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May, 1934

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124 West 47th St.  
 New York, N. Y.

BRyan  
 9-2733

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

JESUIT MISSIONS, May, 1934, Vol. VIII, No. 5. Published monthly, September to June; bi-monthly, July-August by the Jesuit Mission Press, Incorporated, 257 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y., in the interest of the home and foreign missions attached to the North American Provinces of the Society of Jesus. Subscription price, \$1.00; six years, \$5.00. Canadian and Foreign, \$1.25 a year. Entered as second-class matter, January 14, 1927, at the Post Office, New York, under the act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance of special rate of postage provided for in the act of February 28, 1925; paragraph 4, section 412, Postal Laws and Regulations, authorized January 14, 1927.

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**AMERICAN INDIAN MISSIONS** in Wyoming and South Dakota, and **BRITISH HONDURAS**, a foreign mission in Central America among the Caribs and Maya Indians are cared for by the Jesuits of the mid-western States that comprise the Missouri Province. The Missouri Province also cares for four **NEGRO MISSIONS**: three in Missouri, in or near St. Louis, and one in Omaha, Nebraska. The Province Mission Procurator is

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Contributions for any of these missions may be sent to the respective Province Mission Procurators or to

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Chief High Horse of the Sioux Indians, and Brother Bernard Hinderhofer, S.J., of St. Francis, South Dakota. Besides acting as shoemaker, Brother Hinderhofer has planted and cultivated some 15 gardens, 400 apple trees and hundreds of shade trees. His "labor of love" is the care of St. Francis' impressive "City of the Dead."

# Miss St. Teresa's Pickney

*Sister Constance*



WHEN first she came to school in January of last year, at the age of four, she was not a Catholic and was called "Nicilita." One day, soon after her coming, she noticed the statue of the Little Flower on top of the piano, and said to Sister, "Who is the little Sister?" When told, she said, "Can she talk?" Sister told her she couldn't talk, but she could hear and would give her anything she asked. Since then, she stands before the statue every morning and says, "Please, Miss Saint Teresa, (she calls her Miss out of respect) make me a good girl and give Sister what she wants." She then adds all the other requests that she is asked to pray for.

Last May the weather here in Jamaica was intensely hot and dry, and Sister told her to ask St. Teresa to send some rain. She did, and that evening there was a lovely shower which lasted all night. The next morning she came to school with her eyes beaming and said, "Did you see the rain Miss St. Teresa sent?" Sister said, "Well, thank her now and ask her to send some more." She went over to the statue and said, "Thank you Miss St. Teresa for sending the rain and please send some more, but don't send it too quick because I got wet going home yesterday."

HER clothes were very poor, and Sister procured some for her, and a pair of shoes of which she was very proud. The following day, being the anniversary of the canonization of the Little Flower, Sister took her over to the chapel to visit the shrine which was beautiful with flowers and vigil lights. Looking at the candles, she said, "Is she going to cook her dinner?" She didn't see any other use for the lights. She then said, "Does she like my shoes?" Sister said, "Did you show them to her?"—and holding up the little foot she said, "Miss St. Teresa, do you like the shoes?"

She noticed that when speaking to her in the chapel, Sister whispered, and she wanted to know why. Sister said, "Because Jesus is here and we do not speak out loud in Jesus' house." She wanted to know where He was, and when told that He was in the tabernacle behind the little golden door, she went fearlessly up to the top step of the altar, and, looking right at the tabernacle said, "Jesus, do you like the shoes?"



*Sister Constance of St. Joseph's Infant School, Kingston, Jamaica, with Miss St. Teresa's Pickney.*

SHE was very much impressed by the Passion Play, and since seeing it, has quite a dislike for the Jews, especially the Jewish priests. One Monday morning, she told Sister that her mother had taken her to a church the day before, and a woman preached, "But," she said, "she spoiled her voice bawling," and, to Sister's amusement, imitated how the woman spoke. Sister laughed and said, "Well, Nicilita, I think you will have to come to my church." She wanted to know if ladies preached in Sister's church, and when told that there were priests in the Catholic Church, she thought for a few seconds and then said rather sadly, "No, Sister, I don't want to go to your church, because I don't like the Jews for they killed Jesus." Sister said, "But there are no Jews in my church." And she said, "Didn't you just tell me the priests are there?" When Sister explained that they were Catholic priests and not the Jewish priests, who put our Lord to death, she decided she would like that.

A few weeks ago her mother asked to have her baptized, and she was called "Teresa" after the little Saint whom she loves,—and now she refuses to be called anything else. The other day a lady came into the school and asked her what her name was. She looked at her seriously and said, "My name is Teresa and the devil can never touch me, for I am Miss St. Teresa's own pickney." Apparently, like the Great Apostle of the Gentiles, Miss St. Teresa must be all things to all men, not excluding the Nicilites of the Spanish Main.

# HECTIC MONTHS

Augustin Consunji, S.J.



HE past few months included for the missionaries of Northern Mindanao, P. I., days of no little anxiety and worry. Father Aloysius G. Pacquing, S.J., who worked wonders in Malaybalay during the few months that he was loaned, as it were, to help the work in Bukidnon, left a gap almost impossible to fill. Malaybalay is the capital of the vast province of Bukidnon. The name "Bukidnon" means, in Visayan, "The Land of Mountains," a land unrivalled for its natural scenic beauty. After Father Pacquing departed, Father L. Contin, S.J., a veteran mountain missionary of a score of years, was transferred to Cotabato to minister to some thirty or more widely separated towns of Visayan-speaking people who had been years without a Visayan-speaking priest to bring to them the word of God. On his first long trip into Lanao he was stricken with angina pectoris and carried back to Cotabato, his missionary labors over. Finally, Father J. M. Prendergast, S.J., now growing weak under the weight of years and strenuous missionary labors for Christ, had to return once more to his native climate. The amount of work is the same, if not greater. No wonder that the lone remaining missionary in this vast territory, Father Frederick W. Henfling, S.J., fell ill, and I was sent to help him.

THE Governor of Bukidnon had asked for a priest to accompany him into the interior of Malaybalay, and to my great happiness the choice fell on me. Of course, the Governor supplied me with *cargadores*, horses, carabaos, raft to float on, food, and even a medicine man at his own expense. We visited some eight settlements of Manobos and Bagobos. One of these little settlements never saw a priest before my arrival. Riding the whole day at times; climbing mountains along slippery mud roads precariously situated along the brink of precipices; paddling hours and hours on a bamboo raft exposed to the scorching sun or piercing rain, and chilled to the bone; such experiences formed our daily lot for many days.

Once my horse slipped while skirting a high and slippery mountain. I was so frightened that I jumped off the horse and dragged him after me till my strength failed me. I resorted then to the faithful carabao. There was one carabao especially in the caravan to which I became so attached that I determined that my trip as well as my collection of pictures would be incomplete without a snapshot of him. He seemed almost infallible in his footing, despite mysterious-looking depths of



Father Augustin Consunji, S.J., and Master Eddy Boca, a tyte of the public school child who attends the catechetical lectures of this zealous Filipino missionary.

thick mud. I marveled at the ease with which he would sink in up to his belly and then draw his ponderous feet out again like giant suction pumps producing countless vacuums.


I went hungry and felt like a vacuum myself for one day and one night, when I separated myself from the party of the Governor in order to be able to baptize about twenty-five pagan children in Malambago. There was nothing to eat except some stringy unappetizing potatoes, or *camotes*, as we call them there. I baptized six hundred and fifty-four and married ninety-four of these infidels. The little children were so dirty that when I got to know them a little better, I directed them first to the river for a bath and then baptized them. They thought it was fun. After the water did the work, some of those children, especially those of the Bogobos, looked almost like white people.

Namnam was the last settlement I visited, a town bordering on the province of Davao. There the people made a petition to the Governor, asking him to forbid the merchants to enter, because many of them would persuade the native to exchange a sack of rice for a yard of cloth, twenty *centavos* in value, while the sack of rice is generally sold at four *pesos*, if not more.

A WEEK after my return from the interior of Malaybalay, I was sent by my Superior, Father Joseph Lucas, S.J., to Mambajao, Misamis Oriental. Since the depression has paralyzed us financially, and the past year has been a hand-to-mouth existence, a slight jump ahead of the wolf and the sheriff, I had to beg my way to this distant mission. It was one day after a terrible typhoon which swept (Turn to page 138)

# In the Bush of Honduras

Allan A. Stevenson, S.J.

 WAS telling you, in the concluding lines of last month's installment of my "Bush Diary" that as I write these last lines I have time to burn, for I am sitting in a dory all day with an old board across my knees, and my Indians are paddling as leisurely as if they were ladling soup, seeing that we go downstream. Last month I failed to tell you about a comment I made to the Indians the other day, and I recall it here because I think you will be interested. I told them, when we were crossing the Matamoros Creek on a log, that they might change its name from Matamoros (kill Moors) to Mata Brownie (kill Brownie), because my horse Brownie had met with an accident there which later caused his death. That would be quite in accord with our natives' custom to name places according to incidents that happen there. For instance: there is a place on the San Antonio Road where years ago a stray son of Erin by name of Murphy had died. The place was called "Murphy die" and has become a little settlement now, yecept "Mafridie."



Keekchi Indians of British Honduras, assembled in front of their thatch-roofed church.

**A**S we glide leisurely down stream today, we have, besides the four Indian paddlers in the dory, a disabled Keekchi Indian and a disabled Elto engine. The poor Indian hurt his foot a week ago, and it has developed into a terribly painful swelling and an open sore. I am taking him to the hospital in Punta Gorda. This morning the ride on horseback—that was the only way to convey him from the village through the swampy bush to the river landing—was a regular *via dolorosa*; the poor chap suffered terribly. At my last visit, I had a similar case with an Indian from Santa Teresa, but there the ride was more than three times as long. We made this Indian as comfortable as possible in the open dory. Fortunately, the weather is as pleasant now as it was uproarious during the night. Owing to the torrential rains, the river is swollen considerably and the current carries us along in grand style,—hence the comfortable lading of my paddlers. On the way back, they would have a gigantic task, if it were not for the four-horsepower Elto which we hope to get into commission before their return. Paddling against a flooded Moho River takes two, three and more days. One case I know where a poor fellow was five days paddling from Punta Gorda to Aguacate. I myself got up at least on the second day, after sleeping somewhere in the bush along the river.

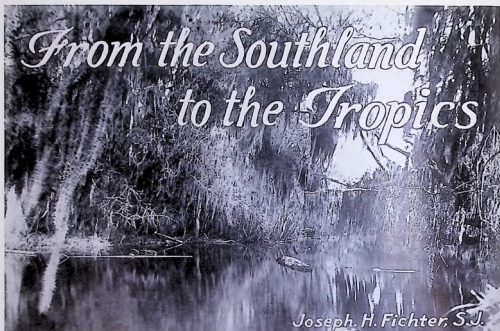
**J**UAREZ BANK, August 11, 1933. I had hoped to get to Punta Gorda tonight. But the breeze is now too strong to allow our loaded dory, especially with the sick Indian in it, to pass over the six miles of open sea from the Moho mouth to Punta Gorda. So we have to stop over at this, the last farm on the river, and await the calm of the morning, or, if we have good luck, await our mission motor *Santa Maria* to fetch us. The hog buyer went on in his dory to Punta Gorda, which he may reach in three hours, and he will ask Father Tenk to send us the said *Santa Maria*.

In the meantime, I'll have a catechism class with the children here. It is a large Ladino family, and three of the children are overdue for First Communion.

Punta Gorda, August 12, 1933. No *Santa Maria* came. The sea was so rough yesterday that my hog buyer could not cross it from Moho mouth to Punta Gorda,—just as well, and better. So I could do some good work for the people at Juez Bank. Some of them got a chance to make their Easter duty. I organized a First Communion class for the next visit.

We left this morning in two dories, Marshalee and myself taking the sick Indian into my own dory, which had been sent to the bank, the other Indians staying in their dory. Less than three hours' paddling brought us to Punta Gorda, my headquarters. The last half hour we danced over the waves in grand style. *Deo Gratias!*

*P. S. Punta Gorda, November, 1933.—Justice to my good Indians, and above all, gratitude to their and our good Father in Heaven, obliges me to make one important postscript, now that I have returned from the November round of the same villages you passed through with me. The childlike confidence of the Keekchis in San Pedro, Colombia, and of the Mayas in San Antonio, calling on God to rid their "milpas" of the worm pest, has been gloriously rewarded! A few days after those High Masses, the worms all died, and now the good Indians have had a magnificent harvest! (The end.)*



*The Southland with its "great tangles of semi-tropical swamps where Spanish moss drips from gigantic water oaks."*

**T**HE name "Southland," given by most of its natives to the southern parts of our country, has ever had some charm about it, conjuring up, as it does, visions of a lazy muddy Mississippi whose verdant banks reecho the crooning of darkies, "God's chillun"; of great tangles of semi-tropical swamps where Spanish moss drips from gigantic water oaks; of spacious pre-war mansions from whose wide white porches could be seen acres of rich plantations; of glamorous Florida, with its everglades and Indians and its palm-lined seacoasts. Indeed, "Southland's" charm is irresistible and comes upon all who will but remove themselves from too close attachment to the bustle of the work-a-day world.

