



# Jesuit Missions

March, 1934

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*Musbing for souls along the  
Yukon Trail*



these States are **missions to the American Indians**, also entrusted to the Jesuits of the Oregon Province. The Province Mission Procurator is

REV. FRANCIS B. PRANGE, S.J., 2440 Interlaken Boulevard, Seattle, Wash.

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1076 West Roosevelt Road, Chicago, Ill.

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REV. LOUIS J. LAVOIE, S.J.

653 Chemin Ste-Foy, Quebec, Canada



Santal girls attending the Convent School at Bhagalpore, Patna Mission, India, where the good Sisters are laboring with American Jesuits from the Chicago Province to educate the natives for Christ. It is among these people that the intrepid missionary, Father John A. Kilian, S.J., who has returned temporarily to the United States, was stationed.

# Sancian Island

Henry O'Brien, S.J.  
Editor of "The Rock"

**E**VERY Jesuit has a desire to visit

the places associated with the early history of the Society of Jesus. Montserrat, with its peaceful Benedictine monastery, draws many a son of Ignatius to kneel beside the spot in its sanctuary where his captain kept all-night vigil and tendered his sword to the service of Our Lady; the long, low cave of Manresa, whose walls are hung with relics of the soldier saint, has seen many Jesuits kissing reverently the stone on which the saint carved a cross before which to pray; Sancian, the last home of Xavier, has an appeal no less imperative than that of those Spanish mountains where Ignatius conceived the idea of the Company of Jesus. And it was to Sancian that a little band of Jesuits set forth in July, 1933.

We started from Hong Kong. If you take a map of South China and run your finger down south from Hong Kong, past Macao, it will finally rest on two islands which cuddle close to the mainland. They are the islands of Sancian, for there are two which bear that name. One still shelters the little village where Xavier died.

But there are a few items connected with our journey to the island which may be of interest.

**F**OR some of us, those who had been working in Hong Kong since they came to the Far East, this trip to Sancian was the first taste of real China. Our boat left Hong Kong at ten o'clock in the evening. There were a few school boys with us, and they were rather timid as they viewed the extensive precautions taken on board to guard against possible pirates. The section of the boat where we had our quarters was strongly cut off from the lower part which was packed with hundreds of coolies, each carrying his bundle of wares. Strong wire netting flanked each side of the deck, and a steel door, guarded by an Indian policeman, separated us from the rest of the ship. Pirates were not likely to cross our path, but even in the last few years some of these river boats have fallen into the hands of pirates who had embarked as peaceful passengers. Now every Chinese passenger is carefully searched for arms before



*Between Sancian and the mainland of Hong Kong, bordering Xavier's promised land of China.*

he is allowed on board. The authorities take no chances.

We had an uneventful passage, and rosy dawn saw us anchor at Kongmoon, or, more exactly, at Pakhai, the port of the town of Kongmoon. Here the American Fathers of the Maryknoll Missionary Society gave us a royal welcome, and we were able to look over their compound where one hundred little Chinese are studying for the priesthood.

There is a well known stretch of railway in Ireland, where the sloth of the trains and the humor of traveling are superb. Sometimes the locomotive refuses the hills which rear ahead, and often you may hear the guard call "Anyone for here?" But that far-off line cannot compare, at least for interest, with the line over which we went from Pakhai to Sunning.

**A**T Pakhai we began to buy our railway tickets for the four-hour journey. I say began, for we tendered our money at 11:00 A.M., and received our tickets exactly an hour later. We were in China, and were using Chinese money. One little nickel coin values twenty cents, and each of the party of fourteen had to give ten of these coins. That makes one hundred and forty coins, and the conductor hopped everyone of them off the railway train before he was satisfied that we were not coiners. Then we received our change—literally pocketfuls of copper cents, which we immediately hoisted into the willing hands of the waiters in exchange for bananas and other fruit. Fruit was our food on the train, for it is rare that Europeans travel in these parts, and the commissariat caters only for Chinese. We had all eaten Chinese food at one time or another, but not of the mysterious kind which was offered on the way to Sunning.

Part, or perhaps all, of this railway, was built by

a returned overseas Chinese, who wished to give a helping hand to his country. Unfortunately, he knew nothing about laying railway lines, and while our coach would be inclining toward the right, the one on front was pulling off to the left. But we went all right and enjoyed the excitement.

**T**HROUGH the train window, always the same scene met our gaze. Rice fields everywhere, some covered by a shallow layer of water, through which a peasant drove his slow water-buffalo, ploughing the mud beneath; some covered with light carpet of a vivid green, the ripening crop, which curved into soft waves before the passing of the breeze; some dotted with low sheaves of yellow stalks which the nearby Chinese family will tomorrow gather up and shake into the rattan baskets till they are full of the grain.

Away on the horizon on both sides of us, the mountains were hidden in the heat mist, until they converged with the railway, when we saw their crevices filled with deep blue shadow and their tops golden in the sunlight. Peaceful China! A land which shelters hard-working farmers. A country teeming with contented families. Why should we feel anxious as we pass through such surroundings?

The tall watch towers, springing up on the outskirts of each village, give us answer. They are the guardians of the people, and to them the women and children run when warning is given of the approach of the bandits. The bandits are the curse of the country. In South China, of late, they have not been active, but elsewhere they are a menace to the peace of the people and the spread of Christianity.

We came to the river. There was no bridge, but instead, a heavy pontoon on to which our train ran, when train and all floated slowly across the river. Coming back, the cable slipped, and pontoon and train hung in mid-stream for almost an hour until we were towed back to safety.

**A**T Sunning we chartered a private bus to take us to Kwong Hoi, the town on the mainland from where we might, on a clear day, see Sancian. The bus was the oldest member of the party, and had long ago forsaken soap and water. In fact, we were astonished at the optimism of the driver who told us he could make it go. It had no cushioned seats, and we bumped over the soft clay

road, and swung over the bamboo bridges, our hearts in our mouths, at thirty or forty miles an hour. We did Kwong Hoi in an hour and ten minutes—the ordinary time for the journey is two hours. It was almost dark when we stepped from the bus, but not dark enough to hide us from the curious gaze of the citizens, who probably had never before seen their town invaded by such a large party of foreign devils. Half the town looked on as we bargained with the carriers about taking our bags, and the other half escorted us to the hotel where we had a Chinese supper.

Down to the shore where Father Cairns, the Maryknoll missionary, had sent his little motor boat to convey us across the fifteen miles of sea to Sancian.

The night was gloriously calm. The stars crowded the sky, and our bows threw aside showers of phosphorescence as we sped to Sancian.

**T**WO hours later we were coasting along the low shadow on which we knew, somewhere, St. Francis Xavier had died. A grey pile comes through the darkness to welcome us: it is the little church built above the place where once the body of the saint had lain in its grave. A few minutes more, it was almost midnight, and we were being welcomed by Father Cairns

to the mission house and church.

We stayed four days on Sancian, and twice had Mass beside the first tomb of Francis. It is marked now by a long stone slab on which one can read the words: "Here was buried St. Francis Xavier, of the Company of Jesus, Apostle of the East." After Mass we could see, through the door of the shrine, the little island a short way off, in whose shelter the *Santa Croce* had anchored. We thought of those long journeys, from India to Malacca, from Malacca to Sancian, the trading port of the time for the Portuguese traders, which had brought so much sickness and suffering to the great soul ready to brave anything to bring the Faith to China.

Francis was very near to us those days when we stayed on Sancian. He was with us as we walked along the beach, pointing to those mountains which he had tried to cross to bring the Faith to the vast country which they guard, looking towards the little villages on the island which holds ten thousand souls who know not God, watching gratefully the many other Xaviers who are toiling in the dark land of China, sowing and reaping in the fields where he would fain have worked.



#### TEKAKWITHA

J. B. Toomey, S.J.

Kateri,  
Enchanted is my heart  
With the hemlock's quiet grace,  
Whose delicate sweep of branches  
Holds the pulse of Spanish lace;  
The subtle drum of partridge  
On the balsam-laden air  
With music of the waterfall  
Makes beauty deep and rare.  
As mid the moss and ivies  
I wander lone and free,  
The thought of thine election  
Comes flashing over me;  
My heart lifts free in circle,  
As the eagle upward flies,  
To the heights where thou art ever,  
Sweet lily of the skies!

# "Lest We Forget!"

Julien  
Paquin, S.J.



HERE is in a little village of our Canadian missions, a plain stone monument raised to the memory of a dozen victims of the Great War, with only these words, "Lest we forget!" following which are the names of the soldiers fallen on the battlefield, and the fateful date, 1914-1918. It is an eloquent epitaph in its simplicity, a reminder to the living of the heroic deeds of the dead.

We, the laborers in the field of modern missions, have also monuments raised to the memory of our precursors, not indeed of material stone, but of living deeds which it befits us to remember. The sixteenth day of March is one of the glorious dates of our Canadian missions, and "lest we forget," let us bring it back to our minds with all its significance.

On that day, in the year 1649, in the wild forests of the Huron country, within the palisades of the St. Ignace village, with a horde of savages as sole witnesses, two heroes offered their supreme sacrifice in the midst of tortures too horrible to describe. When the hour of danger came, they did not flee to safety, but remained at their post, like the good shepherd, to console their flock in distress. They were: John de Brebeuf, the giant



Left to right: Father Paul Méry, S.J., Superior of the Indian Industrial School, Spanish, Ont., and Father J. Paquin, S.J., missionary among the Indians at Killarney, Ont.

victim of many years' service, and Gabriel Lalemant, the delicate recruit of a few months. Both, strengthened by the same divine power, conquered human frailty, and won the admiration of their torturers by their courageous constancy.

THEY were following in the footsteps of the gallant Father Daniel, who, nine months before, at the Mission of St. Joseph, had fallen under a shower of Iroquois arrows, while he was bravely holding them at bay, to allow his flock time to flee. Nothing is left of him but the record of his devotion to the conversion of the frontier villages of Huronia. His body was burnt to ashes in the conflagration of his church. A more fitting funeral pyre could not have been devised for the consummation of his sacrifice.

In December, 1649, came the turn of the angelic Father Garnier. He, too, carried on his ministrations to the victims of the Iroquois' treachery, amid thundering muskets and flying arrows, until at last he was struck down by the deadly blow of a tomahawk, and went to his reward after his arduous and untiring labors among the Petun Indians.

The next day was summoned to glory the soul of the life-long martyr, Noel Chabanel, who fought so generously against his own natural repugnance for the hardships of his missionary life, who toiled unceasingly in his futile efforts to master the difficult Huron language. After being robbed twice of the honor of martyrdom, by a disposition of Divine Providence, he fell under the tomahawk of a Huron (Turn to page 82)



"Lest we forget!"  
Bronze tablet  
marking site of  
Fort St. Louis,  
Ont.

# SWISS

Edgar Dowd, S.J.



SWITZERLAND is a nation; Swiss a trademark. Switzerland is a small country of narrow, fertile valleys shaded by gigantic piles of earth and granite and glaciers, sharpened into peaks that puncture the gray fabric of a cloudy canopy; Swiss is just an apt, advertising adjective labeling many things such as the Swiss Navy, guard, movement, and "on rye," and making the world decidedly Swiss-conscious, but hardly Switzerland-conscious.

But now, for a change, we're directed from Swiss to Switzerland! This change of attitude may not be permanent, but at least on one day, September 29, 1933, the Oregon Province and laity of northern Montana regarded the nation and not merely the trade-mark. Celebrating his sixtieth anniversary as a Jesuit, Father Balthasar Feusi, S.J., recalled us from the spell of mere Swiss-mindedness to regard that country of mystery and mountains, Switzerland.

I, for one, reviewed the history of that mountain-lashed country, from the emigration of the Helvetii, in Roman times, to the emigration of Will Rogers from the Peace Conference, in our times. But it was not the scenery and climate, the exports and imports, the victories and defeats, the skiing and cheese industry that attracted attention, held interest, caused admiration, and provoked further study. For most of these excellencies and facts can be attributed to locality, perhaps even to dialect. These features are mere settings for finely cut gems. To change the figure: woven in and out of the unique tapestry of Swiss character appears a nobler and stronger strand, one that patterns an enduring design of



Recalling memories of the ancient glory of the Flathead tribes of Montana.

fineness! The Swiss do not glory in the quantity, but in the quality of their exports, preferring the prestige of fineness to the meretricious fame of mere mass production.

