popular contributions from the non-mission world to the mission world, (4) the scientific and popular contributions from the missionary to his own mission field.

I. Fides International News Service

Because the world press, though admirably staffed with correspondents, was never able to keep in direct, constant contact with the wide-reaching mission world, the F. I. N. S. was founded in the Spring of 1927, with headquarters in the Palace of Propaganda, Rome.

Fides Organization

Fides is a central control news agency with correspondents scattered through Asia, Africa, America, the Pacific Isles, and even parts of northern Europe and the Balkan States still subject to the jurisdiction of the Congregation of Propaganda. It has correspondents also in thirty of the more important centers of the world, who keep the center in touch with the religious, social, economic and political questions of their respective territories. There are five Editors for the five languages—English, French, German, Italian and Spanish. It feeds 1,620 publications in forty-two different countries of the world. Its Director is the Reverend John J. Conside, M.M. It is to Fides Service that JESUIT MISSIONS is gratefully indebted for many of the news items featured in "Many Climes."

Fides likewise supplies studies for scientific magazines, and forwards a weekly budget of news photos to photo agencies as well as to illustrated weeklies and reviews.

2. Scientific Contributions from the Mission World to the Non-Mission World

It is consoling to know that the scientific contributions in every branch of knowledge, which for centuries have emanated back to the outer world as the result of mission research, are now being capitalized for the benefit of future missionaries, by the science of missiology, which as a special science dates back to 1910. Its pioneers were four German scholars, Prince Lowenstein, Rev. Joseph Schmidlin, Rev. P. Schwager and Rev. Robert Streit. Its cradle was Munster in Westphalia.

Popular Contributions from the Mission World to the Non-Mission World

Under this heading are included the non-scientific, narrative and descriptive accounts of our Catholic missions, which compose the bulk of the material printed, for example, in JESUIT MISSIONS and contemporary magazines.

Jesuit Relations

Under the term "Jesuit Relations" may be included the scientific and popular contributions of Jesuit missionaries. It was from these that the famous Jesuit Relations of North America were published, and from these also that, at some future time, the Jesuit Relations of Paraguay may likewise take their rise. Incidentally, these same epistles, notably those contributed by the Fathers of the Spanish Assistancy, supply most of the material for the comprehensive compilation of fifty-five volumes by Blair and Robertson on "The Philippine Islands." Many of these Relations today are distributed throughout the great libraries and archives of Europe and America.

3. Scientific and Popular Contributions from the Non-Mission World to the Mission World

It is this importation of literature that has made possible the bookstall of St. Joseph's Church, Kuching, British Borneo, where pamphlets are now available for the instruction of the descendants of the once notorious head-hunters of Sarawak. It has also staffed the library of "The Catholic Home" of Colombo, Ceylon, for the

benefit of 400 active young men, who have enrolled as members, in realization of an ideal planned for the last twenty years. In Trincomalee, Ceylon, a group of mission crusaders are carrying on the important work of redistribution of Catholic newspapers and magazines sent to them regularly by more than three hundred persons in the United States, England and Australia. In Ernakulam, South India, a circulating library, perhaps the first in Malabar, has been staffed by the Malabar Catholic Youth League.

4. Scientific and Popular Contributions from the Missionary to His Own Mission Field

Recent contributions of note, in class four, include the two volumes of a Chinese Grammar, whose one thousand pages have a scientific value for sinologues of the first order. It was printed at the Lazarists Printing Press, Peking. Its author is Father Mullis of the Scheut Fathers. "The Triple Demism of Sun-Yat-Sen" edited by Father Pascual d'Elia, S.J., has served Catholic students in China, both as a moral and philosophical textbook.

Honorable Mention

Mr. Pundit Devi Datt Shukla, the Editor of a leading monthly, which is published in Hindi at Allahabad, speaking in the October, 1932, number, of the contributions of mission scholars to the development of the Hindi language, wrote: "... A Reverend missionary, whose love for Hindi is very great, is Reverend Paul Dent, S.J. Not only is he anxious to make himself a scholar in Hindi, but at the same time he continually endeavors, by contributions and letters, to make Hindi-speaking young men good writers in their mother tongue. It has been said that he is the originator of the discussion now going on in the press, as to what may be the one hundred best books in Hindi. It is certain that he has a sincere love for Hindi and is desirous of its progress."

Father Paul Dent, S.J., as our readers will remember, is a member of the American Jesuit missionaries of Patna, India, and was ordained to the priesthood at St. Mary's College, Kurseong, India, over two years ago. He has already proven himself a valuable ally for the promotion of the mission apostolate of the Catholic press.

Acrobats at Haimen

Edouard
Cote, S.J.



OME time ago, a troupe of acrobats stopped at Haimen. His Excellency, Rt. Rev. Simon Tsu, S.J., our beloved Bishop, decided to let them entertain our boys on the campus, especially as the weather was warm and the school year was drawing to a close.

The acrobats, with their entire equipment hanging from the ends of bamboo poles, made their appearance on Sunday afternoon. The troupe was composed of different members of one family, including grandmother and daughters-in-law. Their stunts and secrets are a sort of family possession, and are passed on from generation to generation. They charge no admission fee to their performances, but live on the coins tossed to them by interested onlookers.

As a preliminary performance, all the acrobats stepped into the circle and set off in varied somersaults. Even grandmother manifested signs of a remainder of skill familiar to her in bygone days.

A FEW of the most attractive acrobatics may interest you. A young lady of the troupe consented to have a pile of bricks smashed on her head. While the coolies were setting up what was required for the performance, she was going around in a nervous way, making incantations to her gods, either to make sure of their assistance, or to recommend herself to them in case her skull should be smashed to pieces with the bricks. Then she



"Again, while the ladder is balanced on the feet of another member of the troupe, the little girl in quick time climbs to the top where she allows herself many delightful pirouettes."

lay on the table, her head resting on one brick while eight bricks were placed on top. Then her husband, standing on a chest, brought down his sledge hammer on the bricks and shattered them to pieces. The young woman got up with not a scratch on her face,—and no ill will against her husband.

Next the little girl of ten does her stunts. Pliant at will, she stands motionless in various positions of unstable equilibrium. A ladder is given to her, and with dexterity she shoves it upward with the tips of her feet. Again, while the ladder is balanced on the feet of another member of the troupe, the little girl in quick time climbs to the top

where she allows herself many delightful pirouettes. She comes down creeping between the bars. From the ladder she goes to the suspended wire and walks to and fro with ease and security. Holding two rings of unequal size, she manages to pass them over her body without much difficulty. Once down from the wire, she lets her father bump and throw and fling her around as if he were handling a ball.

The very best of all the tricks was the dive through the wooden frame set with protruding knives. Measuring the distance between the open space and the knives, the acrobat proves that the space is too narrow for him to leap through without any help, unless.

(Turn to page 54)



"Then her husband, standing on a chest, brought down his sledge hammer on the bricks and shattered them to pieces."



Three little pickneys of Revival, standing in front of the cave where they took shelter for four weeks after the storm. Altogether, one hundred and twenty-four of their fellow outcasts were harbored in this manner from the rigors of the hurricane.

ON returning from Kingston, on Saturday, October 28, I stopped at the Santa Cruz P. O., about forty-eight miles from Sav-la-Mar, and read a storm warning which advised precautions for the next thirty-six hours. I continued on to Sav-la-Mar where, at the P. O., I found a later warning concerning the same storm. I was not greatly alarmed, and went about my work to prepare for Mass next day at Sav-la-Mar and at Orange Hill.

The next day, Sunday, would be the feast of Christ the King, and as we were preparing to celebrate it in good style at Sav-la-Mar, I prepared a special sermon for the occasion before retiring. When I awoke in the morning, it was quite evident that there would be no special celebration, as it was already raining and the wind was starting to gather force.



Homeless but happy after the hurricane of October 29, 1933, at Sav-la-Mar, Jamaica, B. W. I.

Hurricane in Jamaica

Mass was scheduled for 7:30, but I waited till 8:30, when I began Mass with about twelve people in the church. As the storm was growing, I omitted the sermon, that the people might hurry home.

