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MISSIONS OF THE AMERICAN JESUITS

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

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221 North Grand Boulevard, St. Louis, Mo.

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Bellarmine House, Margin Street, Cohasset, Mass.



A typical home of the Canadian Indians ministered unto by Canadian Jesuits.

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4133 Banks St., New Orleans, La.

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2440 Interlaken Boulevard, Seattle, Wash.

Educational work at **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

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REV. GEORGE J. WILLMANN, S.J.

51 East 83rd St., New York, N. Y.

SÜCHOW MISSION, China; and **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

Though not engaged in missions outside of Canada, Jesuits belonging to the Province of Upper Canada are doing a truly missionary work within their own homeland. Eighteen Canadian Jesuit priests, one Scholastic and ten Brothers are successfully winning souls to Christ in the **CANADIAN INDIAN MISSIONS** along Lake Huron and Georgian Bay, and in the missions north of Lake Superior and along the Albany River. For the Jesuit Province of Upper Canada, the Mission Procurator is

REV. JOSEPH LEAHY, S.J.

160 Wellesley Crescent, Toronto, Canada

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. DONAVON, S.J.

University of Santa Clara, Santa Clara, Calif.

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.

257 FOURTH AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.



The close-up of the altar and interior of the famous Cave of Manresa in Spain, where Ignatius of Loyola, Founder of the Jesuits, whose feast we celebrate on July 31, received the light and grace to compose that handbook of sanctity, the *Spiritual Exercises*, a text for retreats, whose value after four centuries continues to grow with the years.

Scouting at Alpha

Joseph M.
Krim, S.J.



EZEKAH! The Alpha Industrial School, Jamaica, B. W. I., with an actual membership of about two hundred and fifty boys from two years to twenty has its tailor shop, its carpenter shop, its famous band, its soccer team, its cricket team, a club house, a Sodality, and now it glories in a Boy Scout troop that you can't beat for excellence in Scout lore and Scout craft. The founder of the troop is Father Joseph Krim who is the Chaplain of the Industrial School. The man who made the troop what it is by patient work and by passing on his enthusiasm to the boys is Jack Murray, a Rover Scout himself in his leisure hours (a good Scout always) and the Manager of an Insurance Company in the working part of the day.

From the first, Scouting appealed to the boys. They would gather together and strive to tie the most knots, or surpass each other at building a fire. In a short time they knew the Scout law upside down and inside out. They learned what it means to obey, to reverence their superiors, to help those who need assistance, to be kind to animals,—in a word, to play the man in every detail of their daily tasks. Tuesday night and Friday night were especially welcome because they were set apart for Scouting. Shortly after seven on those nights, a tiny Austin would drive in at the Alpha gate, and out of it would step the Chaplain and Scout Master. The boys have learned to love these two men, a priest and a lay apostle, for the interest and the self-sacrifice they have shown to them.

By August, the boys knew all the ropes. Then, they were "arearing" for hikes, and camping out, and the great open spaces. Then, the opportunity came. The band was asked to play at a Garden Party at Mandeville—and most of the Band boys were members of the troop.
Hezekah!

THEY brought along a big army tent, one of three that were donated by the boss of an old barracks. The youngsters had washed them and patched them up nicely, and a special Scout Instructor came to teach them how to set them up and all that. Sister Alphonsa, who has been a mother to the boys at Alpha for fifteen years, had packed corn meal, flour, cocoa, salt fish, yams, corned



Father Joseph M. Krim, S.J., receives his Boy Scouts and part of his band in Kingston, Jamaica, B. W. I.

beef and such delicacies in the boxes. It was a sight to watch the boys at the camping grounds. The site for the camp is next to the new Retreat House built by Father Ford. Here they pitched their tents. Then they made two benches of bamboo branches, fixed up a clothes line, a hat rack, a shoe rack, a kitchen shelf, etc. Then they set to work to build a fireplace in true Boy Scout fashion. The boy who played the part of the Black Cat in a recent operetta was elected "cookie." He was over the fire almost continually, and was like an old hen worrying over her chicks. He would shoot away anyone who came within the sacred circle of the kitchen, all the time keeping up a comical line. The boys called him "Cat," but he wanted to be called his proper name, "Saucer Eyes."

Cookie supplied a very appetizing menu for the meals. There was salt fish fried in margarine, dumplings made of dough and fish, bush tea (a concoction made of the sprig of a bush, which after being boiled in a pot of water with canned milk thrown in, has a mint-milky flavor for which one must, as in the case of olives, acquire a taste).

THE boys had regular night watches the first night, each taking an hour. Each morning they marched down to the church and received Holy Communion at the Mass which was said by the Chaplain. Although they were free to attend, not one boy stayed away.

During the day they were taught the regular Scout games, signaling, tracking, and what is most important, how to work. A lazy Scout is useless and does not last in a troop; hence the importance (Turn to page 191)

Here and There at Bettiah

John S.

O'Connor, S.J.



FROM the title to this article, you will gather that I have tossed together interesting little experiences here and there, not as if they were closely connected with one another, but merely to give you a general picture. I hope that the present little account will make up for letters that my fellow missionaries and myself have failed to send recently. But to give you some of the "Here and There."



When the Middle English School at Bettiah holds open air sessions—and "reading and writing and rithmetic are taught to the tune of a hickory (or rather—bamboo) stick."

WE had occasion to ride through a Mohammedan section of Bettiah several days ago on our way to one of the village schools. In a section that normally housed nearly three thousand people, we saw only about twenty-five persons. The plague, following upon the terrible earthquake that visited Patna January 15, has driven them out. Up to date, there have been nearly two hundred deaths. The doctors are helpless, for though they know that bites from fleas that have infested plague-carrying rats cause the plague, they have not found a cure. The people are terror stricken and are fleeing from the parts of town where a plague rat may have fallen. Many new temporary villages have been springing up. One barely completed had all of its two hundred new straw huts destroyed, when a spark from a fire spread ruin to the already helpless people. All our boys as well as all of our members of the Faculty of Khrist Raja High School have been inoculated by the Government doctor.

Speaking of doctors, reminds me of the many benedictions called down on the head of good Father Gareschie and his Catholic Medical Mission Board of New York. God alone knows how much good is accomplished through the bottles of aspirin, quinine, sodium bicarbonate, the iodine swabs, and the other standard remedies that Father sends to missions in all parts of the world. The simple people of the villages are afraid of hospitals and doctors. They first call on the "Mission Father" to get his help. Word soon spreads that the Father is willing to go out into the villages to do all he can to

lessen suffering and to bring a word of cheer and a thought of higher things. The Recording Angel has entered many names in gold ink on the Salvation Register because Father has poured the saving waters on the brow of many a one whom he has found dying in a dirty, ill-kept hut. So much for doctors and medicine.

THE warm days,—warm in India means about ninety degrees in the shade,—are with us now and the hot days are coming. These warm days of March and April have brought the snakes out of their holes. We can't say that we have to step over them every few feet, but we do take more care now than when the weather is cold, particularly mornings and evenings. Office hours for snakes are from 3:00 A.M. to 5:00 A.M., and 7:00 P.M. to 10:00 P.M. During the hot hours of the day, they seek the shelter of their holes. Cobras and kraits are the snakes to be dreaded most. Either will put you out of commission in the short space of a few minutes. Several small but deadly kraits have been killed near our house.

Now a word about Khrist Raja High School. In addition to the Christian, Hindu and Mohammedan boys, we have about forty Santal boys from the southeastern part of the Mission. One of the great delights of these latter is to take walks about the countryside with their bows and arrows. They are expert shots. As a rule, they come home with several birds or a couple of rabbits which they have "knocked down." William Tell is no hero to them. They are also very accurate in throwing,

It is no uncommon thing for a Santal boy, armed only with a stone, to knock a bird off the top branch of a tree.