And reviewing the life of Father Feusi, an export of Switzerland, and one for which we are grateful, we easily discern this excellent quality.

VALUABLE in any man's character, this trait was an absolute necessity for Father's vocation—the Indian Missions! Born in 1854, he came to America in 1885, a Jesuit Scholastic; and from 1886, when he was ordained in Spokane, he has been on the missions continuously. After having the distinction of being the first priest ordained in Spokane, Father Feusi went to St. Ignatius Mission, and into oblivion. . . . During his forty-seven years of active work, he has moved from one mission to another, in Oregon, Washington, Montana, Idaho and Wyoming.

And the reason why Father Feusi necessarily had to have that undercurrent of fineness lies in this remark from a vet-

Father Balthasar Feusi, S.J., at the door of one of his Indian chapels in the northwest country.



eran missionary: "Father Feusi always had tough missions!" Now, ordinarily speaking, nearly every mission is tough, difficult. But to confess, to remark especially that unusual difficulties were generally present, reveals to us the character of that wiry, sharp-eyed son of Switzerland.

**D**ANGERS to limb and life are not regarded as tough; at least, they are more pleasant than the pastoral and financial sorrows that today gray the temples of our missionaries.

A pastor admonishes his Indian flock on the evils of drunkenness, and a few days later, in the small hours of the morning, he is awakened by shouts, groans, slobbered curses and verbal drivel. Looking from his window he sees two of his flock zig-zagging disrespectfully to their respective homes. Another old, blind rascal, who should be making preparations for the Great Journey, still insists on cranking his right elbow at every opportunity. One day, just after one of those opportunities, he shuffled down the dusty mission street, swerved towards a hitching-post, and collided with a saddle horse. Although the horse refrained from kicking, or in any way showing just resentment, the old fellow flamed into anger, slugged the horse, threw several head-locks, hit in the clinches, did a little surreptitious gouging and dramatically won a clear-cut decision.

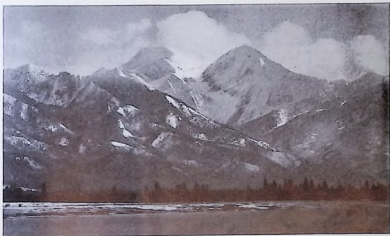
Palm Sunday dawns crisp and golden; the Indians are devout; the pastor thrilled, as the congregation stream from church after the services. Then a shout is heard, extremely savage, too. Father pivots to see two bucks vault on a sorrel cayuse, broadcast a few whoops, pull open their neckerchiefs and then, *with palms for quirts*, race down the street!

**A**CTUAL physical dangers are easier to sustain than such out-bursts of ignorance and negligence as these that bring sorrow to the heart of the pastor. The wicked, as well as the good, are his sheep, and he must care for them, sorrowing for their remiss conduct, encouraging their efforts to return to God. And in Father Feusi's forty-seven years of missionary work, tough missionary work, undoubtedly he has had countless occasions on which to grieve, to admonish, to encourage.

Festering these pastoral difficulties are the ever-present

financial headaches to which nearly every missionary is heir. Dating far earlier than our "Age of Depression," the missions have always been examples of poverty. Sometimes mismanagement has caused losses; at other times the cause has been external. For instance, the Indians reason, or fail to reason, that all they have to do is to send their children to school; that during the Fall, Winter and Spring, the children will be clothed, sheltered and fed; and all this from funds that arise magically, Aladdin-wise, from nowhere, but are always presumably ready to fall pat to every necessity.

Then again, a missionary may be startled out of his



*Majestic mountain beauty towers above the plains of the Flathead Indian Reservation. The scene lies twelve miles distant from St. Ignatius Mission, Montana.*

contemplation of heavenly things, to prosaic, but real, exigencies, that the plow shares need sharpening, that the mower's tongue is fractured, that the tractor is as usual out of order, and that the cattle have broken into a neighboring farmer's field, and the irritated rustic feels the lawsuit-urge. If I were to interpose here a sick-call, matters would be aggravated but not exaggerated.

At this stage of the game, it is difficult to decide whether sympathy or admiration is due Father Feusi. Preferring the latter, I'll relate some of his close calls.

**S**T. PAUL'S MISSION is thirty-five miles from the railroad, or rather, the railroad is thirty-five miles from it, as the mission was there first. However, regardless of the priority question, the distance remains the same, and in the dead of Winter Father Feusi, in a small cutter was traversing the road from the mission to the station.

The cold increased, became intense, and finally unbearable. It seemed either a case of freezing to death, or of kindling a fire on a perfectly woodless prairie. Choosing the lesser of two evils, Father made a bonfire of his cutter. Later he was picked up by Indians.

Another time, accompanied by (Turn to page 82)

# Patna's Tragedy

Earthquake, Destruction and Death;  
Floods and Ruin on the Banks of the Ganges

On January 15, Patna Mission, India, which is entrusted to the American Jesuits of the Chicago Province, was visited by a great catastrophe—earthquake and flood—which laid waste much of the Mission. What follows is pieced together from reports sent by radiogram, cablegram and an air mail letter. The havoc wrought, the present tragic situation, the immediate and future needs—all these will stand out boldly from the brief messages listed below, and from the few hastily snapped photos of some of the wreckage.—Editor.

Radiogram of January 19: "Sisters and Ours (Jesuits) safe. Christ Raja (Jesuit High School at Bettiah) safe. Most of the chapels destroyed."—Signed: Peter J. Sontag, S.J.

On February 1, the following cablegram was received from Very Rev. Peter J. Sontag, S.J., Superior of Patna Mission.

"Destroyed churches: Bettiah, Chuhari, Dinapore, Darbhanga, Latona, Mornah, Samastipur, Rampur. Badly damaged: Jamalpur, Bhagalpur, Muzaffarpur. Many residences, schools and convents destroyed, badly damaged. Christ Raja (High School) and new convent safe. Sisters Elize and Bolonia injured. Narrow escape: Brother Joachim Pais. Twelve Catholics killed; hundreds homeless. Mission damages more than one quarter of a million dollars."

On February 7, an air mail letter, dated January 20, and also sent by the Superior of the Mission, gave additional details. It was sent, therefore, eleven days before the cablegram just quoted.



Father Henry P. Milet, S.J., in front of his ruined church at Jamalpur.

"I was at my typewriter when the disturbance began. Both the sound and the vibrations were at first like might be produced by an immensely heavy truck driving close by the house. But it was enough to drive every one out of the houses. Then there developed that peculiar swaying and pitching of the earth which made it difficult to keep your feet. Not a few toppled over or sat down. The whole lasted two and one half minutes. Fortunately, the violent part that brought down buildings came well near the end. So most people were able to get out of the houses. The many deaths occurred in narrow streets of towns where entire streets were buried beneath crashing walls.

"Bishop Sullivan had left Patna on the morning of the fifteenth for Bettiah, with two companions (servants), and got as far as Mehsi, twenty-five miles beyond Muzaffarpur and fifty-two this side of Bettiah. On the evening of the seventeenth, a wire from a friend at Muzaffarpur said Bishop was safe at Mehsi. He is by now in Bettiah. I sent Father Lyons (whom I had just called from Kurseong for a few days) over to see whether he possibly needed help—also to minister to the stricken at Muzaffarpur, leaving Father Westropp free for Samastipur, Darbhanga, etc.

"Also on the evening of the seventeenth, the plane, sent by Government to reconnoitre, brought note from Father Pettit: 'January 17, 1934. We in Bettiah and Chuhari are all uninjured. Both churches, Bettiah and Chuhari gone. Orphanage at Fakirana and Sisters' Convent at Chuhari destroyed. No one hurt. King Edward Hospital badly damaged. Sisters Elize and Bolonia slightly injured, but O.K. Four Christians killed in Bettiah, but all heads up. Houses destroyed. Christ Raja is all right. South wall of High School study hall badly cracked and south wall of Hostel. No other damage. Sisters' novitiate building at Fakirana cracked in middle, but safe. New school at Chuhari badly cracked—interior walls—but safe. Father Joachim and others had narrow escapes. Pray for us. We are doing all we can. Temporary expedites. In Corde Regis, A. S. Pettit, S.J. and All'.

What the earthquake did to St. Michael's High School, conducted by the Irish Christian Brothers at Kurji, Digha Ghat, Patna.



tion. Church entire entrance down; church probably beyond repair. Altar half ruined. Father Millet was at Jhajha. Out of one hundred and eighty bungalows in Jamalpur, one hundred and thirty are down or badly ruined. Monghyr is simply wiped out. . . Death toll runs into the thousands.

"The Bishop's house, at least the upper story, seems beyond repair. Sisters' Convent is badly damaged, half of European Orphanage destroyed. (Five tots sleeping there were saved.) At Kurji, one wall of old (main) residence down, and considerable injury to walls. My own bungalow is without a scratch.

"Muzaffarpur seems very badly hit. Probably two thousand killed there. Dinapore Cantonment church has its front down and engineer thinks entire church and upper story of residence must come down. Portico of old Cathedral in Patna may have to come down.

"So you can easily understand that the material loss to the Mission has been very great,—but even approximate value not yet known. Add to this the distress of the stricken people,—homeless, orphans, etc., and it is clear how urgent must be our appeal to the charity of those who at least are not deprived of the indispensable. Must stop. Know you will pray for us."

*Additional information received by letter, February 16.*

Bankipore. Bishop's House is very badly cracked; whole structure will probably have to be torn down. Pro-cathedral towers are so badly cracked that an engineer has stated they must be torn down. Very extensive damage done to orphanage and other buildings of the Sisters of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary of Munich, Bavaria. Some half a dozen little girls fled from their dormitory on the second floor only a few seconds before the roof and walls collapsed.

Dinapore. Church and residence of the chaplain condemned as unsafe; must be torn down.

Jamalpur. Church and residence of priest badly damaged.

Samastipur. Church destroyed and residence badly damaged.

Rampur. Church still standing, but utterly unsafe and must be torn down. Residence badly damaged.

Morrah. Church destroyed; residence and school badly damaged.

Bettiah. The church is in ruins. The residence of the Fathers collapsed, leaving only one wall standing, that which sheltered Brother Pais when he was caught in the building during the earthquake. Two Sisters were among the injured, Sister Elize was struck on the head by a brick, and Sister Bolonia received a bruised leg.

Fakirana. Convent and chapel collapsed, and the new novitiate building is so badly cracked as to be unsafe.

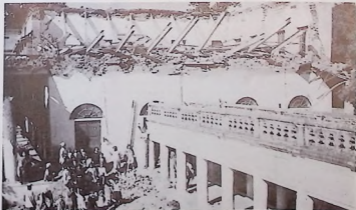
Chuhari. The church collapsed, as did part of the priest's residence.



*Monghyr streets give tragic testimony of India's recent earthquake.*



*"Monghyr is simply wiped out. . . Death toll runs into the thousands."*



*What is left of St. Joseph's Convent and Orphanage at Bankipore, Patna.*

# Broadway in Brown's Town

Raymond R.

Sullivan, S.J.



ALL to thee, blithe spirit  
—as you began your last  
letter to me. Well, God  
has certainly rewarded  
your faith—I can hard-

ly believe the recent turn in events. It seems but a week ago when we sat on the porch that last night at Brown's Town and you said: "We'll send you the necessary equipment with which to do this work of the Lord efficiently and economically; and, don't worry, it's His work and He will provide the means." First, the second-hand truck came, and with it came at least a partial solution of the ever-present problem (or would you call it a nightmare?) of keeping in repair seven churches, two schools, two teachers' cottages and two living quarters, despite the continuous efforts of destructive ants (you college professors call them "termites," do you not?). Next, the concrete mixer came—it's a beauty! May it wear itself out with work that will spread the Kingdom of Christ. The once rather remote possibility of constructing buildings fairly quickly and very economically that would stand up for fifty or a hundred years became a probability. Then, the electric generator and the refrigerator came—I simply could not believe my eyes; it was Broadway in Brown's Town! Electric light instead of lamp light for the night services in the church, for my house and for a Social Center for the young people here if God holds such a blessing in store for them—it was wonderful! The opportunity of preserving food along with the ever-ready supply of ice-water (people up in the States really don't realize what a luxury ice-water is)—well, it was all too good to be true. The refrigerator is a thing of beauty and a joy forever.

