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(1) **PHILIPPINE ISLANDS**, a foreign-home mission: a large portion of the Island of Mindanao, the leper colonies of Cullion and Cebu, and educational work in Manila; and (2) **MISSIONS IN SOUTHERN MARYLAND** for Negroes are entrusted to the Jesuits of the Maryland-New York Province which comprises the Middle Atlantic States. The Province Mission Procurator is
Rev. George J. Willmann, S.J., 51 East 83rd St., New York, N. Y.

(3) **AMERICAN INDIAN MISSIONS** in Wyoming and South Dakota; and (4) **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
Rev. William J. Wallace, S.J., 221 North Grand Blvd., St. Louis, Mo.

Missions among the natives of (5) **ALASKA** and (6) **AMERICAN INDIAN MISSIONS** in Washington, Idaho, Oregon and Montana are served by the Jesuits of the Oregon Province which is co-extensive with these States. The Province Mission Procurator is
Rev. Francis B. Prange, S.J., 2440 Interlaken Blvd., Seattle, Washington.

(7) **JAMAICA, B.W.I.**, is the field of the foreign missionary labors of the Jesuits of the New England Province of the Society of Jesus. The Province Mission Procurator is
Rev. William A. Lynch, S.J., Bellarmine House, Margin St., Cohasset, Mass.

(8) **THE SOUTHERN STATES MISSIONS** are home missions in the rural districts of the Southern States. The Jesuits of the New Orleans Province which embraces the Southern States are tilling these fields. The Province Mission Procurator is
Rev. Jean Lapeyre, S.J., 4133 Banks St., New Orleans, La.

(9) **PATNA** is the foreign mission in northern India administered by the Jesuits of the Chicago Province which is made up of the States of Illinois (northern part), Indiana, Kentucky, Michigan and Ohio. The Province Mission Procurator is
Rev. Leon A. Foster, S.J., 1076 West Roosevelt Road, Chicago, Ill.

(10) **THE CHINA MISSIONS** of the Jesuits of the California Province which comprises the States of California, Nevada, Utah and Arizona are in Nanking, Shanghai and other sections of China. The Province Mission Procurator is
Rev. Hugh C. Donovan, S.J., University of Santa Clara, Santa Clara, Calif.

(11) **SÜCHOW MISSION**, China and (12) **CANADIAN INDIAN MISSIONS** at Caughnawaga, the Iroquois Mission near Montreal, are in charge of the Jesuits of Lower Canada. The Province Mission Procurator is
Rev. Louis J. Lavoie, S.J., 653 Chemin Ste-Foy, Quebec, Canada.

(13) **CANADIAN INDIAN MISSIONS** along Lake Huron and Georgian Bay, those north of Lake Superior, and those along the Albany River are cared for by the Jesuits of Upper Canada. The Province Mission Procurator is
Rev. Joseph Leahy, S.J., 160 Wellesley Crescent, Toronto, Canada.

Educational work at (14) **BAGHDAD, IRAQ**, is entrusted to Jesuits from each of the American Provinces. This work is administered by the New England Province of the Society of Jesus.

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



The familiar baby carriage in Japan. Note, too, the almost universally worn type of "shoe"—built higher or lower as muddy or dry roads demand. Christianity is gradually gaining ground in Japan, though the number of Catholics is still small. In a population of 64 to 65 millions, there are 100,000 Catholics, excluding those in Korea and Formosa.

Patriarch of the Oglala Sioux

John F.

Flanagan, S.J.

THIRTY-six years ago, a young Jesuit

Scholastic heard the call of the American missions and left Europe to begin a life of continuous mission activity among the Indians of the northwest. You will meet this same Jesuit, Father Placidus F. Sialm, if you visit the Pine Ridge Indian Reservation in South Dakota, where he has the distinction of being the oldest missionary priest among the Oglala Sioux. And although the increasingly large number of gray hairs bear witness to his sixty-two years, the flash in his eyes and his youthful energy reveal the untiring zeal and enthusiasm of a young apostle.

Father Sialm has devoted his entire religious life to the North American Indians. While still a Scholastic in 1901, he began his work with the children of the Sioux at the Holy Rosary Mission School. His vacation periods during theology were spent at the same Mission, preparing himself for his future work as a missionary priest. After ordination, we find him with the Assiniboin and Gros Ventres Indians at St. Paul's Mission in Montana. In 1912, he was sent to the Arapahoes in Wyoming, being Superior of St. Stephen's Mission for two years. The Sioux of South Dakota claimed him again in 1914, when he returned to Holy Rosary Mission. Except for an interval of three years spent at St. Francis Mission, this has continued to be the headquarters and center for all his apostolic labors and travels among the Sioux. Such is the story in years, but the story of his work, his hardships, and his achievements, is not so easily recounted.

THERE is no spot on the Pine Ridge Reservation to which he has not carried the word of God. Hardships and inconveniences have never discouraged or deterred him in his work of evangelization. Twenty-five years ago, a visit to one of his missionary districts frequently meant a journey of a month with team and wagon over miles of prairie and unmarked trails. In the Summer, there was the blistering sun beating down



On his mission tours, the "Patriarch of the Oglala Sioux" visits the home (typical of Indian houses) of Silas-Fills-the-Pipe.

on his open wagon,—and not a tree in sight. In the Winter, that same open wagon offered little protection from the driving winds which swept over the Dakota plains. More than once did he find himself lost on the prairie in a blinding blizzard, relying on the instinct of his faithful team to guide him to some poor Indian shelter. In the Spring, there were swollen streams and rivers to be forded. Always there was the question of food. Imagine a month on the road without a decent meal! These hardships, however, were mere incidents in the life of one who was looking for souls on the great open plain.

In the early days, there were, of course, no churches on the Reservation. The priest said Mass where and when he could gather a few souls in a cabin or tent. Today, twenty-five mission chapels testify to the zeal and perseverance of Father Sialm and his Jesuit companions. The building of a chapel meant not infrequently the hauling of material a hundred miles from the nearest railroad station. It meant innumerable appeals to friends and benefactors. It meant strict economy and careful planning. But most of all, it meant a suitable edifice in which Christ could come to His Sioux children. These missionary priests and their loyal benefactors can well be proud of their share in bringing Christ to the Indians of South Dakota.

FATHER SIALM has long since abandoned his team and wagon in favor of the more modern means of transportation. This does not mean though that his hardships are over; for the best of cars stall in deep snowbanks and mire down in the all-too-frequent mudholes on the prairie. Many and varied are his experiences in the course of the fifteen thou- (Turn to page 166)

Xavier in the Philippines

Thomas B. Cannon, S.J.

THERE is good reason to believe that St. Francis Xavier was the first Jesuit to set foot on Philippine soil. One great authority, Father Brou, S.J., who is considered the leading biographer of the Saint, ridicules the idea of Xavier's visit; but on the other hand, we have the authority of the best known historians of the Philippine Jesuit Mission in favor of the tradition.

The history of the Society of Jesus in the Philippines from 1581 to 1900, with the exception of one half century, is covered by three great works: *Labor Evangelica de la Compania de Jesus en las Filipinas*, written originally for the Father General of the Society of Jesus, by Father Pedro Chirino in 1604; rewritten by Father Francisco Colin in 1660; and reedited and annotated by Father Pablo Pastells in 1900;—this work, in three large volumes, covers only the first thirty-five years of the Society's work in the Islands—from 1581 to 1616. The next century, 1616-1716, is the period covered by Father Pedro Murillo-Velarde's work, *Historia de la Provincia de Filipinas de la Compania de Jesus*. Then there is a period lasting up to the Suppression of the Society in the Philippines in 1768, which is not recorded. The history of the Philippine Jesuits from the time of the Restoration until the American Occupation is recorded by Father Pablo Pastells in his *Mision de la Compania de Jesus de*



St. Ignatius Loyola, Founder of the Society of Jesus, gives St. Francis Xavier his commission to preach the Gospel in the Orient.

visited an island "of the Moros." Chirino-Colin-Pastells prove that this means Mindanao. (In support of their position, they cite the authority of Father Combes, the historian of Mindanao and Jolo.) According to his own letter, Xavier sailed from Malacca, on the Malay Peninsula, to Amboyna (evidently coming down through the Strait of Malacca and the Java Sea); from Amboyna he went to the Moluccas in the north (near Ternate), which, as he says, are "sixty leagues distant" from Amboyna. According to present maps, the distance from Amboyna to Ternate is 350 miles in a straight line; the

Filipinas en el Siglo XIX. A supplementary account of these various periods may be found in Astrain's History of the Spanish Assistency, and in other sources. But the three great works mentioned have the stamp of authority.

THE *Labor Evangelica*, is the principal authority for the belief that Xavier visited Mindanao. In his Dedication of the work to the King, Colin (who had been Provincial of the Philippine Province) speaks of Xavier as "the Apostle of the Indies and the first Apostle of the Island of Mindanao." In the very beginning of the first volume, this statement is proved,—from the letters of Xavier, and from the Bull of his Canonization.

Xavier, in a letter written to the Society at Rome, from Cochin, January 21, 1548, speaks of having

Young Jesuits of the Maryland-New York Province, stationed at Novalesiches, P. I., who are today preparing to follow in Xavier's footsteps. Sitting (left to right): L. Guerrero, A. Montero, A. Regalado, R. de Gramajo, N. Kumbel, F. Braca, P. Bartolome, W. Hogan, F. Renz. Standing (left to right): A. Consunji, J. de Manuel, H. Lim, C. Maravilla, A. Oben, R. Banayad, M. David, R. Pasca.



number of islands in the path would make a ship's voyage somewhat longer. Xavier, continuing his narrative, says that he sailed "another sixty leagues" from Ternate to "the island of the Moros." He was still sailing north. Now the coast of Mindanao lies about 370 miles almost directly north of Ternate, across an open sea. Mindanao, then, must be the island referred to by Xavier as "the island of the Moros."

Such is the argument first proposed by Fathers Chirino and Colin. The designation "of the Moros" is peculiarly fitting for Mindanao—even today—but much more so for the Mindanao of the sixteenth century, for at that time the Mohammedan conquest had spread to the Philippines, through all the islands of the Malay Archipelago, and Mohammedanism in the east was at the height of its power. For one century—from 1478 until the coming of Legaspi to Manila in 1571,—the inhabited sections of the Philippines were a colony of the Mohammedan state of Bruni, in Borneo. Legaspi conquered the Moros in the northern islands almost in the very beginning of his governorship; but Mindanao was never completely rid of the Moros. Hence the designation "of the Moros," was quite natural for Xavier to use. Many islands, at that time, had no fixed names.

A RELIGIOUS ANSWERS A CYNIC

William A. Donaghy, S.J.

You say my life is loveless and my breast
A rusty hearth, on whose cold gratings rest
The ashes of affection; that my kind
Are soiled from my bosom,—are you blind?
For love is not a fire,
Kindled of quick desire,
Whose stunted flames aspire
Unto a narrow outlet choked with soot!
Love is abiding, not a winged foot
That leaves an imprint in the sordid clay,
And passes with the passing of a day.
It is not some swift comet whose streaked scar
Flashes and dies. It is a constant star,
Watching with mournful vigilance the flow
And ebb of surging passion far below.
With you love is a toy,
An unctuous, honeyed joy,
That sates you but to cloy,
While high above my star awaits the morn
Of deathless day; and while in snarling scorn
You mock and mark me with insulting hand,
In anger, you can never understand,
But you will know, when time's slow sands have run,
That loving and living were to me but one.

THE notes of Father Pastells, as editor of *Labor Evangelica*, are very elaborate in proving that Mindanao fits Xavier's description of the "island of the Moros." He goes further than this; he asks "What part of Mindanao was visited by Xavier?" and he answers, "Davao." The proof is certainly very convincing. The Saint describes a volcano, "A mountain always smoking;" and the description tallies exactly with the description of Mount Apo, Davao—and with none other. Xavier calls the people "Tabaros;" Father Pastells shows that this might well be the same as the present appellation "Davaros;" the name is a natural one, for the root, "daba," means "Flame of the Volcano." Other points of resemblance are mentioned by Father Pastells; and he finds further evidence in support of the theory in the narration of Fernandez Mendez Pinto, Xavier's companion, with regard to the dates of the Saint's journeys and the storms he encountered, from which data Father Pastells, like a ship's navigator, is able to figure out Xavier's position.

The Church has practically canonized this Xavier-in-the-Philippines theory of Fathers Chirino, Colin and Pastells; for in the Bull of Canonization of Saint Francis Xavier, issued by Urban VIII in 1622, it is said of

the Saint: "*Ipse primus Mindanavis Evangelium Christi annuntiaverat.*" (He first preached the Gospel to the Mindanao people.)

According to *Labor Evangelica*, Xavier preached the Gospel in Mindanao during the months of September, October and November, 1546. (Cf. p. 253)

Father Murillo-Velarde, in his History of the old Philippine Jesuit Province (p. 52), says that Xavier learned about the Philippines from Legaspi's unsuccessful predecessor, Villalobos, who died in the Saint's arms at Amboyna; and that soon after this event, Xavier visited Mindanao.