After Mass, I saw the futility of attempting to go to Orange Hill, so I took my breakfast. We closed all the ventilators and jalousies in the church and house, but it was all in vain, for the rain kept coming through every opening, however small. It was remarkable the way the wind forced the rain through the almost imperceptible space between the sash and the window frame.

It was now a little after 9:00, and as yet I could hardly convince myself that a real hurricane was upon us. We had had a bad storm at the end of September, and I had hoped, almost to the point of conviction, that we would be free for the rest of the year.

HOWEVER, I was not long to retain my false hope, for soon a couple of panes of glass went flying from my bedroom windows, and my housekeeper came up excitedly to announce that somebody was ringing the church bell. The wind had turned bell-ringer and it was surely doing a wild job. The ladder, which led to the belfry, was madly swinging back and forth, much after the fashion of an acrobat's trapeze over which the circus artist had lost control.

I decided it was time to take the hurricane seriously, and as the rain and the wind were overpowering me, I slammed the door back of my rectory shut, and went upstairs, where, with the help of my housekeeper, I hurriedly prepared a temporary tabernacle. Then I dashed out into the storm, over to the church and obtained the Blessed Sacrament, which I brought to the house. Back again for the church I started, shouting for my chauffeur to come to my assistance. There was no reply from him, but a servant girl shouted from a nearby outdoor kitchen, that he was in an adjoining house—(nearly all the kitchens are outdoors). Good-natured darkey that he is, he was cheering the neighbors in spite of the storm. I made short work of his revelry—the storm was providing him with an occasion for some fun—and we both went to work in the sacristy. In a minute's time, I had the sacred vessels ready, along with everything necessary for Mass, and just as we were about to start back for the house—bang! crash! right across the room a whole section of the sacristy door went flying. The door was split in two. We hesitated for a few seconds at the exit of the sacristy, for a large tree was swaying menacingly before us. A momentary lull in the wind, and we dashed to the house which, by the way, had now lost twenty panes of glass. Every room in the house was wet, and the water from the second floor was dripping down through the ceiling on to the first. We were doing our best to get everything under cover.

A violent pushing of the back door announced the arrival of a young lady and two children seeking shelter. They certainly had picked the right place, for, thank God, my predecessor, Father Francis G. Kempel, S.J., built a good solid building to serve as rectory.

There were three families near the church who could make a rush for the house and be freed from the danger of

having their own houses topple over on them. The chauffeur and I rushed out again into the storm, our arms over our heads to protect us from flying wood, etc. We reached the people and got them started to the house. We shouted and made gestures to a family in a nearby yard to make for the rectory. They signified that they were coming, and as the mother was ready, we ran over to assist her. Catching her by the arms, we hurried the poor woman along at a fast pace, got her through a barbed wire fence, and were heading for the house when another bang! and crash! and down before us came a large section of that swaying tree I mentioned before. Thanks be to God, it did not hit us! It would have meant the hospital or the cemetery.

"That's one thing less to worry about," I said, but the shock had unnerved the poor woman, and naturally so, for she had just seen a falling tree smash down the garage under which her son and son-in-law were working. We got her to the house and shortly after she fainted.

I got a good look at the town during the morning, and was able to get a better idea of the damage. On the main street a few buildings were down. One roof was placed so neatly on the sidewalk that you would think it had been built there. All the stores were wet. One of the dry goods stores looked as if a fire hose had been played all over the interior. The roofs of most of the shops had been damaged, some very badly.

TOP HILL, the oldest Catholic Church in these parts, had stood the storm very well. I was able to get to it by Wednesday. True, there were three holes in the roof, but the people of the neighborhood were able to take refuge there during the storm, and a number were still living there. The cottage in the churchyard had lost its roofing, swept clean as a whistle off the underlying boards. The garage had crashed. On the whole, Top Hill could have been worse.

It was not long before the chauffeur was with me, and after a half an hour's labor on an old truck, we joined the owner of the machine and started for the next station, Revival. I got off the truck at White House and walked by myself to the Revival School. It was surprising to see the huge trees that had been uprooted. Evidently the bush was going to show me some more workings of the storm.

At Revival School, I found my teacher's cottage had tumbled down; the old school, which I had some hope of making into a cottage, was hopelessly smashed. Before the storm, only the frame work and the roof had been standing, but now all was



The teacher's cottage—Revival School, after the warring elements had ceased.

down. Four sheets of zinc were blown off the new school, but these were easily put back.

Having obtained a horse, I started on my exploration of the "bush proper." A friend led the way through an improvised path round fallen trees and broken shrub until I came to my first stop. It was a cave in the hillside, where thirty-seven people had taken shelter during the storm. There was a family of nine living there when I arrived, the father and mother with seven "pickneys." The youngest was about nine days old, and as it had not been baptized, I crouched down, squirmed my way under a ledge of rock and poured the saving waters of Baptism on the head of the infant. Poor people! In the cave there was an old piece of wood that looked like the hollowed section of a tree. Evidently, it was serving as a bed. There was hardly anything else to rest upon save the damp cold rock of the cave. It was a wonderful replica of Bethlehem.

ON the way back I baptized three children, and night came on me in the bush. I had already remounted. Two men led the horse through the dark; then, worse than darkness, a heavy rainstorm came up and I was drenched. But a round-about journey of sixteen miles, and we were home, where the housekeeper had left a good supper and two thermos bottles of steaming cocoa waiting for me.

Some relief, but by no means sufficient, has come to the stricken sectors. My missions, that is, the districts in which they are located, received about sixty stems of bananas, the (Continued on page 54)



Basil Berry, his mother and all that remained of their home at Sav-la-Mar, after the rain had fallen and the winds had blown and the storm had gone.

JESUIT MISSIONS

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A Lenten Allegory

Casting for a Simon of Cyrene

SCENE: The mission world: 10,000 x 100,000 souls; a seething mass of unregenerate Shintoists, Buddhists, Animists, Confucianists, Mohammedans, Hindus, Jews.

Time: Daily, from the rising of the sun until the going down of the same; from the morning watch even unto night.

Protagonist: The Mystical Body of Christ: 1 *Lord*, the Pope of the Missions; 2 *Lord*, the Society for the Propagation of the Faith; 3 *Lord*, the missionary Orders and Congregations of the Catholic Church.

Retainers: All mission-minded folk and subscribers to mission magazines.

Antagonist: Anti-Christ: 1 *villain*, Communism; 2 *villain*, pagan customs and prescriptive rites; 3 *villain*, spirit of laicism.

Judas: All apostates, national or individual.

Pilate: Compromise in high places—weasel concordats.

Herod: The spirit of concupiscence.

Scribes and Pharisees: The spirit of patronage.

High Priests: The simoniacal hierarchies of ancient cults.

Simon of Cyrene: The Apostolate of the Press.

Soldiers: The temporal power of pagan governments.

Mob: Oriental devil worshippers; Eskimo medicine-men; fakirs from the land of the rising sun; honzes and marauding bandits from the land of the dragon; lamas from the table lands of Tibet; sun priests and priestesses from the valley of the Nile; African anthropophagi; voodoo mistresses from the black hills of Jamaica; sun-baked Mayas and leather-skinned Indians; and over all, with cracking whip, alternately lashing them to fury and despair, Usury, the Simon Legree of the mission field.

Properties: *A Cross:* suffering; *3 Nails:* moral, mental and physical pain; *A Crown of Thorns:* the pride of place and power; *A Reed:* any nominal Catholic;

A Spear: "Why support the foreign missions?" *A Sponge and Vinegar:* the opiate gag of silent indifference; *30 Pieces of Silver:* political preferment, social prestige, a seat in the Diamond Horseshoe, extravagance in opera, symphonies, movies, dinners, liqueurs, taxis, cigarettes, cigars, marceles and beauty parlor comforts, sartorial delights, furs, silks, radios, fashion models, apartment appointments, bridge, chocolate floats, ring or rink side seats, best sellers and so forth and so forth.