Speaking of Hindu boys at our school, naturally brings up the subject of caste. Here is an instance of how it applies even to food. Christian is a strange adjective to apply to food, but it means a lot in India. The caste-bound Hindus consider it one of the seven deadly sins to partake of food touched or prepared by a Christian. An example of this was brought home to us recently. Father Aloysius Pettit accepted a poor Hindu boy in the school. His home was sixteen miles away, but the boy arranged to live with a poor uncle about three miles from the school. A few days ago it was discovered that the boy was suffering from a bad case of dysentery. Father sent the boy to see the doctor. He was given medicine, advised to rest, and to eat nothing but rice and curd. Such arrangements could not be made at the uncle's house, so Father provided him with a place in the dormitory and with the necessary food.

THE food was prepared in our kitchen. Another Hindu boy was sent to carry it to the sick boy. Nothing was said the first time. That was remarkable. But the other Hindu boys saw our "hand-painted" china and guessed the rest. They began to upbraid the poor boy for accepting food from the hands of a Christian. In its stead, they offered wholesome advice—but nothing more filling. So much ado was made over the matter that the boy had to ask to be taken to his own home. The sad part of the affair is that the Hindus among themselves forget the strict rules of their castes.

The earthquake has certainly changed the appearance of the country. With the monsoon coming, we almost feel as if we have to look up the business address of the Noah Construction Company. Two survey parties were sent out by the Government after the earthquake to report on the condition of the afflicted area. One party reported that the territory from the town of Bagaha to the town of Muzaffarpur will be a lake during the monsoon. The second party reported that the lake will extend

from Sithamari to Muzaffarpur. If the first party is right, we shall need a boat. If the second is right, we shall not, but we shall be near enough to the lake to call our place a Summer resort.

I WAS reminded not so long ago of the Easter parade back in the States and, let me tell you that Fifth Avenue has nothing on Bettiah's thoroughfares—both of them—on Easter morning when the fashion parade



"The washerman (dhobi, to give him his local name) beats the clothes on a rock at the edge of a pond, then spreads them out on the bank to dry. After that he takes them home and irons them. . . . But we cannot complain . . . for the clothes come back perfectly white—even to the buttons—if there are any left."

goes on march. Of course, the styles don't change in India, but the gorgeous colors were dazzling. An Indian woman, arrayed in her colored sari, and adorned with her silver jewelry, would put the rainbow to shame. The sari, you know, is a single piece of cloth about fifteen feet long and four feet wide, draped in such a way that it makes a combination dress and headpiece.

Before closing, I must tell you of our model laundry here. It is, of course, commonplace to us, but still of interest to the westerner. An Indian model laundry does not send its de luxe truck, nor does Mrs. O'Grady's little Tim pull his coaster wagon to collect the wash. Ali Min, our Mohammedan washerman, comes with his little donkey. When he piles the load on the poor little beast, it is a miracle that the poor thing's legs don't buckle.

Laundering is still primitive in these parts. The washerman (dhobi to give him his local name), beats the clothes on a rock at the edge of the pond and then spreads them out on the bank to dry. After that, he takes them home to iron them with an iron that has its fire in its insides. But, we cannot complain about the work, for the clothes come back perfectly white—even to the buttons—if there are any left. After looking at picture, guess how many buttons are left.

IT MATTERS NOT

Francis S. Allen, S.J.

"Corpus meum, Sanguis meus,"
The wondrous change is made
Beneath the vast cathedral arch
Or in some lonely glade.

It matters not if those around
Adore with kingly speech and grace,
Or with the rough and lowly tongue
Of some forgotten race.

Religion in the Footsteps of Father White

Horace B. McKenna, S.J.



HE Catholic tercentennial tourist, coming to St. Mary's City, the three hundred year old original capital of Maryland, may wonder why he does not see any Catholic church or chapel in this spot. Father Andrew White, S.J., brought the Catholic Faith to St. Mary's City from which it spread among the English, German and Irish colonials of Pennsylvania and New York and New Jersey, and one would expect that St. Mary's City, Maryland, its American cradle, would at least have a beautiful Catholic Church.

But if the tercentennial tourist would but read the history of the Catholic Faith in Maryland, he would see in the bare survival of the Faith, a great witness to the heroism of the pioneer Fathers and their devout flock, and as St. Mary's County is now one of the most Catholic counties in the United States, it will appear that priests and people have not been false to their heroic Catholic Pilgrim traditions.

THE Catholics gave peace at St. Mary's City, but did not always receive it there. In 1644, as was recounted in the April issue of *Jesuit Missions* in the article on Father White, this heroic pioneer missionary was taken prisoner to England by the pirate, Ingle, the supporter of the Puritan party. After the Calvert res-



Father McKenna and Sisters with pupils. "The present school of the burnt church has 155 children and is taught by the Colored Sisters, Oblates of Providence, from Baltimore."

toration in 1647, the Fathers were driven out again in 1652, and five of them met unrecorded deaths in Virginia. Again in 1689, John Cooche saved the province for the Protestant religion and for William and Mary by seizing St. Mary's City, and subsequently in 1704 Governor Seymour ordered the sheriff to lock up the Catholic Chapel at St. Mary's. Then the Fathers left St. Mary's City, and moved about five miles south to St. Inigoes. Here in 1705, they built a "Mass House," and about 1715, it became lawful to say Mass privately. In 1745, they built a church nearby, the ruins of which were unearthed in the Summer of 1933 by Jesuit Scholastics from the nearby St. Inigoes Villa. During the period from about 1692 to the Revolution there were continual disabilities and persecution for Catholics.

The public celebration of Mass was forbidden; it was punishable by life imprisonment for a Catholic to teach school; they were taxed double and were not permitted to vote. Charles Carroll wrote to his son Charles, the Signer, that he would gather everything together and go to Louisiana if he were a younger man. In 1785, after the Revolution had demonstrated the patriotism of Catholics and restored religious liberty, the pres-

Father Horace McKenna, S.J., with members of his flock on the ruins of St. Peter Claver's Church, Ridge, Maryland, which was destroyed by fire, March 14, 1934



ent Church of St. Ignatius near St. Inigoes was built. But at "The Pines," in the old St. Michael's Hundred, near the present town of Ridge, the Fathers had a station for catechism and Mass as early as 1824.

THE parochial residence was moved to Ridge in 1918, and St. Michael's is now a bustling center of Catholic life. It is the lively continuation of St. Mary's City Chapel, which was the Mother Church of the Archdiocese of Baltimore and of English-speaking Catholicity in the United States. Here at St. Michael's, beside the beautiful colonial church, is the parochial school with one hundred and forty children. Across the road stands St. Michael's High School equipped with one of the best libraries and scientific apparatus of all the southern Maryland schools. St. Michael's High School has an enrollment of forty-six pupils, some of whom daily come seventeen miles to school. The Convent of the Sisters of St. Joseph of Hartford is a base for nine Sisters who teach in both the schools at St. Michael's and also at Little Flower School thirteen miles away. St. Michael's schools have given fifteen girls to the Religious life, and two sons of the parish are now deacons, and in June will come back to this tercentennial mother-district of the Faith to celebrate the Holy Sacrifice with which the colony began.

ONE of the missions of St. Michael's is St. Peter Claver's, a parish church for Colored people of four districts. Here there is a school of one hundred and fifty-five children, and a convent of five Colored Sisters, Oblates of Providence. On March thirteenth last, fire destroyed the church, thus leaving the poor people without a proper place of worship, and crippling their educational, cultural and extension works which naturally centered around the church. Across the field is the Cardinal Gibbons Institute, which was opened in 1924, as a rural community school of high school rank for Negro boys and girls. The life training given at the Institute for home and farm was excellently interwoven with religious instruction and with Catholic Action through sodalities and neighborhood extension works.