A translation of this passage is found in Blair and

Robertson (P. I., Vol. 44, p. 53): "In the year 1631, was begun the residence of Dapitan in the great island of Mindanao. The first Jesuit who preached in that island was the Apostle of the Indies, St. Francis Xavier . . . Ruy Lopez de Villalobos came to these islands with his ships, sent by the Viceroy of New Spain, and gave them the name of Philippines in honor of Philip II; and, driven by storms, he went to Amboyna, where the Saint then was, in whose care Villalobos died. At the news of these islands thus obtained by the holy Apostle, he came to them. The circumstance that this island was consecrated by the labors of

that great Apostle has always and very rightly commended it to the Society."

Murillo-Velarde refers to this point a second time, in his description of Mindanao (p. 74), where he writes: "St. Francis Xavier entered this island of Mindanao . . . I believe that he came from Amboyna or Ternate to the southern shore of the island, acting on information given by men of Villalobos' armada. Colin and Combes say he came from Ternate to Mindanao in 1546 . . . This glorious Apostle was the first Jesuit to navigate these bays and tread these shores, taking possession of these regions in the name of the Society . . . as a promised land for our missionaries."

THE same historian tells us that Don Miguel Serano, Archbishop of Manila, in his decree establishing the feast of St. Francis Xavier as a holy day of Obligation, in 1623, declared that Xavier had preached in Mindanao. (Cf. Mur-Vel. p. 23.) Some years later, in 1653, the Archbishop, the Cathedral Chapter of Manila and the Ayuntamiento proclaimed St. Francis Xavier, Patron of the Philippine Islands. They gave several reasons for their choice, the first being "because St. Francis Xavier was the first to (Turn to page 166)

What's Your Grievance?

Andrew B. Ochs, S.J.



AD you asked me a year ago what the above question meant and who was the originator, I would have been forced to admit ignorance, for at that time both Father Becker and his mission at Montego Bay, with its outlying districts of Chester Castle, Reading and Falmouth were unknown to me. For months now, these words have been ringing in my ears, and as I picture Father Becker continually answering knock after knock on his back door, I cannot help but recall how our Lord Himself went about asking and settling this self-same question. True, the Gospels do not quote these exact words, for with Him these words were most always hidden in a sympathetic look or else manifested by the stretching forth or touching of a hand, yet ever and always it was the same question: "What's your grievance?"

Montego Bay, the mission I have termed "The mission of many grievances," is situated at the western end of the Island of Jamaica. This little mission, with its poor church supported by large wooden beams from without to prevent it from toppling over, and with its few hundred parishioners, presents a marked contrast to the well-known Tourists' Resort, Doctor's Cave, with



From morning till night, the poor of Montego Bay, Jamaica, B. W. I., come to sympathetic Father James J. Becker, S.J., with their grievances.



Typical of the many "Jamaica yard" scenes in Montego Bay, where the abject poverty of his Colored flock greets Father Becker on his mission rounds.

its excellent beach and dance hall, situated about a half mile away. For two weeks, I lived in this house of grievances with Father Becker and listened to knocks at the door, until my ears almost burst. The world indeed is full of grievances, but I believe that the people of Jamaica have more than their share. As early as six o'clock in the morning, I have watched Father go to the door, ask, "What's your grievance?" and in reply have heard the pleas, "Fadder, me beg you a threepence," or "Fadder, me beg you food," or else, "Fadder, me beg you work." Not only did these poor people beg Father for money, food and work, but one old lady hardly able to walk, actually begged Father for a stamp. And so, from early morning to late into the night, people came to Father with their grievances. Without doubt, two of the most striking grievances were in the form of funerals (which we in Jamaica call "Headings," as the Father in his car heads the funeral procession). One of these Headings was some sixteen miles in the bush, the other, twenty miles to a town called Falmouth.

The call to the bush Heading came in the usual way when a middle-aged man knocked at the door and asked that Fadder come bury his wife. A few minutes after the request, we were driving through the bush in search of the hut. We found the spot easily, as a large crowd had already assembled for the (Turn to page 166)

SICK CALL AT THIRTY BELOW

Paul C.
O'Connor, S.J.



SICK calls do not come every day in my isolated district. Fatal accidents are rare on account of the peaceful and leisured habits of my people. Tuberculosis is the dread disease. The hacking cough of its victims,

the deep and lasting chest pains, the slow but sure emaciation, show, long in advance, the approach of death. Death itself does not affright the Eskimo. They all firmly believe in God and, with the simplicity of a child, hope that all things will be adjusted in the life to come.

The last sacraments, therefore, are to them exactly what the Church expects them to be. The Holy Viaticum brings not sorrow but joy. For example, I had visited a little village of four cabins for the first and only time that year. My next visit would be the following Winter. In one of the cabins, I found a young wife wasted to a shadow by poor food, cold and tuberculosis. When she saw me, her face lit up with joy. "Father," she said, "maybe me not here next year. You give me sacraments now." The entire village of five families came to witness me anoint the good woman. They were deeply reverent during the ceremony, but immediately afterwards as frolicsome as children. The woman died just one month later.

JUST after my celebrations of New Year at my little church at Pilot Station here on the Lower Yukon, I fell and wrenched my knee. I was all alone when the accident happened and had very little wood. Outside, it was twenty below. I hobbled to bed and put a tight bandage on my knee. There was plenty of snow and ice outside for ice packs, but I preferred a hot water bottle. The sprain had brought on a nervous attack of shivering and a fit of impatience not at all becoming in a missionary. Well, I lay quietly until I saw my last stick go up in smoke. I then hopped with winches and concomitant ejaculations (not holy) to the bell and rang it furiously. In a few moments my house was full of excited natives. "Agayulerta, he sick—choknoh!" From then on, every consideration was shown to me by my people.

After two weeks, I began to hop around with the aid of a native-made cane. Incidentally, I was able to prepare a square meal for a change. All at once a howling wind came shooting down from the Arctic. The mercury dropped to thirty below and stayed put. I threw wood into my stoves like a stern-wheeler fireman; still, my house was cold. I reflected good-naturedly that this would be a great day for a sick call. The summons came just one hour later. It was from Takchak, forty miles



Katie and Paul were on hand at Takchak to thank Father O'Connor for coming those forty weary miles in bitter cold weather.

up river. Peter Tutluk, swathed in furs, came in and said: "Nick Coffee, he sick. Sometime he die."

"What's the trouble?" I asked.

"Heart, he beat only sometimes. Nick, he want Communion."

I looked out on the Yukon. Sand and snow were hurtling down the river in blinding drifts. I had to face that if I went to Takchak!

"How many dogs have you, Pete?"

"Good dogs, maybe nine. I take you?"

"You will take One greater than I, Peter," I answered.

"I take good care of you and Jesus."

That was all. In twenty minutes, after delicately pulling hip seal-skin boots over a still tender knee, I was on the Yukon.

I NEED not describe the trip. It was a nightmare. Hitherto, I had generally picked my day, and being in no rush I waited for good weather. Today, I couldn't. It was the first time I have ever felt really cold. My long stay in the house probably had something to do with this. The wind pierced me through and through. The cold was a spectre. It made me long and long for the end of that miserable trip. I thought at times my very eyes would freeze in their sockets. For eight solid hours I faced that bitter wind with the haunting thought that it would be but a question of moments before I would be transformed into a cake (Turn to page 168)

And so to Slickpoo

Edgar
Dowd, S.J.

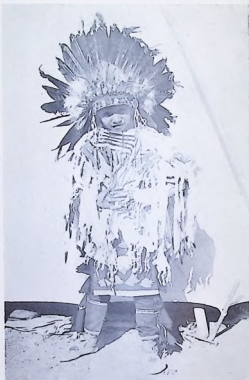
THIRTY miles southeast of Lewiston, Idaho, my train oozed through a country bubbling with bulbous hills, veined with zig-zagging canyons, and whitewashed with eight inches of snow. On the bottom of one of these corkscrew canyons lies St. Joseph's Mission, so dear to the heart of its founder, Father Cataldo.

First impressions of Slickpoo, home of the Nez Perce Indians, are neither representative nor delightful. To me on that wintry day, as an oyster-hued sky sagged low to a milky-colored landscape, Slickpoo seemed like Alaska. Really, it was isolation carried out to three decimal places, and the remainder chiseled on a tombstone in the small but populous cemetery clinging to the hillside just to the rear of the Fathers' house. The gods should have sent Prometheus to Slickpoo and saved themselves the trouble of chaining up that original fire thief. The first afternoon of my arrival, just for entertainment, I palavered with headstones and memorized epitaphs. Then after becoming fairly well acquainted with many former residents of the hamlet, I yielded to an urge, or reflex, to climb the circumambient hills. A cat tossed into a well has a similar inclination.

Slickpoo and Gaul are divided similarly. A rutty road staggers up the canyon, divides the town in half, and furnishes the one avenue of the hilly kraal and of escape. The church and rectory constitute one half of the town. The other half is again divided into Indian-town and St. Joseph's Orphanage, respectively. The former consists of twenty or thirty shacks wandering hither and yon in a grove of cottonwoods, and giving a matty, tangled appearance. St. Joseph's Orphanage, consisting of concrete, modern, well-lighted and heated buildings, is a twentieth century patch on this stagshirf seclusion. Except for a cabin or two grazing in a hillside dimple, Slickpoo is this and nothing more. Father Cataldo desired isolation for the Indians; he didn't succeed perfectly, but he did quite well.

HOWEVER, St. Joseph's Mission is not a haunted house or a deserted village. By no means are the joys of Slickpoo said and sung. Unlike Rome, it has not seen "her glories star by star expire." People live here.

Father Emil Boll, S.J., is Superior of the Mission; and Father A. Couffrant, S.J., is the Community. Both priests have long records of enviable missionary success. Opposites in nationality, in temperament, and figure, they are the opposites that attract, and they form a powerful battery for missionary endeavor, not only for Slickpoo, but also for Cul-de-Sac and Lapwai, Idaho.



A young Nez Perce, proud to be dressed up in the costume of the old warriors of his tribe.

Forty-eight years ago, Fathers Boll and Couffrant were fellow students in England. It was about their pre-Society, student days, a half century ago, that they talked, as we reared back in our chairs, around an ancient dachshund stove, on my first evening in Slickpoo. Father Couffrant, a marvelous and marathon entertainer, was telling of his early scholastic achievements: "The instructors taught me algebra before I knew arithmetic. Then they started me on geometry before I knew algebra. Why, I didn't know an angle from a bull's foot; and when we came to the *pons asinorum*, I went right through! I nearly drowned!" Then Father Boll would tell one. And for some reason or another, I felt alive, actually happy, in this necropolis of Slickpoo!

THE next day I visited an Indian's cabin. It wasn't necessary to enter, as the interior was visible from the threshold. Upon a cot in one corner of the room lay a lad who, I knew, was very sick. Stoically he contemplated the rafters, saying nothing, receiving no attention. At the oilclothed table sat a young girl writing a letter. She was the interpreter, had been at the Sisters' school, and bashfully told me that her father would not

be home until the morrow. In another corner of the partitionless room, reclining on a mound of blankets, was a young woman. She didn't look up, but kept her eyes on a magazine well-illustrated and well-finger-printed. Although apparently well, she was quite ill, in need of the Divine Physician. A fat back, just one full-length pout, waddled from the kitchen. He kept his hands pocketed, his lips buttoned, and countenance characteristically dumb.

While not in the least attempting to generalize from a single example, this portrait of Indian life may be considered representative. Showing Christianity and paganism at grips, the picture is not smeared with pessimism, but merely with the blazing colors of conflict—conflict that is being won, but only at the price of all victories: sacrifice. A sacrifice that comes not only from the missionaries, but everyone, who for the Cause, pays the "passing tribute of a sigh."

Results? Go to the cemetery. The Arches of Triumph, for the missionary, are built of marble or of wood, and stand as tombstones or as leaning wooden crosses. "From their pulpits sealed with dust, they preach," not only "In greatness is no trust," but also they proclaim that at the end of their lives they have been warmed by the embrace of our Lord who came not only for the just, but also for sinners.

LEAVING Indiantown, I headed for St. Joseph's Orphanage, a splendid institution, belonging to Most Reverend Edward Kelly, D.D., under the spiritual care of our Fathers, and flourishing under the Superiorship of Sister Cyril, of the Congregation of St. Joseph. Sister de Paul gave me a flying sight-seeing trip of this Orphanage, the bright, spotless spot of the Mission. We visited the chapel, rich in simplicity, reverent in neatness. Classrooms, chambers of torment for thirty boys and thirty girls, were well equipped. Blackboards frescoed with holly and blushing with rotund Santas, evinced the belief that St. Nicholas visited even Slickpoo.

The girls' recreation room, sprouting a Christmas tree, lined with bookcases and noisy with tots busy with games and dolls, was under the care of Sister Philomena. Immediately upon my arrival, the girls rallied for a song; and it was good, although Madge, a dollsized individual with a "mush-bowl" haircut, did more ogling than yodeling.

