

Jesuit Missions

April, 1934

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FATHER F. M. BROWN, S.J., PATNA, INDIA, ON THE
RUINS OF THE CHURCH AT CHUHARI (See Page 32)

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Patna Mission Lies in Ruin



Bishop Bernard J. Sullivan, S.J., at Bettiah, inspects what is left of the largest parish church of his diocese. It required two days of digging to rescue the Blessed Sacrament from these ruins and raise it again on high.

Be your gift for Bishop Sullivan, S.J., and the American Jesuits of stricken Patna **one** dollar or **one thousand** dollars, we ask you to send it at once to the address below. Just mark it **for Patna Mission**. We will acknowledge your gift to you and send it on to the Jesuits in India.



The Church of Chhabari after the earthquake. It took three days to recover the Blessed Sacrament, and when the Tabernacle was finally uncovered it was a marvel to see that in spite of the mass of bricks, pieces of concrete and heavy iron girders that were piled all around, the tabernacle was scarcely scratched. From this abiding Presence of their God comes inspiration for reconstruction.

Writes

Father Peter J. Sontag, S.J.,

Superior of the American Jesuits in Patna, India:

"It is conservatively estimated that the total loss to the mission and diocese caused by the earthquake of January 15, 1934, will not be less than \$250,000—a staggering loss for a poor mission which had worked so hard to put up these buildings so necessary for the conversion of India."

A cablegram tells what "these buildings" were—

8 Churches completely destroyed

3 Churches badly damaged

Bishop's house so badly cracked it probably must be taken down

New Novitiate of native Sisters badly damaged

6 Residences, schools and convents destroyed

6 Residences, schools and convents badly damaged

The American Jesuits of Patna Mission, India, plead with the readers of JESUIT MISSIONS to come to their aid in this their hour of darkness and dire need. You won't fail them, will you?

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PLEASE SEND PATNA MISSION FINANCIAL HELP

CRASHED!

A Mission in Ruins

Peter J. Sontag, S.J.

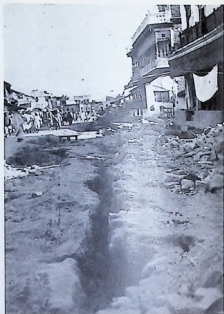


WO and one half minutes! With the awful swiftness with which a doomed plane crashes to earth, more than a century of loving labor in what is now Patna Mission crashed to the ground at a quarter past two on the afternoon of January 15.

In all the terrible destruction of the quake, not one—thank God!—of our missionaries perished. The total number of fatalities throughout the stricken area is immense, but of our Catholics only twelve lost their lives. Had the earthquake occurred during the night, the death toll would have been simply staggering.

It was principally in the congested quarters of the larger towns that lives perished by the hundreds and thousands. It was in the towns, too, that the destruction of property was most conspicuous. For in the villages, which house more than ninety per cent of Patna Mission's 27,000,000, the tiny dwellings and hovels of bamboo and grass or mud and thatch, though for the most part damaged and frequently enough shattered, do not display that dismal picture of utter devastation which presents such a sickening sight in the towns and cities. Here entire areas are now nothing but a shapeless mass of debris. Monghyr, a city of 52,000, has been truly wiped out.

That under these circumstances Patna Mission should have suffered tremendous losses in property is not surprising. This becomes the more obvious when we remember that our devoted predecessors, the Italian and Tyrolese Capuchins, had given to what is now Patna Mission not a few churches and other buildings both massive and lofty, and of impressive proportions. As many of these structures were also of long standing,—the *bara girja* or great church of Bettiah had its centenary celebrations just two months ago,—it is easy to imagine the ruin that resulted particularly among our churches, convents and residences, where Patna Mission has suffered losses that will hardly fall short of a quarter of a million dollars. This is a conservative estimate.



Street scene at Motihari, giving striking evidence of the terrific violence of the earthquake that shook Patna, January 15, 1934.

Truly, as far as our mission buildings are concerned, we can only say that Patna is "A Mission in Ruins."

In the city of Patna itself, though the quake was very severe and destruction widespread, we could at first only vaguely fear what might have happened elsewhere. But as the first reports poured in, our apprehensions quickly turned to a veritable agony. Railway, post and telegraph were all broken in the greater part of the Mission, and as days elapsed before even a very few airplanes were available, reliable information from the most severely afflicted sector was not received for several days. Naturally, the wildest rumors were current. Even the less credulous were prepared to hear the worst. And

when at last official scouting planes brought trustworthy news, the wild tales first reported seemed less an exaggeration than merely an inaccurate grasp of the realities. What a relief, therefore, when on the third day, a plane brought a hurried note from Father Aloysius S.



At Bettiah, the Knitting School (white building in the rear) was badly damaged interiorly. The wreckage in the foreground is all that is left of the missionaries' residence.

Pettit, S.J., the Rector of Khrist Raja High School in Bettiah, that although the destruction of buildings was immense both in Bettiah and Chuhari, where so many of our missionaries are working, yet only four of our Catholics and not one of our mission personnel had perished. And, wonderful enough! Khrist Raja,—High School, chapel, residence,—had come through almost without a scratch! Immediately upon this came the news that our Rt. Rev. Bishop, who had been en route to Bettiah, was safe.

AND now that we have, so to say, recovered our breath after the weird experience of the awful catastrophe and of the first torturingly strenuous days, what have your Patna missionaries to say?

Uppermost, undoubtedly, in the minds of all of us is the sense of most fervent gratitude to God Who, in the midst of such overwhelming ruin, has mercifully spared our lives. That in the midst of such a cataclysm none of our missionaries and so few of our Catholic people should have met death, is indeed a great consolation, and, little short of miraculous. For instance, in Bettiah, over two hundred wee laddies in the infant classes of Father Edward O'Leary's school were seated in the spacious verandah of the great church when the strange rumble and vibration gave warning of the upheaval which, in another minute, brought the massive eighty-three foot belfry crashing with thunderous noise through the terraced roof of the stately edifice, practically leveling Bettiah's historic and beautiful *bara girja* to the ground.

But while all of us are deeply grateful to God, the good Lord will, we trust, not chide us if our hearts are at the same time filled, not with dismay, but with deep grief.

Not with dismay; for together with truly bountiful blessings with which God has gladdened our hearts these past years in the beautiful harvest of souls He has given us, there has always been enough of disappointment and trial to prepare His laborers for this greater challenge to their faith and devotedness.

A challenge it has been indeed. For the destruction of nearly all the churches, and so many other necessary buildings, is only a part of the calamity,—a minor part. Apart from our measurable losses, there is the sheer incalculable distress of the countless multitudes, homeless, helpless, without means of a livelihood, utterly poor, utterly in need. Merely to think of our own stricken Catholics, many of whose fields have been ruined by the heavy deposit of sand from the geyser-like eruptions which accompanied the quake in vast areas, and so many others whose humble homes were wholly or largely destroyed, is heart-rending. What opportunities, too, among those "other sheep," to provide them

with relief not only from the material poverty and distress that lie so heavily over this land of the poor, but also from that yet greater spiritual poverty and distress to which the Good Shepherd would most of all have us minister!

BUT there is yet another fact which heightens the meaning of this tremendous catastrophe. The Santal field, so dear to all our missionaries both here and at home, came through the quake without any appreciable damage. But—how strange to our small minds the wonderful ways of Providence!—only a few weeks before, human forces had there succeeded, if not in de-



The Superiores of the Holy Cross Sisters in front of the ruins of Fakirana Convent near Bettiah.

molishing the poor mud and that chapels which housed our Sacramental King, in doing what was far worse; for there "the Child," our Eucharistic Lord, was again as in the days of old driven into exile, and only bare, deserted mud walls now bear witness to the fact that once the King of Glory had dwelt there in the midst of His people. It would take us too far to describe this situation here. And now, what in other parts of the Mission the hand of man had spared, God's own hand had thrown to the ground. It was indeed a challenge to our faith and trust.

But just as in the Santal field our Fathers and Sisters went on undismayed even though "the Child" had been compelled to "fly into Egypt," so now Patna Mission as a whole looks upon this gigantic disaster, on "Our Mission in Ruins," as simply one of those mysterious trials which, in God's infinite wisdom and love, serve to enhance whatever of merit there may be in our humble efforts to serve Christ our King here in Patna Mission.

It is this same spirit of deep faith and generous devotedness so constantly manifested by our friends at home, that now heartens us to look to them not only for their prayers, now more sorely (Turn to page 110)

The Apostle of Maryland

Ralph E. Lynch, S.J.



ARCH 25 of this year, American Catholics will celebrate a glorious tercentenary. Just three hundred years ago, on the feast of Our Lady's Annunciation, Leonard Calvert and his adventurous followers first set foot upon the soil of Maryland. Stepping ashore in strange places was a rather common thing in those days of America's colonial infancy; but there was something about this historic landing that gave it uncommon value and made it the historic Catholic colonial event. Catholics will this year commemorate the glorious fact that the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was the very soul of the occasion. The scene was a little island near the point where the Potomac flows into Chesapeake Bay: known in 1634 as St. Clement's Island. Today, it is less significantly called Blackiston's. On this island, beneath a towering baldachin of spreading branches, before a quivering dossal of interlaced boughs and foliage, the Divine Victim was offered to His eternal Father in solemn thanksgiving for the journey's happy ending, in humble supplication of God's bountiful blessings, and as a consecration of their tiny colony to the glory of His Name. While stately pines stood guard about the forest sanctuary, while human hearts poured forth their fervent love and gratitude, one man stood out before all,—the priest of the Sacrifice. He who undertook for his fellows the embassy of thanksgiving, love and adoration was the Jesuit—Andrew White—the Apostle of Maryland.

HE was a Londoner by birth, beginning his long life in 1579, when Elizabeth's reign was drawing to its close, and only two years before Edmund Campion gave bloody witness to his Faith at Tyburn. It is but natural to find his boyhood and youth veiled in the common secrecy of Catholic life in sixteenth century England. We first hear of him at Douay, Cardinal Allen's seminary for the training of English aspirants to the priesthood. He had entered this service, knowing full well what it meant; he was not blind to the shadow of the Cross that lay across his path; he knew that imprisonment or exile would be a cheap price to pay were he found ministering to souls in England. Yet he gladly entered the service and was raised to Holy Orders, probably in the year 1604. Only too soon was he to taste of persecution, for in 1606 he was exiled from his native land after spending some time in prison. Attracted to the Society of Jesus by the intense zeal with which the priest-hunters sought them in England, he joined its ranks on February 1 of the following year. The twenty years following upon his first probation were consecrated



Leonard Calvert Monument.—" . . . here was celebrated the first Mass in St. Mary's . . . March 27, 1634."

to the lecturer's chair at Valladolid, Seville, Liege and Louvain. During this period Father White's genius expressed itself in his able presentation of theology, Sacred Scripture and Hebrew. In 1629, his Superiors granted him his heart's desire,—appointment to the English Mission. He had spent only four years in this field, and then God called him to his great work: that work was his Maryland apostolate. On June 20, 1632, Charles I of England had granted to Cecil Calvert, second Lord Baltimore, the proprietorship of Maryland. When Calvert applied to the Society of Jesus for chaplains to the expedition, Father White was one of the two priests assigned.

WE have already described the events that followed the landing at St. Clement's on Lady Day, 1634. Within the next two days, a location more suited to the needs and desires of the colonists was chosen for the foundation of a village. It was a commanding elevation on the right bank of the St. Mary's River; and a natural harbor that lay below the site undoubtedly enhanced its other attractions. It was the Indian village known as Yaocomico and—happily for the expedition—the Piscataways who dwelt there were already anxious to abandon the place, as they had suffered much from the fierce raids of the Susquehannoks. They willingly came to terms with Calvert, and a treaty was concluded. This event took place under the historic mulberry tree whose

site is now occupied by the Leonard Calvert Monument. The spot is hallowed for another reason, because here was celebrated the first Mass in St. Mary's (the name given to the first Capitol of Maryland). This Mass was said on March 27, 1634; two precious relics of the occasion, a pewter chalice with its paten, are still to be seen at Georgetown University.