Thirteen miles north, at Great Mills, stands St. Regis Rectory whose three Jesuit priests serve five churches from St. George's Island in the Potomac to St. Nicholas Church, a mission founded in 1792 near the Patuxent River. Here also is the Little Flower School, taught by the Sisters of St. Joseph, containing one hundred and seventy children brought in by school busses from the

lanes and creek-shores of the district.

About in the center of St. Mary's County, stands Newtown, a pioneer mission dating from 1662, but residence has since been transferred to nearby Leonardtown, the County Seat. From here four Jesuit priests serve St. Aloysius Church in the town, and also the one hundred and sixty-five year old church of St. Francis Xavier at old Newtown, the Church of Our Lady at Medley's Neck with its school of seventy-five pupils, and also the Church of St. John at Hollywood, with its school of one hundred and fifty children and its mission of St. Mary's at California, Maryland. Nearby the Xaverian Brothers conduct Leonard Hall with



After the procession on Holy Thursday at St. Peter Claver's Church, Ridge, Maryland.

sixty boys, and the Sisters of Charity of Nazareth, Kentucky, at St. Mary's Academy provide grammar and secondary education to girls, and secondary education also to boys. These Sisters of Charity teach also in five schools of the neighborhood, and they receive many of the girls of the old Catholic families into the Religious life of their Congregation.

THE youngest of the offshoot residences is Our Lady of Loretto at Chaptico, about ten miles from the Charles County line. This is an outgrowth of Leonardtown, and from it four Jesuit priests supply the northern section of the country where there are four thriving parishes and three schools. Immaculate Conception Church at Mechanicsville sends its children to St. Joseph's School at Morganza where the Sisters of Charity have one hundred and sixty-four White pupils and eighty-five Colored students. At Sacred Heart School in Bushwood, there are seventy-eight pupils and at Holy Angels' School at Abell there are one hundred and fifty-seven. Of the fifteen thousand people in St. Mary's County, about seventy-five per cent are Catholics,—thus it is one of the most Catholic counties in the United States.

If Father White were to return to St. Mary's City and retrace his footsteps, he would find three hundred yards south of the now restored State House the buried bricks of St. Ignatius Church (Turn to page 191)

Cycling for Souls

Gerald J.
Nagle, S.J.



SOCIETY debs and messenger boys are not the only ones riding bicycles these days. Each Sunday afternoon ten Jesuit Scholastics, free-wheeling down the hill from Mount St. Michael's—the Jesuit house of studies in Spokane, Washington,—are evident proof of this.

Are they out for exercise? Indeed not, for the baseball diamond, the handball and tennis courts at the Mount would furnish plenty of this. Rather, they weekly go forth in search of souls both young and old.

In 1918, the Missionary Society was formed at St. Michael's. At first its main purpose was to incite the Scholastics with zeal for the missions by means of lectures, lantern talks, stamp collecting and the like. At the same time, though, a few of the philosophers laid the foundation stones for what are now catechism centers. It is interesting to know that many of the first "Sunday Missionaries," who began their work among the poor people of Spokane, are now laboring amidst the still poorer natives of Alaska, China, Japan and India. Hardly a country remains that cannot now claim a St. Michael's alumnus as a missionary.

The beginning of the home mission work in Spokane and vicinity was difficult, and at times most depressing. Lads and lassies had to be induced to come to the mission centers on Sunday afternoons, and, believe me, this was no easy task. Catechism and baseball or swimming are not in the same category, and on many Sundays catechism class lost out before the other temptations. However, little by little, the centers became stronger until now they are successful. Let us take a brief glimpse of the various works and missions handled by the philosophers on their Sunday afternoons.

MOST prosperous of all the missions is that of the Japanese. It is named and dedicated to the Little Flower. Here a Priest and Scholastic visit each Sunday morning. Mass is celebrated and a sermon preached to the people. Following this the children are instructed by the Scholastic and an ardent lay apostle.

Slowly but surely the Japanese people of Spokane are being taught the beauties of Christianity by means of St. Teresa's Mission. George Dunne, S.J., and Paul O'Brien, S.J., the founders of the Japanese work a few years ago, are now happily devoting themselves to language study in far-off China in preparation for future work there. Even yet, the little almond-eyed Japanese children in Spokane remember their untiring zeal.

Another interesting work is that among the Negroes. Two Scholastics each week take their bicycles (with most notable knee-action) and set out for their mission.



Paul O'Brien, S.J. (left), Theresa Iwata and George Dunne, S.J., founders of the Japanese mission work near Spokane.

This, however, includes the entire city, for the Colored folk are scattered in various parts. Consequently, only four or five families can be visited each Sunday.

Everything from the present condition of bootblacks in America to the various interpretations of the bible form the topics of conversation with these poor people. The main purpose of working among them is to strengthen their belief and trust in their religion, to comfort and console them in these distressing times, and to make them feel they are something in this world of ours.

As philosophers, we can perhaps style nicer syllogisms and prove these in better form than these poverty-stricken Negroes, yet the simple, devotional, homespun philosophy of most of them would put us to shame.

THIS particular mission is not without its humor, as the following story will show. One Negro mammy, at the beginning of her conversion, was most anxious to be enrolled in the scapular. The Scholastics had prepared her and promised to bring a Father on their next visit. For some reason this was impossible, so a few weeks later they approached her shanty, but without a Priest. Her disappointment was great, and a woe-begone look covered her countenance. "Oh, please bring the Fader nex time cause I wants to be rolled in the scapular." Let it be noted that she tended toward the Aunt Jenima size.

Just a few weeks ago, the author was substituting for a sick Scholastic and listened to this tale. A Negro boy had graphically told us how much he hated and feared to visit a dentist. After his vivid story, the youth's mother climaxed everything by adding, "Honest, Muster Nagle, when de dentist came into de room mah boy turned white as ah sheet." (Turn to page 191)

The Mindanao Stage

James G. Daly, S. J.



EXT to the pulpit and the class room there is, perhaps, no field more promising for Catholic Action endeavor than the stage of drama. Beneath the standard of Truth there are in Catholic pulpits and Catholic schools strong forces of Christian workers to oppose the hostile banners that fly from unchristian pulpits and unchristian schools, but on the stage the artillery of the unchristian meets with little opposition in its assault upon truth and beauty.

Paul bore witness to Christ in the public marts; Xavier paraded the byways and highways with bell in hand; forerunners of the spirit of Catholic Action that inspires modern Pauls and Xaviers in carrying the standard of Christ into the centers of modern assembly. Those destructive forces warring against Christian principles from screen and stage must be met on the same field of battle. Catholic forces must strengthen their position to rout the hordes in their diabolical campaign to destroy all that is true and beautiful in dramatic art.

The late Father Font, S. J., Happy Warrior of Mindanao, for more than a score of years taught the lessons of the Beatitudes from a dramatic setting. From the seeds sown by that zealous missionary, the Catholic Dramatic Movement has taken permanent root throughout the Mindanao Mission. This Catholic Dramatic Movement does not restrict its program to religious subjects only. While there is provision for wholesome comedy and for all dramatic presentation that does not offend the Christian conscience, the director's preference and



Scene from "Faithful Genevieve," a play given by the Parochial School, Jimenez, Mindanao, August 14, 1933. Father James G. Daly, S. J., is the zealous and energetic Pastor.

that of the audience, too, is ever for the play with the Catholic atmosphere.