PERHAPS I should not have written that last sentence, but I did it deliberately. Now, don't get an attack of heart-failure when I tell you that I have given most of my things away. My story runneth thus. You know that His Lordship, Bishop Emmet, has given permission to the Jamaican Sisters to take over the government school at Alva. The building of a convent for these devoted women seemed completely out of the question. The teachers' cottage, just one-hundred and thirteen years old, was not suitable, and the coming of the Sisters to take care of Christ's little ones seemed far distant. To make matters worse, as I thought, a hurricane paid us a visit at the end of October (yes, Octo-



School children from the Reading Mission, Montego Bay, Jamaica. B. W. I.

ber; even though the hurricane rhyme reads "September-remember: October-all ober"), and when peace reigned again on the middle of the Island, three walls of the teachers' cottage at Alva were down. It was disheartening; but, as I was examining the ruins, I saw that the foundations were as strong and secure as of old—they certainly did build strong foundations in the old days. So, with an eye on the possibility of transforming the cottage into a convent at some distant date, I rebuilt the walls solidly, and thus provided for a future transformation of the cottage if the Lord should so wish. You know what the coming of the Sisters to this Mission is going to mean for the Kingdom of Christ.

On my visit to Kingston to report on the damage done to my seven mission stations during the hurricane, I explained to Father Superior how I had repaired the damage done to the teachers' cottage at Alva. He was pleased, and—here is some great news, also the reason why I am going to lose a lot of things I have at Brown's Town—Father Superior told me that His Lordship would surely send a priest out to Alva once the Sisters came. That means the division of my Mission and a greater opportunity of intensive work for souls.

NOW, see how faith in God works out. After the second-hand truck came, I received word that another priest would come out to this region if I could build a convent at Alva. Then came the concrete mixer. I had a truck for transportation of materials and a concrete mixer for building solidly and economically. The means alone were wanting. Then came the wonderful news that a dear devoted soul in Boston had promised to furnish the money for remodeling the cottage into a convent. I was overjoyed, but I had no intention of let-

ting the Sisters go up there into the mountains to meet with and endure the hardships that are to be endured now. So I told the Superioress of the Jamaican Sisters that I would not only remodel the cottage into a convent, but that I would also furnish it and give the Sisters my electric generator and refrigerator. After all, I have gotten along without these things, and I certainly can get along without them much better than can these devoted women. Life is going to be hard enough for them even with anything I can get for them. Besides, the priest who will be stationed at Alva will be able to enjoy the advantages of the generator and the refrigerator, and thus, far greater good will result.

**Y**OU know how I told you that if my Mission were ever divided—how distant that seemed a few months ago!—I would never let a young inexperienced missionary meet with the difficulties that beset most of us. I shall never forget how discouraging the first year can be—equipment falling to pieces, repairs that simply should not be neglected, no funds with which to do the work, no means of raising money, etc. So I sincerely hope that I shall be able to build for the new missionary at Alva a respectable living quarters with some of the necessary conveniences of life in it. Will you ever forget the priest's quarters, that room over the sacristy at Alva, and the brutal cold you caught in it? I shall also leave with him the electrified music box with the amplifier and horn that was sent to me. Then he shall have some means at his disposal to run entertainments and raise a little money toward his support. At best, the going will be hard on him, and I certainly never want anyone to go through a first year of mission life

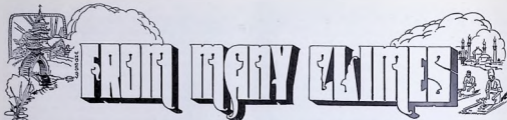
here as I did. The second will be hard enough.

I suppose that you are wondering how I am going to furnish the convent and the priest's house. So am I—but the Lord will provide. As a matter of fact, I would like to give the Sisters my automobile, and I shall do so if they can take over the other school at Murray Mount and serve it from Alva. Keep your eyes open for a second-hand car, one with two seats in front. I would like to remove one seat and insert a frame so that I could get some much-needed sleep on my jaunts into the mountains for sick calls and burials. As for the other things, I'll use them until the Convent is built and a Pastor is appointed for Alva; then I'll place them there where they will do more good than here at Brown's Town. After all, they will be more necessary there than here, and I never would feel comfortable in the possession of these conveniences while I knew that the Sisters were without them. Besides, I have been through the mill and can get along without such things much more easily than a new missionary can.

**T**HE spiritual work is progressing in a most consoling manner. There were twenty-five converts from August first to December first. Others are under instruction. The fields are ripe for the harvest—there is no doubt about it. What a harvest of souls it would be if we had the men and the means! My order of time makes me feel at times that I am actually growing old—four distinct Sunday services, two Masses and two Benedictions, each with a twenty-minute sermon, is hard. However, I have the consolation of knowing that it all means so much to these poor souls. After all, you can't outdo God in generosity. Calls (*Turn to page 82*)

*Typical Jamaica mountain land around the hills of New Castle, the Military Concentration Camp ministered to by Jesuits from Kingston*





## MISSIONARY CATECHISTS

### On the Home Missions

With increasing frequency, news items like the following are tending to impress our American Catholics with the value of the missionary catechist. "An average of 5,000 children are now given religious instruction each week by missionary catechists in California." And again, "There are 1,000 poor children being trained by eighty-five Spanish young ladies in out-of-the-way mission places in New Mexico."

### On the Foreign Missions

Numerous reports attest both in figure and in anecdote the need and the value of the missionary catechist on the foreign mission field today.

### In the Gold Field of East Africa

Thirty years ago, the people of the Vicariate Apostolic of Kisumu, East Africa, were naked savages, yet, within the last eight years, 50,000 have been baptized. And the explanation? It is given by His Lordship, Bishop Gorgonius Brandsma: "It is not we poor missionaries who do the converting; it is the fine old Christian stock led by a little army of a thousand catechists. Last year alone, we baptized almost 5,000 adults."

### In the Navigator Islands

"Our territory (the Navigator Islands) now counts one-fifth of its population, Catholic, with bright hopes for strong progress in the future." Thus writes His Lordship, Bishop Darnand, S.M., who immediately adds, "Where the priest is not present, the catechist takes the lead. The secret of our success lies in our wonderful catechists, many of whom must labor in distant islands long periods without seeing the priest."

### A Need and An Embarrassment

At the end of 1932, four sons and daughters of Indian Protestant Ministers from the district of Lyallpur in the diocese of Lahore, India, were received into the Church, and in 1933, they were followed by five more from the diocese of Montgomery. Yet, this number could be multiplied indefinitely were it not for the embarrassing

fact that Catholic lay workers and catechists are less well educated than those of the Protestants, and very few are from stock other than of the Pariah class.

### A Crisis in Personnel

Somewhat similar is the position of Father Bazgier of Madras who finds himself in the disconcerting but unusual situation of having converted too many. For as a result of his friendly approaches to the Protestant Minister of Roshanagaram, both the Minister and many of his flock entered the Church. Because of the crisis in properly prepared personnel, and the shortage of catechists, the new converts are still waiting for that more abundant life that comes with a fuller explanation of the Faith.

### Humoresque

Outer-world curios such as the following from Mariannahill, South Africa, season the drab routine of catechetical instruction. "Little Rebecca, a tiny Jewish girl who had been only a short time in the Convent School of Natal, S. A., heard the other children call the visiting Prefect Apostolic of Garip, Monsignor Demont, "My Lord." Approaching the Prelate and putting her hands familiarly on his knees she asked, "Are you the man we pray to every morning?"

### Death Comes for the Catechist

When the frail boat in which five catechists were entering the River Casanonce on the west African coast began to founder, one of them, a Catholic, jumped into the water to swim ashore. Fearing that his companions would be drowned he halted to baptize them, since they had been receiving instruction in preparation for Baptism but had not yet received the sacrament. Almost immediately, a school of sharks appeared and carried him off, together with one of the others who had joined him in the shallow water.

### A Catechumenate in Mongolia

The time is during the five months of Winter. The building is a mud hut with a large room where the catechumens pray, study, eat and sleep. The personnel comprises merely a cook and a cate-

chist. The students, out of an average class of sixty, would number twenty young men, thirty mature people and a dozen patriarchs. Rarely do they know how to read or write. The daily horarium runs along according to the position of the sun and the cries of the stomach. Pictures are always popular and even necessary. The monotony of memory work is broken by two or three conferences given daily by the catechist. These are followed by an Open Forum. *Finis coronat opus* when the missionary pours the waters of Baptism on the heads of the catechumens to be baptized.

### The Long, Long Thoughts of Youth

Two little pagan boys who attend the school of the Maryknoll missionaries at Shak Chin, Kwantung, China, while at home recently on vacation, baptized their little baby cousin who was dying. When questioned afterwards by the priest, they replied, "that they wanted their baby cousin to go to Heaven." They themselves are now studying in preparation for Baptism.

### Without Benefit of Clergy

More striking, perhaps, than the picture of an organized catechumenate is the story of the preaching of the Faith on Bala Island, Honolulu, Hawaii. Here two catechists, Helio and Pekelo Mahoe, made 4,000 converts before a single priest set foot on this part of the Hawaii's. On August 12 and 13, 1933, the Mother Church of the island Lahaina, celebrated the Diamond Jubilee of its foundation in 1858.

### The Query That Leads to Faith

Queries frequently asked the catechists in China are: "Do missionaries receive money from foreign governments?" "What is the difference between Catholics and Protestants?" Among the first 7,000 visitors to the reading room opened at Nanning, Kwangsi, government employees constituted 20%, students 10%, soldiers 10% and plain citizens 60%. The need not only of catechists but of the means for their support is continually running through our missionaries' correspondence like a pervasive obligato or more truly still, like the poignant soul-piercing lamentations of Holy Week.

# Going Tokio!

Edgar Dowd, S.J.

Upon the magic carpet of a thirty-minute interview with Father M. J. von Küenburg, S.J., Rector of Sophia University, Tokio, Japan, the author—in last month's **JESUIT MISSIONS**—asked questions about many things Japanese we would like to know. His last query had to do with pillows. We repeat the question again to get the connection.—*Editor.*



**ASKED:** "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."

"Well, I think I'd suggest bobbing, and allow the poor women a decent pillow. But I guess bobbing will never be a go in Japan."

"I wouldn't be too hasty there," cautioned Father Küenburg. "Today in Japan thousands bob their hair. These are called the *moga*, meaning quite simply, 'modern girl.' Then there are the *moba*, meaning 'modern boy.'" This latter was evidently the well-known type with the highly lubricated hair and legs all run to trousers.

**T**HEN Father, in his thorough way, and encouraged by my rapt attention, continued in the same strain:

"The people are, to a newly arrived occidental, surprisingly modern. Of course, the mere use of facial cosmetics is not a modern malady, for the Greeks, Romans and American Indians have suffered from it; but the fact remains that these Japanese belles are quite adept in puffing on fragrant rice powder and blackening their obsidian locks, so that nothing but orthodox black hair remains. Blondes and brunettes are not preferred, for a trace of anything but black hair is a distasteful sign of mixed blood."

"Since we're on the subject of appearances, why are the people so fond of those flowered kimonos that remind one of wallpaper or stage scenery?" I asked.

"Well, for one thing, the colors are bright, and they like violent colors and sharp contrasts. Then again, they are observers, and consequently lovers of nature, especially of song birds and cherry blossoms. In the Spring,



*Going American in Japan means, for the rising generation, "Ring Around a Nipponese Rosy."*

valleys adjacent to Tokio are veritable bowers of blossoms."

"Do they still bind their feet?" I asked eruditely.

"No; they never did," quietly responded Father.

**F**OR the next few minutes, Father discussed the nature of the Japanese. They are stoical and patient, though possessed of ambition, whether this be to acquire a fortune from a truck garden or to become the nation's bravest in war. If an earthquake tumbles a home, the Jap owner will immediately begin to clear away debris for a new building. They have a sense of humor, which is correctly based on the perception of the incongruous. It has its aberrations, of course, that are at times perplexing. Sometimes they laugh heartily when, to an occidental, not even the shadow of a joke is present. They are especially obtuse in the presence of a punster. One might say their art is more analytic and superficial than synoptic and deep. A blue bird, a cherry blossom, or the wing of a butterfly, they can beautifully depict, but to portray a dramatic scene reinforced with steel girders of emotion deeply sunk into the great heart of humanity they have heretofore failed.

Now the magic carpet hovers over something that is unmistakably eastern. The sagging A profile with the ends turned up like a Dutch skate tells us that much. It is not a pagoda; it's only one story with, one might say, a pagoda complex.