All this and more, a panorama of beauty and loveliness, is constantly present to the Lord's workers in this section, the southern Jesuits. The New Orleans Province of the Society of Jesus is so far flung and its activities so varied, that the Scholastic during his long years of study and preparation could not foresee where his field of labor would lie. Up to now he could have been called to the poor Whites of the Carolina hills, to the cowboys of Texas, to the ministry among the Winter visitors at elite Palm Beach, to University teaching in historic New Orleans, to apostolic work among the Negroes, to the refugee Mexican Catholics in Old Albuquerque. To any one of these could he have looked for his future work while he was still preparing for his place in the growing army of Jesuit priests.

But now there has been added a new prospective des-

tination to which he can turn his eyes, and for which he can hope after his years of preparation are done and the words of Paul to Timothy are burning in his heart: "Preach the word, be instant in season, out of season, reprove, entreat, rebuke in all patience and doctrine." And that place is Ceylon, the tropic island of the Indian Ocean. It is a beautiful country, overflowing with all of God's choicest gifts in the material world, but sadly in need of the comfort and help that can come only through His abundant grace, and the generous cooperation of His missionaries. The country, a veritable paradise, abounds in tropical growth; fruits, as pineapples, plantains, mangoes; trees, as ebony, satin, calamander and ironwood. The plantations yield coconuts and cinnamon, tea, cinchona, and rubber.

**C**EYLON'S historical background is very interesting and most ancient; indeed, it goes back to the days of King Solomon, who is believed to have imported his "ivory apes and peacocks" from Tarshish, a seaport of the island. Coming down the years from those hazy and uncertain reports, we arrive at the era with which we are concerned, namely, the beginnings of the spread of Christ's glory. The Portuguese were the first to bring Christianity to the island. That was in 1518, when the Franciscans preached the Faith and converted thousands. In fact, through their efforts, Christianity took so firm a hold that a Catholic native prince, Dharmapala, who was baptized and crowned at Lisbon in 1541, reigned in Ceylon till 1597. It was at the beginning of this

King's reign that St. Francis Xavier, the glory of Jesuit missionaries, visited the island and won over large numbers, especially among the Tamils of Upper Ceylon. Catholicism as the state religion did not last, for there came in turn the Dutch rule, with its Reformed Church, and British rule, with its Anglican Christianity.

THE religions of Buddha and Islam, which the natives had professed for many centuries before the coming of the Portuguese, never entirely gave way. On the contrary, the Buddhists, the predominant group at the present time, outnumber the Catholics about five to one. The Hindus are also greater in numbers, being about two and a half times as many. The other large group, the Mohammedans, are fewer than the Catholics.

The Fathers of the Society of Jesus who now, with the exception of a few secular priests, are the only missionaries in Ceylon, established themselves anew in the island in 1893, the Belgian Jesuits at Galle and the French at Trincomali. Their ranks have gradually grown through these thirty years, and now their combined forces gathered to carry the standards of Christ's army to the dusky Ceylonese number about ninety,—sixty-two of whom are Priests, eleven Scholastics and seventeen Brothers. But what is this number in a country where some three million heathens are pleading for the saving waters of Baptism? Indeed, Buddha and Mohammed still hold the vast numbers in their grasp, but Christ cannot but come to the fore when missionaries in sufficient numbers will have found their way from our southland across the miles of ocean to the tropics of Ceylon.

IT is just that task, that is soon to be undertaken by the southern Jesuits. Their willing hearts were rejoiced by the letter coming from Very Rev. Wlodimir Ledochowski, S.J., General of the Society of Jesus, stating that Ceylon would now look to the New Orleans Province for new missionaries. The section to which these men are to go is in the eastern part of the island, the Diocese of Trincomali, with headquarters at Batticaloa. Eventually they will replace the twenty-seven French Jesuits who now comprise the mission, all of whom are from the Champagne Province of the Society of Jesus. Of course, this replacement is to be effected very gradually, as the great expanse of territory in our own South still calls for men on its home missions.

The first pioneer to set out on the New Orleans-Ceylon journey is John T. Linehan, S.J., a native of New Jersey, a member of the New Orleans Province since 1925. At present he is teaching and prefecting at St. Michael's College, Batticaloa, and in a recent letter

made his friends acquainted with his work. He writes: "I am Prefect of the boarders and in addition, teach one class period four times a week." He spends almost the entire day with the boys: "Rise at 4:30 A.M., get the larger boys up at 5:00 A.M. They dress and take a shower (which is compulsory only on Saturday). They then go to the study hall to comb their hair,—to which they give a great deal of attention. The smaller boys rise at 5:30 A.M., Mass at 6:00 A.M., breakfast, 7:30 A.M. . . ." and so on through a more than ordinarily busy day, till it is time for night prayers and retiring. "I am never sorry when 9:00 P.M. comes, because I am more than ready to retire." He speaks of his hopes of the arrival of new forces from New Orleans. "There

is plenty of room for Americans who wish to work in this mission field."

Thus has one of our own gone forth to do the battle gear of the Savior on a foreign soil. He is to be followed during this Summer by three more Scholastics who will very likely take up teaching duties very similar to his in order to accustom themselves to the native manner and language for several years before taking up the study of theology. The seminary, at Kurseong in the Himalaya Mountains, which has been sending forth apostolic workers to the whole of India for many years, will

then be their home till ordination. Mr. Linehan hopes to go on to Kurseong for his theology when these new members come from America.

Their new field of work will have many reminiscences for them in the similarity of the country with the beauty of the deep south. People and manners will be very different, it is true; the life will be more than arduous; but many an evening, when purple clouds are slowly obscuring the rim of gold in the western sky, their thought will be: "After all, the tropics are not so different from the Southland."

IN conclusion, it will be of interest to list some recent statistical information for the Trincomali Mission. In July, 1933, the Mission had 11,451 Christians, an increase of 673 over the previous year. The total number of heretics or schismatics in the Mission is 2,500; pagans and Mohammedans number 220,000. About 100 catechumens are being prepared for Baptism. The Mission has 44 churches and chapels; 52 schools in which 2,766 boys and 1,637 girls were registered—an increase of 362 over the previous year. The College of St. Michael in Batticaloa has an enrollment of 266 students, and St. Joseph's in Trincomali has 162. For the year July, 1932, to July, 1933, the Mission reports 655 adult Baptisms, 225,358 Holy Communions, and 2,425 retreatants on 28 retreats.

#### THE FOREIGN LEGION

Arthur McGrath, S.J.

Sand laden tele from a bleaching desert post—  
Where names are broken labels men forget—  
Renew the clash of a reeling Arab host  
With soldiers of the legion, bravely met.  
Time lists all legions in her open scrolls  
Where brother reads of brother's bitter quest,  
And there the endless strife for darkened souls  
Resplendent shines and sanctifies the rest.

They are an ageless company, this band  
Of Christ, trained in the barrack of the west;  
Their fort a chapel on a foreign strand,  
Stronghold of love, secure and heaven blessed.  
Their names are oft forgotten and unknown  
In the flurry of our money-changing marts;  
Yet time will reap the harvest they have sown,  
The bloom of Faith in grateful human hearts.

# The Martyrs' Shrine

John. H. Mitchell, S. J.



DEAR Old Dad,

And, of course, by "Old" I do not mean in years, but rather in affection. For surely one who answers his son's urgent plea with a hundred dollar check has given proof of the above-mentioned affection. Q. E. D.

When I wrote asking for the money, I was stranded in Port Arthur with just enough for the boat trip to Port McNicol, where I hoped to receive your answer in time to catch the boat train to Toronto. But much to my disappointment, though great good luck (as you shall see), the train pulled out before the check pulled in. It was Monday morning, the next train was scheduled to meet Friday's boat! However, I learned that each evening a train left Midland for the general direction of Toronto, so I hired a taxi to take me there.

On the way there we passed the Canadian Shrine of the North American Martyrs, or rather we did not pass it, for I decided to spend the day there before completing the three-mile journey to Midland, Ontario. And I am still here, having decided to spend the rest of my short vacation doing penance for the sins that I might otherwise have committed in the aforementioned metropolis.

**D**ID I say doing penance? Well, if all penance were like this, I would be surprised that there are not more canonized saints! Of all the restful places, this

is the most—as my taxi driver so aptly put it. Wonderful scenery, historic sites, royal welcome at the comfortable and reasonable hostelry, daily Mass, Benediction and edification by several charming members of the same Order as the early Jesuit Martyrs,—and even the odd miracle! It is marvelous the way devotion to the new American Saints is spreading. Cars are continually coming and going, bearing pilgrims to the Shrine. And yet I am not surprised that this is so, after this short visit of mine. It is indeed a holy place, and many are the favors obtained through the intercession of those great heroes who labored and prayed and even sacrificed their lives for the Faith along the shores of the Wye River over two hundred years ago. The land is full of holy memories, and one can almost see the early missionaries climbing the hill to the lookout, or going about their daily duties down at the Old Fort Ste. Marie, the ruins of which are still quite clearly outlined, although many of the rocks have been used to build a railway bridge across the Wye.

**T**HERE is a curious story told about that bridge. Several years before the Jesuits acquired the land for the Shrine, one of the Canadian railways decided to run a line through that district, and used the stones of the Old Fort to build the bridge across the river. When they were taking the stones from the ruins, an old missionary told the work- (Turn to page 138)

# Devils in Paradise

Charles D.  
Simons, S.J.



My first peaceful week in the "Paradise" of Haichow was nearing its end. And so was the day. In the lengthened shadows of the little chapel, I was quietly beating out a path, breviary in hand—but distractedly. For over in a corner, a middle-aged Chinese, without introduction, had unconcernedly made himself at home. Saturday evenings, to be sure, distant Christians come child-like to their Father's home, the mission enclosure, and await the Sunday Mass. But this was not Saturday. However, being only a replacing missionary, I abided my time for explanations.

As I turned about at the end of the path, the smiling face of Lao-wei, the mission roust-a-about, lit up the shadows and promised to dispel my distractions—or increase them.

"Who is that man over there," I asked, "and what is he doing here?"

"Only a catechumen?" But the catechumenate was not running during the Summer's busy harvest time.

"He's got the devil's sickness," explained Lao-wei.

"Oh!" And I mentally ran through the mission's stock of medicines, but could recall no bottle marked for devil's sickness. Nor was the fellow's presence a pretext for something to eat. The time of the evening meal had already passed. The darkness continued to increase.

"What's the devil's sickness?" I ventured. The response was not very enlightening, but here it is.

"You itch here, and you itch there, and you can't sit still, nor lie still, nor eat, nor do your work, nor anyone else's; lots of people have it around here."

HOWEVER, that didn't explain why the devil or his sickness or his victims should be sneaking into my Paradise.

"Well, what's he doing here? I have no remedy for the devil's sickness."

"Those who have the devil's sickness," beamed Lao-



The "Devil's Procession"—dragon at right—at the gate of "Paradise" at Haichow Mission, China.

wei, "frequently come to the mission. They feel better here. Near the church their sickness leaves them."

I began getting skeptical. Was I here, for the first time in my life, in presence of something extraordinary, or a pathological case, or was I simply getting "goofed?"

Many tales are told in China of devil possession, of devil interference, and all other kinds of devilry. I recalled vividly the day five years ago when pulling into Shanghai harbor, Chinese sampans persisted, despite frantic screams of the whistle, in just slipping past the liner's prow "to cut off the devils from behind their boats"; I recalled the large eyes on Chinese junks for "devil protection," the carrings on boys' ears "to trick the devil" who doesn't take the trouble to bother chin-let girls; and I recalled the superstitious awe of some poor fellows in presence of a rope with which their companion had hung himself "because it had a devil in it"—and finally, the unflattering expression "foreign devils" given on suitable occasions to undesirables who hail from across the seas.

THAT I was being "goofed," was ruled out. Lao-wei was too sincere for that. More proof must be forthcoming, and it came.

"Last year," he continued, "there was a family, about twenty li from here, that had the (Turn to page 138)

# The Desert Road to Baghdad

Edward F. Madaras, S.J.



WHEN Father Rice and I climbed into the six-wheeler that was to take us across the desert from Damascus to Baghdad, we were not beset by any fears that we should be despoiled of our belongings or otherwise incommoded on the way. We were comforted by the reflection that our baggage, amounting to thirteen pieces including a mimeograph machine, was secure in its place on the roof of the bus.

You will not, I hope, be unpleasantly surprised to learn the extent of our baggage. We were not mere travelers, but intended to set up house in Baghdad for the purpose of starting a high school for the young hopefuls of that famed city of Haroun ar Rashid. You will, therefore, readily agree that under such circumstances thirteen pieces of baggage can scarcely be considered excessive.