The boys' building I next visited, and was again welcomed lyrically. Politically, I said they ran a tie with the girls, as songsters. Thereupon, a future Caruso and a present hero, volunteered to sing a solo, just to make

the dope favor the boys. Sisters Stanislaus and de Chantal were as pleased as they were surprised. Sister Stanislaus and Sister Dominica have been in Slickpoo for thirty years!

The next morning, just before leaving Slickpoo, I was the victim of another urge, or reflex, and climbed a hill, giving myself an airplane view and a thought-provoking perspective.

Lord Byron said his altars were "the mountains and the oceans." Are the few acres below me also an altar before which burns the censer of daily prayer and upon which lives, "far from the maddening crowd's ignoble strife" are dying joyfully by seconds? Is this Mission a sunken garden wherein bloom fair flowers of



On festive occasions, the Nez Perce girls have their own "dress parade" in all the beaded finery traditional to their people.

virtue; a garden tilled constantly by laborers faithful and efficient? Is it a stage on which Fathers, Sisters and Indians act a part, a show of no rehearsals, no return showings, all gained or lost on one performance?

Yes; it is a stage, but, in the spotlight of Faith, also an altar! And on this altar-stage, the Indians, the missionaries, and the Sisters have lines to recite and parts to perform. They mutually help one another to render faultlessly the composition of the Divine Playwright, whose plays have always everlastingly happy endings. Fidelity to His instructions means success.

Of course, Lucifer, prowling backstage, often drivels false cues; and indolent human nature sometimes flops awkwardly to repose. But the great majority of these actors faithfully recite their lines, which are prayers; and follow the advice of the missionaries, by living virtuous lives. Rarely do these Indians answer death's certain-call without a confident smile from a peaceful conscience. Then they enter their narrow, cross-crowned cell on the hillside to await the General Judgment, that stupendous last-nighter!

Gupi Comes In

John A. Morrison, S. J.

GUPI means shepherd, and a Santal *gupi* of Patna Mission, India, is one of Nature's unspoiled articles. He takes care of his father's cows and goats and water-buffaloes, and lives now very much as he did two or three thousand years ago when David tended his father's flocks. Up with the dawn and out with his goats and cows, accompanying the birds with the mellow notes of his bamboo flute, Gupi leads a carefree life in his hills and valleys, not caring what lies beyond them. Long, long ago, his father lived principally by the chase, and the hunting urge is still strong within him, but now for the most part he is a small farmer, raising his rice and corn in season, and a few Indian vegetables.

Seeing spirits in the trees and rocks, Gupi's forefathers began to worship them. These spirits were bad and the Santal was content to placate them, and forget about God. He, God, would not do them harm, but the *bongas* would, and as a result, fowls and goats were sacrificed in abject tribute to God's enemy, and He Himself was neglected.

Santals lived like this for centuries. Something was lacking to them, but what it was they did not know. Gupi is an expert on the shepherd's flute, and these hollow reeds, echoing across the fields, seem to give living voice to the caged-up spirit of the bamboo and mingle it with the softly blowing breezes. A kind of haunting longing they express, a faintly voiced hope that has been heard across their smiling valleys from the beginning, longing and hoping for something that they had not.

And so Gupi had lived and died, because he knew no



"Gupi is an expert on the shepherd's flute, and these hollow reeds, echoing across the fields, seem to give living voice to the caged-up spirit of the bamboo and mingle it with the softly blowing breezes."

better. Then one day a stranger came into his country, a foreigner whose speech was well-nigh unintelligible, but he had a message, and he strove to make that message clear with many stumbling words. A good God had made them, kept them, loved them, had become a man and died for them. This good God loved Gupi intensely and wanted Gupi to love Him and serve Him. He felt a satisfaction in his soul that he had never felt before,—it was all true.

THE stranger passed on and repeated this message in other villages,—and returned. This time Gupi learned more. Again, the stranger went and again he returned. In the meantime, Gupi had learned prayers and certain truths sufficiently, so that the stranger, a Catholic priest, told him that he might be baptized. And then he "came in," as the Santals say when they become Catholics.

Gupi left his *bonga* worship. No more did he take part in sacrifices of fowls and goats to a devil of hate and fear. Occasionally, the priest came to his



"Up with the dawn and out with his goats and cows, accompanying the birds with the mellow notes of his bamboo flute, Gupi leads a carefree life in his hills and valleys, not caring what lies beyond them."

village and stayed overnight in his house. In the morning there were confessions, more Baptisms, perhaps, and Mass was said on a rope bed placed on the *pinda*, the porch-like ledge that Santals have around their houses. Gupi received his God Himself into his clean young heart and came back from the Communion table with a look of satisfaction and peace on his face that told that all was well within. He loved to sing, and now many of his aboriginal melodies contained the holy Names of Jesus and His Mother. Gupi was a good practising Catholic, and his young, unspoiled heart drank in the revealed truths of Christ's religion as the parched plains drink in the first refreshing showers of Summer.

THEN gradually other "Fathers", other missionaries, came, and Gupi was able to go to Mass and Communion more frequently. The priest would come to Gupi's house, stay overnight with him; Catholics from nearby villages would come in the early morning; and there would be Mass on the *pinda*. After some time little mud and thatch chapels slowly began to rise throughout the Santal country. Father still went around from village to village, but these chapels were like central stations, and that haunting, longing call of Gupi's bamboo flute finally was answered. A soft red light now glowed in several of these chapels, and after thousands of years, Christ, the Eucharistic King, was at last an honored guest in the Santal country.

Schools sprang up where Gupi, besides learning his catechism, was taught how to read and write. If lucky, he was sent in to the big school at Bhagalpore for a few years, and when he returned home for the holidays he could, among other accomplishments, serve Father's Mass. Next came the Nuns, and Gupi's mother and sisters received from them instruction and attention that the priest could not so easily give. A new Catholic nation was being formed. For centuries the Santal had remained alone. Hinduism and Islam had come into India, but the Santals had remained, for the most part, unspoiled. Now they would be Christ's.

BUT this Christmas, Santal shepherds came for miles from over their hills to adore Christ in His crib for the last time in,—who knows how long? The churches in the Santal country must be pulled down. Has Gupi turned traitor? Oh no! This is none of his doing. The reason may be told later, perhaps, but the fact of the matter is that missionaries who saw chapels

raised up, only of mud wall and thatch roof, it is true, but nevertheless, permanent stations for Mass and tangible signs of the Catholic Church, must now see these same chapels pulled down. After centuries of waiting, our Lord at last had permanent homes in the midst of the Santal people, but His homes must be abandoned. From now on, the Blessed Sacrament may not be kept in Santal villages, because we are allowed no place,—not even a stable of mud and thatch,—in which to keep It.

Will this set-back stop conversions and ruin the work that has been started and carried on under tremendous difficulties? Will a cause for which one priest gave his



"Next came the Nuns, and Gupi's mother and sisters received from them instruction and attention that the priest could not so easily give."

life and for which others have given much, be lost permanently? Will the Santal mission be dropped and end in failure?

GUPI will hear it noised about that now the Fathers are going, as it was predicted that they would be compelled to do. The Fathers themselves will be deprived of anything that resembles a house. The work may be rendered more difficult. But it will never be given up.

Five years ago a stranger came into the Parganas with a message that has been heard throughout their length and breadth. He was on the road then, Christ's tramp, if you will. Now the several priests, strangers no longer, must take to the road again. Chapels may go, and our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament may be allowed no residence among His own, but His ministers will see to it that Gupi is still strengthened with his Lord's Flesh and Blood. *Pinda* and rope bed and open courtyard will serve as altars and chapels now, as they were the only altars and chapels in the beginning. The Blessed Sacrament will not be an absolute exile; Santal hospitality will see to that. And He will return some day to dwell with His new Catholic nation, but how soon He will return depends on your prayers and ours.

FROM MANY CLIMES

THE MISSION WORLD IN REVIEW

The Missions in Review

The following review of the missions for the twelve months recently come to a close is contributed by Father Pierre Charles, S.J., Professor of Missiology at the University of Louvain and at the Gregorian University, Rome, and one of the best informed supporters of missions in the Church.

Depression

Depression hit the missions a terrible blow, making it impossible for people at home to contribute as generously as before and, likewise, affecting native Christians in mission lands by impairing their means of livelihood.

Depression in Detail

Depression in detail means facts like the following. Rubber has lost four-fifths of the value it had in 1929; cotton, two-thirds; copra, three-fourths, and sisal, two-fifths. Extensive rubber plantations have been abandoned to the jungle and the workers dismissed. Colonial budgets show a deficit, and the subsidies granted for education and medicine have been reduced and in some cases withdrawn. Mines are no longer worked as formerly. A Katanga copper mine, in the Belgian Congo, has sent away two-thirds of the laborers, and unemployment has become common in those places where five years ago there was a labor crisis.

The funds of the Propagation of the Faith, which already in 1932 had decreased by thirteen million lire, dropped an additional three million last year, thereby making a total decrease of thirty per cent from the receipts of 1930. It is to be noted that these contributions supply approximately one-tenth of the annual expenses of Catholic missions. The rest, coming from charity and the treasuries of the various institutes, has been hit equally hard.

A Year of Peace

Yet, in spite of, or perhaps on account of the crisis, mission fields during 1933 enjoyed remarkably peaceful conditions. The Sino-Japanese War in Manchuria has come to an end, and in Manchukuo the police are in constant activity to put down handiwork. Political disturbances in China have been

confined to particular localities. Father Othmar Stimpfl, O.F.M., was killed last March, but the general pillaging of former days, when whole communities were robbed on a grand scale, has not been renewed. There are six missionaries in the hands of bandits at present.

New Territories

One Vicariate Apostolic was created during the year, that of Shanghai, a division of Nanking, and entrusted to the Chinese secular clergy. Two new Prefectures Apostolic, Shun-tehfu (Hopeh, China), and Chumatiem (Honan, China) were erected; three independent Missions: Bezawa (Hyderabad, Deccan, India), Kodok (Anglo-Egyptian Sudan), Lwangwa (Nyassaland, Africa); and five Prefectures were raised to the rank of Vicariate: French Guiana (South America), Yachow (Szechwan, China), Yungnien (Hopeh, China), and Lake Albert (Belgian Congo).

Triumphs of Conversion

The greatest number of conversions was registered in the regions of Central Africa where, in the Belgian Congo and the Ruanda-Urundi mandate, Catholics now number more than a million. A Eucharistic Congress was held at Kisantu in August and was attended by twelve thousand men.

The southern part of the Cameroons is witnessing a mass movement towards the Church. Similar movements are reported in central Madagascar and in the Chota Nagpur section of northern India.

The Archdiocese of Goa has ninety of its six hundred priests working in the missionary dioceses of India. In the four Syro-Malabar dioceses, especially Changanacherry and Ernakulam, where vocations are abundant, it is planned to send assistance to the struggling mission territories of the country. Conversions from Jacobitism continue in the two Syro-Malankar dioceses of Trivandrum and Tiruvalla.

On the other hand, the Self Respect Movement in southern India has turned its attacks on the Catholic Church.

In China the number of conversions, 69,715, is the highest of any year during the past decade. The native clergy has now risen to 1,614 and there are 6,727 young men studying for the priest-

hood. Progress is extremely slow in Japan. The total increase for the Church was 2,000 while the total population increase was 1,000,000.

Education

The Aurora University, the Morning Star School and St. Ignatius College, all of Shanghai, and the Jesuit Institute of Tientsin received the official recognition of the Chinese Government late in 1932. The Catholic University of Peking has passed from the direction of the American Benedictines to the American Province of the Divine Word Society.

The first Catholic institute of higher education in Indo-China, Providence College, was opened at Hue, September 15. At Rome, Faculties of Missiology have been instituted at the Propaganda College and the Gregorian University.

Three hundred missionaries attended the eleventh Missiology Week at Louvain in August. The medical course for missionaries at the Lille University, in September and October, had an attendance of thirty-four. The Catholic Students' Mission Crusade met at Cincinnati in August. Other Congresses were held at Lille, Treves, Vienna and Breslau. The second All-India Catholic Congress was held at Madras late in December.

Personnel

Archbishop Paul Marcella has replaced Archbishop Edward Mooney as Apostolic Delegate to Japan, and Archbishop Mario Zanin takes the place of Archbishop Celso Costantini as Apostolic Delegate to China.

On Trinity Sunday, June 11, the Holy Father consecrated three Chinese Bishops, one Indian and one Indo-Chinese.

Deaths

The mission cause lost several outstanding supporters in the deaths of Father Verdier, Superior General of the Vincentians, Father Chabert, Superior General of the African Missions of Lyons, Bishop Mutel, Vicar Apostolic of Seoul, Bishop Jarlin, Vicar Apostolic of Peking, Bishop Van der Pas, Vicar Apostolic of Malang, Bishop Grangreun, Vicar Apostolic of Quinlon, Bishop Teixeira of Mylapore, Bishop Coppel of Nagpur, Bishop Van Hoelck of Ranchi, Bishop Gorostazu of Yunnanfu and Bishop Sheehan of Yukiang.

On the Dakota Prairie

George M.
Stroh, S. J.