SYNOPSIS

Jesús Christ died to redeem all men from hell. Though, as Man, He can die no more, yet, in His Mystical Body, He daily dies upon the mission field. For there, the members of His Mystical Body are locked in visible and invisible combat with the traditional foes of Christendom,—with immortal souls, the gurdion of success. Flying the pennons of the Pope, barricaded with grace and reinforced by the prayers and aid of organs for the Propagation of the Faith, the militant members of this Mystical Body are forever pressing forward, falling, rising, stumbling on, in their efforts to set the Cross within the stanchion posts of pagandom—even though in so doing, they may be carrying the wood for the sacrifice and be transfixed thereto. Yet, lest they prove unequal to the task, there is need of a modern Simon of Cyrene, there is need of the Apostolate of the Press.

The Mystical Body of Christ upon the mission field today is calling for a more vigorous Simon of Cyrene.

The Mystical Body of Christ upon the mission field today is pleading for the sustenance of concerted Catholic Action as exercised through the Power and Apostolate of the Press and the medium of JESUIT MISSIONS.

Is Christ, is the Pope of the Missions, is the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, is heathendom waiting for you?

The Raconteurs of Christ

TRULY meet and just, yea, right and salutory, is the plan just announced by the National Headquarters of the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade in Cincinnati, to use our Catholic mission magazines as an aid to students, in their Round Table mission study. It is truly meet, since it dignifies with the authority of a text, mission organs, which His Holiness, Pope Pius XI, has officially recognized as, "My voice itself." It is just, for in a day of hectic catch-as-catch-can circulation, the new study plan offers at least the entertaining promise, on a national scale, of regular school subscription quotas. It is right, for our mission magazines are the "Voice of the Missions," speaking with the tongues of the missionaries. With our missionaries, our mission magazines walk the hinterlands of the world, going east with the oriental, going occidental with the west. Lastly, it is salutory, in time and in eternity, no less for the student in his study than for the missionary on his mission. It is as salutory as the theme of the Holy Year, during which this study plan was first conceived and brought to life. For the theme of our mission magazines is the everlasting sacrificial story of the Cross, told in all its whimsey and its pathos, by the raconteurs of Christ.

The Mission Intention

The Union of Greece with Rome

MAY the ancient saints of the land of Greece, the companions of St. Paul in his apostolate, Timothy, Cyrus and Apollo, together with their converts, Denis the Areopagite, the pious Damaris, Titus the Just and Crispus, vouchsafe to obtain for their homeland its proper place in that Mystical Body of Christ, which was explained to them by the Apostle and which, today, schism has so tragically dismembered.

There is at the present time, a total of 5,200,000 inhabitants in Greece, among whom only 52,000 are Catholics of the Latin Rite. These latter are divided into eight dioceses of which Athens with 33,000 is by far the most important. Some of the others number only 200 or 300 souls. In addition to this, there is a handful of Catholics, members of the Byzantine Rite, mostly refugees, who with their Bishop came from Asia Minor after the catastrophe of 1932.

In 1928, the hostility towards the Catholics of the Latin Rite on the part of the Orthodox Christians which before that date had been ever active, suddenly launched forth into a veritable persecution. Under the pretext of nationalism, Freemasonry, with which the heads of the Orthodox branch are actively affiliated, openly declared war upon the ancient Church. Despite this fact, recent reports are encouraging, and may be summed up as follows: (1) obligatory instruction is preparing the masses to think for themselves and not to submit as of yore to the willy-nilly dictum of their Orthodox papas and priests; (2) parents are eager to entrust their children to colleges of the Latin Rite; (3) the people do not hesitate in goodly numbers to attend services of the Latin Rite on special feast days; (4) the Latin Archbishop of Athens has erected chapels in the outskirts of the city; (5) for four years a petit seminaire has been functioning; (6) the Archbishop of Corfu is preparing to erect a new church in the country; (7) he has entrusted a school to the Brothers of the Christian Schools; (8) the Bishop of Syra is opening schools for boys and for girls both in the city and in the country; (9) this same Bishop has founded an orphanage and a hospital; (10) there is a new parish church at Larissa and at Yanitsa; (11) under the editorship of the Jesuit Fathers Romano and Ferrara, the press is publishing apologetic works as well as the Greek "Messenger of the Sacred Heart"; (12) finally, the Government has agreed to subsidize military chaplains and catechists for those public schools frequented by Catholics.

If coming events cast their shadows before, may we not likewise hope that these auspicious achievements are but the lightsome promise of a new day of grace, a day in which the spirit of St. Paul will descend once more with an efficacious imprint upon this land of his zealous endeavors? Such, in effect, is the Mission Intention for February, recommended by His Holiness—The Union of Greece with Rome.

The Mass of the Missions

Suscipe and
Orate Fratres

The sacrifice is now prepared and finally offered to the Holy Trinity after which, turning to the congregation, the priest exhorts them thus:

"Pray brethren that my sacrifice and yours may be made acceptable to God the Father Almighty." Thus, once again emphasizing the inspiring truths that "my sacrifice and yours" may include not merely the sacrifice of a Divine Victim, but the sacrifice of those human co-victims for whom the noblest privilege in life is by the sacrifice of their life, to assist in the co-redemption of the world.

In the Old Law, on the great day of Atonement, the high priest, carrying the blood necessary for the sacrifice of reparation and for fellowship with God, passed into the Holy of Holies. A thick veil concealed him from the faithful in the holy place and in the inner court. The Holy of Holies with the veil was a symbol of Heaven closed by the barrier of sin.

In imitation of this Old Law ceremony, it was customary in the early days of the Christian Church to drop a veil between the priest and the people during the Canon of the Mass.

Most appropriately this custom was discontinued. For by the death of Christ upon the Cross, the veil of the Temple was rent asunder, in indication of the fact that no longer by the barrier of sin was Heaven closed to man, but that, on the contrary, we now have unveiled access to this true Holy of Holies.



Riding into Baghdad where American Jesuits are celebrating the Mass of the Missions for the preservation of the Faith in the Christians of Iraq.

Three Reasons!

There are other reasons, good and sufficient, why Catholic publications, and we say in particular JESUIT MISSIONS, should at this time receive the patronage and support of the Catholic public. We shall be content to cite but three here and now.

February is Catholic Press Month. This month has been so designated by the Holy Father himself. Sponsoring and promoting Catholic Action as he does, he has recently said: "Most gladly do We give Our Blessing to the Catholic Press of the United States. There is no instrument which can do more good for the Church than the Catholic Press, particularly in these days. . . . The Catholic Press is my voice. I do not say that it makes my voice heard, but it is my voice itself." *Subscribe therefore to JESUIT MISSIONS. Hear his voice; heed his voice when it speaks in behalf of the missions through this section of the Catholic Press. Subscribe to JESUIT MISSIONS.*

1934 begins the second century of the missionary apostolate of the Jesuits of modern times. Jesuits in 1833 throughout the world totaled only 2,000 members. In 1933, of American Jesuits alone there were 4,713. Of this number between 300 and 400 were engaged in foreign missionary work. Their numbers are increasing, their labors are bearing ever greater fruit. *Subscribe then to JESUIT MISSIONS, the official organ of these American Jesuit missionaries, and share in their labors and the rewards which will be lavished on them for their zeal and self-sacrifice.*

1934 marks the fourth centenary of the establishment of the Society of Jesus. The mustard seed took root in Paris in 1534. It has grown and flourished till today the Jesuits to the number of 24,000 are laboring throughout the world. Not the least part of their glorious history is concerned with their missionary activities. Some of the prominent saints of the Church, Francis Xavier, the North American Martyrs, were Jesuits. And today, following in the footsteps of these saints, 3,000 Jesuit missionaries are ministering to 180,000,000 souls, one sixth of the world's population. *Subscribe to JESUIT MISSIONS and become one with the makers of history in the Catholic Church today.*

For these three reasons

—renew your subscription to JESUIT MISSIONS.

—subscribe to JESUIT MISSIONS for a friend of yours.