The distance from Damascus to Baghdad is something like six hundred miles. It is for the most part a hard-baked barren waste as far as the eye can see, sometimes flat, sometimes rolling, with occasionally a generous sprinkling of surface stones of every size. Consequently, there is not much in the line of scenic beauty to regale the aesthetic sense. Remembering, however, that from time immemorial the trackless desert has been the route of innumerable camel caravans, we kept a sharp watch to see if we could discover the bleaching bones of some unfortunate beast, in order that we might aid our imaginations in conjuring up dramatic scenes from the past, and thus be enabled to view our own crossing in a less unromantic light.

We did not have long to wait, and before the trip was over, we had seen enough camel skeletons, more or less complete, to make the sight almost commonplace. Once we came across the rusting remains of an automobile chassis away out there hundreds of miles from nowhere. What stories are connected with those derelicts!

NOW and again we would see a lake before us in the distance, a welcome sight; but as we drew near, it would vanish. We had often read of mirages, but this was our first experience with them, and we found it rather exciting to see nature doing her tricks of magic. So completely were we deceived that when we did come upon a real lake near the end of the trip, we



Father Edward F. Madaras, S. J., of the Province of Chicago, author of "The Desert Road to Baghdad," goes Arabian for the readers of JESUIT MISSIONS.

thought it was another mirage until it failed to disappear. Then we were a bit sheepish to find out that we had been fooled once more.

One hour of desert riding is pretty much like the rest, and as the novelty wore off late in the morning, we settled down to the monotony of it and gave ourselves to saying our Breviary. By this time it had begun to get uncomfortably hot, and the desert dust poured in upon us at times in billowing gusts. I suppose some of the dust is still nestling between the pages of our Breviaries even today, down along the inner margin, that is.

Shortly after twelve o'clock the driver brought the bus to a halt at the foot of a rising eminence.

"Help yourselves to the lunch," he said, waving an arm in the direction of the luggage racks, where a box reposed for each passenger.

EVERYBODY got out and sought the shady side of the bus. Although it was only the ninth of March, the sun was hot. And we were something of a sight with the layers of dust that had settled conspicuously on our black clothes. There was no water for such purposes as washing, and as everybody else was just as dusty as we were, we turned our attention to our lunch boxes without further ado.

The lunch hour afforded us an opportunity to snap some pictures, and our invitation to pose was readily accepted by Monsignor Lari, Archbishop of Tyre and Apostolic Delegate to Persia, who was our companion on the trip, and with whom we have since become fast friends.

We took occasion, too, to engage one of our two drivers in conversation, and he held us rapt with stories of hold-ups and breakdowns. Only once, he assured us, had our bus had a serious accident, and that was when they broke a front axle as they were nearing Ramadi, about seventy-five miles from Baghdad. "Let's hope that doesn't happen to us this time," he said as he climbed into the driver's seat to start off on the afternoon's run.

**H**ALF way across the desert is a fort at a place called Rutbah Wells. Its name explains how it is possible to dwell in the midst of the desert. Much to our regret, the sun was just going down as we reached there. We had wanted to photograph this picturesque stronghold, surrounded by barbed-wire entanglements and protected by armed guards. Some Arabs, too, had pitched their tents in its vicinity, for the fort is on the route that serves the pious pilgrims to Mecca.

The gates of the fort swung open to admit our bus, and soon we were all busy with soap and hot water to remove the covering of dust that was clinging to us. The ablutions which the limited accommodations of the fort enabled us to make were somewhat superficial, but they were enough to give us a renewed interest in the world about us, and during the interval before dinner, we wandered outside the fort to inspect the tents of the Arabs at close range. It was already quite dark, and we were not impressed by the warning posted at the gates not to wander too far from the fort. We were reasonably sure that there was no danger in approaching the tents, but when a woman came out as we stopped to look in one, and invited us in to have a cup of tea, we declined her invitation and strolled back into the yard of the fort. Here our interest was aroused by the sight of the armored cars, radio cars, armed guards, and other reminders of the possibility of warlike activities.

Our inspection of these was interrupted by the call to dinner. We found the meal remarkably complete for



*On the banks of the Tigris near the probable site of the ancient Garden of Eden*

the middle of the desert, but we were soon finished and sat around afterwards, listening to the account which a pilot who had just landed was giving of his flight.

**I**T was a little after ten when we set out for the night, and we felt a strange sensation as our powerful headlights pierced the endless darkness of the desert. It was becoming unpleasantly cold now, and we wrapped our blankets about us and tried to sleep.

It was a long night. But the sun rose at last in a clear sky, and it was good to see. We were only a few miles from Ramadi now, just about in the place where the front axle had broken on a previous trip. At that moment we heard a dull scraping sound, and the bus came to a halt. The driver got out and went in front to look. Had we too broken our front axle? We had. Everybody got out. All we could see in any direction was unbroken desert. Visions of a trek across weary miles of waste rose up in our (Turn to page 138)



*The ancient camel caravan has yielded to the modern bus in which, incidentally, American Jesuits, en route to Baghdad College, were glad to take shelter when the sands of the desert grew cold.*



# FROM MARY WALKS



## AROUND THE WORLD WITH JESUIT MISSIONS

That the caption, **Jesuit Missions "Around the World with Jesuit Missions"**

is not a mere advertising slogan unjustified by facts, is evident from a glance at the roll call of Jesuit Missions for 1932. These include missions in Alaska, Canada, Dakota, Rocky Mountains, Tarahumara, Belize, Jamaica, Magdalena, Manabí-Esmeraldas, Diamantino, British Guinea, Albania, Egypt, Kisantu, Kwango, Salisbury, Broken Hill, Fianarantsoa, Tananarive, Syria, Baghdad, Bombay, Poona, Goa, Mangalore, Calicut, Trichinopoly, Madras, Calcutta, Ranchi, Patna, Galle, Trincomali, Kandy, Batavia, Zambonga, Shuiding, Anking, Pengpu, Wuhu, Nan-king, Siensien, Sūchow, Tientsin, Hong Kong, Hiroshima, Tokio, Caroline Islands.

In Jesuit mission fields today, there are 2,526 **Jesuit Missions** 160 Catholics and 269-264 catechumens. Catholics in the missions ministered to by other religious congregations are listed as follows: Paris Foreign Mission Society, 1,729,749; the Holy Ghost Fathers, 1,469,801; Franciscans, 1,091,051; Lazarists, 849,884; Dominicans, 798,983; the Scheut Fathers, 513,449; Oblates of Mary Immaculate, 457,657; Capuchins, 456,589; the White Fathers, 393,158; Fathers of the Divine Word, 251,341; Missionaries of the Sacred Heart, 192,033; Redemptorists, 86,839; Missionaries of La Salette, 50,000; the Company of Mary, 31,500; the Congregation of the Holy Cross, 18,600; Sons of Mary Immaculate, 15,500; the Maryknoll Missionaries, 13,368; Eudists, 11,000.

In these same Jesuit mission fields, there are **Jesuit Missions** 175,209,811 pagans or Mohammedans, and 2,316,747 heretics or schismatics. Pagans in missions evangelized by other religious congregations are listed as follows: Paris Foreign Mission Society, 231,924,833; the Holy Ghost Fathers, 22,461,000; Franciscans, 91,710,670; Lazarists, 81,199,400; Dominicans, 33,532,801; the Scheut Fathers, 15,854,336; Oblates of Mary Immaculate, 3,453,433; Capuchins, 105,179,568; the White Fathers, 11,045,000; Fathers of the Divine Word, 40,911,855; Missionaries of the Sacred Heart, 3,790,500; Redemptorists, 97,682; Missionaries of La Salette, 124,856; the

Company of Mary, 624,000; the Congregation of the Holy Cross, 18,100,000; Sons of Mary Immaculate, 100,000; the Maryknoll Missionaries, 8,579,686.

The personnel of Jesuit Missions, includes 1,716 priests, of whom 1,527 are foreign and 189 native; 664 Scholastics, 404 foreign, 260 native; 579 lay-Brothers, 418 foreign, 161 native. To these are affiliated 461 other priests, 63 foreign, 398 native; 453 non-Jesuit Brothers, 270 foreign, 183 native; 4,455 Sisters, 2,279 foreign, 2,176 native, and 21,622 catechists and teachers: 15,465 men, and 6,157 women.

### Educational Works in Jesuit Missions

In these missions today, there are 1,882 seminarians being educated for the priesthood, of whom 1,290 are in the Minor and 592 in the Major Seminaries. There are 6,867 catechism centers—enrollment, 143,327; 3,190 primary schools—enrollment, 199,557; 100 industrial schools—enrollment, 5,366; 351 intermediary schools—enrollment, 39,690; 125 high schools—enrollment, 23,628 boys, 12,134 girls; 12 universities and colleges—enrollment, 8,899. Altogether, therefore, in Jesuit mission fields, there are 1882 seminarians, 10,645 schools and 432,601 students.

### Institutions

In the exercise of the Corporal and Spiritual Works of Mercy, Jesuit missions are sponsoring 107 orphanages—enrollment, 9,050; 44 hospitals, with 5,181 beds; 368 dispensaries, with a total of 2,439,893 cases attended; 22 commercial schools and 59 newspapers.

### Fruits of the Spirit

The directly spiritual fruitage of Jesuit missions for 1932, includes 232,168 Baptisms, of which 96,098 were done in danger of death, 33,577 were Baptisms of adults and 102,493 Baptisms of infants; 24,854,129 Communions, 20,323 marriages.

### North American Jesuit Missions

The North American Jesuit missions comprise those which are administered by North American Jesuit Provinces in Upper and Lower Canada, Cali-

fornia, Oregon, New Orleans, Missouri, Chicago, Maryland-New York and New England. These are distributed as follows: Upper Canada: Canadian Indian missions; Lower Canada: Canadian Indian missions and Sūchow, China; California: China; Oregon: Alaska and American Indian missions; New Orleans: Southern States missions to which has recently been added mission work in Ceylon; Missouri: American Indian missions and British Honduras; Chicago: Patna Mission, India; Maryland-New York: Philippine Islands and missions in southern Maryland; New England: Jamaica, B. W. I., and educational work in Baghdad, Iraq.

### Catholics in N. American Jesuit Missions

The number of Catholics in the missions administered to by the North American Jesuits totals approximately 806,840. The number of heretics and schismatics, 1,075,450, and the number of pagans or Mohammedans, 49,679,510.

### American Missions Jesuit Personnel

In the mission fields conducted by North American Jesuits, there are laboring 222 priests with 14 native; 68 Scholastics with 46 native; 90 lay Brothers with 18 native—a total of 458. With these are affiliated 27 non-Jesuit priests, of whom 22 are native; 8 non-Jesuit Brothers, of whom 2 are native, and 629 Sisters, of whom 192 are native. There is likewise a body of 1,463 catechists and teachers, of whom 783 are men and 680 women.

### Apostolic Works

The apostolic works in the American Jesuit missions alone, include 197 catechetical schools with 15,330 pupils; 264 primary schools, 25,344 pupils; 8 industrial schools, 576 pupils; 4 intermediary schools, 1,791 boys, 410 girls; 15 orphanages, 407 orphans; 8 hospitals, 37 dispensaries, where 2,595,000 cases have been treated; 1 commercial school; 2 newspapers; 2,013 Baptisms in danger of death; 3,025 Baptisms of adults; 29,472 Baptisms of infants; 3,239 marriages; 1,502,113 Communions. The story of these apostolic works is told in **JESUIT MISSIONS**.

# And so to Slickpoo

Edgar  
Dowd, S.J.

"WELL fight them right here!" Chief Joseph's words had all the coolness, precision, and cheerfulness of a chiseled epitaph.

Once more Chief Joseph, crafty and melancholy leader of a small band of non-treaty non-Catholic Nez Perce Indians, raised the "White Man's glass" to his eye and discerned the detachment of U. S. Cavalry already trickling down the walls of White-Bird Canyon. Undoubtedly, this was supposed to be a surprise attack on Joseph for the murders committed by several of his warriors who were eager for war and had acted entirely upon their own initiative. But Joseph was never surprised; he was always ready.

His attack planned, Joseph gave his orders quickly and briefly: "White-Bird, left flank the Bostons! (as the Whites were often called). I will get over there behind the rocks and wait. Let every Indian be ready to mount. Mox Mox and the women must take care of the herd, and give us horses, if ours are shot down. Ollicut (Joseph's brother) must stay with me!"

And so the cavalry came down like the wolf on the fold, but instead of sheep, found a pack of wolves tricked out in sheep's clothing. Severely repulsed, losing one-third of their numbers, including Lieutenant Theller, the detachment hastily retreated.

"Had we a bugler," explained one of the officers, a few days after the battle, "we could have rallied to gain the day."

The bugler, however, was the first man shot. Joseph had seen to that.

WITH this first victory, Chief Joseph began his famous retreat from the Nez Perce country in northern Idaho to the Bear Paw Mountains in northern Montana. For fifteen hundred miles, this small band of Nez Perce Indians out-generated and out-ran the U. S. Cavalry.