HE readers of JESUIT MISSIONS have heard so much of St. Francis Mission in detail, that they can now afford to take a bird's-eye

view of the place and its work. When you come to Rosebud Sioux Indian Reservation in South Dakota, you will find St. Francis Mission to be an extremely outstanding place. The buildings are constructed (they are home-made, because they were all built by Brother Hartmann and his Indian helpers exclusively) on a simple and unpretentious plan. But, it is hardly a figurative expression to say that the place seems to shake hands with you as you approach it. Besides this feeling of friendliness, you also get the impression that within those walls and on the surrounding spacious playgrounds there is intense activity going on.

Intense activity has, no doubt, been going on there for the past two score and eight years. You can't help but think that the beginning, and the gradual growth of the Mission throughout those forty-eight years, was a work blessed by God. This is clear from the fact that the Mission has overcome countless obstacles and discouraging reverses and has, nevertheless, attained to its present stage of development. The story of its past, let us hope to see it in black and white some day, is a simple narrative of a drudgery, a slow progress accompanied by a fair measure of success. Could you but see in a backward glance all the difficulties the Mission had to encounter in coping with superstition, bigotry, prejudice and indifference, you would realize that it has really accomplished a stupendous work.

THE horizon is enlarged when you learn that from this place, as from the central power plant, this intense activity branches out and penetrates into the four corners of the Reservation. It permeates the entire Rosebud Reserve and produces salutary effects, not only by means of the education which the younger generation is receiving in the school, but also by means of the missionary work that is being carried on continually in the twenty-eight little churches scattered all over that Indian territory. Those churches are so many posts to which our Catholic Indian repairs faithfully to fulfill his obligations, to lay down the burden of sin, to receive the Bread of Life. In its education of the young, the Mission has always held high standards, has at all times striven after lofty ideals. In its missionary work, it has ever had priests full of life and zeal and courage; and these men have carried the Light of Faith literally from tent to tent, from cabin to cabin.

St. Francis Mission has seen almost half a century



"When you come to Rosebud Sioux Indian Reservation in South Dakota, you will find St. Francis Mission to be an extremely outstanding place."

of progress. There are undoubtedly tangible results. However, its true progress is of such a nature that it cannot be measured materially. It is the kind of progress that must be measured by the rule of eternity. It can really boast of true progress, for it has advanced a goodly portion of the veritable Americans in the knowledge of the purpose of their existence and of their dependence on God. It has elevated their minds above their own limited acquisitions, elevated them to a knowledge of the Infinite. It has cleansed their hearts of selfishness and uncleanness. It has taught the Red man personal virtue; and in that it has performed not only a pious, but a very patriotic service. For, is not personal virtue the cornerstone of national stability?

WHAT has here been said of St. Francis Mission, is equally true of our other Catholic Indian Mission Schools. I speak of St. Francis, because I am better acquainted with it than with the others.

The process of its development has been mostly a stormy process,—but let that pass. At present, it is in a position (though constantly struggling against poverty) where it can board, lodge, and educate four hundred and fifty Indian children for nine months out of every year. The ages of these children range all the way from five to twenty years. Many of them are so young that they do not know evil from an ice cream cone. At the Mission School, they learn the lessons of life for the first time. All of them are about that age at which the heart is as yet unwarped by the selfishness of the world, and the brow unclouded by its trials and sorrows. The Mission educates them and trains them. Along with the physical and intellectual culture comes the moral culture. The whole training is such that the real power of our Catholic Faith makes itself felt unmistakably; without this, all the rest would be a doubtful blessing to the child.

A La Mode in

Raymond



Headquarters for a band of young Canadian Jesuits who spent last Summer at Longlac, "learning their Indian."

THERE is nothing so peaceful as the soft stillness that steals over the forest village when day is ending and the shadows creep in from the dark silences of the wood to wrap all nature in the shroud of night.

The last prayers are over and the children of the forest come noiselessly from their chapel and seek their wigwams. A few stand around the front of the church or by the little log cabin that serves as Longlac's rectory, but soon they break into small groups, each to go to some log hut for the twilight chat that is the custom there.

As for us, we shall join the four hundred! Yes, even Longlac, Ontario, has its four hundred! Just across from the "rectory," is a group of houses stretching along the point that juts into the lake. These form the permanent abode of Longlac's steady population, while the many transients have their tents scattered here and there over the rest of the reserve.

"Bojo" you say, and you receive a hearty welcome. If you wish, you may sit down, to wait for an invitation would be useless, but the lack of it need not worry you,—the men are away fighting fires or off on a moose hunt for the night, and these ladies are enjoying their evening pipe of tobacco. You must not look shocked nor mention the evils of the tobacco habit, for it does not affect these stout ladies in the least. They have done a most strenuous day's work, they have risen early and come to Mass, they have bent over a smoky outdoor fire preparing meals for their hungry family, they have paddled a mile or two to visit their nets and bring in the fish; and as far as we can see,

no plea of ill health can be used as an excuse for the abolition of their beloved *asenna*—be it in the form of the strong *tabac canadien* or something as mild as Havana can give. Smoking is a la mode for ladies of their age, but they would not tolerate it in their daughters.

If you intend to stay, an attack, naive but determined, will be made on your store of tobacco. "What kind of tobacco does Father like?" one of them will ask innocently! And when you have told them, they will avow that it is also their own choice of the leaf, "but so hard to get, you know," . . . this remark to be followed by a groan of despair from all sides, which can only be stopped by a generous pipeful for all of them.

Then they will tell you all the day's doings. You will enjoy their exclamations of wonder and delight over the large new plane that is being used for fire-fighting. They have had many little experiences of their own today. There was the very big fish that made so much fuss before Mary could get it into the canoe; there was the picnic to the old Hudson Bay Post with a dinner of newly caught fish and *banik*; there was the fun the kiddies had stripping the birch trees of their bark to fill the carriers or "papooses" in which they place their little ones. Here a little argument may start, for Mary uses clothes for her babies, while Anne still clings to the use of healthy sundried-moss as packing for her babies' strange little carrier. White clothes must be washed again and again, but Anne has only to unpack her little one, pack it again in sundried moss, and there is no buying or washing—and what is better,—no worry about where the next dress will come from.

BLUEBERRY time will soon be here and it will mean the breaking up of camp, and a trip to some other part of the country, for no berries grow around the rocky shores of Longlac. This forethought of moving away from their church, of being forced to miss Mass and prayers, brings with it a feeling of genuine regret. It is so good to be so near the church, to sing every morning at Mass, to gather every evening

for words of instruction and encouragement from the priest . . . and then the choir practices! For the *koassinan* who presided they may have been but another school for patience, but the choristers were willing to sing for hours, provided they were given but the slightest encouragement.

"My girl, Margaret, she sings so well," one of our hostesses will say—whereupon each proud Mama will in turn praise the vocal powers of her own boy or girl—all follow as in litany,— "And my girl, Rita," "And my girl, Therese," and so forth, while all will answer in a chorus the unspellable (to coin a word) but very expressive Chippewa word of assent, a sort of nasal rending of the vowel sound "a."



"Yes, even Longlac has its four hundred! Here are two of them: Mrs. Padaban, mother of "Makwa" (The Bear), one of the best guides in North Ontario. Her daughter is to the right.

Chippewa Land

liver, S. J.

"Once I could sing," says one of the leading choir ladies, "but I cannot sing like before; I guess it's my tonsils." And you must hasten to assure

her that her voice is very fine, or else she will not appear for the next practice.

Then the conversation drifts back again to the blueberrying plans. Everything must be packed in the big canoe; dogs, tents, blankets—the women will be prepared to paddle as well as the men, and so the babies must be put in their own peculiar snug little holders where they are comfortable and quiet at the same time. There is no worry about food; they can carry flour and make their Indian bread anywhere; they can kill a moose on the trip to their new grounds; and once there, they can very easily find new fishing places to set their nets. The whole band will move together and return after about six weeks, having sold their blueberries and netted a little money for clothes and the few luxuries they demand. If their band be large enough, the flying Padre, Father Joseph Couture, S. J., will be sure to stop and say Mass for them some day, and they will listen attentively while he directs them in the simple way of living rightly, which God has traced out for them. You no longer think of them as harsh and cruel when you see a furtive tear steal into their eyes at the thought that they will soon be away from the church and their "Father."—they have the sturdy, stoic capability of bearing pain that made their forefathers sing and dance on their way to death, but they have received with Christianity a charity and reverence towards God's ministers that is shown in their submission in all things to their *kossinan*—their pastor.

It is getting quite dark, and in front of the rectory, one of the Black-robos is boiling a large tea kettle of water over a small but lively fire,—supper was a very light affair taken about five o'clock, and the evening cup of cocoa is a substantial backing against the chill of the night, and enough to tide one over till a late breakfast next morning; for Mass begins only at seven, and is followed by a series of questions from the Indians, blessing of medals, etc. Since catechism begins at nine o'clock, there is not much time for our "men of all work," to hie them to the kitchen and hunt up recipes for breakfast.

"Mary Towedo said she'd like some cocoa, Father; she was wondering if you were going to make any tonight. You make it so lovely." This from the irrepressible grande dame of the village—and Mary protests that she never dreamed of such a thing and chides her friend, but not too much, for repeating her words—"but still," says Mary, "you do make it so well, and one sleeps so very well after it."

"Of course, we'll have some for you," we say, and give each a large well-filled bowl. It is not polite to talk during the ceremonies that follow, so we observe silence and drink as quietly as wide brimmed tin bowls will permit.



No imposing cathedral this,—but to the Indians of Long-lac it is the dwelling-place of their Eucharistic King. To this church they come for Mass, and here too they gather for prayers at night before seeking rest in their forest wigwams.

"Miguetch!" (Thank you), murmur our guests, and hurry away to their huts. All is quiet now, and the only sound is that of lapping waters and the rustling of a gentle breeze that stirs the tree tops, sighing with soft cadences a final lullaby for the forest children who sleep peacefully in their quiet tents beneath.

"Poor ignorant souls," I have often heard them called. "Happy simple souls," I would answer in emphatic reply.

They are very close to nature, these children of the deep woods. They have retained the freedom from tiring conventions that make us fairly clamor at times for liberty. Their needs are few, their luxuries fewer, their life, a happy wholesome life near to mother nature. We envy rather than pity them, for they indeed are worthy of envy who have much of simple wholehearted joy and little of bitterness and disillusionment. They do not set up particular worlds for themselves to conquer, but they are born in their lowly state; they serve God freely and joyously as they are taught to serve Him. Simplicity has its reward, in a gift of lively faith. If you ask them why they believe this or that fact of religion to be true, they will answer, "Because God has spoken thus."



Blind couple who live across the water from Long-lac, and paddle two miles daily to church. He is not totally blind, but she is. Very often he is badly crippled with rheumatism, but together they manage to get to Mass.

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JOSEPH GOSCHWEND, S.J.

Editor

THOMAS J. FEENEY, S.J.

CORNELIUS PINEAU, S.J.

HUGH C. DONAVON, S.J.

FRANCIS B. FRANGE, S.J.

LEON A. FOSTER, S.J.

PATRICK A. RYAN, S.J.

ALEXANDER ROLLAND, S.J.

Associate Editors

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

Editorial and Publication Offices

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Father Peter F. Cusick, S.J. (Address: Martyrs' Shrine, Auriesville, New York) will be happy to send details to any one writing to him. He stated recently that the schedule of pilgrimages already arranged for presents a most encouraging outlook for the season. The height of the season will be reached on August 12, when the Most Rev. Amleto Cicognani, D.D., Apostolic Delegate to the United States, will visit the Shrine and pontificate at the solemn anniversary services. The Most Rev. Edmund F. Gibbons, D.D., Bishop of Albany, will preach the sermon of the day.

The Jacobites of Malabar

WIDE publicity throughout the Catholic world was given to the reception into the Church, September 20, 1930, of Mar Ivanios and Mar Theophilus, schismatic prelates of South India. It is wonderful to note the effect of their conversion and the apostolic missionary life carried on by them since 1930. A *Fides* report from Trivandrum, South India, states that in three and a half years, some 10,917 Jacobites have been converted in the Archdiocese of Trivandrum.

The chief feature of the Romeward movement, says Archbishop Mar Ivanios, is the successful appeal made to the intelligentsia of the Jacobite Church. Nineteen university graduates have been received. Another feature is the number of Protestants converted. Within the past six months, 2,500 persons who formerly were converted from paganism to Protestantism, have been received into the Church.

The total population of Jacobites and Protestants within the limits of the Archdiocese today is 395,986, and that of the pagans and Mussulmans 2,195,056.

The Archdiocese now has forty-six schools where 3,044 boys and 2,727 girls are being educated. The Sisters of the Imitation of Christ have opened an English secondary school for girls. Pious associations for men and women have been established and Catholic Action, the Legion of Mary and the Malabar Catholic League are in constant activity.

One of the chief obstacles to the steady progress of conversions is the operation of a law in the State of Travancore, restricting the erection of churches and cemeteries. Reference was made to this law in a recent address delivered by Mar Ivanios at a reception at which the representative of the British Government and heads of the various departments of the state were present.