During the following three or four years, Father White was fully occupied in the care of his flock at St. Mary's, though he did make short excursions into the neighboring country from time to time. The authorities at first refused the Fathers permission to make long stays in the Indian villages, probably on account of the prevalent epidemics and the hostile disposition of some of the savages. That they turned this refusal to a good is revealed in the *Annual Letters* (1637-1638): "Meanwhile, we devote ourselves more zealously to the English; and, since there are Protestants as well as Catholics in the colony, we have labored for both, and God has blessed our labors. For among the Protestants nearly all who came from England in 1638, and many others, have been converted to the Faith." The particular nature of their ministry is brought out in the *Letters* for 1639: "As for the Catholics, the attendance on the Sacraments here is so large, that it is not greater among the faithful in Europe, in proportion to their numbers . . . The sick and the dying, who were more numerous this year and dwelt far apart, have been assisted in every way, so that not a single person has died without the Sacraments. We have buried very many, but we have baptized a greater number."

THOUGH thus compelled to remain a resident of the town, Father White lost no opportunity to cultivate the friendship of the neighboring Indians. While he employed an interpreter during the early journeys into their territories, he ultimately acquired great proficiency in the local idioms. His first permanent station was with the powerful and influential king of the Patuxents, on the Patuxent River,—but this chief's favor was short-lived. Father White then crossed the peninsula to Piscataway, not many miles below the present city of Washington. This was to be the scene of a successful mission. Once

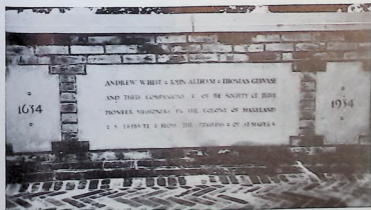


P. Andreas Vitus, S.J. Angli, in Anglia et Marilandia America Provincia, Apofolici laboribus clarus. Obijt in Anglia prope P. fogenacius. A. 1665.

BAPTISM OF KING CHILOMACHON BY FATHER ANDREW WHITE
FROM BASKIN'S "HISTORICAL FACTS," 1904

Father Andrew White, S.J., "The Apostle of Maryland."
(From a 17th century woodcut.)

Tayac, the Great, the chief, understood the doctrines of Christ's Church, he conformed his life to it and begged to be baptized, even insisting that Father White be his personal guest in the royal dwelling. The year 1641 saw a request for missionaries from the king of the Anacostans, at Nacochtank where Anacostia, D. C., is now located. Partly due to the distance, partly to the growing hostility of other Indians in those parts, the Jesuits were compelled to limit their activities. The mission at Piscataway had to be removed to Fort Tobacco, due to the menace of the Susquehannocks. The mission was blessed in the conversion of the young queen of Port Tobacco, and more than one hundred and thirty of her tribe. In the Winter of 1642, Father
(Turn to page 110)



ANDREW WHITE • KIN ALTHAM • THOMAS GEORGE
AND THEIR COMPANIONS • OF THE SOCIETY OF JESU
PIONEER MISSIONARIES IN THE COLONY OF MARYLAND
• A. 1634 • HERE THE STAIRS • OF ST. MARY'S

Memorial to Father Andrew White, S.J., erected by the Pilgrims of St. Mary's and designed by Father John La Farge, S.J.

In the Bush of Honduras

Allan A. Stevenson, S.J.



GUACATE, August 7, 1933. In last month's installment of this diary, written on an extended mission trip through the bush of British Honduras, I was telling of our start from Lower Rio Blanco, en route, to Aguacate.

Well, the road was pretty bad and I am glad I didn't have to bother about a horse. You see, you can cross the several creeks on the trip on a log, the usual bridge in our jungle, "if you walk on your own foot," as my friend, Pedro, here puts it; but you can't do that stunt on horseback. The poor four-footer has to walk through the creeks, and that is often much more precarious than balancing yourself across on a slippery log or a mere stick. Last year, when I made my Confirmation round, if you please, I rode on horseback in order to lend some dignity to the proxy bishop,—and I had a most inglorious spill in a mud hole in one of these creeks. My poor Brownie, a splendid bush horse, sank with me into the treacherous bottom of Matamoros Creek up to his belly. I got out of the hole safely enough (a most unepiscopal sight to be sure), but poor Brownie! The more he struggled, the deeper he sank. Happily, Aguacate had sent a delegation of honor to meet the confirming Padre, and so there was help enough to get Brownie out of the hole.

Usually you can ride or walk through Matamoros Creek, but after heavy rains as at present, it is swollen considerably and very swift. So we crossed in a dory. The only other time I did that was years ago when I came here with Brownie's predecessor, Chapulin. Chapulin, of course, couldn't get into the dory but had to swim across. And he nearly lost his life that time. He was carried across by the current to the overhanging bush below the landing on the other side. But when he saw that he could not reach solid ground, he had horse sense enough to turn round and swim back, and luck enough to find a clear shore farther down the river.

WELL, now, we are in Aguacate, aren't we? This is a pure Kekchchi village; so I need not ask my penitents at the beginning of confession, "Kekchchi or Maya?" and get the enlightening answer "Yes,"—or an equivalent grunt, as happens not infrequently in San Antonio or San Pedro, Colombia. The village was a big place some years back. On his first visit, Bishop Murphy had one hundred and four Confirmations here, but a great part of the population has of late years moved away, so that the school had to be given up.

Santa Teresa, August 8, 1933. I left Aguacate after



The author takes a close look at the huge stones of an old Maya temple, built eight or nine centuries ago by Mayas more industrious than those to whom Father ministers in southern British Honduras.

two days for this settlement, called after the Little Flower. To get here I had to cross the Maclack River in a dory so cranky that you could hardly dare to change your mind in it. The history of Santa Teresa as such began some years ago with my running after a few families that had run away from Aguacate, to start a settlement of their own in the bush. In the beginning I said Mass in a private house or hut. Then, as more Indians began to dribble in, I urged them to build a little church of their own. They did so; I gave them a little statue of the Little Flower, called the church and eventually the settlement accordingly, and behold a new village was there by the name of Santa Teresa.

SINCE last year we have also a school, but as it gets no grant-in-aid from the Government, the Padre has to pay the schoolmaster from his little mission funds, the royal sum of ten dollars per month, which has by this time nearly drained his hoard. When Father Tenk took my round three months ago, he found the church too small, suggested to the Indians that they build a bigger one, and sure enough, here it stands nearly twice the size of the former church. The roof consists of about twenty-five thousand leaves, or rather, branches of the cohune palm. Material and labor were all free from the bush. Sixty Indians worked in laudable union for a week and a half, and their church was up and done. There is true Christian communism for you! Such fine spirit makes up to some extent for the shortcomings of these children of nature. You feel alternately like hugging and spanking them.

Aguacate, August 10, 1933. Yes, I am back again to Santa Teresa's mother village. I was told the other day that the Indians of Joventud, a new settlement six hours west from here, had intended to come down here across the river and mountain chain. As I had arrived before the date originally settled, the Alcalde of Aguacate sent a courier to them to advise them of my early arrival. But the courier could not cross the flood at Machaca River, so I had gone to Santa Teresa in the meantime. Now that the Machaca has fallen a few feet, I have returned in the hope of finding those Joventud Indians here, but "they didn't come again," as they say in Belize English.

(Continued in a dory, going down Moho River, August 11, 1933.) Well, I can't complain; two or three times before, those poor people had come that long and hard way and waited in vain for several days for my arrival. With the best of will, the Padre is sometimes forced by circumstances to be days ahead or behind schedule. For the people in the villages that does not make much difference, of course; but for the poor people that come from a great distance in the farther backwoods, it is certainly a trial.

IN the afternoon I went across the mountain range in the south to visit the people of the Upper Machaca settlement who belong to the Aguacate Alcaldeship. I found an old blind woman who had not been to Aguacate, and, therefore, not to church, for some six years. None of the family had had sense enough to tell me about her condition. I heard her confession and will bring her Holy Communion at my next visit. I would have gone this morning after Mass, but first it would have meant a delay of three hours or more for our departure down the river, which was fixed for this morning early, and then we had during the night a repetition of the downpour and thunderstorm of St. Ignatius' night (last week). From former sick calls across the Machaca mountains, I know that the footpath, especially on the steep southern slope, is so dangerous after heavy rains that you are liable to slip and break your neck or other bones essential for walking, if not for life. Still, I had some scruples about not crossing over a second time this morning, and it was only like taking the benefit of the doubt when I remembered the many

scoldings I have gotten from my good old Bishop for often doing stunts not at all called for. Say a prayer for me for the gift of counsel which I am often in need of, and for the poor old Indian woman that she may be alive on my next visit to these parts.

So we left Aguacate this morning after Mass and breakfast. Oh yes, I nearly forgot! What about the food in the bush? Well, the staple articles are tortillas and eggs and eggs and tortillas. These tortillas are corn cakes heated on a hot flat iron after an Indian woman has laboriously squeezed all vitamins out of the dough by a process of lime soaking. That's one of the reasons



Some of Father Stevenson's flock at Dolores. Besides the bead necklaces, the Keekchi Indian girls wear strings of Guatemalan coins.

why the Indians are such a weakly race, whilst the Caribs, who also live mainly on a native bread called *cassava* but with all the ginger left in it, are such splendid specimens of humanity. But to be honest, I have to tone down the supernatural romance of bush life. You see, where there are eggs, there must be chickens to lay them. Soft chickens are plentiful in the Indian bush; and since on the other hand, hard cash isn't plentiful at all in these times of depression, it so turned out that on this trip I got by way of stipends more chickens to eat than during any previous three weeks in my life.

Today I have time to burn, sitting in a dory all day with an old board across my knees, and my Indians paddling as leisurely as if they were ladling soup, seeing that we go down stream. Besides the four Indian paddlers, we have two deadheads in the dory, a disabled Keekchi Indian and a disabled Elto engine.

(Though we had announced the conclusion of this "Bush Diary" for the present issue, we find that, owing to lack of space, it will be necessary to carry its final chapter next month.—EDVOR.)

Holy Week in Mindanao

M. A. Thibault, S.J.

THE Great Week in the Church. The Spanish Padres of old taught the Filipinos how to observe these holy days with ceremonies that would give fitting expression to their deep Catholic sentiment. In Mindanao less than half the people are practising Catholics. But this less than half is not afraid nor ashamed openly to profess their Faith and devotion; rather, it is their delight, it is an honor to march in procession, candle in hand. The many beautiful statues, flowers, and other decorations carried in long processions through the streets, show to the world that the Filipinos have their hearts in their religion. Let me tell you what I saw—if not what I felt—in Jimenez, Mindanao, during Holy Week last year. And what is said of Jimenez, you may take as typical, at least in part, of nearly every large town in the Philippines, where there is a Catholic Church. Local customs, of course, differ in detail. So you will not mind if what is described and shown is more true of many towns in common, than of one town in particular.

Palm Sunday is opened with the procession of palms. Every one has prepared his own palm—plentiful in most parts of Mindanao—but an especially ornate palm has been given by some prominent family to the priest. At the blessing, the people stand just outside the altar rail, holding the palms in their hands. The procession starts out of the church, led by the veiled cross and two acolytes. The children follow, according to height, and then the men and women, in two long lines, six or eight feet apart, all carrying their palms. The priest with deacon and sub-deacon is in the rear. The way is around the *plaza* or park in front of the church. When the priest returns to the main doors of the church, he finds them closed. The choir within then chants the hymn, *Gloria, laus et honor tibi sit. Rex Christe, Redemptor*, while another choir without the doors repeats each verse in turn. The hymn completed, the priest with the base of the cross strikes the doors and they are opened.—Christ enters into Jerusalem.—Solemn High Mass follows.

A VERY impressive custom is the service of Tenebrae, beginning Wednesday evening. Just after sunset the church is nearly filled with people. Six large candles are lit on the altar, tabernacle door open,—the Blessed Sacrament having been removed,—and near the



"The Repository on Holy Thursday is the pride of the women of the parish . . . at all hours of the day, kneeling upright on the hard floor, are men, women and children."

altar rail stands the triangular candelabrum on which are lit fifteen candles. The priest in white surplice, accompanied by two altar boys, comes out into the center of the church where there are three chairs, and a lighted candle on a small table. Save for a few more candles in the choir loft, the rest of the church is in darkness. The solemn tunes of the Lamentations, the harmonic chanting of the *Miserere*,—superbly done in Jimenez,—and the low voice of the priest as he finishes the service with a prayer, cannot but fill one's soul with the spirit of the mourning church. A short sermon in Visayan follows, and then many will remain for nearly two hours, going to confession.