"What you're looking at," informed Father, "is a Buddhist temple, and those uprights constitute its gate."

Another case where sixty-four million nine hundred thousand people not only can be, but are wrong!

"Now Buddhism," began Father (Turn to page 82)



*Just try sometime to collect these timid little mountain wails on the speculation that the Padre is going to make a special trip just for them. On her night's work, the catechist won her spurs and God's blessing.*

**"B**UT Father, we cannot have First Communion tomorrow. The children are already scattered to their farms, and it is impossible to reach them tonight."

This was the "man proposes, God disposes" that dampened the Padre's joy in Panampauan. Long had he looked forward to this visit to his farthest mountain barrio. This far-flung flyspeck on the map sees the Padre once only in a whole year. As far back as records and memories go, there never had been a First Communion in this tiny station. And it looked now as if, in spite of the travail of the new catechist and the travel of the new Padre, no time-worn customs were going to allow themselves to be violated in so simple a fashion.

The Padre tries a bit of cogitation. Yes, we must have the First Communion. This morning in Madagie we celebrated their first First Communion, and it was magnificent. These children,

*Interior of the church at Villanueva, Temporary palace for the King of the Bukidnon hills.*

# Two Nights and

too, are ready, and it simply must be. But how? The Padre cannot delay. The next town is expecting him. It means a town a day while up here, and then down to Jasaan and home for Sunday, and the mountains are finished for another year. Is there no hope? Ah wait. What about Monday? Monday had been set aside as a day of rest after the mountain trip.

"Can you have the children here early Monday morning?"

"Yes Father, but surely you cannot be here in time for Mass on Monday. You cannot leave Jasaan on Sunday, and to climb the mountains will require many hours."

"It will be a moonlight night. As our Lord once asked His Apostles, 'Are there not twenty-four hours in the day?' Have the children ready Monday morning, I shall return."

**A**ND return the Padre did. After a very, very busy Saturday afternoon and evening, and a yet busier Sunday morning from 4:45 to 11:00, with confessions, Communion, Mass, Visayan sermon and Baptisms in two different towns, preparations for the return were in order. At 5:00 P.M., it was Rosary and Benediction, at 6:00, boots and saddles!

Darkness overtook us ere we scaled the first mountain. Our little ponies struggled along until we came out on a plateau to a new cabin, yet in the building. It had a roof, and there we parked for a supper of cold rice and a can of salmon. There followed a short gentle slumber on the bamboo floor till the moon was rising high, whereupon we followed suit, and rode higher, ever higher into the mountains and the night. At 4:30, we reined in our beasts—no we did not, we simply quit urging them on—for we had reached the Panampauan chapel.

The poor tired beasts took one look and neighed for joy! They had reached the stable. But nay, nay again, not their stable, for in an hour its manger would be the crib of the King of these same eternal hills. The stable-throne of Bethlehem, the stable-throne of Panampauan! King of the Jews! King of the Bukidnons! Praised be His Holy Name!

As we finished a refreshing bath and moonlight shave at the mountain spring, the cocks began to doodle-do, the dogs to bark, the Padre rang the Angelus—the town was awake. And now the anxious eyes of the Padre are watching for his little ones. Did the catechist keep her side of the bargain? Yes, glory to God in the highest mountains of Mindanao! Here they are, two



# a Day *John A. Pollock, S.J.*

dozen cherubs, or soon to be cherubs, when we polish up their souls a bit. The catechist proved herself true blue. Just try some time to collect these timid little mountain waifs on the speculation that the Padre is going to make a special trip just for them. In order not to lose any, you just undertake to "eat and sleep" them all in your house. Yes, on that night's work the catechist won her spurs and God's blessing.

The night's ride was worth it all. Seldom has a missionary found such joy in bringing the Bread of Life to God's little ones. But alas, except for the two dozen here, and another two dozen there, the countless other dozens know not the Creator. Here they are, hungering in the heights of Mindanao. The very peaks and crags, in whose shadows their rude cabins are perched, point to God, but no one is here to interpret those fingers of God.

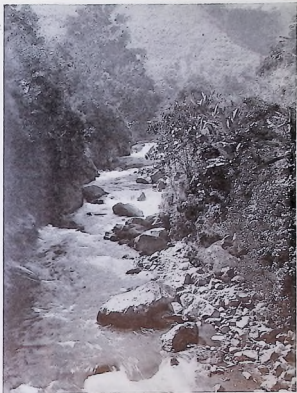
Missionaries? Yes we need more missionaries, but one missionary can cover a lot of territory if he is well provided with good right hands, commonly called catechists. In Jasaan Mission, the problem is partly solved. Our school has already turned out three first-class catechists, and more are in the making. The parts of the problem unsolved are to keep the school going and support the finished catechists. But God's in His Heaven, and all's right with the world, so we hope to manage somehow.

But let us go back to that morning in Panampauan, for the day is only just begun. Having come so far, and with twenty-two more hours at our disposal before our day of rest is completed, shall we let the grass grow under our soles, while other souls are going to seed? Besides, the horses need a rest and a sleep, and to return now would take us over the hot plateaus at midday. Whereas, if we start hiking back in the mountains, it is all shady forest, not to mention thrills here and there, and we can reach a newly discovered village of hillmen who would like to embrace Christianity.

LONG before 9:00 we were off again. A half hour through a glorious forest brought us to a canyon. The descent was a precipitous forty-five minutes, mostly running and sliding. There were plenty of low branches and high roots, and all manner of rocks to break one's speed or bones, as the case might be. But assisted by the Angels we all got down with only a few scratches. In the turbulent torrent that tore out this gorge was a ford, not more than knee-deep, except where the "fordees" was washed off the slippery stepping stones.

Now to get out of that gorge, there was the rub,—lots of rub, too, against stones and roots and tree trunks,—always up, straight up. After a full hour of it, the ascent became gentler, and after another hour, we camped for lunch, then a bit revived swung on to the village.

The reception of the Padre by the crude men of the mountains beggars description. Everybody turned out, men, women and children. Although not in their Sunday best—they had never heard of Sunday—all were dolled up in their glad rags. The rags part is



*"To get out of that gorge, there was the rub, lots of rub, too, against stones and roots and tree trunks, always up, straight up."*

their daily wear, the visit of the Padre added the note of gladness. The "well-to-do" are distinguished by possessing less raggedy rags, and more of them!

TWO hours were spent here in baptizing and in confab. The confab with the elders resulted in plenty of promises on both sides. They will build a Chapel, they will embrace the true Faith, they will drop their pagan practices, they will accept a teacher and try to become true Christians, and I shall send them a teacher, and return myself within a few months. My second promise is surer of fulfillment than the first. There is little doubt that I can return, but to find a teacher for such an exile, and yet more, to find the wherewithal to make the exile attractive enough to keep the teacher there,—well here's hoping!

Then came the trek home. No one but the mountaineers, and they but rarely, have ever tried the round trip in one day. But we started. The descent from this side was easier, but the other upgrade was almost impossible. We gave up many times, until overpowered by God's grace and uplifted by the Angels we gained another step up. Up, up, higher, ever higher. The sun sank and still the top kept on receding. At last a final superhuman effort brought us to the top just as darkness shrouded all. Fortunately, horses were waiting, for we could never have found our way through the dark forest.

Panampauan again, dry clothes, a short sleep, a ten-o'clock supper, more sleep till the moon would be up at midnight. Then boots and saddles again, and we are off for Jasaan and home. We entered up to the door as day was breaking, and called it a day, a glorious day and two nights plus!

# JESUIT MISSIONS

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## Novena of Grace—March 4 to 12

THE Novena in honor of St. Francis Xavier—called the "Novena of Grace"—is well known in many cities of the United States. Bodily cures, spiritual and temporal favors of every description, have been so plentifully obtained through the intercession of the great modern apostle of the missions, that the Novena has more than deserved its name, "Novena of Grace"—of heavenly favors for Xavier's clients. For the convenience of those of our readers who are not acquainted with the form of prayer for the Novena, the usual prayers are set down here. A more complete set of brief meditations and prayers for each day of the Novena is published in pamphlet form,—as described on the back cover of JESUIT MISSIONS.

### Prayer to St. Francis Xavier

Most lovable and loving St. Francis Xavier, in union with thee I adore the Divine Majesty. The remembrance of the favors with which God blessed thee during life and of thy glory after death, fills me with joy; and I unite with thee in offering to Him my humble tribute of thanksgiving and of praise. I implore thee to secure for me, through thy powerful intercession, the inestimable blessing of living and dying in the state of grace. I also beseech thee to obtain the favor I ask in this Novena (*make some petition*). But if what I ask is not for the glory of God, or for the good of my soul, do thou obtain for me what is most conducive for both. Amen. (Our Father, Hail Mary, Glory be.)

V. *Pray for us, Francis Xavier.*

R. That we may be made worthy of the promises of Christ.

LET US PRAY

O God, who didst vouchsafe by the preaching and miracles of St. Francis Xavier, to join unto Thy Church the nations of the Indies, grant, we beseech Thee, that we who reverence his glorious merits may also imitate his example, through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

## Xavier's Prayer for Unbelievers

Eternal God, Creator of all things, remember that the souls of unbelievers have been created by Thee, and formed to Thy own image and likeness. Behold, O Lord, how to Thy dishonor hell is being filled with these very souls. Remember that Jesus Christ, Thy only Son, for their salvation suffered a most cruel death. Do not permit, O Lord, I beseech Thee, that Thy Divine Son be any longer despised by unbelievers; but rather, being appeased by the prayers of Thy Saints and of the Church, the most holy Spouse of Thy Son, vouchsafe to be mindful of Thy mercy; and forgetting their idolatry and unbelief, bring them to know Him, whom Thou didst send, Jesus Christ, Thy Son, our Lord, who is our health, life and resurrection, through whom we have been redeemed and saved, to whom be all glory forever. Amen.

LET US PRAY

O Lord, Jesus Christ, love of my heart, by Thy holy Cross and by the Five Wounds which Thy love has inflicted on Thee, help Thy servants whom Thou hast redeemed with Thy most precious Blood. Amen.

*On March 23, 1904, Pope Pius X granted to all who would make this Novena either publicly or privately the following Indulgences, which may be gained twice during the year:*

1. 300 days on each day of the Novena provided they recite piously and with contrite heart the prayer, "Most lovable and loving" or, if they have not the prayer, five times "Our Father," "Hail Mary," and "Glory be to the Father, etc."
2. A Plenary Indulgence, if within eight days after concluding the Novena they confess, receive Communion and pray for the intentions of the Pope.

## New York's Mission Exhibit

NO one can measure what precise effect was had upon the tens of thousands of people who visited the Mission Exhibit held at Hotel Commodore, New York City, January 15 to 21. Certain it is that the thirty-two mission groups, whose booths made up the Exhibit, left upon their visitors the profound impression that missions are a vast and important work of the Catholic Church. That the Catholic priests, Sisters and Brothers of the United States have so large a share in home and foreign mission work probably came as a startling realization to many, who visited the Exhibit.

It is to be hoped, certainly, that one effect of the Exhibit will be a greater generosity on the part of our good Catholic people in supporting the vast mission works that have to lean so heavily on their charity. Both through the Society for the Propagation of the Faith and through the individual efforts of the missionary Orders, Congregations and Societies, appeals must be made. Each missionary group has a serious financial problem in the mission works entrusted to it. We know, for example, that our Jesuits who direct a major group of the Church's missions, have a constant problem at hand in the support of the 425 members of the American Provinces of the Society of Jesus, laboring in fifteen distinct mission fields. That New York's Mission Exhibit helped in bringing home to our people the many-sided mission problem is a tribute, indeed, to the untiring energy and unselfish zeal of Father Thomas J. McDonnell and his coworkers.