"These are times when organized efforts on a gigantic scale are being made in various parts of the world to undermine religion and overthrow constituted authority," the Archbishop declared. "Faith in God, and loyalty and submission to constituted authority go hand in hand. Hence it is imperative that every encouragement should be given by the state for the practice of religion. Every encouragement thus rendered is a sure step towards promoting the stability of the state and the maintenance of social order. I am, therefore, confident that the fossilized remnants of old disabilities still existing in this country . . . will be removed by a progressive administration like that of Travancore."

Why Not Go to Auriesville?

FIFTY years ago the present grounds of the New York Shrine of the North American Martyrs at Auriesville, forty miles west of Albany, New York, were purchased by Reverend John P. McCrow. Careful investigation has identified the place more and more accurately as the sacred spot where the three Jesuits: Saints Isaac Jogues (priest), Rene Goupil and John Lalande (Brothers), laid down their lives for Christ. Father Jogues, the intrepid Jesuit apostle of the Iroquois, who had been held captive on one occasion for thirteen months and subjected to horrible torture and mutilation, was finally tomahawked by a savage at Ossernenon, October 18, 1646. His companion, John Lalande, a zealous worker, was tomahawked the day following. The other apostolic companion, Rene Goupil, was murdered four years before while in captivity with the saintly apostle of the Iroquois. He was tomahawked for teaching a child how to make the Sign of the Cross.

No wonder that Auriesville, the site of the ancient Iroquois village of Ossernenon, once alive with war cries of savage Indians, is so sacred to Catholics of New York and of all America. Not only is the memory of the three Jesuits who were martyred there kept sacred at the spot, but at Auriesville, too, are memorialized those other five Jesuit priests Martyrs: St. John Brebeuf, St. Noel Chabanel, St. Charles Garnier, St. Gabriel Lalemant and St. Anthony Daniel. Auriesville, too, is consecrated to heroic Kateri (Catherine) Tekakwitha, the saintly Indian maid, known as the "Lily of the Mohawks," whose cause for Beatification is being advanced.

But to be fully appreciated, Auriesville must be visited, and hence we urge all who possibly can do so, to make it a point of pilgrimage this Summer. The Shrine can be reached easily by auto and by train,—and there are special pilgrimage dates on which rates will probably be given by the railroad. The Director of the Shrine,

The Mission Intention

GEOGRAPHICALLY considered, the object of the Mission Intention for the month of the Sacred Heart embraces a terrain which we may not inappropriately depict as the sunken gardens of the middle East—gardens that once were the gardens of Paradise, but are now sunken in the darkness of Islamism, overrun with prejudice and fanaticism, heresy and schism, yet still irrigated intermittently with the life blood of a faithful Catholic minority, faithful even unto death. Mesopotamia, which we call Iraq when it prefers to go Arabian, has approximately 3,000,000 inhabitants, of whom 1,000 only are Catholics of the Latin Rite, 52,000 of the Chaldean, 15,000 of the Syrian and 2,000 of the Armenian. Protestants and schismatics total 2,000,000, and Jews, 90,000. The residue are Mohammedans. While Persia does not strictly enforce its ancient edict against the Christians, neither has it removed the same. Near the end of 1930, out of 9,500,000 inhabitants, Catholics numbered only 4,830. Of the 50,000 faithful to the Armenian Rite, few are in union with Rome. Central Asia, as considered in the Mission Intention, means Afghanistan and Turkestan. In Afghanistan, which in 1879 was entrusted as an ecclesiastical territory to the Mill Hill Fathers, there are today 12,000,000 people seated in the shadow of death, unillumined by the light of a single Christian convert. Russian Turkestan is relatively little more auspicious either in its actual religious status or in its prospects of conversions to the Church of Christ. A few thousand Catholics are still clinging to the Faith, despite the fanatical attacks of 4,400,000 enemies. The alarm becomes impelling when we reflect that it is through Central Asia that Bolshevism is preparing to descend into India. The remedy? It is the Gospel of Christ for the middle East. The same Gospel to which Clemenceau scoffingly referred when he said: "There would be no social question if every Catholic lived his Gospel"; the Gospel that can baptize Mohammed's "Deny thyself," with the saving grace of "Follow Me"; the Gospel of the Church of Christ.



Father Albert C. Zuercher, S.J., brings the Mass of the Missions to his Indian flock at St. Stephen's, among the Arapahoes and Shoshones of Wyoming.

The Mass of the Missions

Consecration of the Host

The august and solemn moment of Consecration is now at hand. Alone in the Holy of Holies, conscious of the power conferred on him at ordination, the priest imitates the actions of our Lord at the Consecration of the world's First Mass, saying as he does so these words of the Canon: "Who the day before He suffered, took bread into His holy and venerable Hands,"—the priest takes the Host in his consecrated fingers: "And with His eyes lifted up towards Heaven to God His Almighty Father,"—the priest raises his eyes to Heaven; "Giving thanks to Thee,"—the priest in token of the thanks of Christ bows his head and then traces a cross above the host: "Did break and give to His Disciples, saying, 'Take and eat ye all of this.'"

After the Consecration, the priest will break the Host, and at Communion he will distribute it to the Disciples of the Lord.

Now amid a silence hardly of this world, bowed profoundly before the altar, the priest, acting in the person and by the authority of Christ, conferred on him at the Last Supper by the words, "Do this in commemoration of Me," pronounces over the Host these self-same words of Christ: "For this is My Body." Upon the altar now rests the Body of Christ.

"A body thou hast fitted to me (for sacrifice). Holocausts for sin did not please Thee. Then said I, behold I come." (Ps xxxix, 7, 9. Heb. x, 5, 7).

Elevation of the Host

Before this sacred Body of his God, held in his consecrated fingers, the priest genuflects in adoration

My Lord and My God.

"This is My Body"—the physical Body of Christ, Victim for the sins of men.

This is My Body—pious thought—the body of the priest, who as a member of Christ's Mystical Body, the Church, offers his own body in union with the Body of Christ.

"I lift Thee up and lift therewith the world, Myself and Thee

Hast Thou not said, I, lifted up, will draw the universe to Me."

And as he does so, it becomes for him the Body of which the prophets prophesied, of which the psalmist sang, for which the patriarchs and holy ones and all God's chosen people sighed and longed in sorrow and in hope, in penance and in faith, throughout an advent of four thousand years, from Adam to Abraham, from Abraham to David, to the Transmigration of Babylon, to Christ.

Behold the Heart—



It bled for men that men might live. It burns with love that love might feed its flame. It yearns for love but its yearnings men have spurned.

All too few have known and loved the Heart which has loved men so much but which in return receives ingratitude, insults and contempt. Still some there are who seek to make amends to that wounded Heart, and amongst these loyal lovers are the missionaries of today.

American Jesuit missionaries in various parts of the world, beholding the Sacred Heart, love It and seek to inspire others with an identical love. How they love, and what that love costs them; how they succeed in communicating that love and how that love bursts into ardent flame in the hearts of others, they tell us month after month in JESUIT MISSIONS.

Your love, too, will glow more brightly, burn more deeply, when in beholding the missionaries' love you behold the Heart that inspires that love. That you may see the missionaries' love reflecting the love of the Heart which has loved men so much

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AFIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUITS

ALASKA

Writing from Pilgrim Springs, Alaska, Father L. Baltussen, S.J., says: "Dear St. Joseph has not put me on his black list. His statue in the chapel is standing on a couple of petitions he has to get for us this year. He is our Procurator. I have asked him to take care of us like he took care of the Holy Family at Nazareth, and he seems to have taken me at my word. However, I will have to ask him whether he ever made any improvements in the Little Home; if so, he will have to send me the whereabouts to make the necessary improvements here. We have never had so many children as we have now, notwithstanding the facts that we are going through some very trying times. We are filled to full capacity and could take quite a few more children if we only had the room. The Lutheran mission school had to close a year and a half ago in Teller for lack of funds, and last Fall another Protestant outfit had to close in Nome for the same reason. This leaves us sole masters in the field. We are the farthest north mission and boarding school with not a single paying pupil, the very greatest part of the children being orphans."

* * *

Father Martin Lonneux, S.J., who, single-handed, for the last seven years, has been building up his district around St. Michael, Alaska, writes that at times difficulties are most discouraging. Fearlessly, however, he has carried on and he manages to keep smiling in spite of obstacles. In a letter written on February 4, he tells us that he spent his Christmas at Stebbins.

"Those who have a little knowledge of this district, will wonder why I went to Stebbins for so big an occasion and did not remain in a more central place. Stebbins is twenty miles away from my headquarters at St. Michael. To go there for Christmas meant extra work and greater hardships. I had to take ostensorium, organ, crib, Christmas decorations, etc., to the place. In addition to that, I had to take along little Christmas gifts for some one hundred and twenty people. Why did I go to so much trouble?"

"The people of Stebbins have always shown a great attachment to the Cath-

olic Faith and to their priest. Not satisfied with my yearly stay of five to seven weeks among them, these people insist on coming to St. Michael for Sundays, for feast days and whenever I have special instructions. At times they have even to walk the whole distance. Many do this in Spring and Summer, not only once, but many times. Hence, you will see that I had reason enough for wanting to give them a treat at Christmas time. For over sixteen years they had not been able to have a Christmas Mass.

"The Christmas at Stebbins proved to be a beautiful celebration. A number of Christmas hymns were sung, all of which, with the exception of two, are new. They are all compositions of the natives. Beside the three Masses at midnight, we met at ten in the morning for beads and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. At one o'clock in the afternoon, we had the Christmas Tree celebration. I told you that I had brought with me, gifts for one hundred and twenty people, but I had a bigger crowd than I had ever dreamed of. I was short sixty presents, so I



"No, I am not playing Santa Claus," says Father Martin Lonneux, S.J., of St. Michael, Alaska, "but am on my way to try my luck at capturing something for supper."

told the people who had come on from St. Michael that I would find something for them on my return."

Father Joseph McElmeel, S.J., for years the zealous apostle of the Indians at Nulato, Alaska, has sent out to a number of his friends a plea for help in building a new school for sixty children. He tells us that:

"Thirty-six years ago three Sisters of Saint Anne came to the Indian village of Nulato on the Yukon River to take up the work of teaching the Indian children. For ten years previous to this time, various Jesuit priests had taught the four Rs. The log building that saw the real beginning of education for the children here has done duty since that time. Repairs have been made from year to year, but the building must come down and give place to a larger and a safer building.

"In Nulato at the present time, we have an enrollment of fifty children of school age. Fifty-five more children not yet of school age are eagerly looking forward to the day when they also may go to school. The future of our work depends on these children. Think of it, this is the only Catholic school for a thousand miles on the Yukon, and the farthest north Catholic school in Alaska. If we do not build this school now, properly to care for these children, other agencies will surely step in to take our place. If our school goes, our work of almost fifty years will be severely crippled. The loss in prestige alone would be as great that nothing that we could do in the years to come would quite restore it. Here is what we hope to do.

"We will build a school large enough to care for at least sixty children. Brother Edward S. Horwedel, S.J., who has spent over thirty years in this land of ice and snow, will, with the help of some of the Indians, do all the work. The Indians have promised to help in every way possible."

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

At Jasaan, Philippine Islands, the newly-installed Bishop of Cagayan, the Most Rev. James T. G. Hayes, S.J., recently began the enormous task of confirming the tens of thousands in his diocese who have been waiting years for the Sacrament. The Bishop con-



Jesuit Scholastics of the Maryland-New York Province who are sailing in June, en route to the Philippine Islands. Left to right: Joseph I. Stoffel, S.J., Edward G. McManns, S.J., Denis F. Lynch, S.J., Ralph M. O'Neill, S.J., Ralph E. Lynch, S.J.

firmed 1,355 in one day. Yet, Jasaan is one of the smallest villages with a resident priest. The present Pastor is Father John A. Pollock, S.J., of Baltimore.

Jasaan has an interesting religious history. It is the only region in the diocese which did not lose any members to the Aglipayan Schism (Filipino Independent Church) when the revolutions of 1896-98 drove the Spanish missionaries from their churches. The people are so thoroughly Catholic in spirit that when a parochial school was opened some years ago, the public school closed for lack of pupils. The families, though supporting the church as well as they can, are often so poor that they never possess money. Mortality, especially among infants, took a terrible yearly toll until the Pastor, with the help of the Catholic Medical Mission Board, established a clinic. A Filipino doctor donates his services two or three times a week, driving the twenty-five miles or so from Cagayan over wretched roads. There is no doctor within twenty miles of Jasaan.

Father Alfred F. Kienle, S.J., at Talisayan, Oriental Misamis, Mindanao, P. I., writes after a long silence: "I sing of mud—and a ride. By this time, the world knows that every town and hamlet over here has a Patron Saint in whose honor a celebration or fiesta is held annually. Of course, during the time of Mass, all roads lead to the church where the virtues of the heavenly Guardian are recalled and an earnest appeal is made for renewed devotion to him and greater fidelity to the laws of God and of His Holy Church. A procession is then in order, unless it is to follow in the afternoon. In the meantime, after a hurried breakfast, the ranks of the Church Militant are increased just as fast as the Padre can pour the saving water of Baptism on the heads of the infants, after carefully recording their names, their parents' names and those of their respective grandparents and godparents. Sounds complicated, but really, it is quite simple and almost monotonous

after a few years. Sometimes, however, the unusual will happen. Hence the mud and the ride.