The Repository on Holy Thursday is the pride of the women of the parish. It is very beautifully and elaborately done, considering the little they have to work with. Six or eight young ladies by appointment are all

through the day keeping prayerful watch before the Blessed Sacrament; but there are also many others, men, women and children, at all hours of the day, kneeling upright on the hard floor, paying respect and devotion to the Lord of the Eucharist. In some places, men are appointed to watch throughout the night.

A remembrance of our Lord's Last Supper is enacted on Holy Thursday when twelve young boys—in some places elderly men are appointed—come to the *convento*, (the rectory) to have "supper" with the Padre. The meal is entirely supplied and served by several families in the parish. In the afternoon—a custom, strange to Americans—these twelve "apostles" are assembled in the church where the Padre, in imitation of Christ: "having taken a towel, girded Himself. After that, He putteth water into a basin, and began to wash the feet of His disciples, and to wipe them with the towel, wherewith He was girded." (John, xiii, 4) At sunset again, the service of *Tenebrae* is had, as on the previous evening.

DURING the late afternoon of Good Friday the people again congregate about the church for the procession of the Holy Sepulchre, —one of the largest processions of the year. Its length will generally stretch through several blocks. Everybody carries a lighted candle. The way through the town is marked by special lights placed in the windows of Catholic homes. A life-size statue of Christ, bound and crowned with thorns, is either carried or transported on wheels. Near the rear of the procession comes the Holy Sepulchre,—the image of Christ in the tomb,—followed by the Sorrowful Mother. Several appropriate hymns are chanted and the Rosary is recited in groups. A mark of sorrow is noted in the slow and hesitating step of all those in procession. It is well after dark before they return to the church.

Every day, of course, beginning Holy Thursday, the usual morning services are celebrated, with a large congregation attending. The free hours of Holy Saturday are spent in preparation for the great feast of the morrow.

It was not yet dawn on Easter Sunday morning when I was awakened by the calls of the boys and the talking of the people who already were congregating about the church. The greatest religious procession of the year

starts very early in the morning. The Padre looks out his window and notices many unfamiliar faces,—some of the people have come from many miles away. They prefer to be an hour early than a minute late. The joy of the Risen Savior is easily visible in their countenances. It is the spirit of the Church. "This is the day which the Lord hath made; let us be glad and rejoice therein." (Ps. cxvii, 24)

NOW the procession is started, winding its way again through the main streets marked out by the lights and flowers and other little decorations in many houses. But this is a double procession. The statue of



"The greatest religious procession of the year starts very early in the morning of Holy Saturday . . . winding its way through the main streets. This is the day which the Lord hath made; let us be glad and rejoice therein."

the Blessed Mother, still shaded by a small black veil, precedes the women and the girls; while setting out in the opposite direction, is the statue of the Risen Savior, followed by the men and boys and the priest and his attendants. They meet at the *sugatan*,—a wooden or bamboo structure, some twenty feet high, to supply the "heaven" or clouds out of which an "angel" will descend. The Blessed Mother is brought up before the *sugatan*,—or under it. The priest is nearby; the people stand about on all sides: a hushed silence. Slowly from the "heaven" above a little "angel" descends and is suspended above the Blessed Mother. "*Regina Coeli, laetare*," the "angel" sings: "Queen of Heaven, rejoice, alleluia; for He Whom thou has merited to bear, is risen, as He said, alleluia." Descending a little lower, the "angel" removes the black veil and places on the head of the Blessed Mother a crown of flowers. At the same time the statue of the Risen Savior approaches, garbed in a white flowing mantle and holding a long thin cross. The "angel" recedes into the "heaven," and the choir bursts forth in hymns of praise and rejoicing.



FROM MANY VINEYARDS



MASS FOR THE PROPAGATION OF THE FAITH

The Sacrifice of the Mass

Among the intentions recommended by His Holiness during the Holy Year to the thirty million Catholics who are enrolled as members of the Apostleship of Prayer was the pious practice of attendance at the Divine Sacrifice of the Mass.

The Mass of the Pope

Though the privilege of assisting at the Mass of the Pope, if only because of economic reasons, is a privilege that cannot be enjoyed by all, nevertheless, all are invited by the Pope himself to make the intentions of his Mass their own. Chief among these intentions is a desire of His Holiness that "all might be one."

Mass for the Propagation of the Faith

In what more efficacious way can this desire be realized by the Faithful than by having Masses said for the express purpose of the propagation of the Faith, as well as by personal attendance at the same?

Collect

"O God, who wouldst have all men to be saved and come to a knowledge of the truth, send forth, we beseech Thee, laborers into Thy harvest; and grant them with all boldness to preach the Word; that Thy Gospel may everywhere be heard and glorified, and that all nations may know Thee, the one true God, and Him whom Thou hast sent, Jesus Christ, Thy Son, our Lord."

America's Roll of Honor

America's answer to this petition is the glorious roll of honor cited in "My Missions." Jesuit Mission Press, New York, as follows: "During the year 1931, 173 Americans went to work in the foreign mission fields. Of these, 82 were priests, 13 Brothers, 78 Sisters. They include:

Priests and Brothers

"11 Maryknoll missionaries to China, Korea and the Philippine Islands; 9 to Jamaica, 6 to Patna, 5 to British Honduras, 7 to Alaska; 2 Capuchins to Puerto Rico; 11 Redemptorists: 4 to Brazil, 7 to Puerto

Rico; 3 Divine Word missionaries: 1 to the Philippine Islands, 2 to China; 3 Passionist Fathers to China; 4 Benedictines to China; 2 Holy Cross Fathers and 1 Holy Cross Brother to Dacca, India; 3 Dominican Fathers and 2 Dominican Brothers to China; 1 St. Columban Father to China; 4 Franciscans to China; 4 Holy Ghost Fathers to San Juan; 4 Brothers of the Sacred Heart to Uganda, Africa.

Sisters

"26 Maryknoll Sisters to various missions; 3 Catholic Medical Missionaries to India; 1 Sister of the Holy Child Jesus to Nigeria, West Africa; 4 School Sisters of St. Francis to China; 8 Sisters of the Holy Names: 4 to Japan, 4 to Basutoland, South Africa; 4 Sisters of St. Francis of the Holy Family to China; 5 Sisters of St. Francis to Puerto Rico; 4 Missionary Sisters Servants of the Holy Ghost: 2 to New Guinea, 2 to the Philippine Islands; 2 Sisters of the Good Shepherd to Manila, Philippine Islands; 8 Hospital Sisters of St. Francis to China; 7 Ursuline Sisters to various missions; 3 Sisters of Providence to China; 3 Sisters of St. Francis to China."

Tract

"For all the gods of the Gentiles are devils" (Ps. xcvi, 5). The pagan population of the mission fields today is divided as follows: Alaska, 28,700; Japan, 64,225,000; India, 320,667,808; China, 479,267,159; Oceania, 1,383,421; Africa, 143,341,000.

Gospel

"The harvest is great, the workers are few." Catholic missionaries in mission vineyards today are divided as follows: Bishops: Asia, 120, Africa, 73, America, 38, Oceania, 16; total, 247. Priests: Asia, 7,841, Africa, 2,769, America, 1,321, Oceania, 781; total, 12,712. Brothers: Asia, 1,434, Africa, 1,598, America, 539, Oceania, 446; total, 4,017. Sisters: Asia, 19,758, Africa, 6,525, America, 2,853, Oceania, 1,620; total, 30,756. Students for the priesthood: Asia, 1,873, Africa, 249, America, 66, Oceania, 18; total, 2,206. Catechists and Catholic lay teachers: Asia, 43,148, Africa, 26,740, America, 1,012, Oceania, 2,928; total, 73,828. Grand total, 133,790.

Offertory

"Bring ye to the Lord O ye kindreds of the Gentiles, bring up sacrifices and come into His courts" (Ps. xcvi, 7, 8).

Native Missionaries

Today, native kindred of the Gentiles, in the person of native missionaries, are bringing sacrifices to the one true God. Their number is as follows: Bishops: Asia, 21, Africa, 1; total, 22. Priests: Asia, 4,261, Africa, 159, America, 82, Oceania, 10; total, 4,512. Brothers: Asia, 689, Africa, 90, America, 19, Oceania, 34; total, 832. Sisters: Asia, 15,849, Africa, 988, America, 700, Oceania, 261; total, 17,798. Students for the priesthood: Asia, 1,873, Africa, 249, America, 66, Oceania, 18; total, 2,206. Catechists and Catholic lay teachers: Asia, 43,148, Africa, 26,740, America, 1,012; Oceania, 2,928; total, 73,828.

Secret

"From the rising of the sun even to the going down, may His name be great among the Gentiles." The literal fulfillment of this prophecy was indicated in "The Mass of the Missions," Jesuit Missions, Volume VII, Page 15, January, 1933.

Communion

"O praise the Lord all ye nations: praise Him all ye people. For His mercy is confirmed upon us: and the truth of the Lord remaineth forever" (Ps. cxvii, 1, 2). Despite the fact that the Church is Catholic *de jure* and *de facto*, the sad fact remains as a challenge to our zeal that today in the whole world not one in five is a Catholic.

Christianity and Various Religions

The total world population numbers 1,830,000,000. Christians: Catholics, 333,000,000; Protestants, 220,000,000; Schismatics, 158,000,000. Total number of Christians: 711,000,000. Non-Christians: Jews, 15,000,000; Mohammedans, 238,000,000; Hindus, 224,000,000; Buddhists, 200,000,000; Confucianists, 304,000,000; Shintoists, 16,000,000; Animists, 122,000,000. Total number of non-Christians: 1,119,000,000. Remember them in your Masses for the propagation of the Faith.

The Brigands

Ernest Lalande, S.J.

LHOUGH in active ministry at Matsing, in the Suchow district of China, for less than three years, Father Henri Plamondon, S.J., of the Province of Lower Canada, has already had quite a number of unhappy experiences, and, as he himself writes, "I needed but one to complete the series."

Brigands are the bad boys of China. Whether forced to this "profession" by dire necessity, which is often the case, or else inclined to it naturally, these brigands form one of the sad afflictions and one of the greatest drawbacks to the general peace of that country. As a matter of fact, they are a great handicap to missionary work, for they can lay waste in a few hours what might have taken the missionary a great deal of time and labor to construct. They seek first of all for money, and if the expected sum is not found, they will compensate themselves by carrying away anything that might be of some use to them, from a handkerchief to the missionary himself.

Three thousand dollars is a lot of money to ask for, and still, that is what the brigands expected to find when on the night of August 2, ten of them broke into the Matsing rectory and cornered Father Plamondon with guns, revolvers and daggers. They found three hundred and twenty-seven dollars, but it was not nearly the amount they wanted. Convinced that more was hidden, they threatened the Father's life. They started by pulling his hair and his beard; they struck him in the face, expecting thus to intimidate him, to force him to tell them where the rest of the money was. Convinced at last that there was not a cent more in the house, they started the pillage. During all this time, Father Plamondon's coolness was to be admired. Though the chief had his revolver pointed at him all the time, Father Plamondon managed to move about the room, dissuading one brigand from stealing all his handkerchiefs and replacing them by old napkins instead, coaxing another to leave him his kodak and to take a pair of worn trousers. Suddenly one of them found the keys of the church.

"Let's go there now!" he cried.

But again Father Plamondon, with his usual coolness and tact, managed to convince the chief that there was nothing worth while in the church.

AFTER three hours of this hectic pillaging, the chief gave the signal to leave, and ordered the Father to open the gate of the wall that surrounds the property. Here was the critical moment. The brigands, to get rid of such a serious witness, would either kidnap or murder the Father. Fearing this, Father Plamondon handed over the key. But the chief insisted that the Father come out. Feigning incapability to turn the lock, he



Father Henri Plamondon, S.J., of Lower Canada, missionary in Suchow, China

called his domestic, who crept out of his hiding place.

No sooner had the domestic appeared than the band surrounded him on all sides, shouting and pointing their daggers at him. Fearing no danger for him, Father Plamondon slipped away and hid in the church.