# The Mission Intention

Missions Among the Copts and the Mohammedans

FROM his conning tower in the Vatican Observatory, His Holiness, Pope Pius XI, is forever scanning the far horizon of our Catholic Missions and, as need requires, frequently tightens his focus upon a particular point. This he does when he recommends to the prayers of the Faithful in the Mission Intention for March, "Missions Among the Copts and the Mohammedans." Ninety per cent of Egypt's 14,000,000 inhabitants are Mohammedans, 130,000 are Catholic, while among the Copts, as understood in this Mission Intention, 960,000 are Schismatics and only 22,300 are united with the See of Rome. It is for the 960,000 Schismatics and the 12,000,000 Mohammedans that the prayers of our readers are particularly requested. The ancient text might be revised thus: *Back into Egypt I have called my son.* Back into the land of the Nile and the pyramids wherein the Holy Family once dwelt and in which so many martyrs under Diocletian poured forth their blood for Christ, which saw the rise of the monastic life and in which, despite Schismatic and Mohammedan enmity, a Christian Faith has begun again to flourish. Optimism, however, must be tempered with fact and the following facts are pertinent. Harassed by their Mussulman neighbors and 25,000 Protestant Copts of divers sects, our Catholic Copts are struggling to preserve their religious identity. Their churches and schools are worse than wretched and their clergy, good men and true though they be, are pitifully insufficient. The magic formula that will win each Coptic village to reunion with Rome is this: *priests and schools.* For the school has already proven itself as a real means of conversion. Apollo has sown, God must give the increase. May He do so more and more through the intercession of the prayers of our readers.



Jamaica Blacks,  
future altar boys,  
maybe, for the  
Mass of the mis-  
sions.

# The Mass of the Missions

The Secret The silent prayer called The Secret, is one both of oblation and of petition. By faith, the Faithful may make this petition of the priest their own.

The Preface At the first Mass in the Temple of the Cenacle, our great High Priest, before changing the substance of the bread and wine into the substance of His Body and His Blood, "gave thanks" to His Father in Heaven. This our priest now does in the Preface, that is, in the words that introduce the sacrificial action proper. Like Moses in the cloud, the priest now stands with eye and mind attentive and intent, face to face with God and in the Presence of His Lord enters upon the following dialogue with the acolyte:

"The Lord be with you." "And with thy Spirit." For only with the credentials of the grace of Our Lord should we present ourselves at the mystery of transubstantiation.

"Lift up your hearts." "We have lifted them unto the Lord." And with these words, the priest lifts his arms on high as if to indicate the longing of his heart to soar aloft where forever he may be united with his God.

"Let us give thanks to our Lord God."

"For it is meet and just," yea, right and salutary. It is truly meet since it glorifies the dignity of God and manifests the nobility of man. It is just, "For this is the Will of God, in all things to give thanks." It is right; for what is more proper than gratitude from man for the mercy of his God? It is salutary; both for this life and for the next, since God will not be out-done by men in gratitude.

The Sanctus Holy, Holy, Holy Lord God of Hosts.

Heaven and earth are full of thy glory, Hosanna in the highest. Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord. Hosanna in the highest!

By this trisagium, this thrice holy invocation, the priest not so much emphasizes the substantial holiness of God as His triple personality. For in the intention of the Church, the Sanctus is a hymn of praise to the Holy Trinity.

Because we know that the uncreated glory of this Holy Trinity is unveiled in the works of creation, redemption and sanctification, therefore, do we draw our praise from Heaven and from earth, for it is in Heaven and on earth, in the visible and invisible world that we find proofs of the power and the mercy and the holiness of this Triune God.

Nevertheless, it is not so much the works of creation and sanctification that we commemorate in the Mass, as the work of redemption. And hence it is of the Redeemer that we sing the praise that follows: "Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord. To Him on high be glory and praise." Yea, blessed indeed and thrice blessed is He that cometh to man with the gifts of redemption, and that most perfect boon, salvation.

# SACRIFICE!

What has HE  
done for us?

For the Catholic that question needs no answering. He sacrificed Himself to the last drop of His Blood, to save the souls of men of His own day, and those of the millions who were to live and die after His time. In His life and death He was THE missionary.



What have others  
done for HIM?

Throughout the centuries men and women have given up everything, at times even their lives, to save the souls of those other millions. To-day 400 American Jesuit missionaries are ready to add to their many other sacrifices that of their lives if thereby they may save souls.

*What have I done for HIM?*

This is a question for each one to answer personally. If I have done little or nothing for Him, it is not too late now to make some sacrifice for my own soul's good and for the souls of millions who know not that He died on a cross for them, too.

*What will I do for HIM?*

In answer we make bold to suggest:

—*pray for the missions and missionaries.*


This may mean a small sacrifice of your time, but the return will be well worth while for you and for them.

—*help them as and when you can by sending money offerings and stipends for Masses.*

Sacrifice may be required to render such help, but the individual's sacrifice of money will be repaid superabundantly in the sacrifice of the Mass for which you will provide.

—*subscribe to JESUIT MISSIONS.*

The small sacrifice of one dollar for a year's subscription to JESUIT MISSIONS for a relative or friend will be rewarded amply by the deeper faith, the more ardent zeal, the truer love for THE GREAT MISSIONARY which you will have helped to stir in the heart of the one for whom you subscribe to JESUIT MISSIONS.



# AFIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUITS

## PATNA, INDIA

In a section of Patna which apparently was not visited by the earthquake, there has been considerable Government opposition to the erection of mud-walled, thatched-roofed chapels. This is due to the interference of non-Catholic missionaries. It has caused considerable difficulty for the American Jesuits, but apparently they and their neophytes are going on doggedly. Here is a letter from one of the missionaries working among the Santals. It was written on December 20, but came to hand just as the present issue was going to press.

"The Christmas rush is on, but I must snatch a few minutes to thank you for your recent letter and assure you that I shall be mindful of you and all my friends in my Christmas Masses. There will be just enough of the Cross overshadowing our Christmas this year to flavor and season the joy, for we are going to have a sort of flight unto Egypt shortly after our big celebration here. We have bought land in Bhagalpur district, just over the line from the Santal Parganas. To this new site we hope to bring our Bachha boarding schools. The reason for the change is the danger that those who built the chapels and schools for us may be evicted from their land unless we clear out and they pull down their buildings. It seems that Government officials consider these buildings illegal. Hence, we shall have to hold our services as best we can, for a time at least, without church or chapel. This will be a hard storm to weather and a big setback in our work. Many of our people will feel that we are deserting them. Many catechumens will feel that our coming is only temporary, and will hesitate to join us.

"But in spite of it all, we are as optimistic as ever—and not without reason. After our first chapel was destroyed, we had the joy of a consoling increase in that very sector of our mission. We had our Sunday Mass out in the open and a good crowd present. That very day we started off with three Baptisms, Monday five more, Tuesday two, Wednesday twenty, Thursday seven, Friday nine, Saturday two—a grand total of forty-eight for the week, plus a number of new catechumens added to our list. God be praised!

"Yesterday, I got back from a trip through the northern part of my mission. It was only a flying visit, but I managed to pick up some twenty-six Baptisms on the wing.

"When I arrived here, I found my able confrere, Father Rudolph Bohn, S.J., just preparing for a funeral, but he was anything but funeral himself. Tired he was, no doubt, but happy. In the morning he had climbed the Rajmahal Hills to baptize a dying *Pahariya* and his family. In the morning, too, he had given a baby his ticket to Heaven. The preceding day he had baptized two boys in the boarding school. The day before that was Sunday, always a heavy day with its long fast and late Mass. He wasn't too well that Sunday, but he could not refuse an invitation to cross over the hills to the south of Bachha to baptize seven *Jados*, members of a Mohammedan caste. Father is on the go again now, with his characteristic energy, prepar-

## SOUTHERN JESUITS TO GO TO CEYLON

OFFICIAL word has been received that beginning with the present year, the Jesuits of the New Orleans Province will, each year, send missionaries to the Trincomali Mission, on the east coast of the Island of Ceylon, southeast of India.

ing for Christmas. Tomorrow, he will sing a High Mass on the Feast of St. Thomas, Apostle, of India, and the school children will have their first chance to sing the *Missae Angelis* which Mother Anselm has been so faithfully teaching them. Most of them cannot read as yet, so the Mass will be sung from memory. Sometime, I must write you in detail about the work of the Sisters. They are wonderful! Always on the go, full of energy, charity, enthusiasm, zeal!"

The sender of this letter is Father James A. Creane, S.J., the "Santal Tramp."

## JAMAICA, B. W. I.

From Winchester Park, Kingston, Father Edward J. Whalen, S.J., writes: "My work is most consoling—very

interesting to me—but I would find difficulty to describe it interestingly for the readers of *Jesuit Missions*. Take any large city parish, increase its boundaries and crowd it with very poor people, most of whom are uneducated, and you have a fairly good picture of the field.

"I could spend most of my time baptizing—anyone will 'jine'—but it is not so easy to find those willing enough to go through the period of instruction. I had twenty-seven converts just before Christmas, and there could have been many more if it meant merely administering the sacrament. The harvest from the school was greater and the Sisters could have presented others for Baptism if the walls of old St. Anne's School could be spread out. As it is, we have over seven hundred children crowded in a school which was originally a church seating about three hundred. I am afraid that if I have to depend on my weekly income, our school walls will make their first 'spread' a few years from now when they fall.

"But I know our Lord will provide. The manifestations of His grace which we see each day, show us that all Jamaica is very much in His Providence."

From the same address, Father Joseph M. Krim, S.J., notes:

"The Scout movement has done much good in the particular field of orphan training at Alpha. In a few years we hope to inject the same spirit, by means of the matured Scouts, into the Club for Old Boys—which, so far, thank God, is gradually getting results. May it prosper!"

While promising a new issue of his bulletin shortly, Father Charles Eberle, S.J., comments as follows on the ways and means of missionary sustenance:

"One Sunday my collection totaled six cents. That would scarcely keep me in tooth-picks, if I used them. Even so late as a week ago, January 1, the rains were heavy, the Wag-Water River was down, and I could not get through to say Mass at Annotto Bay. The rivers have risen higher this year throughout the island than they ever have in the memory of the oldest residents. With all this rain, the laborers could not work in the cultivations, and that, too, has brought quite a bit of hardship."



Gonzaga College, 734 Kiaochow Road, Shanghai, China, entrusted to the care of the Jesuits from the Province of California, with Father Leo F. McGreal, S.J., as Rector.

Father Francis J. Kelly, S.J., writes from Spanish Town:

"I can assure you that we have passed through a most discouraging period. But now, thank God, things have improved somewhat. We have had a bright Christmas, there has been a little money in circulation and the weather has been giving us a chance to do something. However, even now we cannot be too sure of good weather. Last night we started a retreat for men under the direction of Very Rev. Father Superior in our church here. We expect great things from this retreat, and we were counting on a great crowd last night; but, alas, heavy rain came and we had to start with only forty-one men, who managed to brave the weather. May God's most holy Will be done."

### CANADIAN INDIANS

The many friends of our Canadian Jesuits laboring among the Indians of the north, will find the following jottings which tell of the zealous activities of these missionaries, both interesting and inspiring.

Father Francis Maynard, S.J., stationed at White River, northern Ontario, "the coolest spot in Ontario," saw the mercury fall to fifty below zero this year. In spite of the fact that he is, to use his own words, "his own cook, dish washer, wood-cutter and janitor," Father Maynard faced all this and the cold with an optimism that is communicated to his parish of industrious Indian neophytes—for they have a club, a "special" choir, and are very attentive to their devotions.

On December 22, Father V. Artus, S.J., one of the group of three missionaries stationed at Wikewemikong, presented the play "Kateri Tekakwitha." The entire cast was comprised of Indians with the one exception that the role of Padre was played by Father Timothy Dwyer, S.J., who is

now studying Indian in those parts.

"Pretty cold," says Father James Howitt, S.J., of Nipigon, "as I write, I am watching a bottle of water which is lying on a bed a few feet away from me. The fire has been going all day, and the ice in the bottle holds firm. It is forty-eight below outside. This is one of our coldest Winters. . . ." He adds, however, that though the Winter be cold, depression is a thing of the past among his people. They have a large contract for cutting and hauling wood; they spend, of course, as fast as they earn, but at least they are fortunate enough to be able to keep earning.

Father Joseph Couture, S.J., started another round of trips in his plane on January 20. What took days before is now a matter of an hour or even less; more space covered, more often—and what is most consoling, more time for instructing the Indians.

The depression seems to have touched at least some parts of the north, for the collection at South Bay one Sunday hit the low mark of eleven cents.

### SOUTHERN STATES

Father Lawrence Toups, S.J., laboring among the mountaineers of western North Carolina, takes St. Paul's words literally: "Make yourself all things to all men." The direct approach by means of persuasion, preaching and literature makes but little impression on the mountaineer. So Father Toups has adopted another method which he finds very successful. He calls it "setting-up" the married couple. When a couple are married, he sees to it that they have the fundamentals of a home: table, chairs, plates, etc. Most of these, Father Toups makes himself. He thus wins the hearts of the people, and then, bit by bit, he wins them over to Christ. One day a non-Catholic

couple approached him and said: "Father, we want you to 'set-up' our marriage and bless us." On asking why they came to him to be married, he was told: "The last couple you 'set-up' are getting along so fine and are so happy. We want your blessing so that we will be like them."