"Owing to the heavy rains that we have in January, it is not a good month for fiestas. However, rain or shine, the fiesta goes on, more or less, according to schedule. I have just returned from a rainy one, and the memory of it will cling to me after the mud has long since disappeared. Ordinarily, a walk of eight or nine miles, in the rain and along a muddy road, would pass unnoticed. This time, however, be it said to my chagrin, every time that I put my foot into the mud, I got stuck, for the simple reason that I was wearing what are known as *Botinas Allos con Elasticas*, (just plain old fashioned gaiters) that persisted in sticking to the mud and not to the feet of their owner, as they had formerly done, obliging him to retrieve them when the grip of the mud was strong enough to remove them entirely. Well, the joke was certainly on me, even if the gaiters were not—and remember, I had to retrace my steps the following day with this difference—it rained all night and there was more fresh mud waiting for me, or rather, for my gaiters.

"Now comes the ride—nothing less than a *deus ex machina*, if you please. Before its arrival, the asthmatic bleatings of an aging and ailing motorcycle could be heard above the swishing rain. It was coming our way, and when it reached us it had a side car attachment, into which I was cordially invited to deposit myself and my baggage. 'Who said that there was no Santa Claus,' was my first thought, as we started; but before many moments, I must say that I had my doubts on the subject, because the jolting that we got along that road, or rather along the sides of the road, and over little bridges that were minus a board or two, made me sigh for the good old *terra firma*. I was to have my wish, sooner than I expected, and the mud is to blame for that. It clung to the tires so tightly that the wheels instead of turning around as they or-

dinarly should and would, just skidded along. Naturally speaking, that was as far as that side door Pullman would go that day, unless somebody carried it, and my gaiters exempted me from that heroic act. The rest of the journey, save for a swollen river, was made on foot, and I had the happiness of baptizing a sick baby whose father happened to see me passing by. The name of the child? It sounded very much like Gaiters, so I just prefixed Maria and let it go at that."

CANADIAN INDIANS

Father James Howitt, S.J., who is stationed at Nipigon, Ont., writes of his Indian missions:

"Just at present, cold weather makes missionary life less pleasant than in Summer, though no great hardships are suffered on this particular line of missions. Such a temperature as twenty-five and more below zero is all right in the woods, but disagreeable on the open lake. The other morning I went on a sick call to a village across Lake Helen, that is, three or four miles. The wind was quite sharp. The dog team was rather annoying. I suppose you know the driver uses no reins, but shouts 'Gee!' or 'Haw!' These dogs insisted upon veering to the right to avoid clear ice and follow strips of snow that provided better footing. That was nice enough for them, but apart from taking us off our course, it brought us nearer and nearer to open water in a narrow part of the lake where, on account of a current, ice seldom forms. The driver had to run ahead at times and pull his leader in the right direction.

"The other night a young man here nearly lost his life for the same reason. His dogs kept turning in spite of his shouts and as it was dark, they soon had him further off the track than he supposed. He suddenly felt the sleigh slipping into water. Only quick action saved him and he escaped with wet legs, having scrambled on hands and knees to solid ice. He has a cold now,—yet it is remarkable what many of them endure without ill effects. A

young man told me earlier in the month that he had just come from a trap-line where he had walked in slash every day for three or four weeks. He even froze his feet, but never caught a cold."

BRITISH HONDURAS

"During March," writes Very Rev. Marvin O'Connor, S.J., Superior of the British Honduras Mission, "I visited Benque, Cayo and Stann Creek. The ministerial labors of the Fathers meet with a fair amount of success. No doubt the 'Depression' has some good effects spiritually, but it also keeps many away from church. In the western district, Cayo and Benque Viejo, there is hardly any money at all in circulation. Most of the people have small plantations and grow a sufficient amount of foodstuffs, but they are able to sell very little and consequently they have little or no money to buy clothes or other necessities which they are unable to produce. Naturally, under such circumstances, our missions cannot be materially well provided for, and many neglect their religious duties because of poverty."

Overlooking the small town of Benque Viejo is Xunantunich, on whose crest are the crumbling ruins of an ancient Maya temple. Scattered about on the surrounding slopes are weather beaten relics, witnesses of an early civilization. Here it was that Jesuit missionaries established one of their mission stations. Father William Stanton, S.J., one of the pioneer priests in this field, was, in addition to his outstanding zeal and piety, a scientist of considerable repute. He did much to unravel the mystery concealed in the ruins of Xunantunich. At present, a group of research workers from the Carnegie Institute are working in the ruins in the hope of unearthing new facts about this once powerful empire of the Mayas. Fathers Daniel M. Coady, S.J., and Quirinus P. Leonard, S.J., are the missionaries who are at present in charge of the Benque Viejo Mission.

Father David F. Hickey, S.J., and Brother William Teson, S.J., recently undertook a rather difficult visitation of several outlying mission stations. Most of the trip had to be made by water. The boat used by the missionaries was a twenty-six foot dory hewn from the trunk of a large cedar tree. A reliable three-horsepower motor obviated any need of sails or paddles.

The unemployment situation has been causing no little trouble throughout the Colony. Recently, however, a brighter prospect appeared when a letter was received by the Colonial Secretary from a firm of the United States, asking for ten thousand baby alligators. The people of the Colony feel confident that there should be no difficulty in filling this demand.

SOUTHERN STATES

A story of real poverty and want comes from Father Joseph B. Carbajal, S.J. working among the Mexicans in San Antonio, Texas:

"A Negro boy brought the pity of our situation home to us in his own plaintive way with the remark: 'White folks living now like Niggers! Six families moved into the same house last week and the house has only six rooms.' This is far from what President Roosevelt calls living like free Americans. Matters here are much worse than six families living in one building with only six rooms,—and families of ten children at that.

"On St. Patrick's Day, I baptized two dying children, one Patrick, the other Patricia. Patricia was one of a family of ten, and they all lived in a roost for chickens, a hen-house with a tiny door, no floors and no windows. In such unsanitary conditions, even our exiled Mexican clergy and nuns are forced to exist, as they are for the most part in hiding even here as refugees. In the midst of all the squalor of our slum surroundings, we find it hard to keep up any pretense of refinement.

"On March 14, I was touched to the quick. A girl in our primary grade

stopped outside the school after dinner recreation to hunt some bits of food in discarded paper lunch bags. The child had learned on that day of God's Fatherly Providence that feeds the hungry birds and clothes the poor flowers. In search of a sign of that Providence, she did not know that any one saw her expectant search, and she reluctantly acknowledged her defeat. She was speaking only to God, and I dared not intrude. We are doing the utmost to feed and clothe our poor from our own scanty means. We can get no outside help anywhere. Most of our parishioners get less than a dollar a week. The Government relief does not provide for our Mexicans."

JAMAICA, B. W. I.

From Father Raymond Sullivan, S.J. of Brown's Town, Jamaica, B. W. I., comes the following:

"I really wish I had the time to write something for your communication column every month, as Jamaica is unquestionably one of the most interesting places of missionary endeavor and is completely misunderstood even by our own people, who do not seem to appreciate what a wonderful field it presents for apostolic endeavor and what great and continued consolation the dear Lord sends to those who try to do a little something for Him and His Cause in this small corner of His Vineyard.

"Without writing at length, I am sure you will appreciate how much I value all that you have done and are doing to aid me in my work. No need to tell you that the donations are a distinct help, but one of the most encouraging features of all the communications that I receive from Jesuit Missions is the manifest interest that all of you display in our work down here. Let me say once again that the crying need of Jamaica is men and money."

Father Charles Eberle, S.J., of Highgate, Jamaica, B. W. I., writes:

"I hope with God's help to get a better Convent for the Sisters here long. But this one is a start. Had to



Jesuit Scholastics of the Maryland-New York Province who are sailing in June, en route to the Philippine Islands. Left to right: Edward J. Dunne, S.J., Arthur A. Weiss, S.J., Vedastus Duchesneau, S.J., Martin Casey, S.J., Hugh F. Costigan, S.J.

purchase a new car, as they go down to Port Maria each day and the car must be reliable, otherwise there would be no school.

"The schools, one excepted, are, thank God, doing very well. The one at Port Maria is getting along best of all, as, of course, I expected it would. What is really needed at the Highgate schools is equipment. If you haven't a school building, you can't have a real school. One school at Highgate is in the church. That does fairly well, but the one up on the Convent porch is struggling. I have a spot all picked out for a Convent and school. In fact, every time I go by the place on the road, I linger and dream. There is an excellent view of the north seacoast far, far below, and over to the east and southeast are mountains. It is very cool, too. Have been by there the hottest day in Summer and there is always a breeze there. Of course, on windy days the breeze is bad, and the Convent will have to be strongly built,—no zinc roofs or anything like that. Must get a house for myself, too, for I am now living in a room behind the church. Should like to hand over something better than that to my successor, when I leave for Tertiaship."

PATNA, INDIA

Under date of March 22, His Excellency, Bishop Bernard J. Sullivan, S.J., of Patna, India, writes:

"These are rather busy days under rather crippled conditions. We are gradually getting back to normal after the disaster of January 15, though not a few of the missionaries are still unable to have proper lodging, and cannot hope for some time to come. Still, we are all carrying on our full round of work and doing something for the needy too.

"I intend to get out a world-wide appeal through the *Herald* (Calcutta),

which will appear about first week of May. It is evident that we cannot hope for much help through the public funds that have been gathered from various sources for earthquake relief and reconstruction. If we were to get our share, it would necessarily be a small amount, for where there are twelve million afflicted people to be assisted over an area of fifteen thousand square miles of devastated land, including many ruined towns and villages, factories, etc., etc., the individual cannot hope for much for himself. The Mission will probably get help through the Department of Education for reconstruction of schools, but while this will be most welcome, it will meet only a part of our great need, for we suffered more in churches, orphanages, residences for Fathers and Sisters, than in school buildings. We are the object of genuine charity in India, some of the Bishops and private institutions having given us their very best. One diocese is making a house to house collection for Patna. A world-wide appeal is necessary, for our loss is vast, and we depend on private charity, which we have every confidence will come to our aid. May our Divine Lord bless all who help us in any way."

From Khrist Raja High School, Bettiah, Father George A. Dertinger, S.J., writes:

"I think you have had all the news from other sources. We think and talk nothing but quakes. It's a very trivial matter in itself, but the effects are mighty and lasting. And it captures the nerves and muscles so that for two weeks after, we are feeling quakes when there is none. The boys dashed madly out of school a couple of times yesterday when someone rattled a chair. One room starts the commotion and the rest of the school bolts. The

Bishop was here a week. You know how he was stranded half way between here and Patna, and completed the journey afoot and by cycle. Then he himself went to Morpa to uncover the ruins of their church. Father Patrick Lucas, the pastor, was caught in Bhagalpur. His Excellency has planned a larger church for Bettiah, lower, but with trussed roof and no pillars."

In a letter of March 14, Father George Dertinger, S.J., says further: "There is an exodus from Bettiah because of the plague, and it is possible for us to house enough boys and teachers out here to keep the school going. I believe it is the only one open in the district. The cottages we build are of old brick from Bettiah's fallen church, and with good mud for mortar. Roofs are of bamboo and hay. Father W. E. Marquard, S.J., has a church nearing completion already in Bettiah. It is an immense barn-like affair with brick and mud walls, and probably the roof will be tile. It is, of course, a temporary structure and rather in the midst of their yard, the only spot free of debris. But many think it will be Bettiah's church for quite a while.

"Forty people have died of the plague in Bettiah, more than were killed by the quake there. We and our boys and workmen have all been vaccinated. The Scholastics are priming up the theology of baptizing dying persons, in order to be ready in case the plague presents them an opportunity."

Father Rudolph W. Bohn, S.J., sends just a note:

"I am with Father James Creane, S.J., at Gokhla. Stakes were driven here on December 27. Boys' school and girls' school opened February 2. All are living in grass huts. Meanwhile, palaces of mud are under construction: boys' school, girls' school, church, Fathers' house, Sisters' house, Master's quarters, etc.—nine hundred feet of buildings if lined together. The materials for the walls and floor cost us nothing, as these are only mud. The tiles for the roofs are being made here on our grounds. For the support of the roof, we are cutting down tall palm trees and sawing them into beams and rafters. Father Creane still averages a Baptism a day."

AMERICAN INDIANS

Father Charles L. Owens, S.J., Superior of St. Xavier's Mission, Big Horn County, Montana, relates this incident of the death of a good old Indian woman:

"Mrs. Helen He-Does-It was dying of consumption. As she lingered for several weeks, I had been to see her many times and carried Holy Communion to her. The last visit I made to her, she was on the floor of her little



Some of the Colored boys and girls entrusted to Father Frederick J. Donovan, S.J., at Mt. Friendship, Above Rocks Mission, Jamaica, B. W. I.

cabin with a few old quilts for her covering. I went out and got an old bed so she could have some comfort in her last hours. Then I gave her the full rites of the Church and departed for a mission seventy-five miles away.