After a few moments, all was silent. He returned to the rectory to gaze on the mess in which the brigands had left it: bedding, utensils, cassocks were strewn all over the house, and a great deal had been taken away.

The whole question was now to devise a way of getting back the stolen goods and having the culprits punished as they deserved. By law, a brigand who is caught is immediately executed; but on the other hand, the whole corporation of the brigands swears vengeance.

THE whole procedure was most diplomatic. First, Father Plamondon's catechist was accused for obeying the brigands. The catechist in turn accused the chief of police of the village, whose duty it was to prevent such law breaking. The chief had but one thing to do: denounce the culprits. But by so doing, he and his family would fall under the vengeance of the corporation of the brigands. Finally, a scheme was worked out: he arrested a certain scoundrel who surely knew the band of brigands but who, on the other hand, had not taken part in the robbery. He was forced to talk and give out the names of the guilty ones. He was then given a chance to flee to some large city.

The band of brigands was cast into prison and waited for sentence. Monsignor Marin, Superior of the Mission, came then upon the scene and said that the missionaries did not want the culprits to be executed, but only that Father Plamondon's stolen property be returned. Money and all were returned, the brigands were set free, and for this happy deliverance swore eternal gratitude to the missionaries. Not all encounters end so happily.



His Royal Majesty, King Ghazi of Iraq, has graciously sent this picture of himself for use in Father Merrick's article.

TO begin from the beginning and to explain the purpose of the American Jesuits in coming here . . . St. Ignatius' first and foremost ambition was to have missions and colleges in Jerusalem and the surrounding East. He shared that ambition with St. Francis Xavier and his first companions and they never relinquished that dream. But it took them and the whole Society of Jesus four centuries of prayer and toil on earth and in Heaven before it could be accomplished completely. Brave and brilliant French Jesuits came to Syria one hundred years ago and to Egypt sixty years ago. They associated to themselves brave and brilliant native Jesuits of the Syrian and Chaldean, Armenian and Russian, Greek and Coptic rites. Missions and colleges sprang up. But Jerusalem remained impregnable until about five years ago. Then an unknown American benefactress made the dream come true, and a Jesuit Biblical Institute was established in Jerusalem. Under British generalship, American charity and French persistence, the city capitulated and already Father Mallon, the Superior, has brought many groups from Rome and elsewhere to visit, to study and to dig. For one learns by digging here. Indeed, merely to see is almost an education.

About ten years ago the ecclesiastical authorities in Iraq, and especially the Chaldean Patriarch, petitioned the Holy See for a Jesuit college of higher studies. So two years ago this February, two American Jesuits set themselves down in Baghdad. The community is now seven priests, and five different American Provinces of the Society of Jesus are represented. For while New England is specially favored, this dream of a Mission belongs to all.

By the law of the land, Iraq is a Moslem country and any proselytizing is severely discountenanced. To undertake such a

BAGHDAD

thing would be eminently foolish, for it would only entail our dismissal from the country and arouse antagonism against the Catholic Church which now is looked upon with a favorable eye by the Iraq Government. Intelligent and unbigoted Mohammedans freely acknowledge that from the days of Mansur and Harun ar-Rashid the Christian community has taken a loyal part in the development of civilization in the land of the Eastern Caliphate, and that the return of those magnificent days can only be accomplished by mutual harmony and accord in the political and social fields. They understand that if Iraq is once more to be in the vanguard of civilization, the only criterion for office and preferment in public and in private life must be ability and rugged honesty. It is for this reason the Chaldean Patriarch is treated with great honor and respect by King Ghazi and his Ministers, as he was by the late King Faisal, for they realize that the Catholic Church holds second place in numbers and prestige in the Iraqi country, and that it is intensely loyal, friendly and unsuspecting. Every country in the world today that is of front rank and prestige treats the Church and the Society of Jesus with the same eminent fairness and trust. Witness America, England and Italy in the West, and Japan and India in the East. It is a sign of decadence and inferiority that puts party before political honesty and intrigue and bigotry before talent and achievement. All that the Catholic Church seeks is a fair field and no favors. Were it not from God, it would be vicious and decay of itself; if it is from God why seek to crush it uselessly?

OUR purpose then is the creation of seats of learning in Iraq to enable Catholics to do their part in glorifying God and to take an appropriate and noble place in the advancement of their country. For this prime purpose did Our Holy Father send us expressly into this heart of the East, namely, to bring back in conjunction with the Chaldean, Syrian, Armenian and Melchite rites and the Carmelite and Dominican Orders the radiance of the Catholic Church as it shone here in the intellectual past. How marvelously kind they have been to us! Other Americans have a school here. They were much before us, but they are still outsiders, still suspected by Catholics who put their religion before all else. We came, Americans also, and every rite and congregation has taken us to its heart. For they know that we are their own by the dearest ties of Heaven.

Two years ago we came, and a year and one half ago we opened Baghdad College. The people of Baghdad do not believe in letting any grass grow under their feet, and we had to hire two small yellow brick houses jammed close against the other and continuous with almost every other house in Baghdad. Our dwelling house is a similar little two-story building about fifteen minutes walk from the school. Thus far our equipment is rather meager, too though we are far ahead of other similar schools. Still, the most important thing in a school is not the material building but the character of the boys, and we have one hundred and ten of the finest boys one could ask to teach. At present we have the last grade of grammar school and the first three of high school. Each year we add a new higher class so that in a few years we hope to have a full-fledged college course. But we cannot stop there. The Catholics here have too much talent and industry. Nothing less than a complete university can be our goal. We are negotiating now for the purchase of a site on which to build, and we hope with God's

IRAQ

Joseph P.
Merrick, S.J.

help to be able to have our own home and school and playground by next October, when the next scholastic year will begin. Native materials are relatively cheap, but foreign goods are dearer than in America, and for a college, books, equipment and apparatus must necessarily come from abroad.

IRAQ is an historic land. So historic in fact, that Adam and Eve found the Garden of Paradise right here, and that is as far back as human history takes us. It is historic beyond a doubt. Babylon is here, and Nineveh and Ctesiphon, Ur of the Chaldees, Babel and Mount Ararat. Despite the squalor and the paltriness and the disease, every mound one stumbles over, every abba or keffich that graces an Iraqi, every camel caravan or hennaed donkey tell an ancient and mysterious tale. I, too, have walked on the bank of the self-same Tigris where the prophet Daniel walked and saw the vision of St. Michael and prophesied that in the sixty-fifth week, Christ would come. I have stood in the field where the fiery furnace once cooled Sidrach, Misach and Abdenago; I have had my picture taken beside the stone lion that protected the palace of King Ashurnasirpal at Nimrud; I have trodden the desert that once housed the million inhabitants of old Babylon; I have drunk of the Euphrates with the cup of my hand; I have sat by the rivers which were wet with ancient Jewish tears; I have witnessed Mesopotamian sunsets and sunrises that caught up my soul to a Heaven of glory; I have stood under the arch of Ctesiphon where the Arab Moslem invader of the seventh century slew and slew until the power of Persia was no more. Nestorianism and Zoroastrianism, heresy and paganism, both fell down on that fated day. A few years later the world was Moslem from India to Spain and from Arabia to the Caucasus. Within a century, Mansur, the second of the Abbasid Caliphs, began Baghdad twenty miles farther north. In the year 800, it was the most illustrious and intellectual city in the whole world, and Harun could send presents to Charlemagne as his only competitor in world dominion.

THIS is an ancient land, and kingdoms do not last. To the northeast in Erbil, the oldest continuously inhabited city in the world, it is said, where Alexander smashed the earlier Persian



Father Joseph P. Merrick, S.J., of the Province of New England, alone in the desert that was Babylon. Herodotus placed the total population at two million. The walls at times were seventy feet thick and twenty-eight miles in circumference.

power and like a torrent rushed onward into India. To the southeast is Persepolis and Susa, imperial city of Darius, mighty monarch of Medes and Persians. South of Baghdad is Ur of the Chaldees, the native land of Abraham; further south is Basra, the home of Sinbad the Sailor. Equally far to the north is Nineveh, capital of powerful Assyria, with two hundred feet high walls and oriental marvels, another ruin. And opposite lies Mosul. As every schoolboy knows that muslin first came from Mosul, so he knows thence also comes that product with an international smell, oil, petroleum oil. Add Babylon and Kish, which are just sixty miles due south of us, and, without leaving the confines of Iraq, there is enough archeology and history to make their patrons penniless. Only Persepolis and Susa are in modern Persia, and one can make them by plane in two hours.

This is the land of the Chaldees, of the Wise Men who saw the star and left friends to adore a new-born Babe.

The boys I teach are the descendants of that ancient race, a mixture of Babylonian and Assyrian, of Akkadian, Hittite, Sumerian and the lost tribes of the desert. It took the patient Magi many a month to travel the trackless wastes from the Tigris to the Jordan, but as I sat in my room on Christmas Eve reading JESUIT MISSIONS with its tales of Christ-mas in mission lands,
(Turn to page 112)

The site that was Babylon. Here Nabuchodonosor had his famous hanging gardens. What a story these brick walls could tell! I wonder did Daniel or Ezechiel, the Prophets of old, walk these streets!



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Patna Mission in Ruins

JESUIT MISSIONS has always most eagerly and gratefully welcomed financial assistance from its readers for Jesuits at work in the missions. However, it has been the policy of the magazine, consistently adhered to, not to make direct appeals for specific funds. The only two exceptions to this general policy of more than seven years standing have been made—after serious consideration—at times of great disaster in two of our missions: first, British Honduras, when the hurricane and tidal wave swept Belize, in September, 1931, killing eleven Jesuits and destroying their college and one of their churches, and badly damaging their cathedral and residence; and second, Manila, P. I., when a devastating fire destroyed the Ateneo de Manila, the Jesuit college. The Editors feel that on such an occasion, readers and friends will understand that an exception is justified,—in fact, ought to be made. Hence, we appeal unhesitatingly at the present time for Patna Mission in India, where American Jesuits are at work. The disaster which visited this Mission on January 15, 1934, has all but completely destroyed the work of many years. Our March issue and our present April issue give clear proof of the devastating effects of the earthquake which shook northern India on that fateful January afternoon. The accounts and the pictures sent from the Mission and used in our pages give proof positive for the statement made by Very Reverend Peter J. Sontag, S.J., that Patna is a "Mission in Ruins." No greater disaster in loss of buildings has come to any mission in years,—and hence we appeal to our readers to do all they can to help the Jesuits in Patna. Donations, large or small, will be gratefully received at our office, and forwarded promptly to the Mission.

Already financially burdened before the disaster, the Patna Jesuits and the Sisters working with them, now find themselves struggling for the very life of the Mission. Nearly all of their best and more substantial

churches are completely destroyed, and others are badly damaged; at least six schools, convents and residences are destroyed, and six are badly damaged; Bishop Sullivan's residence is so badly cracked that it probably must be taken down; the new Novitiate of native Sisters is badly damaged. What a catalogue of disaster!

And yet, the Mission must be rebuilt. The Fathers and Sisters—one and all—refuse to give up. Their courage, though sorely tried, is unyielding. They know that friends at home—the readers of JESUIT MISSIONS—are hard put to it financially, due to the depression, but they feel that ways and means to help will be found by mission-minded Catholics who will give, even where it hurts, so that God's work may go on in the vast and promising mission field of Patna, where nearly 27,000 people hitherto have not known and loved Christ. The missionaries feel that while God has given and has taken away, yet He will give again through generous friends and benefactors. The missionaries and their charges: the men, women and children of India, who have found the one true God through the missionaries, will storm Heaven with prayers for their benefactors. You will not fail Patna in its hour of desolation,—will you? God bless you for your prompt generosity.