—subscribe if you are only a reader but non-subscriber.

(Find a subscription blank on the back cover)

AFIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUITS



PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

On the occasion of the death of **Father Richard A. O'Brien, S.J.**, former Rector of the Ateneo de Manila, Catholic newspapers carried the following account:

"The Very Rev. **Edward C. Phillips, S.J.**, Provincial of the Maryland-New York Jesuit Province, received a cable message from Manila on December 5, announcing the death of the Rev. **Richard A. O'Brien, S.J.**, former Rector of the Ateneo at Manila. **Father O'Brien** died on Tuesday, December 5, of a heart attack. He had been ill for three years. He was fifty-three years of age.

"**Father O'Brien** was Rector of the Ateneo de Manila, the largest Jesuit institution in the Philippines, in August, 1932, when it was destroyed by fire. **Father O'Brien** then moved to the College of San Jose, another Jesuit institution in Manila, and, under his direction, its existing buildings were enlarged and others erected, so that the work of the Ateneo could be carried on there. **Father O'Brien** was Rector of the Ateneo from 1927 until July 30 of this year.

"**Father O'Brien** served as chaplain in the World War. He received his commission April 13, 1918, and served overseas as chaplain of the 306th Labor Battalion. He served in France and Germany and was in action at the Meuse-Argonne. He was discharged as first lieutenant at Camp Dix, N. J., July 10, 1919."

Father O'Brien was a native of Baltimore and was ordained to the priesthood by Cardinal Gibbons, at Woodstock, Md., June 24, 1912.

* * *

Our readers will be happy to hear again from that indefatigable pioneering spirit, **Father John A. Pollock, S.J.**, the pastor of Jasaan, Oriental Misamis, P. I.:

"So, on April 19, Tuesday, at 4:00 P. M., when the major work of a busy day had been finished and some twelve hours' work had made everything ship-shape, we jumped into the saddle and galloped off. Ten minutes along the shore and we started up the trail into the mountains, up and up and up.

"Presently we reached our first town. Here I had succeeded in getting a little school started some months

before, and we were to celebrate First Communion in the morning, for the first time up in these mountains. My teacher in another little town, a few miles away, had also brought his children over, for there is no chapel in the other place. Some time was spent in making sure that the children were really ready, in going over the general condition of the people spiritually, and in looking up marriages. Supper was had,—a first-class one, about 9:30. Some of the First Communion class had to be baptized before supper.

"In the early morning, began the further preparation, the confessions, etc., a High Mass, (two of my choir accompanied me), sermon, twenty-two First Communions, and others, a procession, a churchful of Baptisms and a couple of marriages. This filled the morning! After a few more conferences and dinner, we rode on.



*Father Richard A. O'Brien, S.J., from the Province of Maryland-New York, the former Rector of the Ateneo de Manila, Manila, P. I., who succumbed to a heart attack on December 5, 1933. **Father O'Brien** was born in Baltimore, August 15, 1880.*

"The procedure was more or less the same in each of the four towns we covered,—a town a day. One morning, when we finished early, we rode out to visit a new town, which is being built in the nearby forest. The builders are from a distant place hidden back in the almost inaccessible hills. They are being brought in by the Government to get them in touch with civilization. Fortunately, the new official is working hand in glove with me, so I made sure to go out and see about the chapel he is urging them to build. There is hope that this will be a truly Christian village."

* * *

A touch of real missionary hardship is contained in the following description sent by **Father John A. Pollock, S.J.**:

"Our Christ the King Mass celebration was washed out. Only about eighty succeeded in getting to the church for the first Mass. In the middle of the Mass, rain began to fall on the corporal, and I had to get an extra pall to cover the Host to protect it. The people who braved the elements for that Mass were heroic. By 10:30, the wind had ceased and the rain abated, so we began to ring the bells. Over three hundred people collected, and at 11:30 a la American style, we started the *Missa Cantata*. Monday night at 9 o'clock, I was hailed by a truly heroic Filipino Jesuit, **Father Augustin Consunji, S.J.**, who had just arrived. He had been in Cagayan at noon and had received instructions to get to Mambajao for All Souls. His only chance was a launch from Balingasag the next morning, very early. And that was fifty kilometers away, with the roads ruined and twenty-five bridges gone. He started, made Tagoloan, nineteen kilometers distant, by means of a relay of buses and plenty of hiking. By *banca*, he sailed across that wide and dangerous river, and then hiked until he found a horse. Overtaken by a strong rain and darkness, he found a temporary shelter, after which he pushed on to Jasaan. After he had crossed the Solana River with much difficulty and danger, and had lost the road for a while, he sighted our church from the river, which he himself crossed on a temporary raft, swimming his horse behind. Just as he was about to reach shore, the raft upset and poor

Father was a sorry sight when he reached us, yet happy and cheerful withal. Supper, dry clothes, a little sleep, a fresh horse and a new guide, and he was off at 4:00 A. M. to face worse rivers and still worse roads. There was no place to ford the Kabulig or the Binatinan Rivers, so he unsaddled the horse and let him swim. One gorge at Punta Gorda had to be crossed by leading the horse over a plank. By the mercy of God they reached Balingasag, and although the waves were too high for the launch, still, an unexpected steamer, that had anchored off shore, took Father on his way with high probability that he would reach Mambajao before All Souls Day. There are times when Mindanao has all the thrills of mission life. Never have I seen anyone face those thrills with greater courage and good cheer than Father Consunji. May our younger brothers now preparing for their apostolate be inspired by the heroism of their *magnung* (older brother)."

CANADIAN INDIANS

Father Timothy Dwyer, S.J., who returned from his Tertiariship last Summer, has recently arrived in the Ontario missions where he will devote his life to work among the Indians. The first obstacle confronting a missionary is the formidable Ojibway language, which must be mastered be-



Father Timothy Dwyer, S.J., of the Upper Canada Province, at present stationed at Holy Cross Mission, Wikwemikong, Ontario, is studying the Ojibway language in preparation for an apostolate among these Indians.

fore the ministry can begin. Therefore, Father Dwyer is spending some time at Holy Cross Mission, a large and well-organized Indian settlement on the Wikwemikong Indian Reserve, situated on the northeastern extremity of Manitoulin Island.

This Summer, at the annual Powwow held on August 15 at Wikwemikong, Father Dwyer received his official Indian name, *Bidassige*, "The Sunrise." By this name Father Dwyer will henceforth always be known to the Indian. The ceremonies of admission into the tribe were carried out with all the pomp and splendor customary to such occasions: grandiloquent Indian and English speeches; squaws of the nobility and feathered chiefs strutting the Indian War Dance to the rythmical beat of the buckskin drum.

Father Dwyer does not enter the missions without some experience with the aborigines of these parts, as he filled the office of prefect over a period of two years among the one hundred and thirty boys in the Indian Industrial School at Spanish, Ontario.

IRAQ

A brief note from Father Edward F. Madaras, S.J., Baghdad College, Iraq, assures us that "everybody is well and that the school is running along just fine—from a scholastic point of view. We simply don't mention money any more. We are managing somehow to get our groceries regularly, and we refuse to worry about the multifarious other things that tend to bring crow's feet and gray hair. May the Divine Babe bestow on you during the coming year His choicest blessings."

AMERICAN INDIANS

Joseph I. McHugh, S.J., a Jesuit Scholastic teaching at Holy Family Indian Mission, Family, Montana, discusses the problem of teaching religion to his Indian flock:

"Speaking of the religious instruction of our children: they have the letter of the law, but not the spirit. How can they get the spirit? By a miraculous pouring out of the Holy Ghost—yes. But will God do this? We do not know. In the meantime, we must use the means at our disposal—rather, within possible reach. . . .