IN November, "The Oath of Saint Cecilia," an offering of The Catholic Dramatic Movement of Milwaukee, was presented under the auspices of the Saint Cecilia Choir in Mindanao. Remarkable is the appeal of Christian virtue portrayed by the dramatic pen; indelible is the impression of the virtues of Christian heroes as they live again in histrionics to please, to edify and to inspire to noble achievement for the King.

Mindanao Catholic Action has no Hippodrome, no Metropolitan Opera House for its dramatic campaign. God's own Hand has painted the stars in the ceiling; His omnipotence has planned the living trees that wall in our amphitheater. Better times may bring us shelter for the rainy nights, which all—
(Turn to page 191)



Scene from "The Oath of St. Cecilia," given by the Jimenez St. Cecilia Choir, November 5, 1933. The scenery was painted by a Mindanao artist and the costumes were made by the players.

Devil-Worshippers in Iraq

Edward F. Madaras, S. J.



NEVER dreamt I should be taking off my shoes in deference to the devil, but that's what actually happened.

Of course, it really wasn't deference at all; it was a matter of complying with the regulations that governed entrance to Satan's temple, and I was far from intending the removal of my shoes and the subsequent soiling of my socks to be a mark of respect to his black majesty when I entered his house of worship.

For there are, strangely enough, temples dedicated to the worship of the devil in this land of Iraq, which is the traditional scene of his first great victory over man in the Garden of Paradise. It is thus a peculiar world we live in. The devil has succeeded in making some people consider him as a joke, a nonentity; and thus, being considered non-existent, he is able to go about his nefarious work without much opposition. Up in the mountainous north of Iraq he has managed to impose himself upon the Yezidis as a deity, and they bow down to him in obeisance. It is no wonder that Christ designated him as the "prince of liars," and the Church warns the priest each day in his breviary to be on his guard against the devil, who "goeth about like a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour."

BUT how, now, did I happen to be visiting a temple of Satan? It happened like this. We were spending a couple of weeks with the Apostolic Delegate in Mosul, and one Sunday he invited us to accompany him to the village of Bashiqa, an oasis in the desert east of the Tigris, where he was to dedicate a new church. We accepted readily, and soon our Ford was slowly making its way through the herds of camels that had chosen this moment to inundate Mosul's one thoroughfare. Like us, they were bound for the desert beyond the Tigris. Luckily, we did no more than bump one or two of them gently. Camels, like chickens, seem to have a predilection for choosing to cross in front of an auto at the last moment.

It was not long before we were thundering over the loose planks that serve as a flooring for Mosul's rickety bridge of boats, and in a few minutes we were speeding across the open desert, leaving enormous clouds of dust behind us.

An hour's ride, more or less, brought us within sight of Bashiqa, and as we drew near we could perceive the cone-like spires, fluted and somewhat squat, which are



Devil-worshippers and their temple at Sheikh Adi, Iraq, with views of the inner courts.

a characteristic feature of the shrines and temples of the devil-worshippers. For, oddly enough, the Yezidis live on most friendly terms with the Christians, inhabiting in many places the same villages. It may be that the merciless massacres which they, like the Christians, have suffered from time to time at the hands of the Turks make them feel a common bond of brotherhood. At any rate, the little village of Bashiqa which we were nearing, possessed a goodly number of Yezidis.

As we entered the village itself, we noticed a large temple, surrounded by a walled courtyard, not more than a few hundred yards from the church which was to be dedicated. What a strange juxtaposition it was—that of the Church of God and the temple of Satan!

YOU might think that a votary of Satan would be a particularly fierce and truculent sort of person. Such at least was what I had set the Yezidis down to be, and I was afraid at first lest my glances in their direction, when they were pointed out to me in the churchyard, would prove offensive. But as I failed to notice anything peculiarly diabolical about them, I grew less timorous. When, after the Mass and other ceremonies of dedication, which the Yezidis themselves attended, they mingled affably if somewhat stoically with the other villagers, I made bold to ask one of the Fathers in the Delegate's retinue if the Yezidis might possibly permit us to visit their temple.

He smiled knowingly, for he understood our curiosity. Years before he had visited this same temple, and on returning home discovered to his horror that the evil one had accompanied him. It was only after a long time that he finally succeeded by exorcism in getting rid of the devil's annoyances. Incidentally, I may remark

that the priest is now a bishop.

In answer to my question, he said he would sound out the custodian of the temple. Soon he came back and announced that our little party would be admitted.

Here, in fairness to the Yezidis, I must add that their theology is not as unorthodox as might at first be thought. The substance of their belief is this. God is a Benevolent Being far away, and they have no reason to fear Him. The devil, on the other hand, is very close: for he has been charged by God with the management of this mundane sphere. It is true that at the present time he is under the Divine disfavor, but the day will come when he will be restored to his former place of preeminence, and then woe to them who have in any way been disrespectful to him during the time when he was under a cloud.

SO it is that they consider it necessary to propitiate the devil, and they make him the center of their religious observances. They personify him in the symbol of a peacock and give him the name of Melek Taous—"Peacock Angel." They have seven of these images which are carried about in their villages from time to time to receive the homage of the devil's subjects. Just what other prayers or ceremonies take place within the precincts of their temples it is difficult to say, for they are most secretive about their religious beliefs.

Their holy books they guard most carefully, and refuse to show them to outsiders. Nevertheless, transla-

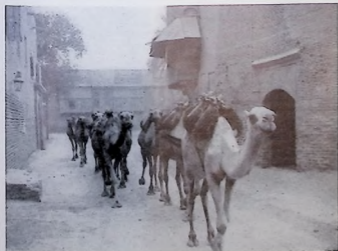


Serenading his Satanic majesty whom these devil-worshippers "personify in the symbol of a peacock and to whom they give the name of Melek Taous—"Peacock Angel."

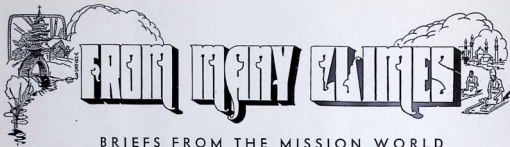
tions of the "Black Book" and of the "Book of Revelation" have been published in Europe; bribery and intrigue, it is said, have played their part in securing transcriptions from the original manuscripts. The "Book of Revelation" is said to be an address by Satan to his followers, telling them of his power and prerogatives, and begins as follows: "I was, I am, and I shall be unto the end of time, ruling over all creatures and ordering the affairs and deeds of those who are under my sway."

IT is impolite to pronounce the name of Satan in the presence of the Yezidis, for they consider this name to be an affront to him. Not only that, but they carefully avoid the use of words containing the initial sound of "sh" which begins Sheitan, the Arabic for Satan. Words rhyming with Sheitan are also under the ban.

Out of deference to him, too, they eschew the color blue, red being apparently their favorite color, though they ordinarily dress in white. For various reasons, their respect for him causes them to forego various articles of food: lettuce, for instance, because he once took refuge under this plant. Beans and pumpkins, also, as well as fish, do not figure on their menus, though the abstinence from fish is said to be a mark of respect to Jonah. (Turn to page 191)



Out on the edge of the town (of Baghdad), you find the camels. A caravan like this got in our way as we were bound for the desert beyond the Tigris.



BRIEFS FROM THE MISSION WORLD

Floods in British Guiana Losses estimated at 300,000 pounds have been suffered in British Guiana in the worst

floods of the colony's history. The entire coastal region is under water. Roads are impassable, the railway is under water, practically all agriculture, with the exception of the sugar crop, is destroyed. Thousands of cattle, pigs and sheep have been drowned, and there is no market for those surviving. Till now there has been no great loss of human life, but famine threatens. The dead cannot be buried because cemeteries are under water. "It is the greatest disaster that has ever occurred here," writes Bishop Weld, S.J., Vicar Apostolic of British Guiana.