This war, known as the Nez Perce War of 1877, could have festered into a nasty carbuncle of trouble for Whites and Indians had it not been for the individual and heroic efforts of Joseph M. Cataldo, acclaimed as the "Man of Peace." Constantly riding from tribe to tribe, he reminded the other Indians, most of whom were Catholics, that, not the warring, but the meek would possess the land. And his words were true; for the recalcitrants, after their surrender, lost everything, "landed" somewhere near Oklahoma, and wasted away in a hostile climate, without benefit even of river banks on which to weep for the good days that once were.

The termination of this flyweight war allowed everyone to sigh properly and whole-heartedly once again, and



Chief Jonas White Bear, Slickpoo Indian of Idaho.

to pursue the even tenor of his way—everyone except Father Cataldo. He was still warring! Still riding! He had to do a Paul Revere daily, for the "length and breadth of that grisly plain was sown," not with Kamel's men, but with Lucifer's minions.

Divine Providence, with humor Divine, undoubtedly, planned his vocation, which began by going to various places, and ended with having lived in various parts of the world. Born in Sicily, in 1837, Father Cataldo traveled via Belgium, Boston, Santa Clara, to the Rocky Mountains of the northwest. In Boston he had a stop-over of six months; in the Rocky Mountains, sixty-three years!

THE Divine Gardener transplanted that tender Sicilian flower into a grim Rocky-garden, where it grew into a towering tree of moral beauty and strength. Father Cataldo's entrance into the Society of Jesus, in 1852, caused conscientious infirmarians to wag their heads, and Superiors to plain-chant to themselves certain texts about the weak confounding the strong, and that God's ways are not always our ways.

Father's malady was consumption. His short stay in Boston was long enough to augment his phthisis. But in the northwest, the crisp mountain air, and bacon; the aroma of pines, and of coffee: (Turn to page 138)



"The corner stone of the third Saint Ignatius Church, the lineal descendent of the first chapel in Maryland, was laid on July 13, 1785."

ON the twenty-fifth of March this year, the Catholic Church in the United States celebrated her three hundredth birthday. For on that day the first page in the glorious history of the Catholic Church and her missionary priests in this country was engraved by Father Andrew White of the Society of Jesus—"The Apostle of Maryland." After the colonists had decided to settle permanently on the banks of the St. Mary's, one of the Chiefs of the Yacomco Indians presented his oblong, oval-shaped hut to the Fathers for their residence. "This house," wrote Father White to his Superior, "might be called the first chapel of Maryland, although it was not much better furnished than when it was occupied by the Indians. With the next voyage, if God blesses our undertakings, our chapel will not lack those things which are necessary in other homes." This Indian dwelling, with suitable alterations, served the settlers until a more substantial temple for Divine worship could be erected. The first American chapel proper was a brick building built by Fathers White and Altham about 1638. This early cathedral in the pines was a small structure measuring approximately eighteen by thirty feet. It was also the first church dedicated to St. Ignatius of Loyola, the Patron of Maryland.

JUST seventy years after Father Andrew White celebrated the first Mass in that "only home of religious liberty, the humble village, which bore the name of St. Mary's," Father Robert Brooke, the first son of Maryland to become a Jesuit, was arrested because he was a priest. He was summoned to court to answer

# The Spirit of M

John F.

to the grave misdemeanor of saying Mass in the Catholic chapel at St. Mary's. As it was his first offense, he was dismissed with a severe reprimand and a guarantee of bodily punishment if he were caught saying Mass in the future. Thereupon the members of the Council determined "that such use of the Popish Chapel of the City of St. Mary's . . . is both scandalous and offensive to the Government." The members of this body then prevailed upon Governor Seymour to order the sheriff to lock up "the Popish Chapel at the City of St. Mary's and to keep the keys thereof," "and that no person presume to make use thereof under any pretence whatever."

The following year the Fathers, in no wise daunted, demolished the padlocked chapel, transported the bricks about three miles to Priest's Point, and there built the historic St. Inigoos Manor House. (That these missionaries built well is testified to by the fact that three walls were incorporated into the present building which was erected after the original house was gutted by fire in 1872.) This Manor House followed the commodious lines of a colonial mansion. It was sufficiently large to contain a private chapel in which the neighboring planters might attend Sunday and even daily Mass. This privilege, which the Catholics enjoyed, of practising their Religion privately, was contained in a civil dispensation granted by Queen Anne in 1705—a gracious recompense for the part they played in the founding of the Colony. And it is due in no small way to this permission to say Mass in private houses that Maryland has merited the literal title, "The Land of Sanctuary."

IN a short time St. Mary's County became one big sanctuary. Practically every Catholic planter had at some time or other the tremendous honor of having the priest bring Jesus Christ down from Heaven to a little table in his front parlor. Not only was the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass offered in private homes, but Benediction and other Catholic devotions as well, sanctified the hearths of those sterling Catholics who kept the fires of Faith aglow during those dark days which preceded the American Revolution. About the year 1745, a larger building distinct from the Manor House was built on St. Inigoos Plantation by Father James Ashby, to accommodate his growing flock. There in a secluded wooded spot, a short distance from the waters of the river Father White loved so well, in an unpretentious guise, stood the second St. Ignatius Church. A small section of the foundations of this colonial church was unearthed during the past Summer by Father Horace B. McKenna, S.J.

Anticipating the adoption of the New Federal Constitution, which revived in its First Amendment those noble principles which animated the Maryland Pilgrims, Father James Walton began the erection of the church whose picture appears in this article. The cornerstone of the third St. Ignatius Church, the lineal descendent of the first chapel in Maryland, was laid on July 13, 1785. Apart from its age, this church enjoys a further distinction, for it is one of the important links in that golden chain of sacrifice and devotion which unites the 18,152 Catholic churches in the United States today to the wigwam chapel of the "Apostle of Maryland."

FATHER WALTON served the St. Ignatius Mission with an indefatigable zeal and persevering fidelity for almost thirty years. His venerable remains rest in the little cemetery of the church he built close by those of another illustrious Maryland missionary, Father Joseph Carberry. This latter, whose vocation came from the missions in St. Mary's County, labored at St. Ignatius for thirty-three long years, caring for his flock, improving his church and doing his utmost to place the Catholic Church in Lower Maryland in the favorable position which she now occupies. In addition to his other works, Father Carberry took a great interest in the Catholic history and tradition of

# Maryland Missions

roll, S.J. Maryland. In 1824, he extricated from the shallow waters off Fort Point, six old cannons which had been called "Spanish Murderers" by the early Colonists. These "Murderers" were brought from England by Governor Leonard Calvert and mounted behind the walls of old Fort St. Inigoes. This fort was built about 1636, to protect St. Mary's City from attack by water, and to serve as a refuge in the event of an Indian raid. One of these pieces of ordnance is now on the State House grounds at Annapolis; two more are mounted in front of the main building at Georgetown University; while the other three are performing the prosaic function of boundary markers of the present Manor property. From Father Carberry's pastorate down to the present day, about seventeen Jesuit Fathers have ministered to the people of the St. Ignatius Mission.

Before Father White was wrested from his Maryland missions, his zeal for the souls of his Red and White children had led him to journey from St. Mary's City to Kent Island, to the Chesapeake Bay District, to Port Tobacco, to Potowmeck Town, to Mattapany and to the villages of the Patuxents. In this Tercentennial Year, we find most of these early mission stations taken care of by resident Jesuits, who have ample outlets for their priestly zeal. As, for example, Father Horace E. McKenna, S.J., the present incumbent of the historic St. Ignatius Church at St. Inigoes, who is also Pastor of St. Peter Claver Church in Ridge. This Church of St. Peter Claver, established in 1902, is the only separate church conducted by the Jesuits of the Maryland-New York Province for the Colored people. Attached to the church is a parochial school for the Colored children conducted by the Oblate Sisters. In favorable weather, Father McKenna has about 160 pickaninnies in his little school. Nor on the other hand are his missionary excursions more limited than were those of Father White, the first pastor of St. Ignatius Church. For, besides the ordinary visits to his widely separated parishioners, Father's school-bus daily averages about seventy miles of journeying through the lanes of southernmost Maryland in his search for the dark complexioned child.

In this manner has the spirit of the "Apostle of Maryland" been passed down through the past three hundred years. Despite numerous trials and hardships, it has animated the Maryland missionaries in their heroic labors for the Red, the White and the Black members of Christ's Church. How well their labors have helped to the fulfillment of that motto of the early Marylanders, "Crescite et Multiplicamini!" especially with reference to the Catholic Church, will become evident from a few of the latest statistics. The growth of the Church



"The other three are performing the prosaic function of boundary markers."

in this country has been phenomenal; in 1634, there were three Jesuits in our country, and they were in Maryland; in the United States today there are more than 4,700 sons of St. Ignatius. When Father White began his spiritual and temporal ministrations to the 200 Catholic Colonists, there was not a single secular priest in this land; today 21,016 secular priests are preaching and teaching the doctrines of Jesus Christ in every American city and town and in most of our country villages. Although the body of the "Apostle of Maryland" rests in an unmarked grave in the great city of London, across the seas, his spirit is to be found in the 29,782 priests, secular and religious, who are continuing the mission he began. And a memorial, not of cold marble, nor steel, nor granite, but of the 20,268,003 living members of that Church whose foundations he laid in these United States, testifies that he did not labor in vain.



"Father's school-bus daily averages about seventy miles through the lanes of Southernmost Maryland."

# JESUIT MISSIONS

A MAGAZINE OF APOSTOLIC ENDEAVOR

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

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217 FOURTH AVENUE      NEW YORK, N. Y.

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

## Winning Souls by Prayer and Penance

FROM time to time, the Editors are heartened by the generous spiritual bouquet offerings sent to them by Religious, who are ever mindful that prayer is so wonderfully helpful in missionary work for souls. There is an added consolation when such spiritual offerings come from our young and vivacious school boys who are not commonly credited with an overdose of piety. We have long felt—and experienced—that even where there is apparently little external enthusiasm for piety, our young folks have at bottom a fire of generosity and a deep-rooted love for God that challenges many of us elders. How else explain the conduct of so many high-minded boys and girls who yearly answer the call to the missions or the call to labor unselfishly in the cause of Catholic Action?

That our young folks realize the value of prayer and penance was brought home to us a few weeks ago when a zealous Jesuit Scholastic sent us the results of a week of prayer for the missions as engineered by the Mission Section of spiritual activities in Rockhurst College High School, Kansas City, Mo. During one week, the boys offered for the missions: 780 Masses, 1,480 Visits to the Blessed Sacrament, 580 Rosaries, 399 Holy Communions, 522 Acts of Self-Denial, and 4,488 Hours of Study and Class. Even the boys were surprised to learn that class and home work well done were worth something spiritually and could be offered up for the missions.

We feel sure that many another group of boys or girls in Catholic schools up and down the country can show similar results in spiritual activities. Such big-hearted generosity helps the missions; it manifests the fine effects of Catholic training; but most of all, it profits the individual young men and young women who thus lay a solid foundation for future unselfish living and for a broad deep interest in the works of the

Church. In some cases, the superstructure reared on this foundation will be in the shape of a vocation to the Priesthood or Sisterhood; in other instances it will bring to the married life a genuine Catholic spirit fully alive to family responsibilities, thoroughly schooled to generosity and cheerful self-sacrifice.

## Westward Ho!—Camp De Smet

WHAT eastern lad has not yearned for a glimpse of the vanishing west, of Indians and cowboys, of rolling prairies and deep canyons! To satisfy such a yearning, and at the same time to furnish a happy Summer under Catholic guidance, the Jesuits in 1925 opened a camp for boys in the wilds of the Sioux Indian Reservation of South Dakota. We recommend this camp to Catholic parents who seek to provide for their sons a Summer of wholesome recreation under Catholic auspices. The Jesuit camp received its name from Father Pierre-Jean De Smet, the intrepid Jesuit missionary of the last century whose name figures large in American Indian history.

Camp De Smet—"A Western Camp for Catholic Boys"—fulfills youth's dream of a rugged life on western frontiers. It is, as its Directors style it "A roving, adventurous outfit with headquarters at the Jesuit Mission of St. Francis, and with the whole sweep of the Sioux country as its stamping grounds. Providing every feature of the ordinary camp, it goes further and offers the American boy of today an unforgettable Summer of thrilling western experience. Camping under the open sky during half the season and enjoying the captivating existence of Dakota plain and mountain, De Smet boys pass eight healthful, happy weeks on the Last Frontier.

"Riding is a major pastime at De Smet. The exceptionally fine herd of Indian horses owned by the Camp makes it possible to assign each boy a personal mount for the entire Summer. Great care is taken to satisfy each camper. A boy is justly proud of the horse which he can call his own, and to which he becomes more and more attached with the passing of the season. A western saddle and bridle become part of a boy's private equipment during his stay at camp.

"No previous riding experience is necessary. Under careful supervision and competent instructors, every boy at De Smet learns the fundamentals of good horsemanship. He is taught to bridle and saddle his horse on the morning of his arrival at camp. He has had his first lesson in handling his horse on the open prairie before sunset of the first day. Within a few weeks he becomes an experienced rider. At the end of the camping season he is, as a rule, expert in the art.