Father Toups is stationed at the Church of the Little Flower, Revere, North Carolina.

### BRITISH HONDURAS

Bishop Joseph Murphy, S.J., D.D., Vicar Apostolic of Belize, British Honduras, suffered a rather serious accident recently when he slipped and fell. It is feared that his left shoulder was broken. Bishop Murphy celebrated his seventy-seventh birthday on December twenty-fourth, and due to his advanced age it is believed that his recovery will be considerably retarded. Before being assigned to the Belize Mission, Bishop Murphy served on the Faculties of Marquette University, Milwaukee, and St. Louis University, St. Louis.

### CHINA

Father Leo F. McGreal, S.J., Superior of the California Jesuits in China, writing to thank for Mass intentions that had been sent him, says further:

"We are putting our house in order for boarding students next semester. The British soldiers have evacuated the camp, leaving us a dozen excellent army huts that can be used for dormitories, dining rooms and play rooms. We shall probably have fifty boarders for the second semester.

"Father James Kearney, S.J., is busy in his Chinese parish. The little parish is growing rapidly, and if the rate of increase keeps up, we shall have to build a new parish within the next two years."

For the benefit of the new readers and friends of the California Jesuits, we here give the address of the Fathers, which is: Gonzaga College, 734 Kiaochow Road, Shanghai, China.

Brother James Finnegan, S.J., first Coadjutor Brother of the California Province to be sent to the Jesuit mission in China, writes from Gonzaga College:

It seems strange to be writing Christmas letters in November, but that we must do over here, because it's a long, long trail that winds across the blue Pacific from the Flowery Kingdom.

"I am studying Chinese and am able to speak a few words. I have traveled Third Class in a Chinese train, through fields of rice and cotton, dotted everywhere with graves of the departed. I've ridden in a rickshaw through streets so narrow you could reach out, as you jogged along, and touch the shops on either side. I've crossed the Soochow Creek on a ferry, the like of

which you have never seen, and still I find it hard to realize that I'm here!  
"Of China, I feel that I shall never grow weary. Here, one can hardly forget that there are souls to be saved for Christ; here you need not go out of your way to find poverty and suffering."

\* \* \*

Albert O'Hara, S.J., who arrived in Shanghai last September, put aside his Chinese studies long enough to enjoy a little excursion:

"Paul O'Brien, S.J., and I are at Zo-se today. The location of the astronomical observatory, the Summer Villa, and a shrine of the Blessed Mother. We came here on a pilgrimage for the Patronage of the Blessed Virgin. Between five hundred and a thousand Christian Chinese came for the pilgrimage. We arrived yesterday (about a sixty-mile trip from Shanghai) and will return tomorrow. There are no roads around here, only canals and streams. Most of the Christians are poor boatmen and farmers. They began coming at about 4:30 A.M. At 7:00, we made the Stations of the Cross up the side of a hill. . . . Then we returned to the church where a Chinese priest preached to the orderly crowd that overflowed the church. Mass and Benediction followed. It was a wonderful manifestation of faith and piety. As we walked part of the way out here, we passed through typical Biblical scenes: the threshing floor, the grain mill, the separation of the grain from the chaff. Nearly every time we go out we see something of interest."

### IRAQ

Father Joseph P. Merrick, S.J., of the Province of New England, who is now stationed at Baghdad College, Iraq, tells us something of his new home in the following letter sent to the students of Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass.:

"If you remember, this is the land of the Garden of Eden; this is the oldest country in the world; this is the land of the tower of Babel; this is the land of Noah and Mount Ararat; this is the land of mighty empires, of Babylon and Assyria and Persia; this is the land of the Tigris and Euphrates; this is the land of Babylonian captivity, of the prophets Daniel, Jonas, and many another; this is the land of the three youths in the fiery furnace; this is the land that is only as far from Jerusalem as Washington from Worcester, and which today is only a flight of four hours; this is the land which together with Jerusalem and Rome are to be the key cities of Christian archaeology; this is the land which was becoming Catholicised in the fourth and fifth centuries just the same as Ireland, both being outside the Roman Empire. Martyr blood flowed like water here under the Persian kings who then ruled

this much conquered Mesopotamia. But the Chaldean rite of the Catholic Church took root along these rivers as did the Armenian near Mount Ararat to the north, and as did the Syrian to the west round Damascus.

"Then came the horde from Mecca and the Arabian desert, and in about fifty years the sword of Islam ruled from Spain to India. And still rules. This country has been Mohammedan longer than northern Europe or Russia have been Christian. And in the 1300 years since Omar's troops broke the ranks of the Persian war-elephants just outside this city . . . well, you know the story, it is not prudent for me to tell. Although in Iraq of a thousand years ago, there were probably twenty million people, there are only three million today. Of these, one hundred thousand are Christian (seventy thousand Catholics, thirty thousand dissidents), eighty thousand are Jews and the rest Moslems. The Jews are the richest and the Christians are the poorest of all.

"So this morning we had our general Communion together at a beautiful Mass in the Armenian rite, celebrated by our just consecrated new Armenian Bishop. Though the poor church is catacombic, yet the decorations were charming and the little altar was like a sunburst in a tomb. Every Catholic boy in the school went to Communion (we have only six non-Catholics in our total of one hundred and twenty), there was a sermon by the Bishop in Arabic and by Father Scanlon in English, then came the reception of ten boys into the Sodality, and finally Benediction. Maybe they don't love to sing 'Maiden Mother' and 'Holy God!' I imagine many of the thinly back-boned Catholics of the

United States would balk at the nearly two-hour ceremony, but when the sword of Moacles has been hanging over your head for a thousand years, then is the Church indeed a sanctuary and the hours there are never long. Our own little groups just revel in these blessed hours of religious union close to the Sacred Heart when the bonds of sincere Faith and love pull them tightly together,—Syrian, Chaldean, Armenian and Latin rite though they be."

### ALASKA

From his new station above the Arctic Circle, Father Francis M. Menger, S.J., writes:

"Just as I was getting started in my new home here at Kotzebue, Alaska, there were a few mishaps that may interest you, as they give you an idea of the little things that happen now and then to make one practice patience. Well, the first Sunday, exactly a day and a half after I landed here, just as I was about to begin the evening service, all my lights went out without warning and we were left in complete darkness. The reason was that the electric batteries that furnish the lights had not been charged for a long time—and I hadn't known of it. There was a scramble in the dark to find the old gasoline lamp, and after a few minutes, all went well. The very next morning my sanctuary lamp began to give trouble. I must have lit it five different times. It insisted on smoking or going out immediately, and I could not choose either, so I looked for the tools to fix it up. By eleven o'clock I found the right combination. Then, while I was preparing my breakfast (I do my own cooking, you know) the stove began to smoke like a war



Father John A. Mifaud, S.J., from the Province of California, with his class of First High B, Baghdad College, Iraq.



Father Edward C. Cunningham, S.J., of Holy Cross, Alaska, celebrating an outdoor Mass for the Eskimos of one of the Summer fishing villages.

veteran. I had to choose between being smoked out at breakfast or being without it. The stove pipes were taken down and were cleaned, and in a few short minutes breakfast was cooking merrily on the stove. Then the water pump at the village broke without warning, and as there was not enough snow on the ground, I made a mad scramble for water somewhere, and one of my good neighbors helped me."

Father John L. Lucchesi, S.J., veteran of many Winters in Alaska, writes:

"Your kind letter arrived just in good time to bid me good-by as I leave my old headquarters to go to Hooper Bay to help out Father John Fox, S.J., who has too much to do in his immense district. As I am old and an invalid, and this country is wild and stormy and difficult for travel, I will remain at headquarters and Father Fox, who is young and strong, will do the traveling. It took us four days to reach here on the small but good ship, *St. Patrick*. We were storm bound one day, but happily in a village where the trader is very friendly to us. He provided us with our meals and allowed us to sleep on the floor of the store, also giving us a reindeer skin for our bed. We finally reached Scammon Bay, where there is a catechist and a teacher—former Holy Cross children. A church and a school are being built at this place, planned and executed by Father Fox. It is an underground combination of church, school hall and teacher's house.

"When we arrived at headquarters, there was a royal reception, for Father Fox had been away nearly a month. All were at the landing, shouting and rejoicing. There is much more to say, but my messenger wants to start back in his kayak—a long dangerous trip,—but these Eskimos are at home on the sea as well as on the land."

Father Martin Lonneux, S.J., writes from St. Michael, Alaska:

"I have been busy all Spring and Summer, repairing my house and fixing a chapel. I had to visit some of my camps and then had to take care of a sick Sister. . . .

"I came here early in October and we had to break the ice to reach my station of Chiniliak. I always spend the Fall at the mouth of the Yukon, and then work my way to St. Michael. This year, in order to save expenses and also on account of present conditions, I planned a very heavy Winter schedule. It will keep me going all Winter.

"My Winter supply did not come as

I had hoped. . . . I try to be self-supporting. When I can afford a can of beans, I eat it, and when I cannot, I do without. Just to give you an idea: these last three years I had to pay for my Mass wine out of my food. The thirty-four dollars I have to pay for that wine are taken from what I would otherwise buy to make life a little more agreeable. Yes, I do receive canned goods from friends, but these I must save for visitors. I am in a place where quite a few visitors come, and naturally, I must feed them. I also get officials from the Government or from big companies. Sometimes I must feed them; and these men have not the least idea of our life. If I did not give them something decent to eat, they would talk against us. So, even if I get canned goods from friends, I must always see that I have some in reserve for occasions like when the Bishop comes or when a sick Sister comes. . . . This naturally forces me to fall back on the native food principally. No, I do not starve, because I have accustomed myself to eat native food and I like it."

#### AMERICAN INDIANS

Owing to illness, Father Thomas Grant, S.J., was brought to the Pacific coast to obtain medical assistance, and his place at St. Xavier's Mission among the Crow Indians of Montana has been taken by Father Charles L. Owens, S.J. The latter writes:

"Many thanks for the Mass stipends. I have quite a place here. I 'batch and everything.' I have a young chap teaching in the Catholic Indian Day School. We live in a little house on the grounds and we cook our own



Father Placidus F. Sialm, S.J., and the Red Cloud family at the dedication of St. Ann's Church, Pine Ridge Sioux Reservation, South Dakota. "Tipi wakan mitawa" ("This is my church") says Chief James Red Cloud, son of the famous old Chief Red Cloud.

meals. The neighbors are good to us,—one lad just brought in a bowl of soup. Everything comes to him who waits."

Father John Laux, S.J., has been sent to Desmet Mission, to assist Father Ambrose Sullivan, S.J., and Father John A. Post, S.J. As Procurator and Minister, he will take care of the temporalities of the Mission. This Mission is in a very bad way financially. During the past three years, it has been impossible to support the boarding school from the produce of the farm and the help from the Bureau without going into debt.

Father Thomas M. Neate, S.J., who has been on the Indian missions for over twenty-five years and is now Superior at St. Andrew's near Pendleton, Oregon, has been quite ill during the past year. Father Thomas A. Steele, S.J., has been sent to help out at this Mission, and he is starting a new station at Thorn Hollow on the Reservation, where there are about thirty Catholic Indian families.

At St. Joseph's Mission among the Nez Perce Indians at Slickpoo, Idaho, Father Alphonsus Coufrant, S.J., has replaced Father Godfrey J. Dane, S.J.

All the missions find it very hard to meet their financial obligations during these times of stress. Overhead has been reduced to the minimum, but in some places it has not been possible to continue without increasing new debts. Two day schools for the Indian children at St. Xavier's Mission, and St. Charles at Pryor, had to be discontinued this year, owing to the lack of money for lay teachers, but with God's help the mission work will continue.

Father Placidus Sialm, S.J., who has given more than thirty years of his life to work among the Sioux Indians of South Dakota writes:

"Our Sioux Indian missions have been in operation for some fifty years. The first Baptism goes back to February 26, 1884. At Holy Rosary Mission we have lately baptized number 7,375. It is rather slow work, but the Kingdom has been preached in season and out of season by quite a few missionaries. About thirty little chapels—some even in their second edition—have been built. However, the main work has been done in the Mission School where now we have 370 children. Without mission schools, the Christian Doctrine has poor roots."

#### PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

Father James G. Daly, S.J., Catholic Rectory, Jimenez, Occidental Misamis, Mindanao, P. I., writing to the Editor of *Jesuit Missions* says:

"May I suggest that you remind your readers again that there has been

a number of letters lost in transit to the Mindanao missionaries. Since the letters lost were sent by ordinary mail, it is impossible to find the source of interference. Letters of importance should be registered to guarantee delivery. If no answer is received by the sender, inquiry should be made. The mail may have disappeared before reaching its destination. In my own case, there are four letters that I know of that never reached me. Two of these letters gave details of my father's last hours. More than one year after his death, a third letter of inquiry revealed the loss in mail of the other two letters. If our friends know of possible loss in the ordinary mail, misunderstandings will not arise at the missionaries' silence."

Father John F. Hurley, S.J., returning from the installation ceremonies in honor of His Excellency, James T. G. Hayes, S.J., pauses to comment on the tropical *bagno*:

"I put the *S.S. Jolo* on the rocks of Malapasuna Island off the north end of Cebu. We passed there yesterday, and about two hours north, the captain of the *Luzon* pointed out the typhoon harbor where the *Luzon* itself had run for shelter. With two anchors down and engines going, it had all it could do to hold its position in this supposedly secluded nook. For fourteen hours, the ship tossed just as on the high seas. . . ."

It was undoubtedly this storm that was referred to by Father Hugh McNulty, S.J., of Culion Leper Colony as follows:

"Two recent *bagno*s mixed us up a good deal, but did not break our house. You should see us trying to keep dry. Father Rello had two inches of water in his room for four hours. However, all are well."

From Father Joseph Reith, S.J., Maria Auxiliadora Mission, Dansalan, Lanao, Mindanao, P. I., comes the following account of his first contact with the Moros:

"I am beginning to experience my first real contact with the Moros, and it is not in Dansalan, but in a barrio over on the other side of the Lake. At Ganassi, the Moros and Christians come into closer contact for the reason that there are few of the latter and the place itself is small. I go there once a month for Mass and Catechism Class, and many of the Moro children come to the services. Even the elders are present at the Mass, although I can attribute it to nothing more than curiosity. But curiosity does not always kill the cat. The Lieutenant in charge of this (constabulary) barrio is a delightful man and most helpful. The fact is that the place is so far away from things that the people look upon the monthly Mass as an 'occasion' and delight to dress in their best and parade to the town hall where the



Father John R. O'Connell, S.J., of Talisayan, E. Misamis, Mindanao, P. I., with kit and bag packed for a missionary tour of the Mindanao coast.

Mass is said. The trip is hard and long, and I do not get a chance to eat until long after noon, but the results justify everything. The grateful people are already contemplating the purchase of a piece of property for a chapel, and if I could only be fortunate enough to find a donor who would like to put up a neat, inexpensive chapel building, I know I would be as happy as the people of Ganassi and not less blessed than the donor who would make the project possible. Ganassi is in the very heart of Moroland, and I am the first priest to say a regular Mass there. A flourishing mission would go a long way towards influencing the Mohammedan Moros."

Father Vincent I. Kennally, S.J., St. Augustine's Church, Cagayan, E. Misamis, Mindanao, P. I., finds from a personally conducted questionnaire that the following are among the most popular articles of desire for his school teachers and their pupils: "The Passion and Death of Our Lord Jesus Christ," by Archbishop Goodier; "The Public Life of Our Lord Jesus Christ," by the same author; the works of Father Martin Scott, S.J.; lantern slides of the life of Christ or any religious subject, and subscriptions to the Book-of-the-Month Club, and, in particular, to the "Journal of Religious Education" published in Chicago, together with pamphlets, apologetic and devotional.

# In the Bush of Honduras

Allan A. Stevenson, S.J.

This is the third installment of a diary written on an extended mission trip through the bush of British Honduras. Last month the author told of his dental work among the natives at San Antonio. At this important bush station among the Kekchi Indians, he found his people in arms against a worm pest that was infesting the plantations. He has previously met a similar situation at San Pedro Colombia.—Editor.



**N** San Antonio they had the same *milpa* pest as in San Pedro Colombia. The same supplications for heavenly aid—High Mass and intended all-night wake to inaugurate it. I cut it down again; this time to two hours, but solid prayer with Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament at 11:00 P.M. Then I gave them an hour's time for their unavoidable wake, *maize* drinks, etc., and at midnight I tolled the twelve strokes, to remind them to stop, go to sleep, be up in time for Sunday Mass and a good number of Communions. They liked the High Mass so well that they wanted another one the next day (St. Ignatius' feast), though they could collect only a little over half for the stipend. Of course, I accepted that, and so we had High Mass on St. Ignatius' day.

The night before St. Ignatius' feast, we had something like the bombardment of Pampeluna done over in his honor: a tropical thunderstorm of the first magnitude, with hurricane and rains to suit. I sleep in a little annex to the sanctuary, opposite the sacristy. Well, I actually thought the church would come down and bury me in the ruins, as did St. John's College, Belize, so many of my dear brethren on that fatal September 10, 1931. Now I can honestly say that the sudden death



The author, Father Allan A. Stevenson, S.J., and a group of Maya and Kekchi Indians after they had cleared a spot with their machetes (bush knives) for a new hermitage (hermitage) at Rio Blanco.

in the midst of a missionary trip would be just according to my liking; but as I escaped it more than once before, I had to practice the better part of valor also this time "though not in Fallstaff's sense"; and, therefore, I withdrew into the neighboring bush school. Anyhow, the church didn't come down, but I might mention here that some years ago the tower was blown down in another tornado and it isn't up yet, because I haven't had the necessary fifty dollars.

**T**OWARDS noon, a Carib boy, Marcial, (or, as they call him, Marshalee) whom I usually take along on my bush trips, came up from Punta Gorda after one and a half day's travel. The creeks had swollen furiously, the water reaching several feet over the bridges (where there are any). I am glad Marshalee came, because otherwise I would be without a Mass server in the bush churches and *hermitas* I am about to visit. In such a *hermita* I am now. Yesterday, August 2, a little cavalcade of four Indians with two mules came to San Antonio to fetch me to upper Rio Blanco in the mountains near the Guatemala Frontier. This is the *milperia* (scattered groups of bush farms) which I mentioned before, where finally they built their own little church or *hermita* (hermitage). The people belong to the Alcaldship of San Antonio, but don't pull well with the villagers, because most of them don't care to walk two hours over the hills and through the bush in order to share in the *fajina*, the public village work. Now your Indian is very ticklish on that point, and so the *mayordomos* of the San Antonio church don't look kindly on their Rio Blanco friends unless they pay a contribution when they want to use their



"Yesterday, I took Marshalee's picture in the rapids of the Rio Blanco or the White River whose entrance cave would provide Dore with an excellent model for Dante's hellgate—"Through me you enter into the city of woe!"

church. Bishop Murphy and Yours Truly have not yet succeeded in knocking that idea out of their heads. So we have got a new sub-station in the jungle. This is my second day here. I was very busy yesterday afternoon and evening, and this morning. Now there is a lull during the day with time for this bush diary. I'll have several marriages and Baptisms, and quite a number of First Communions. Most of the latter would not have eventuated in San Antonio until they would come to get married there, and some of them would never have made their First Communion for the simple reason that the occasion for it, viz., their lawful marriage, would not eventuate.

The rosary last night I said with them in four languages, English for the few that had been in school in San Antonio; Spanish for the few more that understand that idiom and preferred to pray in it; and Keekchi and Maya for the bulk of the *Christianos*, recruited from both these Indian tribes. Over fifty were in church.

**S**AME place, August 4, 1933. I didn't succeed in getting the most necessary things into the heads of the children, but I'll come again in November and bring my aide-de-camp, the stereopticon with the slides on the life of Christ and the Holy Eucharist; that will help. I had not foreseen the possibility of this First Communion class. There will be nearly twenty. But we had three marriages, one Maya and two Keekchis—and, of course, a few first communicants amongst them.

The provisional *hermita* is far too small. So we decided to use it in future as an additional guest hut, and began yesterday to clear ground for a new *hermita* on top of the hill at whose foot the present *hermita* stands. (See photo).

I am all packed up for my return to San Antonio; only waiting for the mule, and killing time by writing these notes in front of the *hermita*, sitting on a stone and using an empty box as my desk. Yesterday I took Marshalee's picture in the rapids of the Rio Blanco. This White River deserves its name: it is foaming along in grand style. Some three miles further down, it encounters an obstructing mountain chain and eats its way right through it, flowing for several miles underground and falling several hundred feet in the course of its subterranean rush. Both the entrance and the exit caves are highly romantic, especially the sight of the former awed me more than anything I have ever seen, not excluding the Tamina Gorge in Switzerland and Fingal's Cave in Scotland. Dore couldn't have wished for a better model for an illustration of Dante's hellgate. There is nothing wanting except the inscription. *Per me si va nella citta dolente.* ("Through me you enter into the city of woe.") I am sorry I can't present a picture of it; it would require a first class photographer with an extra wide angle lens camera.

San Antonio, August 4, 5:00 P.M. Just pulled a big molar for an Indian. He is now smashing it between two stones. What for? To look for the *gusano*, the worm,

that didn't let him eat or sleep. I'll have two more marriages tomorrow morning, making four in all here, and with the three in Upper Rio Blanco, seven for San Antonio Alcalderia.

**L**OWER RIO BLANCO, Sunday, August 6. Two rather tough trips yesterday, the first one, strictly missionary, to get to this station. The trip was done by crossing the mountain ridge through which the subterranean Rio Blanco flows. I leave for some record-breaking maniac the right to be the first to pass through the bowels of the mountains in a barrel or conveyance yet to be invented. The usual way to make the trip from San Antonio to Aguacate—the next station with church outfit—is to make a three-quarter circle around the northern extremity of the range, but if you don't shun a little muscle training, you can make a big short cut by climbing over the mountains. The pack carriers of the Padre always go that way. They are as good as our Alpine porters, who used to carry the provisions for us boys in my *Stella Matutina* days in Feldkirch, when we made our big excursions to the surrounding mountain peaks (O glorious days, how linger ye in my memory! If perchance a number of the JESUIT MISSIONS with these lines should reach my *Stella*, let it be the harbinger of my undying love for my Alma Mater.)

**W**ELL, I had made that trip repeatedly, but this time I had not realized what the tropical storm of St. Ignatius night had done. I am sorry I did not have a Cine Kodak with me. (I had one, but it was buried in the ruins of St. John's College, September 10, 1931.)

I had an extra Indian helper to cut our path through or around the obstructions of fallen trees and jungle rubbish. We finally got here to this settlement on lower Rio Blanco. No church here; the people prefer to walk the distance of two to three hours to Aguacate. But I stopped here, as there was no chance yesterday of getting companions to go as far as Aguacate. The job of the San Antonio pack carriers ends here. In the afternoon I made another hard trip—an outing. We went to the exit cave of the river, even more romantic, though not so overpowering and awful as the upper cave, which I visited just a week ago.

I had the consolation of giving Holy Communion to a poor sick Indian here who couldn't have had it except for my stopping over at this place in the jungle.

There is another Indian now with us, an East Indian, who came from Punta Gorda to buy hogs. I am going along with him to Aguacate. The Keekchi *gardadores* from the Settlement will follow later with the load. This means a good solid, dirty tramp through mud, swamps, creeks and jungle brush—so au revoir in Aguacate.

*This "Bush Diary" will be concluded in the next issue of JESUIT MISSIONS. The author, Father Allan A. Stevenson, S.J., has certainly given the reader an insight into the difficulties of missionary life so familiar to him in his many years in B. Honduras.*



## "LEST WE FORGET!"

(Continued from page 61)

renegade, a hater of God and of Christians, on the banks of the Nottawasaga River. Humble even in death, his sacrifice had no other witness but the murderer, and his remains were never seen.

The list of this glorious band of martyrs would not be complete without the name of the brave Isaac Jogues, who worked six years for the salvation of the Hurons, and won the crown of a double martyrdom in the country of the Iroquois. Nor should we forget the names of Rene Goupil and John de Lalande, those two generous Coadjutors who volunteered to share the labors and perils of Father Jogues even unto death.