\$152,838,690 for Protestant Foreign Missions

Official figures published by the New York office of the International Missionary Council established that the total expenditure of

Protestant missions for the three years 1929-30-31 were \$152,838,690, an average of over \$50,000,000 a year. The countries supplying this amount are here listed with their yearly average in the order of percentage contributed: North America, \$28,171,146 (55%); Great Britain, \$11,031,513 (22%); Latin America, \$4,401,990 (9%); Germany, \$1,525,494; Australia, \$1,390,381; Sweden, \$1,020,521; South Africa, \$794,870; Norway, \$604,608; Denmark, \$518,386; Netherlands, \$450,451; New Zealand, \$424,933; Switzerland, \$292,761; France, \$197,838; Finland, \$117,674; Belgium, \$3,664.

Catholic Contributions

In ten years from 1922 to 1932, the contributions of the Catholics of the world to the Pontifical Association of the Propagation of the Faith have been totaled at more than \$23,000,000. The highest contribution was from Catholics of the United States, namely, \$9,767,223, or 42% of the total, an average of six cents for each Catholic in the United States. A hopeful omen is seen in the private contributions being made in mission countries themselves. For example, Chinese residents of Shanghai have given several purses (\$175 Mexican) to the Jesuit Aurora University, Shanghai, raising the number to twenty.

Indian Pilgrimage to Rome

Fervent devotion, inspired by the zealous organizer, Father Letteller, S. J., marked the Second Indian Pilgrimage of 400 pilgrims to the Holy Land, Rome and Lourdes. Nocturnal devotion was held aboard the chartered vessel which brought the group from India, at which over 200 kept vigil for six hours from 10 P.M. to 4 A.M. Thousands stood to watch the group as it made its Holy Year visits in Rome, headed by an Indian bishop carrying the cross. The pilgrims likewise made the Way of the Cross in the Coliseum and took a prominent part in the Holy Week ceremonies. Because of the great distance which they had covered in so large a number, and because of the great sacrifices they had made, His Holiness, moved to the point of tears, told the pilgrims that of the 2,000 pilgrimages during the Holy Year, theirs gave him the greatest consolation.

As Others See Us

After reviewing the work of the Anglican Mission during the year, Bishop Ronald Hall, Anglican Bishop of Hong Kong, speaking of the Catholic Church, told the officers of the Victoria Diocese and Missionary Association that "Their organization is, as you know, a triumph in efficiency. It is secured by the strong central control organized in Rome, and by the magnificent discipline and self-sacrifice of the various Brotherhoods, of which perhaps the Jesuits and the Franciscans are the best known. Their efficiency is also secured by the high ideal of celibacy which is required of all priests, and of those women who give themselves to the work of the Church in Sisterhoods. No one who lives for long in Hong Kong can fail to be impressed by the significance of this world-wide Christian movement, in which French, English, Italians, Irish, American, Portuguese, and so on, can all share Sunday by Sunday in the same worship because an international language is used in worship and in instruction for priests. To those who complain that our Church of England organization is second-rate in comparison I would ask this question: 'Are you prepared to pay the price of the discipline enforced with such heroism . . . in the Roman Church?'"

Kateri, Maid of the Mohawks

"Kateri, Maid of the Mohawks" is the title of a new life of Catherine Tekakwitha, by Margaret Thornton. We quote the author's pious hope: "We hope that God will set in the full splendor of the Church's worship this woman whom we can know and love through all the intervening distances of time and space, of color and of alien civilization—Kateri, the little Indian maiden, fit emblem of all the good, the power of sanctity and response to grace that lies hidden, waiting, in the heart of every pagan race."

Successor to Bishop Van Hoeck

Father Ansgar Sevrin, S.J., has been named Bishop of Ranchi, India, succeeding Bishop Van Hoeck who died April 30, last year. He was born at Neuville, Diocese of Lieges, Belgium, in 1884, joined the Society of Jesus in 1903 and went to India in 1908. He completed his studies at the Jesuit house of theology, Kurseong, India, where he was ordained in 1925.

First Fruits

The first three priests trained at the South China Regional Seminary, at Aberdeen, near Hong Kong, were ordained on Holy Saturday. The Seminary of Aberdeen was erected with funds supplied by the Pontifical Society of St. Peter the Apostle for the Native Clergy, and confided in 1930 to the Irish Jesuits.

Calcutta Passion Play

A Passion Play, staged on exceptionally large scale, was presented at Calcutta, February 26-28 and March 3, under the direction of Father John N. Weaver, S.J. Special stands erected in the grounds of St. Xavier's College accommodated 5,000 spectators. A cast including 30 principal actors performed on a stage which covered 4,500 square feet and were assisted by a chorus of 80 voices directed by Dr. Sandre of the Calcutta School of Music. More than four thousand boys and girls were present at the special performance for children, and it is a tribute to the excellence of the play that they sat engrossed in silence for four hours. It was a veritable second Oberammergau. May it be traditional in the land of India.

Garden de luxe

George M. Stroh, S. J.



ARDENS are commonplace enough in some districts, but a garden de luxe on a Dakota prairie calls for special attention. Such is the twelve acre plot at St. Francis Mission, among the Sioux Indians of South Dakota.

This garden, which includes a small nursery and a flower garden, is in care of Brother Joseph Parry, S.J., an expert horticulturist. Experience he has had in this kind of work. He was gardener for many years at St. Stephen's Mission in Wyoming, and at the Novitiate at Florissant respectively before coming to St. Francis Mission. Under his able hand the garden yields various kinds of vegetables which stand the Mission in very good stead in boarding 450 Indian children for 270 days out of every 365. These are healthy youngsters, blessed with good appetites. They belong to that portion of the human race which never feels the fear of want. They need never worry over lodging, or food, or clothing; and they are happy to have three substantial meals every day. Brother Parry proves himself equal to such demands by raising the quantity, quality, and variety of vegetables which go to make a large and important part of these meals. He raises everything which it is possible to raise under the circumstances, taking into consideration the soil and the climatic conditions.

The soil and the climate are two great factors in testing the patience, as well as the endurance of the gardener. In 1933, for instance, the ground was so dry and the weather conditions such that the garden had to be planted three times. In times of drought, sand storms work havoc with the garden. Twice in the early part of last Summer, following such sand storms, the garden was, to use the words of Brother himself, "as bare as the Sahara Desert." Twice the entire garden had to be replanted. Fortunately, the sand storms were quite timely. It was not too late for the replanting. The



Brother Joseph Parry, S.J., the master gardener of St. Francis Mission

gardener must raise himself above these minor discouraging aspects. If his work is brought to naught by late frost or untimely storm, he must begin all over.

THE crop produced in Brother Parry's garden yearly is on the average: 300 bushels of tomatoes; 200 bushels of carrots; 200 bushels of beets; 100 bushels of rutabagas; 100 bushels of turnips; 11 barrels of dill pickles; 8 barrels of kraut. Then there are onions, celery, lettuce, spinach and asparagus in large quantities. And, by all means, do not forget the cantaloupes and watermelons. The Prefect of the boys never will forget the water-melon seasons on the Mission.

Now, all the work required to plant, cultivate and reap this crop cannot be done by Brother Parry alone. He must have help. All this necessary help he gets from the boys of the school.

And for these, the work is not a drudgery, even if it becomes tiresome at times. It is a very valuable experience for them, and they realize this fact. Usually, about fifteen boys work under the Brother's supervision and direction. Almost all the boys in school get a chance at the work at one time or another. They learn how to take care of the hotbeds where all the
(Turn to page 194)



The twelve acre plot which supplies food for 450 hungry Indian children nine months of each year.

King

Adolph



"Here, in a small chapel securely lashed to the rocks, in the midst of the native cliff-dwellers, lives Christ, the Eucharistic King."