South American Martyrs

THE attention of the Catholic world was once more focused on the famous "Paraguay Reductions," when the Holy Father, Pope Pius XI, on January 26 raised to the honors of the altar three Jesuit missionary priests martyred in Paraguay in the early seventeenth century. They were: Fathers Roch Gonzales y Santa Cruz, Alfonso Rodriguez, and John del Castillo. The first named, Roch Gonzales, was the most outstanding of the trio, and has, in fact, been called the principal author of the "Reductions"—that is, mission colonies of ancient Paraguay. After voyaging many thousands of miles on exploratory trips through the wilderness, after establishing thirty-six foundations among the South American Indians, after carrying on a vigorous campaign of years in defense of the right of the Indians against the system of servitude carried on by Spanish overseers, he finally fell a victim of the wrath of a medicine man whom he had enraged by his preaching against polygamy, drunkenness, and other vices. Father Gonzales was felled with the blow of a hatchet. Fathers Rodriguez and del Castillo were killed immediately afterward—and only the zeal of the Indian neophytes saved our missionaries from a similar death. The work of the pioneers lived on, however, and a century and a half later there were in the Paraguay Reductions, more than thirty mission colonies inhabited by 150,000 Indians governed by eighty-five Religious. This was on the eve of the destruction of the Reductions by Charles III of Spain. Even today, in South America, there are thousands of Christian Indians whose forefathers were evangelized in the old Reductions, and whose Faith is a tribute to the thorough work of conversion as planned and carried through by those early missionaries whose work is still admired by apostolic men the world over.

The Mission Intention

Separatists of Palestine and Syria. Restoration of the Churches of Asia Minor

IN the light of numerical percentages, is it any wonder that the mind of the Supreme Pontiff is harrowed with doubts concerning the advent of the day when "all may be one?" In Palestine, out of a total population of 1,000,000 inhabitants, mostly Mohammedans, 58,000 are Schismatics, and only 33,000 Catholics. In Syria, out of 2,700,000 inhabitants, 151,000 are Schismatics, and 365,000 Catholics. In Asia Minor, where St. Paul erected so many churches and collected the Faithful together, where he established Episcopal Sees and where, as at Ephesus, for so many years lived that Apostle "whom Jesus loved," there was recorded in the census of 1914, a total population of 13,500,000, of whom 3,500,000 were Catholics. From that date to the present, the story of the Faith in Asia Minor merits nothing less than a Jeremiad or the plea of Ecclesiasticus: "Have mercy on this people, upon whom Thy name is invoked." Today, the Christian population totals barely 28,000. In Syria and Palestine, under the French and English mandate, it is true, religious liberty exists, but who can foretell the day or the hour when this mandate will yield to complete local autonomy, or who can tell what will then be the lot of the Christian minority? As they glance in panoramic retrospect over the desolation of these ancient lands, may the readers of **JESUIT MISSIONS**, recalling the famous vision of Ezechiel, pray that the skeleton bones of the ancient Church now scattered over the plains of Palestine, Syria and Asia Minor, will take sinew and flesh and skin and spirit and may live, that the nations of the earth may know "that I am the Lord," and that the Lord has established them, has multiplied them, has set His sanctuary in the midst of them.



His Excellency, Most Rev. Bernard J. Sullivan, S.J., Bishop of Patna, surveying the ruins of the church at Bettiah, wondering when he will again be able to pontificate here at the Mass of the Missions.

The Mass of the Missions

Te Igitur

The priest now enters upon the Canon of the Consecration which extends from the end of the Sanctus to the beginning of the Pater Noster.

Canon is from a Greek word meaning an invariable formula, and is here applied because this part of the Mass consists of an invariable formula of prayers which precedes, accompanies and follows the sacrificial act of consecration. It is recited by the priest in secret, that is, in a voice so subdued that the celebrant may hear himself but not be heard by those around him. This canonical silence, (1) indicates that the power of consecration is the exclusive function of the priest alone and, therefore, did he retire from the presence of the congregation into the secrecy of the Holy of Holies; (2) it reminds us that in silence unperceived by the senses of the priest or of the people the substance of the bread and wine will become the substance of Christ's Body and His Blood; (3) it is indicative of that sacred silence which is man's most reverent tribute to the presence of His God. "The Lord is in His holy temple. Let all the earth keep silence before Him"; (4) it withdraws the sacred words of the Canon from common parlance and from the possibility of desecration and indignity; (5) although it may commemorate the silent night of Christ's Nativity, yet more appropriately does it commemorate the silent offering beneath the olive trees; the silent sacrifice upon the Cross.

Mindful that he who humbleth himself shall be exalted, the priest bends low in humble posture, hoping thus for the exaltation that shall follow the fulfillment of his prayer. He is rightly diffident in the face of personal demerit, but his diffidence is displaced immediately by an ungovernable confidence when he reflects upon the nature of his Patron, of his Advocate or of the Object of his plea. For his Patron is his God, not now a God of Justice but a Father of mercies, (O Clementissime Pater) without number. His Advocate is this Father's only Son; the object of his plea, the welfare of the Church, the self-same object for which this Father's only Son pleaded so persuasively at the last sad supper with His own. For such an object, in the face of such a Father, by the side of such an Advocate, diffidence in prayer is but a counterfeit humility, a base alloy indeed. It issues from a spirit of parsimony that fears to match its generosity with the generosity of Christ; it is a lack of courage that in reality is a lack of faith, a spirit that the Divine Mediator Himself condemned with the decisive verdict: "Ye of little faith."

Therefore, with becoming confidence, he prays first that God may bless again the elements of wine and water and by anticipation the Sacred Body and the Blood. And as he prays he bends to kiss the stone slab of sacrifice. In the world's code of conventions, a kiss is the symbol of that union which exists between the spirit of the lover and the beloved. The kiss of the priest is a symbol of union which should exist between the spirit of man and of Christ.



The
FOLLY
of the
CROSS



Nineteen centuries ago the greatest drama the world has ever known was enacted. The Folly of the Cross, cynics of those days would call it. But the Hero of that tragedy, with the gibes of the mob ringing in His ears, knew full well that what they termed folly was being received by His heavenly Father as the crowning act of obedience and love, to redound to the honor and glory of the Godhead for ever and ever.

On April second the Holy Year commemorating the nineteenth centenary of the Folly of the Cross will terminate. During this Holy Year many have been brought to a deeper love for, a truer imitation of, the Hero of that tragedy. Still there are cynics today who like the mob of yore count Christ a failure and His followers fools. In the minds of these critics, Catholic missionaries are wasting themselves and being wasted on a folly as great as, if not greater than, the Folly of the Cross.

In an effort to help counteract such a baneful attitude, JESUIT MISSIONS first appeared more than seven years ago. That it has accomplished its task to some extent, at least, is demonstrable. But there remains a long road to travel. Till the Catholic public generally is fully convinced that there is a definite need for foreign missionaries, the task and duty of JESUIT MISSIONS will still fall short of accomplishment.

You—faithful reader of JESUIT MISSIONS—can

- help your magazine in the fulfillment of its duty
- do your part in rebuking present day critics of the Folly of the Cross
- help the Hero of that tragedy in His undying quest for souls
- by renewing your subscription to JESUIT MISSIONS.
- by subscribing to JESUIT MISSIONS for a friend of yours.
- by subscribing if you are only a reader but non-subscriber.

(Find a subscription blank on the back cover)

AFIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUITS



CANADIAN INDIANS

Father William Gagnieur, S.J., veteran missionary among the Indians of Canada, comments on a recent article in *Jesuit Missions*:

"Many very comforting things were said about me in your February number under the caption, 'An Oblation.' Permit me, nevertheless, to point out, for the sake of my parishioners, some of whom are readers of *Jesuit Missions*, that though I am almost seventy-seven years of age, I have no intention whatsoever of retiring from the active life of a missionary, as might be inferred from the article mentioned. My sojourn at Guelph is in obedience to the doctor's advice merely for the Winter months, and I am expected, with the coming of milder weather, to return to my Indian missions in Marquette Diocese."

Vincent Shaughnessy, S.J., of the Jesuit Seminary of Philosophy, Toronto, Canada, sends a little account which gives due tribute to one of Canada's heroic missionaries:

"As I stepped down from the slowly-moving train, a lusty voice called out, 'Lo Father!'

"I let the salutation pass and retaliated with the conventional, 'Lovely day.'

"Indeed it is, Father, and it always seems brighter when those round-collared gentlemen make their appearance. For you know, they exert a great influence in these parts, and our Indians need them. And what is more, if an Indian needs help from a missionary, the missionary never fails."

"My first impulse was to dig down for a coin and give it to the man, but he continued with a tale that rather tinged his story with sincerity."

"You know, Father, I was riding the tracks to a station up the line one day when I spied a rather unenergetic form approaching me. I could see that he was not exactly a track-walker, for he was too thoroughly played out. I stopped for this man, for he was apparently under the weather. A little satchel at his side and the black suit suggested a clergyman. He was a priest."

"Need some help, Father?" I asked, and let me tell you I could see that my hand-car would be his only salva-

tion if the journey were to be continued.

"The priest, mind you, had been called to see a sick squaw. The tramp so far had fatigued him and he had yet eighteen miles to go."

"Why, my friend, that was Father Desautels!"

"Father who?"

"Desautels."

"I have always wanted to know that man. You know, the Indians call him *Stongideeshkang*: He-who-makes-our-hearts-strong."

"Father Theodore Desautels, S.J., is now stationed at Sudbury, Ontario,—a mining town of the north—where the Jesuit Fathers of the Lower Canada Province have a high school and college for boys. Till recently, he made his headquarters at Nipigon, four hundred miles northwest, where his days and nights were spent among the Indians, living in their huts, eating out of the common dish. Such contact with the people greatly helped him in attaining proficiency in speaking their difficult language. An Indian hymnal and prayer book, found in every mission post of the north, now stands as a memorial to his remarkable success with the language."

SOUTHERN STATES

It is startling for a missionary to find that it is unnecessary to go into foreign and distant lands to discover



Father Theodore Desautels, S.J., of Sudbury, Ontario, who has given many years of spiritual service to the Indians of the northern country. At present, Father cares for sixteen different mission stations.

souls in need of help; that in the heart of a big city within a radius of three blocks of one of the largest Catholic churches in a southwestern city, one missionary, within three months, was able to aid five men who had fallen away from the Church and who were yet eager to be right with God. Miss Helen Raterman tells the story.

Suffering a breakdown on the mission field, a Jesuit missionary was sent to this southwestern city to rest and recuperate. Unable or unwilling to rest quietly at the parish rectory, he fared forth daily into the city with his eyes peeled for neglected souls. Opportunity met him everywhere. Recognizing one day, in the sheepish but not unfriendly glance of a passer-by, a fallen away Catholic, Father X. thus accosted the stranger:

"You and I belong to the same Church, don't we?"

"Well, Father," the stranger replied, 'I haven't been to church in forty years, but I never missed Mass until I was eighteen years old. Back in Vermont father and I walked to Mass four miles every Sunday.'

A firm friendship developed between Father X. and the Vermontor, who within a week went to confession and Communion and is now a regular attendant at the church from which he lived only half a block for the last forty years.

Mr. C. was a retired tailor, a staunch Irishman, alone in the world, and wealthy. Since 1879, he had nursed a grudge and had never in the meantime been to church. Father X., the missionary, met him through a mutual acquaintance. Because of Father's ability to discuss the Irish question without taking the English side of it, a warm friendship resulted and Father had the pleasure of seeing the old man in front of him as he preached the sermon at the mid-night Mass a few weeks ago. The old man's return to the Church is the talk of the town, for his associates and friends during the years of his estrangement have been mostly of the Soviet kind.

As Father X. and a priest companion were out for a walk one evening, Father stepped towards the curbstone and said to a gentleman apparently in his late sixties:

"I have the impression that I know you."

"Well, X. is my name," said the stranger.

"And X. is my name," said the Father. "We must both belong to the same Church."

"Are you a Catholic priest?" the stranger inquired.

It was then revealed that this man, too, had been a practicing Catholic in his early youth, but had drifted away from the Church here in the southwest where he has been living away from the home folks for thirty years. Father had the pleasure of seeing this man, also his wife, in the front pew Christmas night at the midnight Mass, as he spoke. Better still, this man now attends Mass every Sunday and receives Holy Communion once a month.

Father X. heard about a Mr. S., who lives in a nearby hotel, and called. At first Mr. S. was not at all gracious. But soon he was telling freely that he was reared a Catholic, had a sister in the convent back east, but that he had not been to his duties for nine years. After a short acquaintance with Father X., Mr. S. returned to the sacraments.

Another day, Father X. happened to be engaged in conversation with a man whose name and facial expression seemed to trace back to a certain little isle beyond the sea. Father

could not resist the temptation, and said with a twinkle in his eye and some mischief in his voice:

"You must belong to my Church?"