**B**UT why should we limit our remembrance and admiration to these holy martyrs? True, they have been singled out by the Church and honored with the halo of canonization. Yet the twenty-nine priests, five Brothers and twenty-eight Oblates, who toiled during the fifteen years' duration of the Huron missions, have acquired an equal right to our esteem and love. Some of them, like the Recollet Viel, the Jesuits, Anne de Noue and Charles Raymbaut, and the Oblate Jacques Douart, laid down their lives for the Master. Another one, Father Bresani, emulated St. Isaac Jogues by his patience and courage in the terrible ordeal of his tortures at the hands of the Iroquois.

All of them, priest, Brothers and Oblates, performed the same labors as the martyrs.

**A**T last came the great miracle of grace: the conversion of the Hurons—a great miracle indeed!

At the unveiling of a cairn by the Monuments' Board of Canada, on the site of the village of St. Louis, to perpetuate the remembrance of the Martyrs of St. Ignace, these words were uttered by the President of the Board: "We would honor these men and perpetuate their memory that future generations may know the story of their endeavor, their achievement, their glory and their failure." Endeavor, achievement and glory there was indeed, but the word failure is

a discordant sound in this melody of praise. As *The Tragedy of Old Huronia* has it, "Christian Faith was for the Hurons a direct stepping-stone to Heaven; when every member of the race within reach of a missionary had been brought to salvation, the Huron missions ceased to be: they had served their purpose."

"Lest we forget," let us raise our eyes to the heavenly court and behold our blissful predecessors, beckoning to us to persevere to the end, for at the end is the crown.

## SWISS

(Continued from page 63)

An Indian boy, Father arrived in the Indian camp, two miles from the mission. As the lad was chilled, Father volunteered to walk the two remaining miles to the mission. On the way he rested, and felt quite comfortable. In spite of the cold he felt cozy, and then a little dozy—"perchance to dream"—but in a flash the realization that he was freezing to death whipped through his mind, and hurried him on his way.

**Y**ES; he has always had tough missions, and until the Master calls him to rest high up in Heaven, where there are no blizzards, broken mowers and striking hayseeds, he doubtless will continue to grapple with troublesome assignments.

Grace, they say, builds on nature. And great things can be placed on a small space, if they be piled high. Just as Switzerland is saddled with gigantic mountains of prestige and beauty, so has Father Feusi been burdened with the care of tough missions, piled high with hardships, bristling with difficulties.

## BROADWAY IN BROWN'S TOWN

(Continued from page 67)

have come thick and fast during this miserable stretch of weather, but yesterday's sick-call was the last word in fatigue and time. I went up to Murray Mount for the monthly week-day Mass, made a few sick-calls in the nearby region, then met a poor fellow who lived up in Grant Mountain. His wife was in danger of death and I told him that

I would go with him at once. He had told me that the place was four miles away, and I took it for granted that his "four" miles meant only six or seven. Well, if I took one step, I walked ten miles, and I'm not trying to describe the paths I traveled. If I am called back there again, I'll get a camera and make a movie to let people see what a missionary is expected to do.

And now to bed! Words cannot tell you how grateful I am for all that you have done for me and for all that your devoted interest in the Mission has meant for me. Do be careful not to overdo things. Give my love to all the folks and my gratitude to all my benefactors, especially to that dear soul who has made the Convent at Alva a possibility. She will never know what her benefaction has meant. Like our dear friend in California, she will know that she had helped a missionary and helped a lot of poor needy souls, but she will not fully realize here on earth how much she has helped to make the Mystical Body of Christ more beautiful. God is good and He will take care of them both here and hereafter.

## GOING TOKIO!

(Continued from page 69)

Küenburg, clouding up for a long discussion on that religion of drowsy beatitude, "was founded about 500 B.C. . . ."

"Hold everything, Father. Let's pass up that one! Too many kilocycles for this set!" I begged. "But about this pie a la mode affair: what's in a temple, and how do you know when you've got one?"

"A temple contains an idol. The devout Buddhist climbs a hill, approaches a temple, makes a bow, claps his hands, throws a coin at the idol, and then departs. Incidentally, coins are always appreciated, though not acknowledged. If a Buddhist is short on cash, he may offer rice, fruits, or vegetables to the squatting idol. In fact, anything edible is appreciated; especially in these depression days, the caretakers aren't too particular."

"We often hear that a Japanese is difficult to convert, but that once converted, he always remains a

(Continued on page 84)

# BOOK REVIEWS

**Catholic Mission Theory.** By Joseph Schmidlin, D.D. Mission Press, S. V. D., Techny, Ill. Price \$5.00.

A most exhaustive, exploratory operation ament the meaning of "mission" is used in the following definition: "Viewed from the intrinsic religious viewpoint 'mission' means the spreading of Christianity; from the visible social standpoint, it means the spreading of the Church. . . . We may speak (moreover) of religious, moral, economic, charitable, literary and school missions and thus designate the various individual departments included under the term 'mission.'" With this definition as a premise, "Catholic Mission Theory" invites a scientific investigation into the questions, why, whether, how and by what means missions should be undertaken, an investigation hitherto unnecessary, but demanded today by the bold challenge of the Protestant, Warnock: "The Roman mission literature lacks even the slightest approach to a mission theory, whether in ancient or modern times. Not even the individual stones from which a mission theory could be constructed are in existence." The basis of the missions is sunk deep as though with steel girders in the supernatural sanction that is revealed in Holy Writ, Tradition and the Truths of Faith and Morality, a sanction that is reinforced and cemented by comparisons between Christian Faith and non-Christian religions, by the relation of Christianity to mankind by the cultural achievements of the missions themselves, and, the general effects of the same. Readers, moreover, are enabled to judge with proper historical perspective, the work that has already been achieved by mission societies and associations, the plans now extant for the promotion of a home missionary movement, the problem of selection and classification of missionaries, foreign and native, their qualifications and their necessary training. Despite its mass of detail, the book has a simplicity of outline which of itself does much to impress the reader with the sheer, unadorned logic of the directive principles that underlie all Catholic mission theory as well as with the consciousness of the Church as a formal mission organization. *Bene meritis* indeed, we feel is the architect of this missiological compilation and from its perusal, we sincerely pray that "the salt of the earth" may be seasoned with a new savor, the "Light of the World" shine with a more crystal brilliance, and the "fishers of men" reflect in their technique, something of the subtlety of God's grace and the simplicity and zeal of the Apostles on the day of Pentecost. Then indeed shall we behold the dawn of a more Catholic-Christian Diaspora.

**The Church and Spiritualism.** By Rev. Herbert Thurston, S.J. Bruce Publishing Co., New York, N. Y. Price \$2.75.

"The Church and Spiritualism" is an objective and erudite appraisal of spiritualistic phenomena and the Church's attitude in regard to the same. It steers a rational course between "the wholesale devil theory" of the late Mr. J. Godfrey Raupert and "the nothing-but-trickery theory" with which Baron Liljencrants, Father de Heredia, S.J., and Doctor J. J. Walsh are especially identified. Readers are warned, first, "that genuine and inexplicable phenomena, even of the physical order, do occur in the presence of certain exceptionally constituted persons called mediums; secondly, that for the mass of mankind, and notably for Catholics, spiritualistic practices, quite apart from the Church's prohibition, are dangerous and altogether undesirable; thirdly, that people have learned nothing from their attempted intercourse with the spirits of the departed—an almost inevitable result when the fact is borne in mind that the identity of the supposed communicator can never be established with certainty." The old law prohibition cited in Deuteronomy, Chapter xvii, verses 9, 11: "Neither let there be found among you any one . . . that seeketh the truth from the dead," is undoubtedly the basis for the decision given by the Congregation of the Holy Office and ratified on April 26, 1917, by His Holiness, Pope Benedict XV, forbidding attendance at spiritualistic seances. Not the least contribution made by Father Thurston is the absolute identity and parity of modern seance phenomena with those proscribed by God in ancient biblical days. For his investigations, our author used neither uncertain media nor dim lights, but only the clear directive principles of Catholic revelation and right reason. With these as guides, he discourses on a variety of data which embrace the background of spiritualism and its relation to Catholicism, the effect upon the medium and the participant, telekinetic phenomena and accordion playing, materializations, telepathy and clairvoyance, the case of Doyle versus Houdini and in general, the cult's unwholesome and unhealthy fruitage. Apart from the explicit injunction of the Church that is binding on all Catholics, even non-Catholic readers will, we feel certain, be content to abide for better or for worse with the decision of the Board of Avon: "The dread of something after death, The undiscovered country from whose bourne No traveller returns, puzzles the will And makes us rather bear those ills we have Than fly to others that we know not of."

**The New Jersey Sisters of Charity—Three Volumes.** By Sister Mary Agnes Sharkey, A.M. Longmans, Green & Co., New York, N. Y. Price \$12.00.

This Diamond Jubilee story of Mother Mary Xavier Mehegan and the New Jersey Sisters of Charity is a blessed Rosary of the Sorrowful, Joyful and Glorious Ways of God with one who is heralded today as "The Joyful Mother of many children"—a Mother who has been honored signally, we feel, in this biography which, like the statue of Our Lady that graces the grounds of Convent Station, shall remain for posterity as a sign that cannot be contradicted. With feminine deftness, the author has assembled a fecundity of homely data, begotten of love and intercalating these with photographic cuts of the hierarchy and snapshots of contemporary movements in Church and State, has succeeded in provoking for her subject that loyalty of attachment and that personal interest which we are wont to reserve for the heroines of history or for the family album. It is a story of pioneering heroism, shot through with flashes of more signal sacrifice such as that commemorated so loyally by the Memento of the Dead for the "Angel of the Battle-fields." Though with the two exceptions of Chima and Guayama (Porto Rico) the establishments herein described are not missions in the exact missiological sense of that word, still, they are certainly each and all, eloquent sermons in stone preaching the consummation of a perfect work for "God alone." Unique among them all is the College of St. Elizabeth, the first Catholic College for the higher education of women in the United States. The story of this institution, which at the same time is a monument to architectural excellency and to an educational movement, is narrated with a reverence that is hallowed by the inspirational suggestiveness of biblical lore and classical allusion. Typical of its achievements were its ministrations during the years of the World War when it stood forth as a spectacle of charity to angels and to men and, in so doing, drew forth official recognition from the pen of the nation's chief Executive, a testimonial of merit that shall be for all future alumnae a potent apologetic of their Alma Mater's zeal for Catholic Action. Like the data inserted in the cornerstone of the new St. Anne Villa and Chapel—may this biography itself be but the cornerstone of that more enduring edifice that God is wont to build unto himself from the selfless holocausts of consecrated souls. "And I will establish them and will multiply them and I will set my sanctuary in the midst of them forever." Ezechiel xxxvii, 26.

## GOING TOKIO!

(Continued from page 82)

friendly Christian. Is that so?"

"Yes, it is. A Jap is difficult to win over, principally because of the strong family system extant."

This family interference is quite effective when it comes time to marry. A lad, for example, has a slim chance to marry a Catholic when he hasn't even the slightest idea of the identity, name or appearance, of his destined bride—destined by his parents. These house regulations also hold for girls, and make marriage most uncertain.

"That the Japanese retained the Faith across the many years during which the missionaries were banished, is ample proof of virile religious life."

A knock on the door and an announcement that it was time for Father Küenburg's departure, brought the interview to a close—rather, the magic carpet down to earth! Kind and affable, Father looked little like a man that had to tackle a terrific assignment. He was going back,—to the Land of the Rising Sun, but upon which the True Sun of Justice was with difficulty stabbing through the drab clouds of Shintoistic opposition and the fogs of ingrained Buddhistic nature. Buffeted by anti-Catholic laws, weighed down by depression, and appallingly outnumbered, this modern crusader, in the true and literal sense of the word, was returning, with a smile on his face and a song in his heart, across the broad, dark waters of unbelief and indifference, to battle for Christ against paganism; to fight for Truth against error; to raise up the suffering Figure of Christ Crucified and tumble over the squatting figure of girth-ful, dreamy-eyed Buddha.

Is he equal to the task? I wondered.

In a trice, Father Küenburg plus a suitcase and a handbag arrived on the front steps. His conveyance was momentarily delayed. Quickly glancing about, Father turned towards the door, saying:

"Perhaps I have time to make a short visit to the Blessed Sacrament before I go."

I guess he's equal to the task!

## Grateful Acknowledgments

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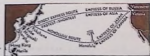
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