"Let me suggest what seems to me a very good means to instill the spirit. It is Catholic fiction. The Indian boy and girl are like all boys and girls in their love for stories. They will listen by the hour. The boys who can read, take the books I give them to the dormitory and read until the lights go out. Furthermore, they are idealists and imitators as well. Catholic fiction will give them the ideals, and I'll wager they will imitate. A story of Catholicism really and truly lived will do more than the whole catechism



An Arab vendor from Iraq, the ancient land between the Tigris and Euphrates, where at the invitation of His Holiness, Pope Pius XI, Jesuits from the American Assistance are engaging in an educational venture.

learned in theory.

"Can you formulate some movement . . . to get Catholic fiction for our boys and girls? By this I mean story books like Father Finn's for the boys, and Isabel Clark's for the girls.

"I am firmly convinced that those who are responsible for getting these books will be instrumental in doing a great deal of good. I have some Catholic fiction for the boys, but far from enough. The girls haven't any."

* * *

From Our Lady of Lourdes Mission, Porcupine, South Dakota, Father Leo C. Cunningham, S.J., writes:

"Charlie Bush is a full-blood, Sioux Indian. His home is a log hut on the banks of the Porcupine Creek, down near by St. Paul's Chapel. His daughter, little Marie, has been attending Our Lady of Lourdes' Mission School. Charlie is a Holy Rosary Mission Boy and is a devoted Catholic. Charlie and his wife beg me for Catholic papers and magazines. From them they receive inspiration and instruction.

"This family is but one of the many Indian families, scattered over my four mission districts, who welcome the Catholic reading matter which you so kindly send. May the Sacred Heart of Our Lord bless you with His love for all you do to cooperate with the work of winning the Sioux for Christ. My Indians pray for you. I remember you and your intentions daily in Mass.

"The Sisters of the Humility of Mary are in charge of Our Lady of Lourdes' Mission School. We have boys and girls in the grades, and older girls in the ninth and tenth grades. We must supply a noon-day meal and clothing for the day scholars, and even more for the older girls, all of whom are boarders. The Government refuses to give us any help, either food or clothing, although by treaty it is obliged to supply everything for the Indian children attending the public schools. We must trust to the help of Divine Providence and to the co-operation of White friends to carry on the important work of imparting a religious education to the little Red Skins."

CHINA

Father Edouard Cote, S.J., of the Lower Canada Province, while on a missionary trip between Shanghai and Tsung-Ming, China, reports, under date of October 4, 1933, that two typhoons, coming one on top of the other on September 2 and 18, had caused great havoc. Coming unexpectedly at that time of year, they raised the tidal waters well above normal and caused vast inundations. Not less than twelve thousand native homes were flooded, cattle were carried away by the waters, crops were buried under a deposit of mud, and the salt left by the receding waters rendered the land useless for cultivation. The destruc-

tion of the reserve supply of seed for the next sowing of crops has reduced about sixty thousand in Father Cote's district to the condition of beggars, with the prospect of a hard Winter ahead. The poor Christians are begging the missionaries for help.

After the first typhoon, Father Cote began repairs on some of the chapels in his district, but the second typhoon undid all the repair work that had been done, and left him "out of pocket" by so much the more. To help the natives in their plight, the Committee on Famine in Shanghai has sent thirteen hundred sacks of grain, is preparing places where the refugees may live, and may even vote a subsidy in aid of those too poor to rebuild their own homes.

Sixteen chapels were demolished. Fifty thousand people were reduced to extreme want by the two typhoons. Approximately one third of the sufferers are Christians. Some 230 Catholic homes were destroyed by the tempest.

* * *

John O'Farrell, S.J., studying Chinese at Gonzaga College in Shanghai, China, writes this encouraging letter to future missionaries and students of Chinese:

"I would like to make a few remarks here about the study of Chinese, in order to clear up and brush away the inferiority complex that many an aspiring missionary has regarding it.

To me it seems no more difficult than any other language. In fact, there is no single part of it that is difficult to grasp. The whole difficulty comes from the fact, that we have absolutely no foundation on which to build and associate what we learn. For example, when you study some European language, you always find many words that are quite similar to those in your own language; then, the grammar is radically the same—except for a few idioms. In Chinese, however, there is practically no grammar—simply characters, characters and more characters. Twenty thousand or more—yes—but there are almost as many words in the English dictionary. Who can read a book in English without looking up some words? And besides, how few of those bookish words you use intelligently to discuss any ordinary problem! It's the same in Chinese."

* * *

After a year of study and work in the mission field in and around Shanghai, Paul O'Brien, S.J., writes:

"The difficulties of language, people, etc., that you mention are merely examples of the 'Who shall roll us back the stone?' When you get here and begin to work, you find they disappear little by little. As for our mission vocation, it truly is a gift of God, and I think all missionaries will find themselves incapable of expressing their gratitude. Just last week I visited a missionary, who is seventy-eight years old, as active as a young man. The people all think him a saint, and still he is one of the liveliest and most cheerful Fathers I have met. Every day he tends to very many sick people, and whatever time is not taken up with his duties is sure to be spent behind the altar in prayer. The people, pagans as well as Christians, thought so much of him, that they erected a monument in his honor. The old Father was disgusted. . . . It was very edifying to hear him in all simplicity referring to himself as 'the useless thing.' And I guess that is pretty much the sentiment of the missionary. Faced with the immensity of paganism and the obstacles to grace, whatever talents he may have seem ridiculously small. He finds that he must become united to God, so that he may have an omnipotent God to help him. This, I think, is one of the most precious graces of the missionary's life,—this ever-present, constantly experienced necessity of being united to God."

ALASKA

Father Aloysius G. Willebrand, S.J., writes, under date of October 10, 1933, of his journey to his new mission at Pilot Station, Andreafsky P. O., Alaska.

"I left Kotzebue on September 18, after a stay there of just two months. A plane brought me to Nome in a few hours. My journey from Nome to here



Ever zealous Father Herman J. Tenk, S.J., of the Missouri Province, and Superior of the Jesuit mission of Punta Gorda, has for years been a familiar figure in towns and coast villages, along dangerous trails and rapid rivers in British Honduras.

was not unlike one of the voyages of St. Paul or St. Francis Xavier. For three days I was tossed about by the stormy Bering Sea, in a little boat, belonging to a roving trader. His boat was equipped with a full sailing rig, a diesel engine, a small hold and a little room,—more like a hole than anything else—in the bow, with a stove, a table and three bunks. In rough weather the waves and spray washed the deck. The only place of refuge was in the hold among sacks of sugar, flour and oatmeal, or the small hole in the bow, which was so low that a man could not stand. Yet, she was a seaworthy little craft. During the Summer she had been at all points along the Bering Coast, and even as far north as Point Barrow, the most northern point of our American possessions.

There were a number of passengers on this present trip, both Eskimo and White, among them a White woman with a baby only ten days old. They fixed her as best they could in the small pilot house.

"We made stops at all the important points of the North Sound: at Golovin, Shastulik, Unanaktek, where we have a building for a chapel, and St. Michael, where there is a very nice little church and mission,—all due to the efforts and work of Father Martin Lonneux, S.J. We stayed there for almost a day, as the boat awaited high tide to cross the bar at the mouth of the Yukon.



Brother Bartholomew Chiudano, S.J., of the Oregon Province, who has been laboring on the Alaska Missions for years. He is at present stationed at Abulurak, Yukon Delta, Alaska

I found a letter awaiting me from our Superior, telling me to go up to Pilot Station, where I would find plenty of work.

"A few hours after we left St. Michael, we reached the north mouth of the Yukon, and at midnight we crossed the bar. The next morning the familiar muddy waters of the Yukon greeted my eyes. Soon we were at Old Hamilton, a familiar place to me, as I had several times been there during my stay at Akulurak. The building had been so improved that I was almost lost when I entered it, and what was a still greater surprise, the church was filled with people. I had intended to say Mass privately, but when they saw me enter, the whole village gathered.

"Another day brought me to Mountain Village, which station Very Rev. John B. Sifton, S.J., our Superior, is holding himself this Winter. I stopped with him for several days to make a little retreat and to talk things over. He is a true missionary, doing all his housekeeping and cooking, and living in greater poverty than any of his subjects. He certainly is not a leader who drives others to what he himself is not willing to do.