"De Smet is distinctively Catholic. A splendid spiritual tradition has been its heritage. An atmosphere of Faith pervades the little Jesuit Mission at headquarters, where the example of the saintly lives of men and women who for half a century have labored among the Sioux has spread its influence over camp life." Camp De Smet is staffed entirely by Jesuits.

## The Mission Intention

Early Conversion of the West Africans

THE outstanding obstacle to the spread of the Faith today in West Africa is the steadily rising tide of Mohammedanism. The religion of the Crescent is in full possession of Mauretania. It includes 915,000 out of 1,318,000 souls in Senegal; 1,600,000 out of 2,095,000 in Guinea; 5,855,000 out of 9,000,000 in Southern Nigeria. It holds sway over 75 per cent of the Soudan, 25 per cent of Cameroons and 8 per cent of Dahomey. Every Mussulman, of course, is convinced of the superiority of his creed. Is not the Christian an idolater? Is not the Trinity a denial of Monotheism? Are not the triumphs of Islam in effect the miracle that proves its truths? Add to this the practical simplicity of its creed. God is God and Mohammed is His prophet. Prayer five times daily after the necessary ablutions, almsgiving, the fast of Ramadan and, if possible, a pilgrimage to Mecca. These articles contain both the minimum and maximum necessary for everlasting salvation. Repudiating the Gospel of Christ, Islamism conciliates in practice the superstitious fetishes of the Blacks, out of whom it is forming rapidly entire Mussulman communities. As an object lesson for Catholic Action, it may be noted that the chief agencies of propaganda—every good Mussulman is inoculated with the virus of proselytizing—is not so much force of arms, as the insistent and persistent exercise by Mohammedan merchants and Marabouts of, what Catholics are wont to call, the apostolate of conversation. For this land, whose brightening prospects have already been dimmed by the baneful shadow of the Crescent, we urge the following invocation to Christ, the King: "Be Thou King of all those who still dwell in the darkness of idolatry and of Islamism, and refuse not to guide them to Thy Kingdom and Light."



*Not yet a Christian, he knows nothing of the Divine Banquet Table, laden with the Bread of Life.*

## The Mass of the Missions

**Memento of the Living** It is here that the priest makes the commemoration of the living, pleading with God for the salvation and redemption of their souls.

The soul is mentioned because it is the more important element in the composition of man's person. However, the redemption and salvation of the soul also includes the redemption and salvation of the body. By redemption, is meant reparation to God and deliverance from sin and punishment. By salvation, is meant life with God forevermore.

Yet, not only for redemption and salvation does the priest pray, but also for "safety"—a gift that includes health of body, temporal success and happiness even in this life.

The Communion of Saints is a spiritual partnership, in which the members are the Faithful on earth, the Souls in Purgatory, and the Saints in Heaven, of which the head is Jesus Christ, and the purpose, a constant interchange of supernatural favors.

In the commemoration of the living, the priest makes intercession in behalf of the Faithful on earth, the Church militant. To strengthen his plea, he now honors the memory of the blessed in Heaven, the Church triumphant, hoping that as we are "fellow citizens with the Saints and domestics of God," they may be our advocates before the throne of God (Eph. ii, 19).

With this intent, he first invokes the glorious and ever Virgin Mary, Mother of God, Virgin Mother of the virgin Victim of the Sacrifice, and as such, co-redemptrix of the world.

**Hanc Igitur** By anticipation, the priest next pleads for the fruits of the Sacrifice: (1) peace and prosperity in the daytime of life, (2) freedom from eternal death, (3) part with the elect. As he prays, he extends his two hands, palms downwards, over the chalice and host in such a manner that the right thumb is placed above the left in the form of a cross. This is a relic of the Mosaic law of sacrifice, prescribed in detail by God Himself, in which the priest laid hands upon the lamb that was to be immolated, thus signifying the transfer of his own guilt and punishment to the lamb. God then agreed to accept the death of the lamb in place of the death of the priest, an animal's life in place of a human life. The only human life that God has ever demanded as a victim of sacrifice for sin, was the human life of His own Son. For it will be remembered that content with Abraham's willingness to sacrifice, God forebore to demand the sacrifice itself. So now in the Mass, the priest transfers to the Lamb of God, the sins of himself and of his people, praying that God may accept this Lamb as a victim of reparation.

**Quam Oblationem** For the last time, God is besought to bless the elements of wine and water with the blessing of transubstantiation.

# TRIUMPH

*Before the power of God, exercised so freely, so generously by Christ during His public life, the effects of sin on the human race gave way. The darkness of the blind, the silence of the mute, the loathsomeness of the leper were all triumphed over by the God-man. Nature itself stopped in its normal course in submission to His supremacy. So all-embracing was His power, so complete His triumph that even death which seemed unconquerable yielded its prey at His command.*



*Sin alone appeared to resist the power of the Son of God. In creation's early dawn it had defied God. Apparently it had triumphed over Him in the Garden of Paradise. Though it had suffered occasional set-backs in the persons of those delivered of devils by Christ, and freed from its domination by Him, still in the despair of Judas, in Paganism's and Judaism's slaughter of the innocent Lamb on Calvary it would proclaim its supremacy in the world, its triumph over God Himself.*

But with the first Easter's dawn sin and death were vanquished in their Victim's triumph. Throughout the Savior's risen life on earth His triumph over death and sin became more and more evident. On Pentecost His triumph reached a climax and began to be preached and made manifest the world over. His power, which He has given to His priests, is being used today to cure the blindness and darkness which shrouds the souls of millions of pagans. Through that same power the silence of paganism is being turned into hymns in praise of God. Souls dead in sin are made to live in God's grace. Today, American Jesuit missionaries with the power God has given them are continuing Christ's triumph over sin.

*That they may increase Christ's triumph*

*That you may help them dispel paganism's blindness*

*That you may be one with Christ's triumphing missionaries*

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# AFIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUITS



## CHINA

From Sūchow, China (Mission of the Lower Canadian Province) comes the sad news that Father Arthur Tremblay, S.J., Vicar of Fengshien and of more than two hundred of the surrounding villages, died on February 8 at the early age of thirty-eight. By his death, more than 2,500 Christians and over 100,000 pagans are left without a priest. Father Tremblay was born in the Province of Quebec. He entered the Society at the Sault-au-Recollet in 1916, and left in 1931 for China. Father Tremblay was especially noted for his energy and methodic ways. These qualities, which are a great asset to any missionary, Father Tremblay possessed to a rare degree, as well in Montreal as during his short missionary life in China.

While sub-Prefect at St. Mary's College in Montreal he organized plays and concerts for the blind and other patients of different institutions; he visited and taught some Chinese of the city, and always showed a great enthusiasm for missionary propaganda. He founded the Students' Missionary League that now counts 150,000 members. In China, his facility in learning the language and adapting himself to the customs, permitted him after a year to be named Vicar. His death is a great blow to the young Sūchow Mission of the French-Canadian Jesuits.

\* \* \*

Monsignor George Marin, S.J., writes that on December 4, he administered 331 Confirmations in the church of Father August Gagnon, S.J. On the eighth at Taitaolow, he administered 202 Confirmations. On Christmas Day, because of the wonderful weather and the good condition in which the roads were, a great number of faithful were noticed in every one of the missions. There were more than 500 Communions in the church of Sūchow alone. Pontifical High Mass was celebrated, preceded by the reception of the first members of the Eucharistic Crusade. Father Paul Gelois, S.J., said that more than 1,000 persons heard Mass in his church on Christmas Day and that the confessions were so numerous that he only began his second Mass at one o'clock in the afternoon.

In an interesting letter from Gonzaga College at Shanghai, Father John A. Lennon, S.J., has this to say:

"The holidays intervening between the closing of the first term and the opening of the second are given that our Chinese students may celebrate the traditional Chinese Year in proper style. The Government, of course, does not recognize officially the old-time Chinese New Year, having adopted the western calendar, but the people dearly love their traditions with all the customs that have been built up around them. This year the Lunar New Year was rather late, falling on February 14—and what a noise there was! Bursting firecrackers, sky rockets, clanging of cymbals, beating of drums—what a racket to propitiate the gods of the New Year, and especially the "Kitchen Gods" who seem to have a tendency to go and celebrate on their own, and have to be kept in their places or called back, lest they wander too far, by this unearthly din. This year the noise was augmented by the fact that during the early hours of the morning, there was a partial eclipse, which is full of superstitious meanings for this very superstitious people.

"The Lunar New Year coincided this year with Ash Wednesday, and in accordance with the decrees of the first Ecclesiastical Council of China,

we all have exemption from fast and abstinence during the first two weeks of the New Year. It is a privilege we offer, not, of course, as an inducement, but simply as a bit of knowledge for future missionaries to China. Even in ordinary times, the Lenten fast is only obligatory on the Fridays of Lent, and abstinence on the Wednesdays and Fridays.

"A zealous missionary and devoted friend of ours was called to his eternal reward by the Master of the Vineyard on February 7. Father Joseph Roberfroid, S.J., had left his native Belgium as a young man, and spent long years of patient and loving and fruitful labor here in the missionary field of the Kiangsu province, both as a teacher in the colleges and as a faithful worker in the districts. At Ricci College in Nanking, where he was Director, Father Pius L. Moore, S.J., and I spent a year with him, as did in turn Father Leo F. McGreal, S.J., and Father James F. Kearney, S.J. Last year, he had a stroke that left him partially paralyzed, and a second stroke finally caused his death on February 7. May our dear Lord, whom he dearly loved and in whose holy service he spent himself untingingly, grant him eternal peace!"

## ALASKA

"Our mail gets here every two weeks, regularly in Winter by dog-team, irregularly in Summer by steamboat; but from mid-April to June, and from the end of September to the first of November, we receive no mail at all," writes Father Joseph Tomkin, S.J., Superior of the Alaska mission at Holy Cross on the Yukon.

"For six weeks during the Spring break-up, and during the Fall when the first snow and ice come, we are entirely out of communication with the whole world. In case of emergency we can use the regular radiotelegraph, a rather expensive operation," he continues.

Father Tomkin writes that the Government intends closing its Signal Corps stations in northern Alaska this coming Summer. Because Holy Cross is a terminal for river travel, a station must be kept there in the Summer, he adds.

"What Holy Cross will do in the Winter is still undecided," he goes on.



Father Arthur Tremblay, S.J., of the Lower Canadian Province, who died at the early age of thirty-eight in Sūchow Mission, China.



Father John P. Fox, S.J., crosses a river on the ice blocks at Hooper Bay, Akulurak, Alaska. One of the missionary's "perils by sea."

"but the Government may leave its station here in our care when the agent withdraws in the Fall."

An interesting experiment is recounted by Father John P. Fox, S.J., who writes from Little Flower Mission, Hooper Bay, Akulurak, under date of November 20:

"By way of an experiment, I built a chapel and living quarters here entirely in the native style. I think a little description would interest you. The chapel is almost half under ground, so that merely the roof is sticking up above the level of the ground. It is built entirely of split logs supported by large logs one foot in diameter and twenty-two feet long. The igloo-chapel is covered over with a thick layer of straw, roofing paper and sod, so that it is almost impossible for the cold to get in or the heat to get out anywhere except by the door that goes to the outside. The chapel is twenty feet square, fourteen feet high in the center, and the sanctuary is built into the back wall. A door leads from the Gospel side of the altar to the sacristy and living quarters of the missionary, which is a log cabin also partly underground. The sacristy as well as the chapel are lighted by large skylights which evenly diffuse the light throughout the entire room. So far, we still have a dirt floor only, as I was not able to get the necessary boards to make a floor. But I hope that by next Summer we will be able to put in a floor. Nor have we any furnishings yet. As benches, we are using split logs laid over the foundation logs that run across the dirt

floor. As a bell, we use a small hand bell that one of the people goes to ring at the door of every igloo for Mass in the morning and evening prayers at seven o'clock.

"At nine o'clock in the morning, we draw a heavy curtain along the front of the sanctuary and proceed to turn the chapel into a class room. This is not the most rubrical arrangement, I know, but I am sure that our dear Lord, living here in our tabernacle, will not be displeased with the sweet voices of these children as they are trying to become familiar with the White man's three Rs. We disregard all ordinary methods of pedagogics, and dig right in to make the children write, speak and sing in English. And it is wonderful how well they do for the two months that the school has been going. Though they do not yet understand all that the songs mean, they sing perfectly a dozen or more of the usual English hymns, know the Hail Mary, the Glory be, and partly also the Our Father, and already try to write little English letters. The pupils range in age from eight years to twenty-five, and a few of the pupils are already married. We do not insist on regular attendance with these last; but I told them that when they have no work to do at home it would be a good thing to come and learn a few things at least. Some of them are here almost all the time, as a woman has very little house-work here."