"When I returned late on the evening of the following day, her body was on my doorstep. The Indians, as is their custom, would not keep a corpse in their cabins. They brought the body in a box, and intended to put the remains in the church, but they could not find the key. You can well imagine that at twenty-five degrees below zero, Mother Nature made a good job of embalming. Mrs. He-Does-It was buried the next day in the Mission graveyard. She was the mother of a large family, all of whom she had sent to the Catholic School.

"St. Francis Xavier's Mission is in the Big Horn Valley, Montana. We have from seventeen hundred to two thousand Indians to care for. The Big Horn River runs the length of the Valley and passes along the Mission."

Father Thomas A. Steele, S.J., was recently appointed Superior of St. Andrew's Mission on the Umatilla Indian Reservation near Pendleton, Oregon, to succeed Father Thomas M. Neate, S.J., who died February 8. The majority of the Indians on the Reservation are Catholics. Seventy-five boys and girls attend the Mission school at St. Andrew's. Recently, Father Steele secured permission to use the Public School building at Thorn Hollow, fourteen miles north-east of St. Andrew's. Mass is celebrated there twice monthly for a congregation of thirty Cayuse Indian families. Mrs. Bergervin, of Thorn Hollow, has donated property for a chapel, which is as yet unbuild because of a lack of funds.

Father George J. Kugler, S.J., missionary among the Indians of the Colville Reservation, Washington, writes:

"The Indians come very faithfully on First Fridays and on feast days when there is Mass in the little church at Pia. These good people make many sacrifices and undergo real hardships every time they make the trip to the 'Little Mission.' There are no highways for them, and no luxurious cars, but the journey is made on horseback, in old rickety buggies, wagons or flivvers, over almost impassable roads.

"Some time ago, I made a cross-country trip in one of these rebellious contraptions. Part of our way lay over a fine highway, but presently we had to turn into a road of the other kind. I asked the driver how far we had to go, to get to the Indian's home where a little one was waiting for Baptism. He said, 'Just two miles.' After traveling a while, I told him those miles appeared rather long. Then he said, 'That's the fault of the road; it's so



Father Emil Boll, S.J., veteran missionary among the Nez Perce Indians of Slickpoo, Idaho, stops to be photographed on his way to his Mission at Cul-de-Sac.

crooked. It's only two miles as the crow flies.' But we could not follow the crow." * * *

Father Daniel B. McNamara, S.J., writes:

"Now I must tell you something about my work among the Sioux Indians. My headquarters are at Holy Rosary Mission, a boarding-school for Indian boys and girls, some five miles from Pine Ridge, South Dakota. I have charge of the parish around the Mission. The Indians come here for everything from a teething ring for the baby to a shroud for their dead. One man was ill and willed to me and another missionary, one hundred and twenty acres of land and his wife and six children. You can imagine my relief when the man recovered. About a mile from the Mission, is a Government Day School. Twice each week I teach catechism at this school to the Poor Bears, Tobaccos, Cross Dogs and others. These children know very little of earth and nothing of Heaven.

"About five miles from headquarters is my parish of Pine Creek. It is a makeshift of a chapel. In fact, it is just a log hut. The Returns from Scouts, Wounded, White Birds and others live in this district. Eighteen miles from the Mission is St. Ann's Church. The Red Bears, Big Crows, Yellow Boys, Swift Birds, White Eyes, Fast Horses and others come to Mass there the fourth Sunday of each month. Then, too, we have 'Indian parties' in this district. The clothing sent by kind friends is made into bundles and distributed. Now you understand why I sent out letters recently, asking for last year's hat and dress and coat and anything in the line of clothes you are ready to discard." * * *

CHINA

Albert R. O'Hara, S.J., lists the activities of some of his fellow California Jesuits in Shanghai:

"Father Charles D. Simons hears confessions in either the Shanghai or Mandarin language. He preaches in Shanghai dialect, the medium used by Thomas Phillips for his catechism

classes. Father Marcus A. Falvey celebrated midnight Mass at Gonzaga for the American Marines and the foreigners. It was a great success; the colonel and many of the officers came with the men, and a Marine choir, directed by Paul W. O'Brien sang the Christmas hymns. Father James F. Kearney, whose parishioners will persist in increasing, had a fine attendance Christmas morning; next semester he will open a parish school, and forty children are just waiting (1) for the starting bell. Father Leo F. McGreal has made a fine campus on the ground vacated by the English troops, and will use some of the soldiers' quarters for boarders.

"Father Joseph I. Gatz is studying Chinese this year. Brother James E. Finnegan has proved a valuable addition to our forces here. Paul W. O'Brien is always about one step ahead of the Chinese, and they don't know what he will do next. They call him Pu Lao Shih which means, 'Father Tricky.'" * * *

On December 8, thirteen students belonging to Tientsin University, in charge of the Jesuits of the Champagne Province, France, were received into the Catholic Church. This makes a total of well over one hundred converts from paganism since 1930.

During the month of November, 1933, a bureau of religious information was established at Tientsin University. This bureau is in charge of three Jesuit Fathers. The objectives aimed at are: (1) to prepare articles for the various magazines, pagan as well as Catholic; (2) to send news to the various magazines and newspapers, whether the news be of a strictly religious nature or have an interesting news value with regard to the Catholic religion; (3) to translate into Chinese, apologetical and philosophical works with the special aim in mind of making an appeal to the cultured and intellectual Chinese.

Tientsin University has finally been officially recognized by the Educational Department of China's Government.

The Jesuits in Ceylon

A. J. Antony
Williams, S. J.

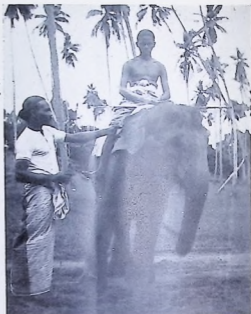


Y conscience has not yet altogether gone into a decline. Often have I had to put up with the direst threats from it at the thought that I had never attempted to fulfill the solemn promise I made to let you have my impressions of Ceylon. But during my long vacation (?), I have had to go over a considerable area of our missions, giving retreats, etc., and I am now in a position to give you a bird's-eye view of our Jesuit work out here,—the work in which your Jesuits of the New Orleans Province are soon to have a part.

We have two Missions here: one on the east coast, conducted by the French Jesuits, namely, that of Trincomali; and one in the south, that of Galle, under the charge of our Belgian and Neapolitan Fathers. These two Missions are quite unlike in many respects. In the Galle Mission most of the inhabitants are Singhalese, in Trincomali they are Tamils, who have originally come over from India and made Ceylon their home. The Singhalese are mostly Buddhists, the Tamils, Hindus. The Buddhists have no idea of a soul or of God; the Hindus have some idea both of the soul and of the existence of spirits. Incidentally, so I have been told, pure Buddhism hardly exists; and in the Buddhist temples one can see statues of devils. The method of approach in the two cases must be entirely different.

TALKING of the method of approach, naturally leads on to the question—what of the future? One thing seems fairly certain: the day of wholesale conversions seems to be over. It is no longer a case of casting a wide net into the sea and dragging it to land well-laden; at present, we must go out with our fishing rod and cast our flies for individual fish,—though recently in the Trincomali Mission there was quite a respectable haul: the whole of a caste (some two to three hundred) was converted. It was a low Hindu caste. One of the duties of that caste was to provide the decorations for the Hindu shrines on the bigger festivals. Gradually, they had been forced to provide these decorations at all the festivals; they objected; the higher castes retaliated by persuading their *dhobies* (washermen) not to do their work for them. This was quite a blow, for out here one must on no account do the work of another caste. One of our Fathers lent them some of his Christian *dhobies* when he found their plight. They were so taken by his kindness that they all decided to embrace Christianity. The result is a school in their midst, and every hope that the third generation will prove sterling Catholics.

The numbers of converts, therefore, are not very startling: for the year 1932, (I have taken my statistics from the "Catholic Directory of India, Burma and Cey-



In Ceylon, elephants, captured while still young, are trained for many useful purposes.

lon," for the year 1933) there were 239 converts in the Trincomali Mission, and 356 in the Galle Mission. No doubt, with more men and more means, these numbers could be increased. One often hears of possible converts who are prevented from coming over by the thought of the future. Very often, conversion would mean absolute destitution, as they would be cast off by their families and be absolutely unable to find any work to do. If work could be found for them, they would join the Church, not for the sake of the work exactly, but without work they would simply starve.

ANOTHER factor is that the field, especially in the Trincomali Mission, is not too large. The main part of the Mission lies along the east coast and is centered round the two towns, and they are not very large ones, of Trincomali and Batticaloa. There are no other towns in this part of the country, and the mission stations lie between these, in a strip between the coast and the jungle. Most of the Mission area is just jungle. There are a few very small villages in the jungle, but they are not connected by any network of roads. This section used to be the most thickly populated part of the island in the old days, before the advent of the Europeans. It was the agricultural part, the water being supplied by a series of "tanks" or reservoirs (very finely engineered, so experts say). But the coming of the Europeans and internal troubles caused these tanks to get out of order. Agriculture waned, and now the jungle tide has swept over that part of the island. The Government has made a start in repairing the bunds,

but it will be a slow job, and before it can become a settled part of the island, malaria has to be got rid of. However, if eventually things go well, there will be quite a large area added on to our Mission there. And what is more, we shall be on the spot to take advantage of the improved conditions.

ONE of the main works of our Fathers is providing and looking after the schools. In the Trincomali Mission there is one fine school at Batticaloa; probably one of the finest school buildings in the island. But there are not over many boys there—the districts are not populated sufficiently to allow of great numbers. There is an American Scholastic stationed at the school, Mr. John T. Linehan, S.J.,—with whom I explored the environs of Batticaloa for a few days after I had given the boys' retreat. At Trincomali, there is another high school, but of that I cannot speak, as I have not seen it. Trincomali is only sixty miles or so away, but when I was at Batticaloa the roads were flooded and not open to traffic, and the train journey would have taken over nine hours,—more time than I had to spend. In the Galle Mission, there is a fine high school at Galle, with close on seven hundred pupils—about a third of them Catholics.

Besides these high schools, there are any number of parochial schools in the two Missions: in the Trincomali Mission, 46 schools with over 3,000 children; in Galle, 40 schools with close on 8,000 children. In these schools, we find both Catholics and pagans. This is unavoidable, for often the Catholic school is the only one in the district, so all comers have to be taken in. At one school I visited in the Trincomali Mission, all the children were pagans, with the exception of the teacher's children. Our Fathers happened to get in first and opened a school in what seemed a likely place; converts did not come, but the school remains, a forlorn hope for better times.

THE importance of these schools can hardly be over-estimated, and our Fathers give very much of their attention to the running of them. But in both Missions, there seemed to be a lively apprehension, judging from the talk of our Fathers, of Government troubles to come. At present, if a Father does any teaching, he gets a Government grant, but the days of grants may be numbered, and the future upkeep of the schools may well prove a drain on the Mission's resources.

One of the most consoling works that I saw was on an island of about one hundred and twenty acres in the lagoon in which Batticaloa itself is situated. Here the Franciscan Missionaries of Mary have charge of a leper colony. Our Fathers are chaplains, and we have a pretty little chapel in the settlement. Of course, the lepers are of all religions and castes, as it is compulsory for lepers in Ceylon to go to a colony: either the one at Batticaloa or at Hendela, in the archdiocese of Colombo.

Of orphanages, there are several: the only one I have any personal experience of is at Hiniduma in the Galle Mission. Here I went to stay for a week with the Father in charge. And here I lost my heart. An orphanage



Traveling a la mode. Ceylon's 1934 model,—as it was the model for 1933, and 1932, and a good many years back.

has an ugly sound about it, and one instinctively thinks of poor little creatures cut off from home life, and leading a dull and uneventful existence. The very first evening during supper, I heard a scuffling outside on the veranda; I looked round and saw crowds of youngsters. After supper, we sat out on the veranda and the youngsters squatted on the ground and talked or played as cheerfully as young puppies (several of which were playing amongst them). After some time, the youngest knelt down for the Father's blessing; after another quarter of an hour, the remainder knelt down and recited night prayers in the curious singsong voice the Singhalese use for prayers. They then asked for the Father's blessing and went off to bed. It all seemed so homelike, and one could not help remembering our Lord's words about the hundred-fold in this life. The Father may have given up any chance of having a fireside of his own, but he has certainly received in return the hundred-fold love of his orphan children.

And then there is the Papal Seminary at Kandy. But I had better not begin on that topic, or I should go on and on.

In the Galle Mission, there are 23 Jesuit priests, and 13 native priests, and 3 Jesuit Scholastics; in Trincomali, 18 Jesuit priests, 3 native priests, and 1 Scholastic.

PATRIARCH OF THE OGLALA SIOUX

(Continued from page 143)

sand miles which he travels each year.

The automobile, however, has enabled the missionaries to multiply themselves, as it were. With a car, it is possible to visit their stations more frequently; they can answer all sick calls, even at distant points. This more frequent contact with the people has helped keep them constant in the Faith, and has brought more souls under the influence of Christ's teaching.