"After a week, the last mail boat came up the river, and I made use of the opportunity to come up here. We reached here shortly after midnight. After a few hours rest at a store belonging to one of my people, I entered the church. It was Sunday morning. The people were indeed very glad to find that a Father was among them.

"All day visitors came, eager to make the acquaintance of the new Father. Part of the church is arranged so it can be used for a hall and playroom, and thanks to the efforts of my predecessors, especially to Father Paul C. O'Connor, S.J., there are a number of little things for the girls and boys to play with. They are accustomed to regard the church as a sort of recreation center, and we are happy to have them around, as we know then that they are out of mischief.

"My first impressions of my new parish are good. The people are generous, devoted Catholics, who like to come to church, and are willing to do what they can to help the Father. They have come and brought me little gifts of reindeer meat, and bread, and have offered to help me in my work. However, they are poor, and what they can do is comparatively little.

"Besides this place, I have care of three other stations: Marshall, Takhak and Charkartule.

"As you see, things look rather bright, but the prospects are not without difficulties. Of these, the chief is the fact that our finances are not very good. I begin the year with a not over abundant supply of provisions and a treasury of fifty dollars. There is need for trust in Providence."



Marion R. Batson, S.J., of the Chicago Province, sends this picture from Patna Mission, India. The Hindu cloth merchant, seated in his shop in the Kurseong bazaar, takes time out occasionally to enjoy the hubble-bubble of his water-pipe.

PATNA, INDIA

From Khrist Raja High School, Bettiah, Champaran Dist., India. Father Edward A. Scott, S.J., wrote some time ago:

"I am up here making my retreat. Your fine letter and fifteen stipends gratefully received.

"I begrudged these few days away from the field, as, despite the monsoon, we were averaging a Baptism a day; however, Father Henry Westropp, S.J., took over Sundarmur for this week, and I expect to find the register bulging on my return.

"It seems that I'll have to acquire another 'lingo.' It is called Malto and is used by my hill-men or Pahariyas—lately, there has been a number of calls from the hills for Baptism. Good Father Ray Conway, S.J., before his untimely death, labored most zealously among these hill people, spending days and nights in the Rajmahal hills, and he built the first Pahariya church in these parts. His interest in these wild children has not lessened in Heaven, as is evident from the number of converts.

"This is my first good look in on Khrist Raja High School. It is really a beautiful group of buildings, housing a work, equally, if not more lasting, even, than our many conversions among the aboriginals."

* * *

Father Francis I. Stoy, S.J., who is temporarily replacing Father John Kilian, S.J., in the Sugathan area of

the Santal field, reports an average of one Baptism per day, but hopes "to do much better once he gets thoroughly into the work."

Father Charles P. Miller, S.J., sends a cheery line from Catholic Mission, Gajhi, Chakai P. O., Monghyr District, India:

"The past year has been one of progress in our Mission. True, we could not accomplish all that we had hoped and planned, but we did make progress.

"For this we render due thanks to Almighty God Who in His loving Providence has cared for us and watched over us. And we thank you, our friends and benefactors, who, moved by the love of Christ and animated by zeal for souls, have helped us to extend the Kingdom of Christ."

For the benefit of new readers of *Jesuit Missions*, Father Miller tells something of the people among whom he lives:

"The people for whom I am working are an aboriginal tribe called Santals. They are neither Hindus nor Mahomedans, but animists. In practice they are devil-worshippers. They are upright and generally honest in their dealings, industrious and courageous. Except where they have been influenced by Hinduism, they offer little obstacle to conversion.

"Unfortunately, in my territory many Santals have come under the baneful influence of Hinduism. Most of them are very poor. Some have no land at all. Many, all too many of them, are in the hands of Hindu money lenders and have been reduced almost to the state of mere serfs. These money lenders at times threaten their victims with lawsuits and other punishments if they dare become Christians before they have paid their debts. Pagan relatives, too, not infrequently offer opposition to the catechumen by

threatening him with ostracism from the family circle.

"To become a Christian in the face of such difficulties requires a courage more than ordinary. The average Santal has that courage, once he is convinced of the truth of our religion. And he cannot be so convinced unless the Gospel is preached to him. I can assure you it takes much time and patience to give a clear idea of even the elementary truths of our religion to one who is illiterate, and who has been steeped in paganism from his youth.

"Obviously, a missionary working single-handed cannot accomplish much. So he calls in helpers. These helpers are his catechists. Their business is just what their name implies—catechism teachers. They are Santals, men who have been given a special training so that they may go forth and instruct their brethren by word and example. Being one of their own race, the catechist understands the mentality of his people; he is received without suspicion, and can effect conversions where the missionary perhaps would receive a polite but cold reception.

"When converts have been made in a number of scattered villages, a chapel becomes necessary. Land must be purchased, the building must be erected, and a catechist put in charge. These expenses must be borne in great part by the missionary, because the pagans will not help and the Christians are too poor to do so.

"A chapel that will accommodate from 150 to 200 people costs about \$125.00, or approximately 25 pounds. The pay of the catechist is only \$5.00, or about one pound, per month. I might add that a village school teacher can be had for the same salary, but I do not wish to open the question of schools at present, important as that question may be. My greatest need is catechists."

JAMAICA, B. W. I.

As a prelude to the article published in this present issue by Father James M. Harney, S.J., on "Hurricane in Jamaica," Very Rev. Charles F. Arnold, S.J., Superior of the Jamaica Mission, forwarded the following:

A serious blow was administered to our island, November, 1932. Jamaica was slowly recovering from that blow, when on August 15 to 16, the eastern parts of the island were devastated by flood-rains, a veritable deluge. Heavy rains were almost the daily order from that date on. Then on October 28 to 29, a storm of hurricane size swept the western parts of Jamaica. So the whole island has been hard hit—twelve disturbances in twelve months. We Jesuits have escaped with minor hurts, that is, in our schools, churches, houses, etc. Thank God for that. Father Harney had the teacher's cottage at Revival laid low, and also the old school, which he was planning to convert into a convent, for the time when he could get Sisters to teach in his new school. Other mishaps occurred in his missions at Savanna-la-Mar, Top Hill and Orange Hill. Both Father Harney and Father Francis G. Kempel left Kingston Saturday, the twenty-eighth, and drove straight into the teeth of the storm. They had me worried over Sunday. Monday, Father Harney wired: "Terrible time, but safe." Father Kempel had his Guardian Angel with him. All the roads to Seaford Town were blocked except the one he actually picked, a road he rarely takes.

"What can poor, starving, or at least hungry, half naked, shelterless people do for the support of the churches and schools?"

Father James M. Harney, S.J., in a report to *The Gleaner*, Jamaica newspaper, sums up in the following statistics, the totals of misfortune:

"The report refers to the Brighton and Revival districts and is very detailed and informative. It runs from houses destroyed down to the number of children in every family. One hundred and twenty-nine different families reported, and as a very low estimate I would say that every family represents four people.

"From the report I offer the following data:

"Practically all cultivations gone. Ninety houses smashed, sixty of which were entirely destroyed; one hundred and twenty-four people had taken refuge in caves during the storm, while my mission stations at Brighton, Revival, Orange Hill and Top Hill furnished shelter for some days after the hurricane.

"Making all allowances for the tendency to exaggerate on the part of country folks, the only sufficient reason that can explain the above data is, that a disastrous hurricane swept at least this part of Westmoreland."



The combination home and temporary chapel of Father Charles Eberle, S.J., at High Gate, Jamaica, B. W. I.

Going Tokio!

Edgar Dowd, S.J.



LEISURELY floating above the tangle of Tokio's slums, zooming across terraced rice fields, skyrocketing up Fuji's sacred cheeks, nose-diving again into blossom-garbed valleys, veering into wisteria-scented Imperial Gardens, ricocheting over lily-flecked pools, Father M. J. von Küenburg, S.J., and I, upon the magic carpet of a thirty-minute interview, once more came gently to rest in Spokane's unromantic jack-pine country.