THERE is an island in the Bering Sea where the curious tourist seldom stops. North of Nome and far out at sea, it lies beyond the course of the tourist steamers. None save native boats, and perhaps a chance trading vessel or government revenue cutter, touch its forbidding coasts. Its crags reach down like gnarled roots into the spuming waves at its base. It is wild, desolate and yet majestic. It is the island of a King.

King Island stands alone. Majestic in its ruggedness, forbidding in its desolate barrenness, it rises 900 feet above the Bering Sea. Around it the elements relentlessly storm. Waves dash high against its jagged cliffs, and frequent winds beat hopelessly on its towering sides. Here, in a

small chapel securely lashed to the rocks, in the midst of the native cliff-dwellers, lives Christ, the Eucharistic King.

But Christ had not always a home on this His island. Before the year 1903, most of the King Islanders were pagans; few claimed to be Seventh Day Adventists; and some belonged to the Congregational Church. During their annual trading season in Nome, they had come into contact with Protestant missionaries, but they had never been entirely converted. They remained largely pagan.

with all their sorcery and superstition, their medicine men and pagan ritual. But all this changed, disappearing rapidly, once they had set out towards the true Church.

A few of the natives, encouraged by the kindness of Father Bellarmine Lafortune, S.J., took advantage of their stay in Nome to receive religious instruction. In this way, several families gradually came to know of the true religion, with the result that some of the children were baptized. It was through one of these little ones that the whole tribe was eventually to be converted.

ON a dreary night, about thirty years ago, a little Eskimo girl was taken suddenly ill. She had been among those baptized the Summer previous at Nome. This child, understanding that she would soon die, begged her parents and those gathered about her bed to embrace the Catholic religion. She spoke to them of the beautiful home that should be theirs in Heaven, a home far more wonderful than their island. They listened eagerly, wondering at the things she told them. Where was this new home? Could they not go with her? Always it was the same answer: they must first seek instruction from the missionary in Nome; then, perhaps, they might follow her. And when the child died on the following day, at the hour she had foretold, the natives were confirmed in their resolution to follow her advice.

Finally, warm winds swept

"Its crags reach down like gnarled roots into the spuming waves at its base. It is wild, desolate and yet majestic. It is the island of a King."



Island

hoff, S. J.

over the ice, and the sun assured them that Summer had returned. At last they set out for Nome. Here they sought out Father Lafortune and told him the story of the Eskimo child. He was interested in them, and they knew it. He was kind to them, and they responded with their confidence. Before long they were coming daily for instruction, until practically the whole tribe was received into the Church.

Their trading finished, the King Islanders returned to the island just before Winter set in. Back on their bleak rock in the Bering they practiced their new religion as best they could. With no priest to guide them, they managed to follow Father Lafortune's instructions—setting aside definite times for prayer and other devotions. At first they took turns at praying in the hut they had turned into a public oratory. But when this small building proved inadequate, they enlarged it with lumber given to them by Father Lafortune.

FOR many years, Father had to content himself with annually instructing the natives when they returned each Summer to Nome. Then he found means to visit the island, where he studied and planned necessary improvements. In the meantime, under the missionary's helpful guidance, the natives built a small chapel overlooking the village. This building, made of lumber salvaged from wrecks along the coast, served as an oratory during the priest's absence. Here they gathered for morning and evening prayers, keeping alive their faith, waiting until Father Lafortune should again be with them to say Mass and give them Communion.

One day Father did return with them; but this time he came to stay throughout the long Winter months. And each year since then has found the missionary and his delighted flock leaving Nome to return home to the familiar haunts of King Island. Together they



"None save native boats, and perhaps a chance trading vessel or government revenue cutter, touch its forbidding coasts."

have done much to better their living conditions. But their greatest pride is in the new church that now dominates the village and the island.

WITH the help of seven natives, Father Lafortune built a permanent church, sufficiently large to withstand the storms and the wind. Considered in its surroundings, this chapel of Christ the King is a tribute to the ingenuity and energy of the natives and their missionary. Describing the difficulties encountered in building the church, Father Lafortune writes: "A seven hundred foot slant leads from the sea to the location of the church. That incline is composed of huge boulders crowned with a luxurious growth of wormwood. To take twenty thousand (Turn to page 194)



"To take twenty thousand feet of lumber and about twelve tons of other material up that grade would have been beyond human endeavor had I not erected a small iron cable from the sea to the top of the village. By means of that cable we hauled up everything easily and in a comparatively short time."

JESUIT MISSIONS

A MAGAZINE OF APOSTOLIC ENDEAVOR

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

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257 FOURTH AVENUE NEW YORK, N. Y.

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

A Correction

THE Editor regrets that in an article in the May issue of JESUIT MISSIONS a statement was made which is not correct. In the article entitled, "From the Southland to the Tropics" it was said that "The Fathers of the Society of Jesus who now, with the exception of a few secular priests, are the only missionaries in Ceylon, established themselves anew in the island in 1893 . . ." This statement is correct only when applied to two of the dioceses in the Island of Ceylon. There are two other dioceses and an archdiocese, all of which antedate the Dioceses of Trincomali and Galle where the Fathers of the Society of Jesus are at work. The Archdiocese of Colombo and the Diocese of Jaffna are entrusted to the Oblates of Mary Immaculate, and the Diocese of Kandy is cared for by the Benedictines.

Both the Archdiocese of Colombo and the Diocese of Jaffna have larger Catholic numbers and activities than the other dioceses in Ceylon. Colombo, in a population of 1,739,028, has 306,010 Catholics, while Jaffna has 55,439 Catholics in a population of 470,774. There are 109 Oblates of Mary Immaculate in Colombo, and 68 in Jaffna. Especially in the Archdiocese of Colombo there is splendid organization in caring for churches, schools, hospitals, dispensaries, orphanages, and other asylums, besides the work of two Catholic presses.

Light in the Dark Continent

THOSE who have not been following mission activities closely in recent years, will learn with astonishment of the advances made by the Church in some sections of Africa, as reported by His Excellency, Archbishop Arthur Hinsley, Apostolic Delegate to Africa. His Excellency, complying with the wish of the Holy Father to come to Europe to convalesce after his recent

attack of paratyphoid, is now in Rome and has been received by His Holiness in private audience. In his visits about Rome, His Excellency unflinchingly turns the conversation towards Africa and fills his hearers with a burning interest in the missions of East and Central Africa. *Fides Service* of Rome recently quoted Archbishop Hinsley as follows:

"In his recent address to the members of the Supreme Council of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, our Holy Father showed that consolation comes to him from Africa; he emphasized the progress made by the missions there in the last decade. More favored regions, which boast of enlightenment, give him cause for deep anxiety. The Dark Continent, as it used to be called, offers the comforting hope of a great compensation for fruitlessness elsewhere. Central Africa is the most promising mission field today.

"By chance the other day, I took up a book in the English College Library, Rome, entitled "Statistics of the World Missions Dependent on the Sacred Congregation of the Propaganda," and published by the Sacred Congregation in 1844. On page 579, the immense regions of the interior of Africa are described as either given over to Islamism or to the worship of idols,—the inhabitants living like unclean animals or like the savage beasts which abound in its wilderness.

"Yes! less than one hundred years ago, Big Game and the 'wilder' people had it all to themselves. In the whole Continent, north, south, east, west, there were not more than 41,000 Catholics. In 1934, the Faithful number more than five millions. If only sufficient missionaries were forthcoming, and if a due proportion of the generosity of the Catholic world were applied to gathering together the 'living stones' of God's temple in Africa, the next decade would see the most marvelous development of the Church in that land.