"Well Father," the acquaintance remarked, "I am a sort of patriotic Catholic. I was brought up in a splendid Catholic family back in C. My people back home are all good Catholics. But I came out here thirty years ago, married out of the Church and, strange to say, my wife is a fallen away Catholic, too. I have a large family, but they are all being brought up out of the Church."

In the meantime, Father has met all the family and the prospects are bright for their returning in a body to the Church. And so Father has given to the world a new way of taking a rest.

JAMAICA, B. W. I.

Father Charles J. Eberle, S.J., of Highgate, Jamaica, B. W. I., continues his jottings:

"When last I wrote, I was in doubt whether the Sisters would come to open a school at the Mission. Now there are four Sisters at the Mission, and three schools opened. So you can readily see there has been plenty to keep one busy.

"The school at Port Maria is the best and most flourishing. Port Maria, you will remember, is nine miles and a half from Highgate. I used to live there at one time, as did three of my predecessors. All three of my predecessors got malaria; however, and had to leave the Mission. God was good to me, however, and I was enabled to get out of there before the old bug got a good grip on me. Malaria seems, by the way, to trouble northerners more than the people born in the country. However, you can see it would never do to have Sisters live in Port Maria. So they live at Highgate and go down to Port Maria each day and hold classes. It's a strange thing about the malarial mosquito. He first of all does not buzz. Secondly, he only comes out at night. I have spent days and weeks at Port Maria, not sleeping there, however, at night, and have never been troubled. So the Sisters are perfectly safe, so long as they leave the place before dusk. If they stay there, they must move up out of the malarial belt. The house of the Catholic family where I stay in Port Maria, when there overnight, is above this belt, and it is the only place in which I have ever slept in the country parts without a net and felt perfectly safe."

ALASKA

Writing from Little Flower Mission, Hooper Bay, Akulurak, P. O., Alaska, Father John P. Fox, S.J., gives some insight into his gigantic work:

"Owing to all my work at Hooper Bay, Superiors have finally given me Father John L. Lucchesi, S.J., to tend to some of my work at home while I go musing about my immense district taking care of the spiritual needs of so many poor Eskimos who have no other chance to do anything for their immortal souls! But that does not diminish my work either; it gives me a chance to do more for many who never had a fighting chance for salvation, at least humanly speaking.

"The new native Alaskan Sisterhood is getting on nicely, and in about two weeks the first novices will be ready for active work in the field. I will promptly haul several of them to Kasahunak and Scannon Bay to conduct my mission schools there. They are full of zeal and well equipped for their work. Please pray that our dear Lord may ever keep them in the good spirit in which they are, and abundantly bless their work. Because I am financially embarrassed, I have had to turn down some of the vocations that offered themselves. But I think when better times return, I shall still be able to receive some of them.

"Sister Superior, besides having the ordinary accomplishments, is a musician, a good cook, a sharpshooting hunter, somewhat of a painter and carpenter, and capable of handling a team of dogs as well as any man could.



His Excellency, Most Rev. Thomas A. Emmet, S.J., Very Rev. Charles Arnold, S.J., and Father John Shea, S.J., at the opening of the new Church of the Sacred Heart, High Gate, Jamaica, the station of Father Charles J. Eberle, S.J.

"She is a born leader, though very modest and reserved. She is a full-blooded Eskimo, but one who has presented themselves to her during a two-year stay in the States when she spent much of her time with the Ursuline Nuns.

"The Government has finally decided to put a herd of reindeer into this district of mine, and has offered me the job of seeing to it that the herd is properly taken care of. I am glad to have the deer here, but the job of chief herder of reindeer is hardly suitable work for a priest. Still, after all, I guess I have plenty of work here that is just about as spiritual as herding reindeer. I have also applied for a post office for Hooper Bay, and naturally had to volunteer as postmaster. I was already Notary Public for some time, and in the last mail the Government requested me to act also as marriage commissioner in my district. If there were any money in all these offices I might have a chance of supporting my Mission a little better. But I guess if there were any pay connected with them they would hardly be offered spontaneously to a Catholic priest!"

AMERICAN INDIANS

Writing from Our Lady of Lourdes Mission, Porcupine, South Dakota, Father Leo C. Cunningham, S.J., praises the work of his Sioux Indian catechist:

"Sleeping in a tent in Winter may be all right, if one is well and able to keep the tin stove roaring with pine branches. It is different when one is sick and helpless. Lately, Mrs. Annie Iron Cloud, a widow, with her aged, crippled mother and three-year-old Alice, had been living in a tent near the Porcupine Creek. She became sick. The firewood near the tent was green. She was too weak to chop it. The cold weather made the tent chilly and the ground on which the family slept, frosty. There would have been suffering, cruel and bitter, but for the Indian catechist of Our Lady of Lourdes' Mission. He and his wife took the family into their own small home and provided for them.

"Mrs. Annie Iron Cloud seemed on the way to recovery, but late one night, her heart weakened. I was called and administered Extreme Unction. Our Lord came and called her from the miseries of this life. She, a devout Catholic and a frequent communicant, fought the good fight and kept the Faith until the end. Her poor old mother, who bears in her arm a hole made by the White man's bullet, will be cared for by our catechist. The orphan child will find a home among relatives.

"Catholic Action' has been the slogan of the catechist at Porcupine ever since he made his first layman's



Father Andrew A. Hofmann, S.J., Iligan, P. I., with the cast of "Faithful Genesieve." "We fenced in the lot behind the church with palm leaves and branches and held the show as a church benefit."

retreat. He is up and doing when a work of charity is to be performed or a lost sheep of Christ is to be sought for up or down the trail. He is interested in "Cause of Christ" everywhere, even in far away India, to which place our Indians this year sent their Christmas crib collection of pennies and nickels, to help the missionaries save pagan souls for Christ."

IRAQ

Father William A. Rice, S.J., President of Baghdad College, Iraq, writes: "Fathers Wand and Scanlon have joined the faculty of B. C. Both arrived from Rome in the beginning of November. Father Scanlon is teaching Second High, and Father Wand has taken over the duties of Minister. Besides their class work, they have begun studying Arabic; and already Father Wand is beginning to order the workmen around in Arabic and Father Scanlon and Father Merrick (who came to us in September) delight the boys of their classes by uttering a few sentences in the same language.

"For the past month and a half we have been bargaining about a desirable piece of property. It is really a nice site; on the River Tigris, above the city where over a hundred years ago a flourishing Christian community stood. An ancient tumbled down church is today used by some Armenians, but that is all that is left of the old community. In the early days of Bagdad, in the ninth century and perhaps even earlier, this was the site of many Nestorian monasteries. We haven't been able to gather much reliable information on this point as yet, but we have put Father Wand on the scent, and I am sure he will be able to tell us all about it soon. There are about twenty-four acres to the plot we want to purchase, and it is covered with date palms and orange and fig trees. It will be a splendid spot for a

college, and already there are several families asking us to sell them a little piece so that they can come and live near us!"

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

For the benefit of his numerous friends enlisted among the subscribers to JESUIT MISSIONS, we call the following description of the welcome extended Most Rev. Bishop James T. G. Hayes, S.J., on his arrival in his new Diocese of Cagayan. The account is taken from the Independent Filipino Weekly, *Ang Katarungan*:

"At daybreak on November 21, thousands of people, singing hymns of welcome, with five bands and Boy Scout Bugle Corps, lined the Cagayan Wharf as the S.S. *Luzon* was docking. The occasion was the arrival of the members of the hierarchy of the Roman Catholic Church in the Philippines, and of Bishop James T. G. Hayes, S.J., D.D., newly ordained supreme head of the new Diocese of Cagayan.

"As Bishop Hayes with the Papal Delegate, Monsignor William Piani, Bishop Luis del Rosario of Zamboanga, Vicar General Monsignor Jose Ma. Cuenco of Cebu, and scores of priests walked down the gangplank, a tremendous ovation was given him by the people. Bands played. The high potentates and priests walked in procession to the long line of decorated autos and buses on the street. Pictures were taken and then the procession of prelates, priests and the people in autos went towards the town. Beautiful arches of evergreens, flowers, flags of white and yellow, (the Papal colors) and houses magnificently and artistically decorated were passed by the mammoth procession. Arriving at the St. Augustine School, all the people left their respective autos and buses, and on foot walked with Bishop Hayes and the Church dignitaries to the St. Augustine Cathedral. At the door of the Cathedral, Bishop Hayes kissed a



Father Vincent I. Kennally, S.J., newly appointed Superior at Cagayan, Oriental Misamis, Mindanao, P. I., photographed with a group of his Boy Scouts at the Lumbia festa.

crucifix and blessed and sprinkled the people with Holy Water.

"Incense followed. All the people knelt on their knees for the blessing and incensing. During all this time, the choir sang the antiphon, *Sacerdos et Pontifex, etc. Ecce Sacerdos Magnus* was next sung by the choir.

"Papal Delegate William Piani made a solemn and impressive sermon. Then followed the ceremony of installation and the Pontifical Mass. During the Mass, Monsignor Jose Ma. Cuenco, Vicar General of Cebu, made a brilliant speech in Visayan in the pulpit of the Cathedral. Bishop Hayes also delivered a short but beautiful speech, expressive of his joy in coming back a Bishop to Cagayan, and of his love of the Cagayanos, who love and worship him with all their hearts and souls. At the end of the Mass, the Bishop sat in the sanctuary and received all the people who knelt and kissed his ring."

* * *

Father Joseph L. Lucas, S.J., whose new address is: Malaybalay, Bukidnon, Mindanao, P. I. writes:

"Your kindly gift came the day after I handed the reins of government over to Father Vincent I. Kennally, S.J., so I gave it to him. God knows, he'll need everything he can get. I am starting off with the clothes on my back, a tooth brush and a comb to begin the new mission. He has to continue the works that have been started. My territory now is about as large as Rhode Island. We have divided Bukidnon into two parts: Father Frederick Henfing, S.J., gets the Sumilao sector and I take the rest to the civil boundaries of Agusan, Davao, Cotabato and Lanao with the center at Malaybalay. There is a fair road for about forty kilometers beyond Malay-

balay. All mountainous. Like Richard, my chief cry is, 'A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse!'"

BRITISH HONDURAS

Belize, British Honduras, a city of about fourteen thousand people, is almost entirely surrounded by water, yet has not a single spring or well from which drinking water may be drawn. Drinking water is supplied from the rain water which is stored in large wooden vats. During the dry season, usually from March to June, drinking water becomes so scarce that it has to be imported from the interior of the Colony and sold at the Government tanks. The American Jesuits, stationed in Belize, have helped to alleviate this need by constructing large vats from which many of the poor are gratuitously supplied with water.

* * *

An attempt to legalize divorce in British Honduras is being met with serious opposition. The chief opponents of the Bill are the Jesuit missionaries who are working in the Colony. Mass-meetings were conducted by various denominations, at which the general public took a lively interest. At a public meeting held by the Catholics, several splendid talks against divorce were delivered by Catholic laymen.

* * *

Educational standards recently took a decided step forward in Belize, British Honduras, when special courses in Latin were added to the course of studies at St. Catherine's Academy, conducted by the Sisters of Mercy. For over fifty years the Sisters have conducted a school for the girls of the Colony and the neighboring Republics, but since its destruction by a hur-

ricane in 1931, it has been able to accommodate only day-scholars from the Capital.

St. John's College of the same city is conducted by the Jesuits, and offers a complete classical course. Many of its students have already successfully passed the Cambridge Local Examinations.

His Lordship, Bishop Joseph A. Murphy, S.J., D.D., Vicar Apostolic of Belize, was the founder of the St. Louis Missouri Classical Club. Though His Lordship is nearly eighty years of age, he is still an ardent devotee of the classics.

CHINA

The midnight peace of Gonzaga College, the new school of the California Jesuits in Shanghai, was recently disturbed by a machine load of policemen and firemen trying to force their way into the chapel of the college. Father Rector, Father Leo F. McGreal, S.J., was awakened by the clamor, and on being informed by the excited officials that there was a fire in the chapel, and that the reflection of the flames was shining through the windows, breathed a sigh of relief when he realized that the "fire" was nothing more than the glow from the sanctuary lamp. He opened the chapel doors and showed the firemen their mistake, and before long deep silence once more reigned over all.