IN a letter to his friends and benefactors, Father Sialm tells of his Christmas visitation to his flock. It is an example of how much work a modern missionary is able to accomplish: "During the Christmas season, the weather was fair, except December 24, when the Lord wished to try our courage. When I started for St. Barbara's Chapel, seventy-two miles from home, a blizzard was threatening. But as the Holy Night came on, the wind cleared the blizzard and a wonderful blue sky with twinkling stars appeared. That night, I did not sleep. After midnight Mass, in my new church in the Bad Lands, I started out at 2:00 A.M., for St. Stephen's, fifteen miles away, where I had a second Mass at 7:00 A.M. At 9:00, I hastened to Kyle, where a large crowd waited for my third Mass. The next day, December 26, I got up early to reach St. Henry's Chapel. December 27, I was at St. Cecilia's, seventy miles from headquarters. December 28, I had holy Mass in St. Sophie's Chapel, and December 30, I reached my last chapel of St. Anthony at Slim Butte. All my missions had real Christmas Mass with many Holy Communions. Christ was there among our dear faithful Indians. He was there in the Sacred Host lifted up before their eyes."

Father Sialm's many years of constant contact with the Oglala Sioux have made him an authority on the history and customs of the tribe. He has also succeeded in mastering their language, thus enabling him to convey to them more easily the message of salvation.

XAVIER IN THE PHILIPPINES

(Continued from page 145)

preach in Mindanao." (Cf. Mur-Vel. p. 231).

Father Marcelo Mastrilli, Chaplain of the troops, in a letter to Father Juan de Salazar, Provincial of the Philippine Province, describing the conquest of Mindanao by Corcuera in 1636, says of Mindanao: "It is one of the most glorious missions that could be desired... it is enough that St. Francis Xavier is its Apostle since it was he who first preached in it the holy Gospel." (Bl. and Rob. Vol. 27, p. 300.)

SO much for the old historians. The proof for the Xavier-in-Mindanao tradition rests with them. They were nearer to the Saint.

But the tradition has not died out. Every now and then it crops up unexpectedly. In 1908, when Mindanao was still part of the Diocese of Cebu, as it had been for three centuries previous, the Rt. Rev. Thomas A. Hendrick, the only American ever to become Bishop of that Diocese, wrote in *Good Work*: "Tradition has it that Xavier came to the Diocese of Cebu before going to Japan, and that he stopped at two places; in southeastern Mindanao, at Point St. Augustin (Davao), and again in Butuan."

Father Denis Lynch, S.J., writing from Davao, January 26, 1909, said: "It is considered certain that St. Francis Xavier was here in Mindanao; the Bull of Canonization says: '*Ipse primus Mindanani Evangelium Christi annuntiaverat.*' It is admitted, too, by the most recent and careful historians of the Missions that he was here in Davao. In a long and most interesting letter, he says he found many Christians here without a Pastor. St. Francis baptized many, especially children, and remained, he writes, three months, visiting every place where there were Christians. His description of what he saw is applicable at the present day—the frequent wars, the lack of flocks, subsistence of the natives on roots, etc."

Father William McDonough, S.J., wrote from Caraga, Davao, in 1912: "It seems clear from the letters of St. Francis Xavier that

he visited the district of Caraga on a voyage from the Celebes."

IN a letter to JESUIT MISSIONS some years ago, Father James G. Daly, S.J., tells us that during the Novena of Grace in Jimenez in 1929, he learned of a story still current there that St. Francis Xavier preached the Gospel in Lanao to the Moros. On one occasion, while Xavier was explaining the Christian Doctrine to a gathering of Moros, one of the Moro chieftains made light of the Saint's arguments; emphasizing his statement, Xavier stamped his foot on the rock from which he was preaching. His sandal, according to the story, remained fixed to the rock and could not be removed, and it was taken as a miraculous sign of the truth of his preaching. It is said that this sandal of Xavier is now at the bottom of Lake Lanao. The story in its details may be due to pious imagination; but it serves to illustrate the still prevalent tradition that Xavier preached in Mindanao.

These scattered stories cannot well be adduced as proof of the tradition; but, relying for proof on the authority of the older historians, these testimonials may be accepted as interesting confirmations of the truth of the tradition.

We may, therefore, be permitted to regard St. Francis Xavier as the Patron and Father of the Philippine Jesuit Mission.

WHAT'S YOUR GRIEVANCE

(Continued from page 146)

funeral. Once out of the car and within the yard, we beheld a hut which consisted of four walls held together by a sort of plaster and covered with bamboo branches. Stepping within the hut itself, we discovered a dirt floor, at the time very muddy on account of the recent rains. An empty box stood in a corner, and we were told that the body would be put into it immediately, as up to that time it had been packed on ice. After a delay of a half hour, the box was carried out of the hut and placed on the ends of two boxes, and the blessing immediately took place. The blessing over, four men carried the box

(Continued on page 168)

BOOK REVIEWS

Boscobel. By James J. Daly, S.J. Bruce Publishing Co., Milwaukee, Wisc. Price \$1.50.

Boscobel—

"A dulcet name that might belong
To some Provençal villanelle,
I'll tune my viol and make a song
About the town of Boscobel."

And when the song is sung, one wonders whether the very city of God is not Boscobel. Like Boscobel the town, Boscobel the book is a monastery garden of poetic delights, filled with trysts of verbal loveliness and of charming ambuscades of fancy where our poet sallies abroad in the evening air to keep his rendezvous with God. On gossamer wings of song, this poet ariel visits the familiar haunts of everyday life and, with the turn of a phrase, as of a mossy stone, discloses hidden violets of virtue in man, in nature and in God. His viol is strung to sound the airiest height of lilting laughter, as well as the solemn intimations of mortality.

"They go (the years) like wild geese
By the moon

Driven by wintry weather:

The last one will be coming soon;

We'll take the road together."

As an epitaph on all pagan poesy, is his concluding stanza in "The Pipes of Pan":

"I saw the Beautiful, the Strong;
I heard Him, God and Man,
And now I mourn I marched so long
Behind the pipes of Pan."

With faith and hope, confidence and charity, he sings his *Deo Gratias*, and then like Ignatius with centuries as his score, he plans the diapason and the end,—"The Grand Review," which, with Boscobel itself, we vote his masterpiece.

Gonzalo de Tapia. By W. Eugene Shiels, S.J., Ph.D. The United States Catholic Historical Society, New York, N. Y.

Not only has Father Shiels unearthed a new foundation for the pick-axes and hammers of missiologistical excavators, but like a good draughtsman, he has drawn the lines of its environments, and like a notary public has staked its right with title deeds that can never be falsified in the registry of history. The dissertation is only one in a galaxy of research brochures which separately and with a composite brilliance have been focused upon the early background of the Catholic Church's mission explorations in North America. Not only does the achievement of Tapia merit that belated praise of posthumous glory which alone we can pay to discoverers too lately known, but which one should have known long since, but it likewise serves as a sort of mental grit from which in the mills of unprejudiced reflection our non-Catholic brethren

can grind out a new sympathy and respect for Catholic scholarship. Whether our author's lucky strike will be the cause of a rush to long abandoned mines of data may be problematical. Yet, that he made a strike, is unimpeachable. Viewed in that largest spectrum which views all science and views it whole, the book is at once a triumph of disciplined and disciplining scholarship, an apologetic for religion versus merely secular anthropology, for the elemental civilizing force of Christianity and, if such be needed, one more indication of the excellence of Jesuit missionary technique. Truly, it is the stuff from which the science of missiology must be made.

The Queen's Work Pamphlets. St. Louis, Mo.

It's Christ or War. By Daniel A. Lord, S.J. Price ten cents.

In which Christ, instead of Mars, is recommended as the model for a generation which is actually five thousand and eighty-seven times as blood-thirsty as the men of the twelfth century, and more than four hundred times as warlike as the very symbols of professional warriors, the Knights of the Crusades.

The Common Sense of Faith. By Francis P. LeBuffe, S.J. Price ten cents.

In which the author, by means of a few logical *bella donna* drops, expands the mental pupils of his readers and applies a high-powered lens of reflection, bidding them test their spiritual vision on such teasers as: The Existence of God; Revelation; Infallibility; Is one Religion as Good as Another, and so forth and so forth.

Our Lady's Assumption. By Daniel A. Lord, S.J. Price ten cents.

"Find for me the body of God's Mother." A searching spiritual odyssey for the immaculate shrine of the Incarnate Word of God. The triumph of all that is good and beautiful and pure, the crowning glory of virginity. A bedtime story of Heaven for the juvenile and adult.

Revolt Against Heaven. By Daniel A. Lord, S.J. Price ten cents.

The tale of two standards, the standard of Christ and the standard of Satan. Which will you choose? That of Lucifer, the rebel Angels, Cain, the builders of Babel, the sinners of Sodom, Pilate and Judas, Herod and Nero, of Arius and all heretics, of Voltaire, of anti-Christ? Or, that of Michael, the Archangel, of the Patriarchs, of Sebastian and Law-

rence, of Anastasia, of Xavier and Aloysius, of the Little Flower, of the Martyrs and Saints and the world conquering missionaries?

Priest of a Doubting Flock. By Thomas B. Chetwood, S.J. Price ten cents.

The story of an Apostle of the Eucharist, in which an Anglican Catholic Minister Romanesqued and romanced into Rome. The spiritual bogies of a bogus priest who for years sought Christ in strange places, to wit: in the cheerless sanctuaries and empty tabernacles of Protestantism.

Frida. By Thomas B. Chetwood, S.J. Price ten cents.

Out from her people and her father's house stalked Elfrida Bänkstrom, and by different paths comes to rest at last in the bosom of God's living temple, drawn thither by what her Bible would call *shekinah*—the everlasting sacramental presence of her God.

Tips on Temptation. By Benjamin R. Fulkerson, S.J. Price five cents.

In which young America, seated at the feet of a Jesuit mentor in a rocky mountain cabin, is drilled in the A B Cs of sin and virtue, with toasted marshmallows as a prize for excellency. Grooming youthful rookies for the major league of life.

The Ludwig-Missionsverein and the Church in the United States (1838-1918)—Franciscan Studies, No. 12. By Theodore Roemer, O.M.Cap., Ph.D. Joseph F. Wagner, Inc., New York, N. Y. Price sixty cents.

In the statutes of this Society, we read: "The Mission Society formed with the consent and under the direction of King Louis of Bavaria shall be called Ludwigverein and shall have as its object: (a) the propagation of the Catholic Faith among the heathens and unbelievers principally in Asia and North America; (b) the support of the necessary churches and educational institutions as well as of the missionaries who undertake this laborious and perilous occupation, etc., etc." The brochure is a careful study of the Society's efforts to supply German Americans with German-speaking priests, and in general of its relations with the Redemptorists, Benedictines, various Sisterhoods and secular clergy, as well as with the Jesuits in Boston, Washington, Baltimore, St. Louis, Virginia, Cincinnati and the Indian missions of the Rocky Mountains.

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WHAT'S YOUR GRIEVANCE

(Continued from page 166)

to a grave but a few paces away. A few prayers, the lowering of the box into the hole, the thud of dirt and stone striking wood, and all was over. Another grievance had been settled.

QUITE different, yet most sorrowful, was the second Heading we had during those two weeks. No bush hut greeted us this time, but a little house within the heart of the town, Falmouth. In place of an elderly woman, we now looked upon a "Little Pickney," who but a few days previous had attended Father's Mass. Catching cold and the fever, she had shown very little resistance and had quickly succumbed. We reached Falmouth about three in the afternoon and saw hundreds of "Picknies" lined in the street before the little girl's house. Within, all was quiet, and as we crossed the threshold, we looked upon a small wooden box supported by two chairs. At each

end of the box were two ordinary candles, whose flare helped to light up the darkness of the room. The "Little Pickney" lay within the box, dressed in white with a pair of beads in her hands. Amid much weeping, Father read the prayers and we started for the grave. The box was carried from the house and placed resting on two seats of an ordinary automobile. With Father's car in the lead, the procession slowly made its way to the cemetery. There the ceremony was brief, for once again we prayed, lowered the box into the ground, listened to the thud of dirt and rocks upon wood, and all was over.

Today, the atmosphere about me is quite changed. No longer in the house of grievances, I sit in the classroom and look into the small faces of White, Black and Chinese youngsters, all eager to have their classroom difficulties settled. Yet, even in the midst of such a busy atmosphere, my mind almost invariably takes me back to the house of grievances at Montego Bay, and once again I seem to hear the knocks upon wood, see Father walk to the door, listen to the people beg Father for something, and I silently pray that God will bless Father and enable him through his good friends always to be able to settle these grievances.

SICK CALL AT THIRTY BELOW

(Continued from page 147)

of ice. On and on we went, the dogs picking up speed with the coming of night.

But if my trip was cold, my reception in the village late that night was warm. I could not help but think that these gentle Eskimos look upon their priest as their best and dearest friend.

I found out by a strange coincidence that my sick man, who had been regularly receiving the sacraments for the past five years, had never been baptized. My trip, therefore, was a double success.

For two solid hours before retiring, I lay on my bear skin near a blazing fire. Alaska is a country of contrasts, but the greatest of them all is the warmth of the Sacred Heart in a land of snow and ice.

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