## IRAQ

Father Edward F. Madaras, S.J., chief contributing Editor of *The Baghdad*, recalls the purpose of American Jesuits in Iraq:

"Let us remind you that although the population of Iraq is about ninety per cent Moslem, it was at one time a flourishing Christian country with no fewer than twenty-four Bishops in an extent that is roughly about three times the size of Ohio. Today, out of a population estimated to amount to about three million, there are not one hundred thousand Christians. The explanation for this, of course, lies in the Moslem invasion which took place in the seventh century.

"It is only natural to expect that in a country where the Christians are in such a minority their opportunities for development, and specifically for giving a thorough Christian education to their children, should leave much to be desired. Those parents who wished to give their sons something more than a mediocre education were obliged to send them out of the country. Many, of course, lacked the means to do so. Accordingly, the hierarchy petitioned the Holy See to send Jesuits here for the purpose of opening a high school.

"On our arrival, we received the warmest of welcomes from the people, and especially from the Archbishops,

of whom we have no less than four: the Latin (who is also Apostolic Delegate), the Chaldean Patriarch, the Syrian, and the Armenian. The Greek Archimandrite, whom we know as Father Maximo (and whose name aptly befits both his person and his beard) also deserves mention in this category, even though he is not a Bishop, for he has become one of our fastest friends.

"Naturally, it was not without some misgivings that we awaited the results of the announcement we had spread abroad that on the first three days of August (1932) we should receive applications for the new 'Baghdad College' as we decided to call it. Well, when the first day of registration closed, we had received something like six students. Was this an index of what our new school was to be? By no means, for before school had opened at the end of September, we had received no less than three hundred and seventy-five applications. Procrastination, you see, is no monopoly of the western world.

"Of those that applied we could accept only about one hundred and twenty. Both space and teaching personnel were limited. What manner of boys were they? How did they compare with the boys we had been ourselves and with those we had taught in America? What did they study? How did they study? Did they take to games or merely mope about the yard, as we had heard that they would? All these and a hundred other questions we are going to answer for you later.

"We shall tell you, too, about the Moslems in our school; about the heterogeneous peoples and rites to which the boys belong; of the splendor and glory that once was Baghdad's, due in no small part to Christian contributions, which we hope to help in restoring; and so on and so on."

## PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

Father Andrew Hofmann, S.J., notes from Catholic Rectory, Iligan, Lanao, P. I.:

"Your ten dollar check reached me on Christmas Eve and instead of being inflated to twice its face value, as you had hoped, it was deflated to \$8.48, thanks to the NRA and the blue hawk. However, the deflation did not lessen my appreciation of your gift."

Father Joseph Reith, S.J., sends the following postscripts from Maria Auxiliadora Mission, Dansalan, Lanao, P. I.:

"You have noticed it already, haven't you? The Post Office Department is doing its part to keep you in touch with your mission in Moroland. Third class privileges cut down the mailing expenses considerably, and that enables me to send you regular information as to what I am doing with the valuable aid you have given me. I

take it that your interest in this first mission among the Moros is really enthusiastic and personal. My appreciation of your aid is just as intensely personal even though I use the mimeograph and unsealed envelopes to tell you of it.

"A man came to my convento recently and told me, 'I want to buy Jesus Christ for twenty-five centavos. I explained that even the Jews of old were more generous and gave thirty pieces of silver. Upon further questioning, however, I discovered that he wanted to buy a crucifix. Catholic Filipinos love to carry the crucifix on their person. Sometimes it is so large and prominent that you suspect that the wearer is at least an Archbishop.'"

Our readers will be interested in the following picture from Jasaan, drawn by the Pastor Father John A. Pollock, S.J.:

"To many people I have written that life in the mission of Jasaan is a kind of perpetual picnic. Among the picnic features might be classed our 'sagob.' Jasaan is not blessed with a water system. As yet we have no worked the Mohammedan miracle of bringing the mountain or in this case the river, to Mohammed, but even in this century of progress our local Mohammeds still go to the river for their water.

"For example, school is over and little 'Juanny' and Maria run home to get their *sagob*, and he themselves off to the river to fetch water. The *sagob* is a bamboo, four to eight feet long, and about three inches in diameter. The length is cut according to the strength of each family's water carrier. In other words, the *sagob* is a piece of three-inch pipe, but being of bamboo, is light as a feather in comparison with an American pipe of iron or lead.

"However, when filled with water and tilted over the shoulder, it ceases to remind one of a feather. And when it comes to scaling a steep and slippery river bank, *sagob* on shoulder, without losing over ten drops, I might as well assure you that it is just as well to begin practising from early childhood.

"But do not waste too much sympathy on these little tots with their *sagob*. For oh! what fun they have at the river after school. Of course, time means nothing in their young lives—or in the tropics! And when all the children of the town parade down to the river with *sagob* on a nice, warm, lazy, sunny afternoon to a nice inviting river, can you not imagine what barrels of fun ensue? Those children just swim and play, and play and swim, to their hearts' content.

"Forgotten are all the weary hours of class, forgotten the hard-working mother or big sister waiting for the water, forgotten the pangs of hunger that are never sated these days with

the meager diet left by the locusts, forgotten all troubles and sorrows—and they just play, play, play! How happy they are, God bless them!

"But as the shades of evening fall, and they fall quickly in the tropics, the play must cease, each child rinses out the *sagob*, then dips it in until nearly filled, and the homeward trek is on. Believe me, this is not play, to clamber up the steep slippery bank, shouldering your *sagob*, and on up the long hill and over the rocks to Jasaan and home.

"At home the water may be poured into a jar, or the *sagob* may stand in the corner, to supply water as needed. The water is 'piped' indeed, but not as in an American city. Sanitary? Hardly, but seeing that the water came from a river that has already served a large territory, rather well-peopled, and very well-'animalled,' what other harm can come from exposure in an open jar or *sagob*? That water is a supersaturated germ culture as it comes from the river.

"The people are hardened to it from the beginning. Under the circumstances, it seems to me that we have a surprisingly low death rate among our little ones, though far more children die than adults. Now do not worry about your missionary. His tanks hold enough rain water to 'drink' him through the dry season, and 'wash' him through most of it."

## JAMAICA, B. W. I.

Father Charles Eberle, S.J., at Highgate, Jamaica, B. W. I., continues to report faithfully on the progress being made in his Mission:

"Spent a lot of energy and what money I had on hand renovating the mission house in Port Maria. The roof had to be raised, ten new windows

were put in, sixteen as a matter of fact, so that I do believe the school is one of the best and coolest spots in the town. Zinc is the ordinary cheap roofing in this country. I put zinc on the church in Highgate. However, to make this school cooler, I put on shingles. What a job it was bargaining for those shingles! They are native cedar shingles, not American. Now there are two kinds of native shingles, those sawn, and those split with a large knife or axe. The sawn are not good, as they saw through the knots and leave them in the shingles. When the intense heat comes, the knots loosen and sometimes fall out, and you have a nice hole in the roof. The split shingles are obtained from the people up in the bush. There was a terrible delay in getting them. Nobody up there carries a watch, and sometimes I doubt if they have calendars. The man would promise a load on the seventeenth, a Wednesday. The shingles would arrive two days later and meanwhile the men whom I had told to come and put them on would have nothing to do, and grumble. Perhaps two days later the shingles would arrive. However, it is finished and I am most grateful to the good Lord for that."

Andrew B. Ochs, S.J., records the following experience:

"At 5:30 A.M., one morning, I accompanied Father Frederick Donovan, S.J., to one of his many mission stations, called King Weston. Arriving at a very high peak in the mountains, we left the car in care of a Chinese shop-keeper, hiked the remaining distance of a mile over a rocky and steep road until we finally reached the church set high upon the mountain. But one person greeted us that morning and she was the caretaker of the church. Well, Father's day began by



The new Bishop of Cagayan arrives in his Diocese. Left to right: Rt. Rev. Monsignor Jose Ma. Cuenco, Vicar General of Cebu; Most Rev. James T. G. Hayes, S.J., Bishop of Cagayan; His Excellency, Monsignor William Piani, Papal Delegate to the P. I., and Most Rev. Louis del Rosario, S.J., Bishop of Zamboanga.



His Excellency, Bishop Bernard J. Sullivan, S.J., and Father James A. Creane, S.J., at one of the Santal chapels in Patna Mission, India, which had to be abandoned because Government considered it "illegal."

waiting at least an hour before his congregation put in an appearance. They drifted in slowly, now a little pickney, now a middle aged person, now an old black felled somewhat exhausted from the climb of the mountain. In the meanwhile, we set up the altar, arranged the vestments and made all necessary preparations for Mass. By 8:30 A.M., the number of picknies, mothers and fathers, had reached the astonishing number of some fifteen. Then came confessions, followed by Mass, during which the people sang Christmas Carols. Mass finished at 9:30, we sat down to a breakfast of cold herring, bread and black coffee. Then in came Father's collection and, believe it or not, the sum total was a penny half-penny. I looked at the collection and could not help but wonder—a thirty-mile trip through the bush, an added hike of a mile over very dangerous roads, the tediousness of hearing confessions so early in the morning, the saying of Mass, the scanty meal of cold herring, bread and black coffee, Baptisms after Mass, all this for a penny half-penny. I looked at Father and wondered, for I knew this was the regular order of events whenever he visited this mission, but his smile seemed to tell me that there was no cause for worry. True, his smile seemed to say, a penny half-penny is worth nothing when one considers the cost of gas and the wearage of tires, nevertheless, to say Mass for "The Picknies Dem" is quite cheap at a penny half-penny."

#### PATNA, INDIA

Father James A. Creane, S.J., sends the following lines from his new Santal mission at Gokhla, in Patna, India: "Yours of December 20th received. Many thanks for the letter and the little check enclosed. It will help defray the expenses of our new tem-

porary quarters at Gokhla. We are hurriedly erecting straw-roofed houses with bamboo walls plastered with mud to serve as a home for the Sisters, the boys and girls from the Bachha boarding schools, as well as for ourselves.

"We closed school on Christmas Day at Bachha, never to reopen there again. Immediately after our big Christmas celebration we began moving everything from Bachha to our recently acquired property at Gokhla. Doors, windows, beams, rafters, tiles everything is being transported. The chapel, boys' school, Fathers' house, Sisters' Convent and girls' school are all a sad looking wreck. The reason of this transfer you probably have heard.

"Government officials considered the buildings illegal, though we felt sure everything had been done reliably within the law. We didn't wait for positive orders. We took the initiative and moved.

"We open classes here February 2, the feast of the Purification, and the anniversary of the arrival of the Sisters in this northern sector of the Santal mission. Our new place here is a splendid acquisition. It is extensive and very accessible. His Excellency, the Bishop, has big plans for Gokhla. You will hear much more about it in days to come.

"We are making preparations to accommodate the Bhagalpur boarding schools. Our intention was to bring them out next year. But the recent earthquake, which was so destructive of life and property, so greatly damaged both the church and schools in Bhagalpur, that they are no longer safe. Hence it is just possible that the schools will be brought out in the very near future. We are not at all ready to take care of them as we should, but probably we could manage somehow.

"Listen to this from Father Raymond Mullen, S.J., and you will realize the gravity of the situation. He says: 'Thanks for your invitation for February 2. Maybe I'll accept it, and all the boys, too. The quake has ruined the school. I think the church is a goner. Perhaps it can be repaired. Don't know yet. Father Stoy's masterpiece is weakened. Getting worse. We had little quakes after the big one, and they are causing greater damage. St. John's Home—ceiling coming away from the walls. Our last quake was only forty minutes ago. So there you are. You had better make ready to take school over. I suppose His Excellency will come and look the place over.

"Our boys are sleeping in the open under blankets fixed up as a tent. Girls the same. Father Morrison ordered north to take pictures. He was in Monghyr. European in charge told him 117 bodies were taken out January 17. The death toll there is thought to be 8,000. Father Lucas left here on the night of the seventeenth to go to Morpa. I don't know where he is. His place must have gone. . . . There isn't a house in Bhagalpur not damaged.'

"Here in the Santal country, where all the houses are built of mud, the damage was slight. But we certainly had a good shake. It was a terrifying sensation to have the earth dancing under one's feet and keeping up the jig for a long time. One felt that old terra firma was not so firm after all. A good-sized rock which had been placed under the rafters of the mud house where I stay was jarred loose and fell within a foot or so of the place where I was standing when the house began to rock.

#### AMERICAN INDIANS

A victim of his own charity, Father Thomas M. Neate, S.J., of St. Andrew's Mission, Pendleton, Oregon, succumbed on February 8 to an attack of pneumonia contracted while answering a sick-call.

Father Neate, who spent nearly all of his thirty-eight years of sacerdotal life among the Umatilla and Nez Perce Indians, had been seriously ill during January. He recovered sufficiently to attend an Indian woman who was believed to be dying. The aged missionary baptized the woman and gave her the last sacraments, but in his own weakened condition contracted pneumonia.

He was taken to St. Anthony's Hospital, Pendleton, February 6, where after a slight rally, he grew steadily worse, and at four o'clock on the afternoon of February 8, died.