* * *

About parish activities, Father McGreal reports as follows:

"Our Chinese-foreign parish is growing rapidly. At midnight Mass on Christmas, the chapel was packed. Many of the American Marines, who have their headquarters near here were present. Father James F. Kearney, S.J., the Pastor, still continues the search for lost sheep, and the number of Chinese families on the register has mounted to one hundred and thirty. He has recently started a drive on the foreign population, which has resulted in a great increase of attendance at Sunday Mass. A parochial school is being opened in February for the youngsters of the parish. Thirty Christian children have signed up. At first, Father intended the school for Christians only, but about sixty little pagans are howling for admission,—so we shall have to take a certain number of them. Our children come from the poorest of the poor and practically the entire expense will fall on our shoulders."

* * *

Father O. Doyon, S.J., Szechow Mission, China, member of the Lower Canadian Province, writes that the Chinese Department of Education is about to draught a new law concerning the degrees conferred by the Universities. A clause for the legal acceptance of the M.A. degree of foreign countries is in all probability to be in-

cluded. Moreover, eight Doctorates would also be granted from now on: Literature, Science, Law, Agriculture, Education, Engineering, Commerce and Medicine. According to the existing regulation, the highest degree conferred is the Ph.D. Then comes the B.A. These will probably remain. The two Jesuit Universities of Aurora and Tientsin, as well as the University of the Fathers of the Holy Ghost, have now all the privileges of a Governmental charter.

PATNA, INDIA

John S. O'Connor, S.J., who is stationed at Khrist Raja High School in Bettiah, gives a few details of the earthquake disaster of January 15, 1934, not hitherto reported:

"At Khrist Raja High School, Bettiah, from which this is being written, the regular afternoon classes were going on. The first warnings of the quake came with the low ominous rumblings which reminded one of the approach of a heavy truck. With the rumblings came a slight trembling, and then the building began to rock. Someone cried, 'Earthquake!' Then, without the least panic, but all the same with great speed, the class rooms were emptied and the boys and teachers rushed to the yard. With a final jerk, as if Mother Earth were throwing off a chill, the shaking stopped and it was all over. At first, it seemed that it was not serious, for nothing seemed to be wrong with the buildings. They were all standing. But on closer inspection, we found that the high school building had one very bad crack in the boys' study hall and many smaller cracks in the different class rooms. The dormitory building also cracked very badly at one end. All the other buildings, including the faculty building, the chapel, the kitchen and the store-rooms, were undamaged. The extent of the repairs necessary will not be fully known until we can get an engineer to examine the buildings.

"When we saw our own buildings, we thought that the shake had not done much damage. But when we looked towards the town of Bettiah, one and a quarter mile away, we saw an immense cloud of dust rising. We did not know what it would mean. We hurried to give what aid we could. The church, an immense structure for this part of India, which had but a few weeks ago celebrated its one hundredth anniversary, was found in ruins. The Fathers' residence was also leveled by the shock. The Fathers, teachers and the two hundred and fifty children who were attending the Middle English School attached to the church, all escaped injury. They had all run to the middle of the play-yard and were out of the way of falling bricks and debris. Brother John A. Pais, S.J., who runs the Mission Press, was on the second floor of the residence at the time of the

quake. He ran to the veranda but saw that the steps were down and that his way of escape was cut off. He stood close to the wall and pulled a door tight against him. Miraculously, the only wall to stand was that which he had chosen for protection. He prayed to Father Pro at the time. The church and the residence will have to be completely rebuilt. This can be seen from the fact that it took two days to dig the Blessed Sacrament from the ruins. The clock and bell tower, which stood directly over the sanctuary, came straight down over the altar.

"The Christian section of the village was very badly damaged. Two women and two children were killed in the collapsing walls. Father John J. Meyer, S.J., was with them in time to administer the last sacraments. Since the time of the quake all the people have been sleeping in the open. They were panic-stricken and it took a bit of persuasion on the part of the Fathers to quiet and calm them. The quake had cracked the ground in many places and in some of these spots, springs of water sprung up and even sand was 'washed' to the surface. Someone foolishly started the rumor of floods and sent the people off in another panic. But they were again quieted.

"The hospital, conducted by the Sisters of the Holy Cross, was also hit very hard. Fortunately, all the patients were on the outside for their afternoon siesta. The towers on each end of the hospital came tumbling down on the interior. Many of the patients were bruised by falling bricks, and several have died from the injuries. Two of the Sisters were in the convent of the hospital. Both were buried waist deep in the falling walls but their injuries were slight. The hospital will

probably be restored by the local government which was in charge of it.

"At Fakirana, where the Sisters have their orphanage and novitiate, the damage is considerable. The chapel and convent and orphanage are in ruins. The roof of the chapel came down, burying the altar, but the Blessed Sacrament was left untouched. The top and door of the tabernacle were torn off, but the ciboria and the monstrance were left standing in the open without a scratch. The novitiate building is badly cracked in many places and is considered unsafe. The Sisters and the orphans have been sleeping in the open under a temporary shelter constructed of bamboo poles and grass. The ground all about the buildings is badly cracked, and for the last three days the buildings have been gradually settling and sinking. The fields near the novitiate have been flooded with the water and sand that came up through the cracks caused by the quake.

"At Chuhari, six miles from Bettiah, the big church is a total loss. The Blessed Sacrament was buried under such a mass of debris that it took three days to recover it. None of the Fathers or Sisters were injured. One of the Sisters received a few bruises, but nothing serious. All the children, boys and girls, escaped without a touch. The Sisters' Training School is so badly damaged that it will have to be rebuilt. The boys' school and Fathers' house were cracked in places, but not enough to make them unsafe. Father Joachim, one of the native Indian Fathers, had a narrow escape when he jumped clear of a falling wall and staircase. Here, too, the children are in temporary sleeping quarters out of doors. Fathers' old bungalow and Sisters' convent building gone."



After the earthquake of January 15, 1934, Father Edward J. O'Leary, S.J. (left), Pastor of the church at Bettiah, and Vincent G. McGlinchy, S.J., standing on the ruins of what was Patna Mission's oldest church.

In the Shadow of the Cross



Philip S. Land, S.J.



STRIKING testimony to the Savior's prediction, "And I, if I be lifted up, shall draw all things unto Me," is had in that far-flung outpost of Catholicism—Holy Cross, Alaska.

Now for over half a century, hidden away in the heart of the vast Yukon country, with the mighty river swirling at its very doorway, this Mission, built in the name and within the very shadow of the cross, has drawn to its bosom hundreds of the children of the north.

Here, then, did the Jesuits, headed by Father Aloysius Robaut, S.J., decide in the Spring of 1888 to establish a mission. Happily did their zeal and foresight keep them through early trials and disappointment, for Holy Cross, though humbly begun, was destined to become an excellent school and a praiseworthy Christian village.

The best account of the founding of the Mission comes from Father Joseph Perron, S.J., who was stationed there for eleven years. He tells us that across the river from the place chosen, there was an Indian village named by the Russians, Kozerefsky. The missionaries avoided the spot because they desired to procure their own claim to some land in order that they might exclude undesirables.

It was only after the Mission was well started that natives began to leave Kozerefsky, and beg permission of the Fathers to build near the Mission center. Permission could only be conceded, on condition that the natives recognize the Mission's claim to the territory as a Government grant for mission purposes only, and that no building be erected without its supervision. As a result, a good-sized village soon sprang up; and in keeping with the terms of the Government lease, undesirables, native or White, who would hinder the progress

of Christianization, could be kept away. To this, Father Perron attributes the success of their work.

Together with the efforts at Christianizing the natives and gathering them into the Mission settlement where they might have the advantages of the Church and the civilization which it brings, the development of a school was going on. And as the older people died out, the school supplied a new generation for the village. This new element increased the advantages that might be had at Holy Cross by bringing hitherto unknown comforts and conveniences into life.

Former pupils of the school also enjoyed the benefits of the Mission's sawmill; and lumber and other necessities were furnished them to build a home. Furniture, too, was prepared for them; and, under the direction of the Superior of the missionaries, the natives were enabled to have homes, simple but done in good taste.

THE children were, and are, quite content to stay at Holy Cross where they keep up the practice of the sacraments, and each year almost all attend the retreat to which they are invited. Such is their faithfulness that, even when trapping and fishing carry them far afield, they return for the principal feasts of the Church. "Would to God," concludes Father Perron, "that such centers could be multiplied everywhere! They would be the most practical means of Christianizing the whole country."

When next we consider the excellence of the school itself, a comparison is suggested (though in a smaller way) of Holy Cross with the well known Jesuit Reductions of Paraguay that once startled a Europe, smugly satisfied with its own culture, into open admiration. As was true of the Mission in general, the school began

humbly and amid the utmost hardships. Scarcely had the missionary Sisters of St. Ann arrived, when they began to experience the difficulties of mission life; not least among these being the apathy and ignorance of the natives. For a long time native superstition was the most serious obstacle to any progress. However, little by little the children were permitted to attend the school, and those who had been under the Sisters' care but a very short time began to show improvement. The very luxury of being clean, well-dressed and cared for, endeared the good Sisters—to whom most of this was due—to their little charges.

Now White traders, too, from distant places began to send their children to Holy Cross, and the strong grip of superstition and fear was gradually being weakened. Holy Cross was a growing institution. In 1891, three more Sisters had arrived to augment the teaching staff. The following year saw an unusual expedition launched on the Yukon, when two Sisters made an excursion as far as Nulato with the object of gaining new recruits. Three girls went along as examples of what Catholic education could do with primitive human nature.

At every village along the great water way, the embassy was received with frank admiration, and the children with their civilized deportment were objects of great interest. The little expedition returned with twenty dubious charges, dirty and unkempt. It is amusing to read of the howls and shrieks which met first attempts at cleaning these children for whom a bath was quite as novel and fearful as a first ride on a Ferris wheel.

What sort of education does Holy Cross offer? You might expect it to be practical and religious with but little stress on the strictly cultural aspects. While the



"Both boys and girls learn gardening, a useful art scarcely known to the natives of this region."

first is true, it is by no means so that what is the equivalent of our fundamental schooling is ignored. Naturally enough, great stress is laid on the practical side. For the children, by bringing cleanliness and comforts into the lives of their people, convinced them of the material advantages which the Mission offers, and so interest them in the Church. Besides this, the Jesuit Fathers have striven to keep Holy Cross a strictly Christian village. In order to do this, the children upon finishing school must find attraction besides the spiritual to keep them at the Mission. Just such attractions can be created by husbands and wives who, as children, learned useful crafts and handiwork.

So it is that the girls are now taught sewing, cooking, and housekeeping; while the boys learn the manual arts, especially carpentry. Both boys and girls learn gardening, a useful art scarcely known to the natives of this region.

ONE visitor had this to say of Holy Cross: "What most impressed me was the thoroughness of their educational system." For besides the useful arts named above, all the subjects in the curriculum of a Public School are to be found here: reading, writing, grammar and arithmetic, and geography and history, as well as singing and dramatics. The children are bright and anxious to learn. And, being apt imitators, they easily acquire a good handwriting. Their copy books are a constant source of admiration. English is spoken most of the time. In general, the progress of the children is an indication of what Catholic education is doing for the Eskimo.



The bread-line at Holy Cross—from bakery to dining hall.

GONZAGA'S

CHINESE PARISH

(Continued from page 87)

could not get too close while the youngsters, one by one, were selecting what they desired. It was impossible to hold the crowd back completely at the entrance, and had there been two hundred instead of one hundred youngsters, the whole affair would have ended in a wild scramble. At last everyone, loaded down with playthings, candy and peanuts, went away happy and returned almost one hundred per cent strong to hear seven Masses Christmas morning.

Our pagan catechism class of twenty youngsters will now, I believe, be almost doubled. A Christian teacher from a nearby pagan school has already contributed some fifteen little ones to the class with their parents' consent.

Right after the Chinese New Year, we American Jesuits of Gonzaga College are opening a Chinese parish school, with prospects of thirty or forty Christian children at the start. Most of them can't pay a red cent for their primary education, so we are trying to devise ways and means to keep them at school. We have the building already, but must furnish it, buy books and pay two instructresses. Friends of the Mission can aid a lot in this good work.