Father Küenburg, Rector of Sophia University, Tokio, sighed heartily at the end of the journey-interview. He had been hurriedly subjected to varied and disorderly questions, questions ranging from the Japanese sense of humor to Shintoism, and from vital statistics to the prevalence of cribbing in examinations.

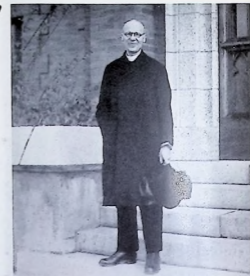
The trip, however, was a revelation. Japan to me had always been just an eel-shaped country where the people specialized in flowered kimono's, preferred jinrikishas to taxis, and at an early age learned to juggle rice with impossible chopsticks.

But this was before the take-off of the magic carpet . . .

THE carpet lifts slowly, and Father Küenburg points to the lantern-hung streets of Tokio that are simply matted with humanity, and crooked as a deformed pretzel. It seemed as if the entire population were in the streets.

"When everybody is in town," I began, "how many people does Tokio number?"

"Over five million. It is a city that, like the entire



Father M. J. von Küenburg, S.J., Rector of Sophia University, Tokio, Japan.

island of Japan, is over populated; for in Japan there are sixty-five millions, an increase of a million yearly, and only between forty and sixty thousand emigrants."

"The living conditions look mighty tough in there," I said, indicating long rows of gaunt, ugly, vice and poverty-stricken buildings. "The conditions must be better in the country?"

Trying to explain the truth that the "poor we always have with us," Father held up both thumbs, meaning that it was a 50-50 proposition.

"In the country," he said, "many of the farmers are tenants who are preyed upon by greedy landlords. Many families are satisfied with just a half bowl of rice."

"I suppose you know, Father, that we had a depression in the United States? Did you have one?"

"Did we? Why, ours began two years earlier than yours, and we still have it! Things are so bad



Where Japan's Fuji-yama raises its majestic snow-capped peak into the heavens.

that in cities, parents have sold the bodies and souls of their girls to obtain a livelihood."

WE next came to Sophia University, conducted by the Jesuit Fathers of the Lower German Province. The staff consists of twenty-six Jesuit professors, and fifty laymen, Japanese, only eight of the latter being Catholics. This year the enrollment is eight hundred; last year it was nine hundred and sixty. Fierce opposition from Shintoism and military factions account for the drop, and also prevent even the thought of more Catholic universities at least in the immediate future.

"What are those fellows, the Boy Scouts, or a lost battalion of R. O. T. C.'s?" I asked, as we neared the University.

"Why, those are our students, who must dress, according to Government orders, in uniform."

"Is the general attitude of a Japanese class active or passive?"

"Except when they have open forum discussions, I would say that their attitude is passive; they love to take notes in class."

The thought of taking notes prompted the next question.

"What do they do with those notes?" I asked.

"Surely they do not use them surreptitiously during examinations?"

"If you refer to cribbing," answered Father with a ready knowledge of terminology and boy-cology, "I should say they do!"

"And if they are detected, what then? In fact, how do the Japanese weather correction?"

"A teacher," began Father, "must be careful in reprimanding a pupil. They are proud and sensitive. I knew of a girl who, after a flimsy set-to with her teacher, seriously contemplated suicide."

"What subjects appeal most to Japanese students?" from me.

Reminding me that it was a wide question, Father replied that technical and practical sciences seemed most in favor.

"They are persevering and love to investigate things down to the most minute details. It is this spirit of thoroughness which has crowned recent Japanese research with success. For example: a Japanese found a cure for sleeping-sickness; contemporaneous with a Ger-

man, another Jap discovered a cure for cholera; and then it remained for another to discover the practicability of changing mercury into gold. Their special science is seismography, and they have plenty of quakes for laboratory specimens."

"HOW many universities are there in Tokio?"
"Twenty-four, with enrollments of each ranging from three to five thousand. They are, of course, non-Catholic."

"If they had football teams, the traveling expenses would be light," I soliloquized aloud.

"They do have football teams, but baseball is the top sport; also they play basketball, wrestle, fence and dabble in archery."

"Professional baseball?"

"No; the teams are of the universities, and either play among themselves, or accept challenges from harbored battleships, or a traveling professional team from the United States."

"In what condition are the grandstands?" I inadvertently asked.

"Well, they don't call them the 'Polo Grounds,' but they seat seventy thousand. A good game finds the stands filled and every knothole profusely manned. Not only that, but one may go through the streets of Tokio and see clusters of fans availing themselves of game broadcasts by means of radios furnished by shopmen."

This might be Japan, I thought, but it was becoming highly seasoned with unmistakable Americanisms. This "modern" world isn't so new, and not confined to America. The Japanese also know the new way.

"FATHER, I've seen pictures of Japanese sitting on their haunches, drinking hot tea from tables six inches off the floor, using mats for morris-chairs, and all these things I can tolerate, without even asking for reasons pro or con. But what I can't understand is why they use those small pillows that are shaped like a full-grown watermelon and about as hard!"

"But they don't lay their heads on those pillows; they rest their necks on them, and let their heads hang over the side. The women do this in order to keep their hair crop intact."

(To be continued)



A little maid of old Japan, done up in all her native finery.

HOUSE OF THE HOLY CHILD

(Continued from page 33)

village folk, men and women, boys and girls, young and old, rich and poor, carrying basins, baskets and pans, transport the sand from the river to the building site. To ease this work, I wrote a Visayan melody with text appropriate to the occasion.

Though we are poor, we give the Lord what we can. We carry sand, stone and gravel against the day, when some kind soul may help us to procure cement, thus making it possible for us to lay proper foundations for our future basilica to the Holy Child and to refute those who protest that, while our Faith may be Christian in doctrine, it is not so in charity.

PATNA IN REVIEW

(Continued from page 35)

in the manger." Some of the Protestants have tried and are trying their best to obstruct our progress. Hindus are busy preaching and writing against Christ, His Church, His Blessed Mother and His missionaries. The Hindus, seeing the good results gained by the contact we have through our schools, are trying to gather funds for boarding schools, and they go about preaching that the sun is the Christ of the Santals, etc. Our work is Christ's own. It is marked with the Cross, which means ultimate success and the eternal salvation of thousands of Santals.

THE Fathers at Khrist Raja High School, Bettiah, are housing and educating some thirty of our Santal boys, whom we expect to be especially helpful amongst their own people as well trained catechists and teachers. In this way we hope gradually to solve one of our greatest problems—good teachers and good catechists for the Santals.

While working intensively for our infant Mission amongst the Santals, we are also doing what we can for our 27,000,000 Hindus and Mohammedans. We are doing our best under the circumstances to influence them by prayer, preaching and literature. Our Catholic sta-

tions and institutions are a burning light amidst the darkness, and each station gets a few converts, chiefly through marriage or home-steading. Medical aid, given by the Fathers and Sisters in the villages, draws some souls to Christ. Bettiah Government Hospital, attended by the Holy Cross Sisters, helps many into Heaven.

At present, we are preparing two Fathers for special work amongst the "intelligentsia." They will work chiefly through literature and lecturing, and can hope to do systematically, what some of us have been trying to do in our spare moments for many years, and with very limited success,—the making of converts amongst the so-called better classes.

February is Catholic Press Month. What is going to be your contribution to advance the Catholic Press of America? Why not enlist a friend or two in the cause of JESUIT MISSIONS? (See page 46 and back cover.)

Khrist Raja High School. Our High School, which had one hundred per cent success in the 1933 matriculation examinations, has taught the Catholic religion to all its students from the very beginning. The proximate purpose of this course is obviously to turn out well instructed Catholic boys, but it also is well known that we insist on religious instruction for all, with a view to preparing the Hindu and Mohammedan for conversion, when he feels able to rise above ties of caste and joint family ownership of property.