Most Rev. Joseph McGrath, Bishop of Baker, Oregon, read the Requiem Mass, February 10, at St. Mary's Church, Pendleton. Very Rev. Father Walter J. Fitzgerald, S.J., Provincial

of the Oregon Province, and fifteen other priests were in the sanctuary. Born in Janesville, Wisconsin, March 25, 1861, Thomas Neate entered the Society of Jesus at Florissant, Missouri, January 13, 1880. He studied philosophy at Woodstock, Maryland, and at St. Louis, Mo.

Coming west in the Summer of 1892, he began his study of theology at St. Andrew's Mission under Father Joseph Chianale, S.J., after a year of teaching at St. Ignatius Mission, Montana. He was ordained priest in St. Aloysius Church, Spokane, October 24, 1895, by the Most Rev. Bishop Aegidius Junger.

Three days after his ordination, Father Neate was appointed Superior of St. Andrew's Mission. During the years that followed, with the exception of a year of tertianship at Florissant and brief periods of parish work in Seattle and Yakima, Father Neate devoted himself entirely to the Indian missions at Pendleton and Slickpool, Idaho.

Father Leo C. Cunningham, S.J., writes from the Pine Ridge Sioux Indian Reservation of South Dakota:

"Coming from Holy Rosary Mission yesterday to Our Lady of Lourdes Mission, I traveled a few miles down along the Wounded Knee Creek and up a high hill to the place where stands the home of my old friend, Ben Bear Lies Down. Ben had been sick a few weeks ago and I had given him the last sacraments. At the time, he was staying at the home of the Kills Back family, along the Porcupine Creek. Ben is about seventy-three years of age, and quite alone in the world. He buried his wife from the Sacred Heart chapel at Wounded Knee Battle Field. His often repeated wish is that his remains, too, will be carried to his dear mission chapel.

"There was no one in sight when I drove up to the house where Ben lives. I knocked at the door but there was no answer. Knowing that Ben was quite deaf, I walked in and found him lying in bed. He had fallen from his horse, and his arm was all bandaged. Near his bed on the floor was a large hide on which rested the remains of the meal he had eaten. Ben was all smiles to know that I had come to visit him. He told me how anxious he was to come to Mass next Sunday. It is my regular turn for monthly Mass at Wounded Knee Battle Field. Ben requested that I obtain for him an Indian prayer book, containing Indian hymns that he loves so much. Lying there in his bed, the old man sang for me two stanzas that he knew by heart of 'Mother Dear, Oh Pray for Me,' in the Indian language. His old, rough voice reminded me of the Indian chanting that I have heard so often when the Indians were dancing, but this old warrior's song was no mere accompaniment

to a mournful tom-tom, but was his song of love and devotion to the Mother of *Waukiye*, the Savior."

## CANADIAN INDIANS

Early in February while endeavoring to leave MacDiarmid (a fishing village at the southern extremity of Lake Nipigon), Father Joseph Couture, S.J., with his pilot, Mr. Louis Bisson, having taxied for some distance, struck a block of ice and shattered one ski of the plane just at the moment of the take-off. They flew for about five minutes and then landed, balancing the plane at an angle on one ski until the speed was spent. When the skiless support struck the ice, the plane only made a quarter of a turn and went over on one wing. The minor damages were repaired and mission activities have been resumed by air.

On February 6, the last of a little group of virgins who, about sixty-five years ago, vowed perpetual chastity, died in Wikwemikong, after eighty-seven years of a life reputed for holiness.

Since the year 1868, Zoe Behamikawe, a member of the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin Mary, was present practically every day at Mass and Holy Communion. Under the direction of Father Hanipaix, S.J., she, with seven others, consecrated herself to the Blessed Virgin and lived faithfully according to a rule of life drawn up by the same Father Hanipaix, her spiritual director.

Zoe Behamikawe was remarkable for her humility, hard work, charity and her admirable modesty. She was never known to assist at a social or other kind of meeting where there might be danger of offense to God.

The respect and affection of the Indians for Zoe Behamikawe was manifested by the very large number

who came to Holy Communion and followed in the funeral procession on February 12. The coffin in the church was surrounded with quantities of skillfully fashioned artificial lilies, symbolic of her virginal purity.

Father Paul Prud'homme, S.J., writes to say that his Christmas crib this year, built with an imitation rock background, was of a style entirely new to his Indians at Michipicoten River. "Even the small Protestant children came to visit the crib. It was a good chance for me to talk to them about Jesus. All the Catholics from Michipicoten came and also from Gawabishkatawanga, which meant a ten-mile mush through the bush, and from the mines, eight to twelve miles distant. Many non-Catholics also came. They liked the midnight Mass and numerous hymns. There is an atmosphere which they do not find in their own church." Father Prud'homme was able this year to give a little candy to the small children.

During the Christmas season the cold was very severe north of the shores of Lake Superior, in some places registering sixty-five and sixty-six degrees below zero. Trains were frequently delayed many hours. Father Alexander McDonald, S.J., was expected to arrive at Nipigon at eight o'clock Christmas morning. The natives had gone through lengthy singing preparation, under the direction of the school teacher, for the great feast day, but the train arrived only at 2:30 P.M., depriving them of their Christmas Mass. During the midnight Mass at Longlac, a little girl froze her foot. A hot fire in the log-stove did not overcome the cold wind which cut through the crevices in the church walls and floor. Before Mass had terminated the water was frozen in the *Lanabo* dish.



Father Albert C. Zuercher, S.J., Superior of St. Stephen's, Wyoaming, missionary among the Arapahoe and Shoshone Indians, describes this picture, "A small part of my congregation which I had on New Year's Day. I said Mass for the Indians in this shed, part of whose roof you can see in the picture. It was a regular barn, with straw strewn around the sides for them to squat on. The roof opened to the blue heavens, so that I caught a dandy cold."

# Roughing it with Father Creane

John J.  
Brennan, S.J.



FEW drowsy chirps are answered by an ever increasing crescendo of crowings, cackles, grunts, brays, buzzes, howls, hoots, and what not, and the Father knows it's time to rise. There is no choice in the matter; it is 4:00 A.M., and all life begins to stream fieldwards, making it unpleasant for anyone who might try to stem its tide. Big blue water-buffaloes would trample him underfoot; pigs would rub against his bed in an effort to ease the itch which a night's rest on well "inhabited" hay has provided; flies would embark upon a thorough investigation of eyes and nose, ears and lips with devilish instancy; while hungry dogs would lick his feet as they project from the low cot for a twelve-inch. Then, too, the people have little use for the man whom the heralds of the day-star in parting leave in bed.

Up we got, the Santal Tramp, Father James A. Creane, S.J., and his Scholastic visitor. On went socks and shoes, and we were dressed,—for, night-dress is day-dress and vice versa in our air-walled palace where men and beasts rub elbows, and the missionary's every move is the object of keenest interest. The next move is to the well where, in the gray of morning, stood a few sombre Rebeccas filling their enormous pots with water. They graciously filled our tiny tin-cups with water from their jugs. We performed our morning ablutions, sparingly applying the water, and without soap, mind, for that commodity is reserved for shaving and washing clothes. After our "bath," and the morning meditation, Father hammered a little brass plate with zest, and the clanging summoned the villagers to Holy Mass.

WHILE the congregation was collecting, the altar was constructed and all preparations were made for the coming of the King of kings. The altar was improvised by placing Father Creane's bed on the ledge of a nearby hut and covering it with a blanket which served as an antependium and hid the bed's unsightly legs. When the weather is rainy, the bed is suspended by ropes attached to the rafters inside the hut. Atop the blanketed bed the portable Vic was placed (to represent the conventional tabernacle) as a base for the crucifix. Glass chimneys from our two kerosene lanterns protected the candles from any untoward breeze that might chance along.

After Mass, Father and I sat down to breakfast which



The author, with "Little Jo," Santal. The lad had a year's struggle with his father before he finally obtained permission to become a Catholic. He is one of Father Creane's promising little Santals.

consisted of some oatmeal, a cup of tea and some unbreakable biscuits. Milk is a luxury which the missionary "uncans" when he has visitors of some importance . . . of course, we had milk. The two catechists, who were with us, took some cold rice, which they had set aside from the previous meal, and ate it with great relish. The catechists then set out on their day's work, preaching in the nearby villages and teaching prayers to the recently converted Santals. Father Creane said part of his Office, answered a few letters, and transacted such other business as demanded his immediate attention. At about ten-thirty, dinner was served on the box of a movie projector which Father carries along with him from village to village. Dinner consisted of boiled rice and *dal* (pulse) to which a chicken was added in my honor.

THE cravings of the inner man having been thus appeased, we went to where the catechists were eating their mound of rice, heard what they had to say of the morning's progress, and then dispatched them to places scheduled for the afternoon. Then began our tramp, slowly and by stages to our next camping grounds.

But on the way we were not idle. Our journey of about seven miles took us through village after village of interesting and interested people. The Santals are pleasant folk, simple and happy-go-lucky. They will leave anything and everything at any time in the day to see and hear the Fathers who speak their own language. They are frank, open and sincere, with surprisingly few exceptions; and there are very few who will not admit that they should adore God and not, as their religion prescribes, the devil.

The vantage point in any village is the hut of the head-man, and that is invariably the destination of the missionary. As we drew near to the home of the head-man, we noticed a

number of sage-looking old men gathered under a straw shelter . . . thatched roof resting on bamboo uprights. . . . They seemed to be expecting visitors, so Father Creane cheerily inquired, "Is the head-man here?" "Yes, yes," they volunteered, "He is coming now." . . . "Bring a *par-kom!* (cot)" shouted one of them. The cot was arranged and, after the niceties of a cordial welcome had been performed and the Father and I enthroned upon the seat of honor (the cot), the inevitable question came forth, "Whence come you, and where are you going?" Before answering the question, Father Creane drank from the proffered vessels of "comparatively clean" water (void of all large animals and unchewable particles).

FATHER then spoke to the head-man, enumerating the number of villages whose head-men had become Catholics, and asked him when he intended to follow suit.

"Who knows," came the answer, "perhaps, if I knew what it was, I would become a Catholic."

"We shall tell you," said Father. "To be a Catholic means simply this—leaving the devil and turning to the true God, the all-powerful and all-wise One, Who has created Heaven and earth and all things, you and the rest of mankind, yes, and even him to whom you make sacrifices of goats and chickens and pigs . . . you know whom I mean, Satan, the *Marang Buru* (the Great Mountain). God does not want us to adore the devil, and He, having made us, is our Master and should be obeyed, just as you should be obeyed by your children. The people of this village are all good people, are they not *Munji* (head-man)?"

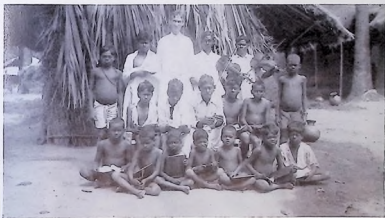
"They are, Father."

"Then good people should have a good religion, shouldn't they?"

"What you say is true, Father."

"Is their present religion good for them?" urged the Santal Tramp (as Father Creane is called unofficially). "You know how on big feasts they get drunk and beat each other and fight and are anything but good. Come now, become a Catholic, follow the lead of your *Munjis* and your people will, by your example, be led to follow you. God, the Great Father in Heaven, will give them and you eternal life and happiness with Him."

During Father's talk, which also included the history of the creation, fall and the redemption of man, the



Father James A. Creane, S.J., with three of his catechists and some few of his Santal Primary School boys in Patna Mission, India.

crowd had gathered and listened with deep attention. Many an old man, and the *Munji* himself, approved all that had been said, pronouncing it "Good."

AT the end, the *Munji* promised that he and his village would become Catholics, but not immediately. "When?" asked Father Creane.

"When she is married," said the head-man, as he pointed to a girl of about fifteen years. "She has been promised in marriage and, of course, to a pagan. I have received the money for her, so she no longer belongs to us . . . when the marriage is over, Father."

I was enthusiastic and told Father so, but he smilingly replied, "Oh yes, it sounds very encouraging, but I will believe them when I see the water flowing."

Towards twilight that evening, we came to the village where we planned to spend the night. We went to the house of one of the catechists. After seeing our boxes, etc., safe in the house and the cook busy about his Father's business, we went out to choose a suitable place, hoping for a white-walled house, on which to project the movie. You see, our Tramp believes, like Saint Paul, in being all things to all men, and he has succeeded well in being almost everything imagin- (Turn to page 140)

## HECTIC MONTHS

(Continued from page 116)

Misamis Oriental so badly that almost all the bridges were carried away by the flood. I borrowed two horses; four times the horses had to swim rivers in the dead of night; so difficult was this, that one of the horses was nearly drowned, and I had to leave him on the shore. I myself had to swim that dark swift river at ten o'clock at night, because I lost my balance and the canoe capsized. Fortunately, we were very near the shore. My only watch was ruined. Due to a typhoon, the church of Mambajao is now without facade, but thank God! there was no moral *baguio* here!

My prayer as I close this little article is that, under the magnetic leadership of our new first Bishop, Most Rev. James T. G. Hayes, S.J., with sufficient priests and resources, this mission of Northern Mindanao will soon become a garden spot of Catholicity in the Philippine Islands.