"On the east Coast in ten years, 1921-1931, the number of African Catholics (native) has been doubled in British territory alone, and last year the conversions were nearly 100,000 as compared with half that number in 1932.

"My admiration and humble reverence for our missionaries, Fathers, Brothers, Sisters, is unbounded. In spite of the difficulties of the times, in spite of all drawbacks and conflicts, in spite of locusts, of drought and of famine, the work of evangelization, God's grace ever giving the increase, goes on undismayed. Churches and schools and seminaries, presbyteries and convents rise, built up by untiring labor and out of poverty.

"Thoroughness and solidity characterize the work. A long catechumenate is the usual preparation for Baptism. Centers for careful training of catechists, those indispensable auxiliaries of the missionary, are established in most Vicariates. Seminaries exist for the formation of a native clergy. In East Africa, there are 1,339 seminarians, of whom 234 are in Major Seminaries. The triumph of the missions, once said an experienced Vicar Apostolic to me, will be complete when the Church in Africa is manned by Africans. In one single Vicariate in Uganda, there are fifty-two native priests, and twelve central mission stations are entrusted to them. Schools are everywhere increasing in number and efficiency."

The Mission Intentions The Mass of the Missions

July—The Aborigines and "Untouchables" of India
August—The Buddhists of Burma and Siam

IN the words of Father L. M. Balam, S.J., a Brahman convert and now Professor at the Gregorian University, Rome: "A leper and a live wire of high voltage are untouchable; an angry scorpion and a hungry serpent are untouchable; I know the reason why. But I do not know, nor has any one in the wide world shown a good reason why half a hundred million Indians should be 'Untouchables' and the rest 'Touchables.'" It is useless to belabor the fact that while nominally untouchable, yet, in reality, there is and always has been contact between the Untouchables and Touchables in India, as well as the equally patent fact that Touchables are not even always so among themselves. Untouchability is born of the essence of Hinduism which is a cult of Indian castes, not of Indian gods, and this caste system means, to put it bluntly, that by the very fact of his birth, one man, soul and body, is inferior to another, and will remain inferior even unto death. The relation between Untouchables and Hinduism is so close that were Untouchables to disappear, so would Hinduism, a fact which Mr. Ghandi recently ignored when he said: "Either Untouchability goes or Hinduism remains, or Untouchability remains and Hinduism goes." As the Untouchable has no great affection for Hinduism as such, a slight push and a pull can bring him to Christ, the push and pull of grace.

Because of the transformation which is taking place in Asiatic Buddhism today, a change which opens the way for their closer approach to the true Faith and their departure from error, His Holiness commends to our prayers in a special manner the conversion of the Buddhists of Burma and Siam. European energy and modern methods of life have roused these people from the traditional sluggishness of the east and, taking a leaf from the manual of western methods and means of propaganda, the press, dailies and periodicals, colleges and universities, public libraries and public assemblies, they are intent on establishing, be it merely for their own satisfaction, the superiority of Buddhism versus Christianity. In Burma today, there are 86 non-native priests and 58 native, 44 Religious Brothers, 308 Religious Sisters, while in a population that numbers about 12,000,000, the larger part of whom are adherents of Buddhism, Catholics number only 109,000. In Siam, there are 33 non-native priests and 38 native, 54 Religious Brothers, 169 Religious Sisters, while in a population of almost 8,700,000, of whom likewise the majority are Buddhists, there are only 33,715 Catholics.

Father Thomas J. Murray, S.J., Superior at Zamboanga, Zamboanga, P.I., celebrating an outdoor Mass for his Boy Scouts on the Feast of Christ, the King, 1933.

Elevation
of the Host
(Continued)

The Body for which Isaias, with his arms flung aloft to the Heavens, pleaded so persuasively with God the Father, "Drop down dew, ye heavens, from above and let the clouds rain down the just One. Let the very earth be opened and bud forth the Savior."

The Body that was lifted from the crib by the Mother of Christ at Christmas and offered unto men as a "Lamb without spot or blemish," an incarnate plea for love. The Body prostrate before which, wise men from the Persian east offered gifts of gold, with frankincense from Araby, and myrrh. The Body of Christ that rose in glory from the tomb. The Body of Christ that ascended with glory into Heaven.

And yet, because the Sacrifice of the Mass is more a memorial of Christ's Passion and His Death than of His Birth and Resurrection, therefore, does the priest behold in the elevated Host, the Body of Christ elevated on the Cross of Calvary and recall the prophecy, "I, if I be lifted up, will draw all things to Myself."

At the descent of the Host, the priest once again genuflects in adoration, giving thanks that whereas the manna descended for forty years, the Host shall descend until the final setting of the final sun; the same Body that descended into Limbo in order that the souls of the just might languish no more in faith and in hope but might abide with Him in love. The same Body that in every visitation of grace may be said to descend from Heaven to earth down the ladder of love. Yea—the same Body that once descended to the lepers and the lowly in the slums in answer to the cry of modern sceptics: "Come down to the lepers and the lowly in the slums and we will believe in Thee."

Down in adoration falling
Lo! the Sacred Host we hail
Lo! O'er ancient forms departing
Newer rites of grace prevail
Faith for all defects supplying
Where the feeble senses fail.



World



Profits

What doth it profit a man, if he gain the whole world, and suffer the loss of his own soul?

The world and the human soul were placed in the balance by the Divine Master. There the latter was found to outweigh the former in value. For the man who seeks to attain to eternal life there is no permanent profit even in the possession of the entire world.

This truth so often taught and so easily forgotten was used by Ignatius Loyola to win Francis Xavier from the ambition of profiting by the world to the nobler ideal of making the world profit by him. From the day of his conversion, Francis Xavier ever sought what he could do for the world rather than what the world could do for him.

This same spirit St. Ignatius has inculcated in the hearts and minds of all his Jesuit sons down to the present day. What the world can give to man is as nothing; what man can give to the world and his fellow-men is of eternal value. So animated, the American Jesuit missionaries have gone forth to give to the world rather than to receive from it. As time goes on they keep reaping their profits in souls. These profits are recorded in the book of life and these souls rather than the world will be the missionaries' glory in Heaven.

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Would you have souls for your glory? Subscribe to JESUIT MISSIONS for a friend.
Would you invest in missionary labors? Subscribe if you are a reader but non-subscriber.

(Find a subscription blank on the back cover)

AFIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUITS



PATNA, INDIA

Father Charles P. Miller, S.J., working among the Santals of Patna Mission, writes from his station at Gajhi, Chakai, P.O., Via Simultala, Monghyr Dist., India:

"We have been making great progress since Christmas, but February and March broke all records with a total of over one hundred Baptisms, and more have come in since then. The annual returns are sent in on June 30, and we hope to get another four hundred at least by that date. Our mission is very young, as you know, but we now have about six hundred converts. We want to have one thousand by June 30. It can be done by prayer, work and sacrifice.

"One hundred Baptisms in two months may not seem much but—breaking new ground is not easy. In February and March a severe epidemic of measles invaded our territory and that was followed by an epidemic of marriages in March. Pagan marriages are the occasion of much feasting and devil worship, two things that do not dispose a pagan to renounce his old religion to follow a crucified God-Man.

"Those one hundred Baptisms represent the greater portion of two villages, and now we have another hundred on the string. In one village, twenty-six were all set for Baptism. I arrived. 'We'll wait till evening,' said they. Procrastination is the grease the devil uses on the skids to Hades. Evening came. An irate mother-in-law also came and said she'd start another earthquake if her daughter was to become the wife of a Christian. A drum began to beat in a nearby village. Several remembered that there was to be a marriage over there. Result: I baptized one out of the twenty-six. You are never sure of a convert till you have poured the water on his head."