We have extended the same policy to a number of village schools in the vicinity of the High School, and these are supervised from the High School. There are ten such schools, sixteen teachers and 365 pagan children. Some of the boys recruited from the High School for this work are proving valuable helpers. Others are Hindus, and be their will ever so good, they find it hard to carry on amidst their pagan neighbors and relatives, and in some

cases, either terrified or corrupted, they have turned and abandoned their work of teaching the Catholic catechism. This work has its definite place in our scheme for extending and consolidating the Kingdom of Christ in Patna, and like other works of great importance is suffering from a lack of laborers. "Pray ye the Lord of the harvest."

ACROBATS AT HAIMEN

(Continued from page 41)

he slyly indicates, you know how to do it. The frames were placed at equal distances on a table five feet square, and a cushion was stretched on the ground. Four times in succession, the acrobat performed the dive, clearing the knives without getting a scratch. Witnessing the ease of his performance, someone slyly remarked that they hoped his last dive into the other life might prove equally successful.

HURRICANE IN JAMAICA

(Continued from page 43)

gift of the United Fruit Company. These were distributed by the Parochial Board. Revival and Brighton people received about thirty stems between them. The only other food they received has been from their priest, who, from a scanty treasury, has bought them 380 pounds of rice, 392 pounds of corn meal, 3 barrels of biscuit, 50 pounds of salt fish,—all in a week's time.

The condition of the poor people in the bush districts is already distressing. Hunger,—and starvation, faces them for the next nine months if they do not get food. As regards my own people, I shall do my best to care for them with God's help. The allowance from the Parochial Board which, I believe, is already being distributed from the subscription fund, ranges from one shilling, or twenty-five cents, up to half a crown, about sixty-two cents. The latter dole would be for an exceptional case. Every one who knows anything about conditions says they are already awful, and they shudder to think of what the next nine months hold in store for the poor people. May God come to their assistance. I am sure He will.

BOOK REVIEWS

Seven Hundred Years, 1233-1933.

By The Servite Scholastics.
The Servite Fathers, Mount
Saint Philip Monastery, Gran-
ville, Wisconsin. Price \$1.00.

Poetry may be defined as "the imaginative representation, through the medium of language, of true grounds for the noble emotions." In varying degrees, each separate contribution in this anthology of verse, prepared as a memorial to commemorate the Septucentennial Celebration of the Order of Servants of Mary, verifies one or more of the elements in the above definition. After all, souls, whose daily meditation is in Heaven, certainly have within themselves the true grounds, at least so far as the thought content is concerned, for the noble emotions. Language of necessity must be their medium of expression. The harmonious wedding of imagination and thought will depend for its perfection on the mellow seasoning that comes so rarely in the Spring time of budding talent, but is rather the fruitful gift of the Summer time of love, the Autumn of experience, the Winter of life. If, as quoted in the Foreword, "The authors of these poems 'on broken wings cannot rise, yet they can sing a song beneath some little flowered tree' in their monastery gardens—songs fashioned from the dreams of Servites, songs of faith, songs of hope, songs of the Mother of fair love.

Confession is a Joy? By Daniel A. Lord, S.J. The Queen's Work, 3742 West Pine Boulevard, St. Louis, Mo. Price ten cents per copy.

To the rhythm of snapping cards and clattering chips, the wives of the Friday Evening Poker Club play their seasonal trump—a conversational ace,—the boy of confession. That the subject might be appraised with professional accuracy, they enlist the services of that distinguished ecclesiastical barrister, Father Hall. Expert accountant as he is, he neatly assembles the assets and liabilities of this ancient institution, totals its expenses and disbursements in terms of tears, shame and penitential confusion, and then rallies to its credit an income profit of peace, with dividends of joy, that should insure an oversubscription of penitents at Catholic confessionals throughout the country. I say Catholic confessionals, because Protestantism as is its wont, has gone red on the question of confession to a priest! Thus, once again, contradicting a universal tendency of the human race, as well as frustrating both the mercy and command of Christ. Apart from the obligation of confession, many cogent points are made in its favor. Not the least impressive is the alternative of confession, here or hereafter. For sin is a

moral debt; and debt repudiation, which is so prevalent in the world of international finance today, is impossible in God's omnipotent economy, an economy whose perfect sanction is—confession here or hell hereafter.

Living Pictures. By Mirza Ahmad Sohrab and Julie Chanler. The New History Foundation, 132 East 65th St., New York, N. Y. Price \$1.25.

"Living Pictures" is an impressionistic presentation of the geographical setting and biographical background of The Cause of Baha-U-Llah. Mystical in its conception and origin, the Cause is thoroughly impractical and absolutely devoid of that divine authority and sanction, at which the author's elusive and weasel verbiage is forever hinting. With the following contentions, Catholics take violent issue:—"In the beginning, the earth was a particle shot out into space—coming from the sun. Everything that thereafter developed upon it was of identical substance—Sun-substance" (p. 75). "The followers of each (religion) know that they have the Truth," (p. 76). Can truth contradict truth? "A better civilization will be brought about by a balancing of the masculine and feminine elements," (p. 77). What religion has the right to hold the balance? Why Bahaism, for example, rather than Catholicism? The unscientific character of Bahaism is evident, especially, in The Way of Mysticism, as revealed on pages 79 and 81, wherein the reader is conducted through the Valleys of Search, Love, Wisdom, Oneness, Affluence, Bewilderment, Annihilation and Knowledge. Briefly, whatever truth exists in Bahaism, has been borrowed from Christianity. Were it not for this fact and the occasional delight of a happy literary turn, "Living Pictures" might, with all due respect, be subtitled—"Much Religious Ado About Nothing."

Economic Recovery. By Aloysius J. Hogan, S.J. The America Press, 461 Eighth Ave., New York, N. Y. Price five cents per copy.

"Economic Recovery" is a transcript of an address delivered by the President of Fordham University, New York, at the National Conference of Catholic Charities and the Centenary of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, October 2, 1933. In the brief compass of a dozen pages, the author probes the nature of our economic maladies, and after taking the history of our difficulties as they exist in the United States, leaves in the hands of his readers a prescription for private and diffused ownership and a proper wage. Chaste marriage and Catholic edu-

cation are presupposed as the only proper atmosphere in which our economic recovery can be attained. In his endeavor to provide America with expert advice, Father Hogan calls into consultation the world's outstanding economists, pre-eminently, His Holiness, Pope Leo XIII and His Holiness, Pope Pius XI, together with their modern lay apologist, Franklin D. Roosevelt, President of the United States.

Catholic Central-Verein of America Official Report. Wanderer Printing Company, St. Paul, Minnesota.

The Official Report of the 78th General Convention of the Catholic Central-Verein of America, held at Pittsburgh, Pa., August 19 to 23, 1933, upholds the standard of achievements in the field of Catholic Action which we have come to associate almost instinctively with our German Catholic organizations. In addition to a general survey of the entire field of endeavor, which is admirably outlined by Father Steinhagen, the Report delves more deeply into individual questions such as Catholic attendance at non-Catholic colleges and universities, and the Youth Movement generally. One cannot but be impressed both by the length and width to which the principles contained in the Papal Encyclicals have been drawn, as well as by the definite fact that in appraising values the eyes and hearts of the Central-Verein are rigidly true to the kindred points of Heaven and home.

A Boy Who Loved Jesus. By Raymond J. O'Brien. The Queen's Work, 3742 West Pine Blvd., St. Louis, Mo. Price five cents per copy.

A story of beauty, beautifully told is this toy biography of Guy De Fontgalland, the boy who loved Jesus. Its *Impressum* bears the signatures of priests from five continents whose petitions have already been granted through the intercessory merits of one who, as was his wont even during life, is now gamboling with the tiny Lamb of God in Heaven. Even one brief perusal of this angel story would be better for the world's peace of mind than all the documented findings of modern scientific conventions, which deny both the possibility and the fact of revelation. What a distance there is between the minds and wills and hearts of our pagan scientists and the heart and will and mind of little Guy De Fontgalland!

In concluding the little biography, the author says that "Many, old and young, in every walk of life, have begun to pray to 'Little Guy'; and to those who are preparing the official petition for his canonization, some have forwarded reports of favors and cures," together with documentary proofs.

Grateful Acknowledgments

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