We registered about one hundred and twenty Christians the first day we opened our chapel. Since then the total on our books has mounted to three hundred and ten, and is still going up.

CRASHED!

(Continued from page 89)

needed than ever, but also for financial help proportionate to the huge task that confronts Patna Mission. Never before has our need of material help been so great and so urgent. There is little of inspiration in clearing away vast piles of debris and replacing beautiful and historic edifices by very commonplace structures, as we shall have to do. But to faith, both the flight into Egypt and the unromantic toil of Nazareth are a perfect work when it sees in them "My Father's business." And so, we shall now just

as gladly put our hand to clearing away ruins and rebuilding a Mission, as during these past years we poured the saving waters of Baptism upon so many a beautiful soul in Patna.

ELSEWHERE in these pages our friends will find an estimate of our principal losses. This sum will probably be augmented as fuller reports come in, and what now seem minor injuries to buildings are made more serious by subsequent settlements of the earth's crust. As regards the amount required for relief work of a more permanent nature (the most pressing immediate relief has been provided), it is obvious that no definite or even approximate estimate can be made. Our charity towards the homeless and impoverished must be limited only by the ability of our friends to help. In the name of God's poor and distressed, we appeal to your charity. To all who may be able to help us in this hour of extraordinary need, we offer in anticipation our most heartfelt thanks. We shall see to it, too, that a sustained appeal is made especially to our children and the poor, that through their fervent and abundant prayers you may receive, in return for your charity, that greatest of all blessings,—that God Himself "be your reward exceeding great."

THE APOSTLE

OF MARYLAND

(Continued from page 91)

White went to Potomak Town on the Virginia shore. In the course of a nine weeks' sojourn among these Indians, he baptized the chief and many of the principal men of the community together with members of their families.

AN interesting account of the methods employed by the Fathers in their travels may be found in the *Annual Letters* for 1640: "The following is our manner of making these excursions. The Father himself, his interpreter, and a servant, set off in a pinnace or galley—two are obliged to propel the boat with oars, when the wind fails or is adverse; the third steers. We take with us a supply of bread,

butter, cheese, corn, cut and dried before it is ripe, beans and a little flour; in another chest we carry bottles, one of which contains wine for the altar; in six others is blessed water for the purpose of Baptism; a box holds the sacred utensils, and we have a table as an altar for saying Mass. A third chest is full of trifles, which we give to the Indians to gain their goodwill—such as little bells, combs, fishing hooks, needles, thread and other things similar. We have a little tent also for camping in the open air, as we frequently do; and we use a larger one when the weather is stormy and wet. . . . In our excursions we endeavor, as much as we can, to reach some English house or Indian village; failing in this, we land, the Father moors the boat fast to the shore, then collects wood and makes a fire, while the two others, meantime, go off hunting. If, unfortunately, no game can be found, we refresh ourselves with the provisions we have brought, and lie down by the fire to take our rest. . . . nor, praise be to God, do we enjoy this humble fare with less content than if we had the more luxurious provisions of Europe. To comfort us, God gives us a foretaste of what He will one day grant to those who labor faithfully in this life, and mitigates all our hardships by imparting a spirit of cheerfulness, for His Divine Majesty appears to be present with us in an extraordinary manner."

THE Claiborne-Ingle Rebellion brought an end to Father White's American career in 1644; he and Father Copley were carried in chains to England. After proving the injustice of one indictment lodged against them, they appear to have been tried and convicted on some other of the convenient charges, for we later hear of their release from Newgate Prison on January 7, 1648. Thereupon, Father Copley returned to America, but Father White was ordered to remain in Europe: at sixty-nine years of age, he was worn in body and reduced in strength. His Superiors, however, allowed him one last venture for Christ,—and he was

(Continued on page 112)

BOOK REVIEWS

Catholic Mission History. By Joseph Schmidlin, D.D. Translated and edited by Matthias Braun, S.V.D. Mission Press, S. V. D., Techy, Illinois. Price \$5.00.

"Catholic Mission History" is a critical survey of Catholic Missions and the first outstanding text on the study of missiology. In its pages the student will follow the course of spiritual empire from the days of the Mission Church, through the medieval and modern epochs to the present era. Like the law in Israel, it will be for future generations a pedagogus—pointing to the social, numerical and geographical expansion of the Church of Christ, not only in the Graeco-Roman lands of the Mediterranean, but after the migration of the nations in the Germanic and Slavonic and, finally, with encyclopedic compass in the Trans-Oceanic Missions of the Orient and the Americas.

Under varying formalities, the book is a most valuable bibliography, a reference library, a primer in mission methodology, a counting house of factual treasures. Its data, if not its conclusions, will be henceforth the legal tender between pupil and professor, a currency whose historic, scientific value neither can be deflated by misrepresentation nor, on the other hand, will ever need the inflating stimulus of uncritical propaganda. For the readers of *Jesuit Missions*, we quote the author's vindication of that principle of accommodation, adopted by Ricci in China and by de Nobili in India: "In principle, we must endorse his methods of establishing contact with the Chinese." (Page 331). And again, "Thanks to this capacity for accommodation, the Jesuit Missions made splendid progress." (ibid). Again, apropos of the Jesuit Reductions in Paraguay, "The later return of the Indians to savagery, demonstrates the value and necessity of the Jesuit methods, and especially their adaptability to the nature of the aborigines." (Page 397). A far more adequate appraisal of facts than is presented here is needed in order to substantiate the sweeping condemnation that "only unpardonable neglect can explain the fact that the Jesuits could or would select so few priests from the second Christian generation of such a gifted people (the Japanese)." (Page 345). While a fuller judicial process would hardly be expected in a work of the present compass, nevertheless, a more critical and pragmatic trial of causes, circumstances and effects is necessary before the future student should be asked to submit to the implication contained in the statement "But we cannot blind our eyes to the fact that after all the number of converts won (by the French Jesuits in the Indian Missions of North

America) is very small,"—the implication of "Theel"—"Thou hast been weighed in the balance and hast been found wanting."

Research analyses on special topics are abundantly supplied, such as that on "The Jurisdiction and Rite Controversy," and that in regard to the conversions and miracles of St. Francis Xavier. We respectfully submit as a topic to be included in a future volume, the debatable question, "Was St. Francis Xavier in the Philippines?" The single reference by Brou (Page 323) declaring this improbable, is not sufficient for a student of missiology. Of *The Field Afar*, *Jesuit Missions*, and *The Bengalese*, it is recorded "In general, we miss in these a critical and pragmatic attitude, even as to the appraisal of present conditions in their own (not to mention other) mission fields." Speaking for *Jesuit Missions*, this uncritical attitude and no other is entirely consonant with the prime function of the magazine which is to advertise the home and foreign missions of American Jesuits. Must every mission magazine adopt a critical and pragmatic attitude? May not *The Field Afar*, *Jesuit Missions*, and *The Bengalese*, with their unpragmatic policy, offer in story and photograph the premises for that detailed critical discussion which would be voiced more appropriately from the benches in the halls of missiology?

A schematic diagram of mission history, a page of mission chronology by centuries, a table of dates and 119 pages of Index, give convincing evidence of that spirit of accommodation to the needs of the student which originally dictated and has been everywhere preserved throughout the pages of "Catholic Mission History."

Bulletin of St. Ansgar's Scandinavian Catholic League of New York.

A revealing digest of the year's work of the League and of events in Catholic Scandinavia eminently worthy of subscription and support.

The Pylon—To carry the Line that Carries the Light. Published by the Society of the Holy Child Jesus. Subscription price \$1.00 per year.

JESUIT MISSIONS extends a most cordial welcome to this handling of the editorial household. Out of its pages truth concerning the missions of the Society of the Holy Child Jesus in Southern Nigeria will be perfected, together with praise for the same. In Nigeria, there are 11 priests and seven nuns in an area of 336,000 square miles inhabited by 20,000,000 people, twice more than Canada.

The Sacred Mysteries. By Rev. Mathias Helfen. The Catholic Dramatic Movement, 1511 W. Wisconsin Ave., Milwaukee, Wis. Price seventy-five cents, board cover; fifty cents, paper cover.

The Watchers' Play. By Rudolph Henz. The Catholic Dramatic Movement, Milwaukee, Wis. Price thirty cents each.

A pageant-drama and a drama, suitable for both the professional and the amateur stage, the latter presented thousands of times in Europe, are two recent gestures of Catholic Dramatic Movement that clearly indicate an awakening interest in the tragedy of Lent and its Paschal de-nouement.

Christianity and Communism. By H. G. Wood, M.A. The Round Table Press, Inc., 354 Fourth Ave., New York, New York. Price \$2.00.

To the concluding query and answer of this book, Catholics, of course, will give unqualified consent, namely, "The main question for the modern world is this: Can we still be Christians? The answer is that we can and that we must." This exacting platform, however, is based on three planks which, while generally true in themselves, are neither individually nor collectively sufficient to provide a Magna Charta for the economic rehabilitation of the world. The three Christian principles advocated by the author as a prop against the destructive elements in Communism are the following: (1) The recognition that all have sinned—the sin here alluded to is not original sin, but moral responsibility for the World War; (2) The saying of Jesus, "I come not to destroy, but to fulfill" which implies that Christianity will stress "constructive citizenship;" (3) The principle of mutual respect. While the author's efforts to reconcile the good in Communism and Christianity offer a fine field for dialectics or a speculative exercise of the mind, we feel, nevertheless, that such exercise is both fruitless and practically ineffectual. The book is another example, despite its many merits, of the impossibility of discovering a redeemer, either spiritual or economic, in the unauthorized dicta of private judgment. Yet it may not be without value even for Catholics who, precisely because of its deficiencies, may appreciate more the intrinsic merits of the Papal Encyclicals on Capital and on Labor, and the Condition of the Working Classes.

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THE APOSTLE OF MARYLAND

(Continued from page 110)

back in England again. These were the sunset years of a life marked by love and labor; and the steps grew more short and the hand more feeble till the step led through the gate of Heaven and the hand was clasped by Christ. Toward the close of day, on the feast of the Beloved Disciple, the body of a tired, old priest lay calm in death at the home of a Catholic gentleman near London. And on that day, December 27, 1656, Our Lord Jesus Christ received and rewarded the fiery soul of Andrew White,—the Apostle of Maryland!

BAGHDAD-IRAQ

(Continued from page 99)

studying the while the new "National Geographic" map of Asia, I looked at my watch as the minutes crept on towards ten o'clock, and I knew that I could actually make Bethlehem in an Hinaidi plane be-

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fore the midnight Mass began in the Church of Christ's Nativity. The thought made Bethlehem so near that I could almost touch the Crib.

Only three hours from Jerusalem, Nazareth and Bethlehem, from the Palestine of poet, seer and prophet, the religious center of the world, the land of God-made-man, the hills and lakes of Jesus! Three hours from Beirut, Aleppo and Damascus, older than the proverbial hills, from Palmyra and Edessa (now Urfa) and only two from Nineveh, Erbil, Basra and the Persian Gulf. Even by auto-bus one can make Damascus or Jerusalem in little more than a single day. Baghdad is beyond a doubt the future archeological center of the world. Pagan, Christian, Moslem,—it hides beneath its ruins richest monuments of them all. History was made here and history is being slowly unearthed. Hence here are some distances worth recording. By airline, it is 300 miles to Basra in the south and 200 to Mosul in the north. Continuing north, it is 425 to Armenia and 600 to Tiflis, both in Soviet Russia. Due west, it is 500 miles to Damascus, 600 to Jerusalem and 800 to Cairo, Suez and Alexandria in Egypt. To the northwest, it is 1,000 to Stamboul (the former Constantinople) and 2,400 to London. To Karachi in India it is 1,500, to Manila about 4,200 and to New York about 6,300.

Amid all our alarms it is hard not to wax enthusiastic. To us Baghdad seems to be the key city of the Catholic Church in the Near and Middle East. Therefore, pray for us and for the East, for sanctity and miracles, to Jesus and to Mary. Pray that from Calcutta to Tangiers, from Cairo to the Golden Horn, a new era may begin. Our school, dedicated to the Immaculate Conception, has written in its seal: "Mary Our Hope." Even Mohammedans look up to her.



St. Isaac Jogues: "They showered blows on us so that we fell under their number and cruelty."



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