## THE MARTYRS' SHRINE

(Continued from page 120)

men that they were desecrating a holy spot, and that the bridge would never be used. That was over twenty-five years ago, and for some reason or other, the line has been abandoned!

But there have been several first-class miracles at the Shrine, and I was amused when I heard of the Pullman porter who fainted when a young girl, who had arrived on crutches the preceding day, actually ran to catch the train the following afternoon! Yesterday I overheard a non-Catholic speaking to one of the Fathers. "Father," said she, "I am not of your persuasion, but I would like to have a cure for rheumatism. I'll take everything you've got!"

Last year an Indian hut was built on the hill near the lookout, to give an idea of the way in which the Indians lived in the time of the early missionaries. While I was inside this low-roofed house, I overheard two visitors speaking about it. "How quaint!" said one; "and to think people actually lived in huts like that!" "Isn't it!" remarked the other, "but it doesn't

look two hundred years old!"

I could keep on in this strain for pages and pages, but it is almost time for Benediction and the veneration of the relics, so I'll say au revoir and promise to write soon again. That you and mother are happy and well, is the wish of

Your devoted son,

J. H.

P.S. In my enthusiasm for the Shrine, I forgot to thank you for your prompt and very welcome assistance. There is a Martyrs' Shrine Mass Association here, by which one can participate in the benefits of a hundred Masses said at the Shrine during the year. I registered you and mother.

## DEVILS IN PARADISE

(Continued from page 121)

devil's sickness. Father, mother, children, all had it; they itched here and they itched there, and they couldn't eat nor sleep nor work nor do anything. They heard that the *T'ien-chou T'ang* (the Catholic Church) was good for the devil's sickness, and so they sent for help to Father Ts'iang (the Chinese priest I was replacing). Father Ts'iang, busy with his catechumens, sent the *Hwei-chang* (chief of the Christians) and the catechist, to do what they could. They visited the family, said some prayers, sprinkled the house with Holy Water, inscribed the family as catechumens—and the devil's sickness left them completely. They were all cured."

**E**XPLAIN it as you will. I can't. Neither could the other missionaries, nor did they desire to. They contented themselves with recounting other similar experiences—on which they likewise prudently withheld judgment.

Whether learned scientists class these facts as psychological cases explainable by psychic causes, or the poor Haichow peasants attribute them to preternatural interference, the result is the same. In other words, whether the devil is really at work or not—and Almighty God besides—the fact is that the sickness attributed to him is driving more than one Chinese to "Paradise." Over two hundred catechumens knocked at its gates last year, at

least some of whom have the devil's sickness to thank for the gift of Faith.

Does the devil really hold sway in China? I never saw him to find out personally. But his kingdom is certainly well established here.

## THE DESERT ROAD TO BAGHDAD

(Continued from page 123)

minds, and we were secretly glad that our journey was not to be entirely without incident.

Just at that moment someone called our attention to a fleet of touring cars coming from behind us in the distance. There were five of them, all returning empty from Damascus to get some pilgrims from Mecca in Baghdad. Our driver hailed them and we all piled in.

It was not long before we began to come upon irrigated land and greenery, and we knew that Baghdad could not be far away. Soon we could descry the domes and minarets that rose up from the city which our youthful imaginations in the long past had clothed with magic when we read of it in the charmed pages of Arabian Nights. Not even the extravagant dreams of boyhood had led us to expect that we should ever lay eyes on this almost mythical town of the desert. And here we were now, entering it in the service of our King, to wield the more potent magic of His Divine Grace in the never-ending quest for souls.

Archbishops and priests and Archbishops and Patriarch and Apostolic Delegate, how even the King of Iraq himself welcomed us, we hope to tell you later.

## AND SO TO SLICKPOO

(Continued from page 125)

the music of chinooks, and of frying mountain trout, proved, as Father George Weibel, S.J., writes, "that Father Cataldo suffered from an active consumption," acutely harmful to the supplies.

Although Father Cataldo was familiar with the Flatheads, the Blackfeet, the Gros Ventres, the *Coeur d'Alenes*, and other tribes historically famous and anatomically distinctive; still it was among the Nez Perce that he founded the mis-

(Continued on page 140)

# BOOK REVIEWS

## Old Jesuit Trails in Penn's Forest.

By Leo Gregory Fink. The Paulist Press, 401 West 59th St., New York, N. Y. Price \$1.50.

Replete with topographical and historical detail, the book is a Baedeker's Guide, leading the reader through the portals of Catholicity in Maryland to the very heart of Penn's Forest, whence, as from a spiritual paddock, ministering Blackrobes went galloping forth, and, with the Sign of the Cross, blazed immortal trails in the Berkshire Hills, along the Delaware, and into the promised land of the Lehigh Valley, under the Cedars of Lebanon, up the mountains of the Schuylkill, or in search of those lost legions of souls hidden in the Blue Ridge hills. From these trails, staked forever by memorial churches, property deeds and the records of old Baptismal Registers, data was thoughtfully prepared for the connoisseur of the rare and the antique, for the statistical reader of facts and figures. One may linger over precious bits of biographical bric-a-brac or ponder over the associations that cling like incense to sacred reliquaries. Curios, literary, spiritual and missiological, attract both the attention and interest: The anti-Catholic Test Oath; the liberty bell of Catholicity; the first Colored convert; Coneago, cradle of Catholicity; old St. Joseph's where,

"Side by side in their nameless graves  
The lovers are sleeping

Under the humble walls of the  
Little Catholic churchyard."

Then, there is the shepherd of the Berkshire Hills; the rare books and old oil paintings of Bally; first Baptismal Records and the title page of the oldest Catholic Church Register in the original thirteen English Colonies. There is the humble Mass house, and in the adjacent acre the monumental memorabilia of old headstones. Yet, in this happy hunting ground over which, through the toil of Jesuit missionaries, the Great Spirit reigns supreme, the romance was not solely spiritual, and so we have other tales of other ways: the gold legends of Schuylkill Haven and the tragic death leap of the Indian maiden, "Wanomanie." The book is a precious, entertaining primer in the science of American Missiology. In addition to its own intrinsic merits, we recommend it to our readers as an encouraging indication of that scholarly research which is being conducted today by our clergy and laity into America's Catholic heritage. It is particularly timely, in view of the three hundredth birthday of the Catholic Church in the United States, an anniversary, whose glory cannot be adequately compassed without retracing "Old Jesuit Trails in Penn's Forest."

## The Vatican: Yesterday, Today, Tomorrow. By George Seldes. Harper & Brothers, New York, N. Y. Price \$3.75.

A lively volume of seasonable topics reasonably presented against a background of world history, both secular and ecclesiastical—a frank, judicial expose of the ancient Vatican, the Pope, the Vatican Courts and their Administration, the Vatican and the modern world. That the study would be frank was inevitable, for the character of the author. We are told on the jacket that Mussolini threw him out of Italy, Lenin expelled him from Russia, the Arabs threatened him with torture and death, Bratiansu set the police on his trail in Roumania, the French accused him of inciting mutiny in the Foreign Legion, D'Annunzio forced him out of Fiume. That the book is distinctly unbiased, is evident from the absence of party pleading, either Catholic or anti-Catholic, and, in the case of mooted issues, from an estimable choice of representative testimony taken impartially for a jury of readers that the author hopes may be impartialled from every race and every creed. In one sense, the book is a kaleidoscopic review of the centuries, a sort of jubilee edition of all the news that's fit to print. To many, however, it will be an arsenal of controversy whose explosives are insulated, it is true, yet need only the spark of a careless interpretation to touch them off. Witness a few: the Rotary Club decrees; the decisions of the Index; "The medicine cabinet of the Church"; the decrees of the Rota in the cases of Marconi vs. O'Brien, Marlborough vs. Vanderbilt, Boni de Castellane vs. Anna Gould, the Vatican vs. Russia and Communism, vs. Italy and Fascism, vs. Hitler, France, Mexico, Austria, Czechoslovakia; the inflammable but highly instructive chapter on the Vatican and Catholic political parties, the Catholic Church and Protestant Churches; the Pope and Modern Society, and the Pope vs. Mussolini. With an American reporter's true persistence, our author engages his time in auditing the Vatican's finances and in tabulating the numbers of the Church's missionary personnel. If the inner workings of the Church are not sounded to their deepest supernatural depths, the reason may be found either in the author's purely naturalistic philosophy of life, or, frankly in his deliberate repertorial selection of saleable issues. Only when Mr. Seldes has finally discovered the Workman who forged the keys of St. Peter's which, by his own admission, "up to now have been found adaptable for all circumstances," will he be competent to unfold before his readers the real secret and the power of the Vatican, its supernal infallibility yesterday, today and tomorrow.

## The Church Looks Ahead.—American Protestant Christianity, An Analysis and a Forecast. Edited by Charles E. Schofield. The Macmillan Company, New York, N. Y. Price \$3.00.

With charity towards all the writers in this symposium, and with malice towards none, we feel that in "The Church Looks Ahead," we have one more editorial index of the spiritual bankruptcy of Protestantism. The intransigence of Protestantism is still clearly evident in the following excerpts: "The presence of Christ which is but symbolized in the elements is discovered in an experience in which noble emotion rewards and seals the adventure of a declarative faith that He is there." (Page 24). "Again it is not a mere accident that Protestantism has elevated the pulpit and made of prime importance the preaching of the Gospel of Christ." (Page 29)—even above the mystery of the Mass. Again, "The Protestants in theory as well as in practice support heartily the Public Schools and State universities, while they seek to work out a program of religious education which will supplement the general education given by the tax-supported institutions" (Page 44). "The cross is the enduring symbol of the means by which both the soul and society find their redemption." (Page 88)—what are the means? Of most practical import is the chapter on Religious Journalism, while the clearest prophecy of Protestantism's own futile future is the apocalyptic vision of the four factors that militate against the very existence of Protestant Church colleges (Pages 319-20). These are: (1) the dearth of teachers possessing the necessary educational equipment and personal qualities; (2) the heterogeneous religious background of our student bodies; (3) the financial needs of modern education; (4) the general religious confusion of our times. Most Protestant of all, are the concluding paragraphs in the chapter on Unity and the Christian Church: "The moral demand of Christian people cannot stop short of absolute unity." And then, in the very next statement, "This means a unity which recognizes the right of difference of opinion." Again, "Unity will never be absolute. It never has been. There will always be a rebellious fringe which will refuse to cooperate." Can it be that this rebellious fringe is to be found on the robe of the prodigal son of Protestantism? The title of the concluding chapter is "And So-On," sans unity, sans authority, sans that more abundant life which pulsates solely in the organism of the Roman Catholic Church, the one, Holy, Catholic, Apostolic Church of Christ. Let Protestantism look ahead—but to Rome.

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evangelization. To which Father Cataldo replied: "Well, Mr.— do you believe that President Grant is greater than Almighty God? I believe that the President sent you; but I also believe that Almighty God sent me."

Having chanced upon this historic page, enhanced with the portrait of a great missionary and bordered with picturesque wardancing Nez Perces, I felt that I must see Slickpool. Slickpool or die!

(To be continued)

## ROUGHING IT WITH FATHER CREANE

(Continued from page 137)

able, one of which is a movie operator, or, perhaps I should say, a "talkie" operator. The place chosen, we went through the village ringing a little bell, like Xavier of old, summoning the people to come and see the "acting, walking, picture-on-the-wall." Everyone was delighted.

AFTER a light lunch, we arranged the "Baby Patch" . . . and amidst the singing of mosquitoes, the winging of bats and the buzz, buzz, buzz of huge beetles that were attracted by the glow of our lights, the show began. "Krazy Kat in Monkey-land." While I was preparing the next reel, the Santal Tramp stepped out in front of the assembly and said, "This is not a free show. All must pay or leave!" Of course, they all laughed. "You laugh. I am serious! The price is prayers!" As no one moved, Father began, "Say this prayer after me." And then followed the Lord's Prayer, to be repeated over and over again, until fairly well learned, when a catechist rose and played it on a violin to a familiar Santal tune. The people were invited to sing it. Then followed another reel, more repetitions of the Lord's Prayer and an explanation of its meaning, another reel, etc., until finally Father Creane rose and explained why they should all become Catholics and how they could do so through Baptism. A final showing of "Krazy Kat," then Night Prayers, and then . . . sweet slumbers for us . . . on the ground, on a cot, it mattered little, we were so fatigued.

## AND SO TO SLICKPOOL

(Continued from page 138)

sion which bears his name and where he spent the gay nineties of his life. It was no easy task to establish St. Joseph's Mission, Slickpool, Idaho. Crushing difficulties from the Government and from competitive non-Catholic ministers vainly tried to pulverize his adamant resolve for building a spiritual center. One preacher, evidently forgetful that this "Man of Peace" was also a bristling warrior in the King's service, endeavored to browbeat Father by reminding him that President Grant had given over the Nez Perce country to Presbyterian

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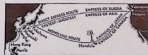
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