Much of the news from Patna these days carries the same story from nearly every station. Though still badly in need of funds, the Mission is being reconstructed as far as this is possible. At Bettiah, a temporary church has been completed, and the second-story of the old bungalow has been cleared away with the intention of repairing and roofing the ground floor to serve as a home for the Jesuit Community

residing there. This is temporary. At Chubari, Father Francis M. Brown, S.J., reports that the work is an unending and still unended round of clearing up debris.

At Dinapore, Father William Eline, S.J., is reported as living "in the middle of the middle aisle of the church." That is apparently the only safe spot he can find, as his residence is decidedly unsafe.

Father Henry Millet, S.J., at Jamalpur, has also been clearing away debris and making repairs. Mass is being celebrated on a temporary altar on his verandah—the congregation kneeling out in the open.

Other stations report the same story of removing debris, making repairs and planning new buildings.

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

Father John R. O'Connell, S.J., St. Michael's Mission, Tangub, Occidental Misamis, Mindanao, P. I., describing a visit to Manila from his mission field in Mindanao notes:

"I said Mass in the city of Cebu, in a chapel fitted up through the consideration of Father Clement Risacher, S.J. (known here as Father Clemente). I was unable to see my old teacher, Father Risacher, because he was busy with his duties of the Leper Colony outside the city some miles. That

afternoon, the *Lucon* continued its voyage to Manila, which we reached Friday morning about 6:30. There at the wharf to meet me, were Father William F. Jordan, S.J., my companion of my first trip over in 1922, and Brother Edward J. Bauerlein, S.J., the very capable supervising cook, buyer and general utility man of the Ateneo. We were soon on our way through narrow, paved streets in the wharf-area, and then, over the handsome Jones Bridge, up the broad Taft Avenue to Padre Faura Street, and my old home that was then San Jose College; but now, was the new Ateneo.

"Everything was a violent change from the nipa houses and water jugs and oil lamps of the Gingoog district to the zinc-roofed and painted houses and ice-cooled water and electric lights of Manila. And there was more than fish and rice and canned goods served up for the inner man at the usual times. Fresh vegetables from Baguio, in the mountains, can be bought in Manila. Well, it was fortunate for me that I had decided to begin my annual retreat that night—in order that, retreat over, and my business in Manila dispatched, I might return as soon as possible to the mission. I felt like a deep-sea diver exposed to the upper air too rapidly."

Father Martin O'Shaughnessy, S.J., St. Rita's Church, Balingasag, Misamis, writes to a benefactor:

"In my six years in the bush I've had many surprises, even more than you gave me at Regis (High School at Eighty-fourth Street, New York City). The check was a surprise pleasant, and, I assure you, very welcome.

"A note in regard to my program will show you how impossible it has been for me to write. February 21-24, Bishop and Confirmation (1,480); March 2, academic contest for St. Rita's School; March 4-12, Novena of Grace; March 14-15, written examinations, St. Rita's School—during these days, the Pastor examines the pupils in oral reading, inspects drawing pads, writing and composition books, and prepares the closing program; March 19, being a holiday, pastor went to another town and performed two marriages, sang a High Mass and baptized 146 brown babies; he then returned and continued oral reading and inspection



Father John A. Morning, S.J., a member of the first group of American Jesuits to go to the Philippines in 1921, who returned in 1924 to Manila, after a short leave of absence.



Francis X. Clark, S.J., from Wernersville, Pa., who, with ten other Scholastics from the Maryland-New York Province of the Society of Jesus, embarked in June for missionary work in the Philippines.

in the school. He has just now finished signing report cards for the First Grade. We close March 22, and then begin preparations for Holy Week and Easter.

Father Vincent I. Kennally, S.J., Superior of the Mission, St. Augustine Church, Cagayan, Eastern Misamis, P.I., says:

"Last week I received two wonderful packets of books by Archbishop Goodier, S.J., and Father Scott, S.J., and I understand that they are a gift from two members of the 'Office Force' of Jesuit Missions. Please accept my sincerest and most abundant thanks, for these books fill a long felt want indeed."

Father Andrew Hofmann, S.J., Catholic Rectory, Iligan, Lanao, writes: "The Good Friday morning 'Mass of the Presanctified' is just over. I am now waiting for the altar boys to return from breakfast so that we may have rehearsal for tomorrow's long ceremonies. Down in the church, a gang is cleaning up; destroying the *Momentum*, decorating the main altar for the Three Hours which we hope to get from the Cathedral in Manila by radio; others are building altars on the streets of the town for the *Via Crucis* that takes place at 4:30; others again are decorating statues of Mater Dolorosa, San Juan, San Pedro, Maria Magdalena, The Nazarene carrying His Cross, and then the hearse with the Body of Jesus. These all join the procession of the *Via Crucis*. After the *Via Crucis* this afternoon, comes the *Soledad* at 9:00 P.M., when the statue of Mater Dolorosa is carried in procession over the Way of the Cross. That is a bit of work for Good Friday, especially for a 'lone wolf.'"

Father Joseph M. Reyes, S.J., of the Church of the Holy Child, Clarin, Occidental Misamis, Mindanao, P. I., writes:

"For more than a month it has been raining here, an event that, according to the oldest folk of these localities, never happened. Bridges thrown down by flooding rivers, roads destroyed, people killed, houses washed out. Everything looks miserable.

"Our work for the new Church of the Holy Child does not stop though; poor as we are, we go ahead cutting wood and carrying sand, stone and gravel. We need very little for our maintenance: fifty cents is more than enough to feed one hundred and thirty men each day they work for the church. Imagine now how many days these men are working for these ten dollars you have generously sent me, and imagine, too, the gratitude I feel towards you for this very, very substantial gift."

IRAQ

From Volume II, Number 2, of the *Al Baghdad*, the journal published by the American Jesuits of Baghdad College, we learn the following:

"Our hopes for being in the new Baghdad College by next Autumn are pretty definitely smashed. The main reason for that may be said to be the Iraqi Government's leisurely pace in going through the motions necessary for allowing us to form an organization incorporated under Iraqi laws, whereby we may be able to hold legal title to property. Up to the present, therefore, we have not yet succeeded in taking possession of the 100,000 square meters of land on the river front that we spoke about so glowingly last time. It won't be long now, however, for the requisite Government document was placed in the hands of Father William Rice, S.J., on the eve of the Feast of St. Joseph. This date is explained by the fact that Father Joseph Merrick, S.J., went out to the property last January and buried a medal of St. Joseph there."

Father Edward F. Madaras, S.J., then inked his mimeograph with a dash of American salesmanship and persuasion:

"We have recently sent a flood of articles to *Jesuit Missions* together with some hundreds of our choicest pictures, and among these are one of the Yazidis, the devil worshippers... If you wish to spend a dollar worthily and to good purpose, you could not do better than subscribe to that excellent mission magazine: the address is 257 Fourth Avenue, New York City."

AMERICAN INDIANS

The May issue of *Jesuit Missions* carried a brief account of the life and a notice of the death of Father Thomas M. Neate, S.J. A great admirer of Father Neate—John H. Martin, S.J.—sends some additional notes which help to complete the account of the late Indian missionary:

"Father Neate was a 'character'—a very splendid character. He was as zealous and intrepid as he was self-sacrificing and tranquil.

"Once a Protestant Minister gave Father Neate lodging, and in payment, the missionary spent most of the night trying to convert this good-hearted man from his religious errors. On one occasion, in a hospital, a Lutheran made his confession to Father Neate and afterwards 're-confessed' that he was not a Catholic, but could not refuse Father Neate anything. Many times in restaurants, he encouraged others to stand and say their grace before and after meals."

Telling of Father Neate's first venture in an automobile of his own, the writer says:

"Front-porch rocking chairs halted; sleep-puffed eyes widened; heads raised and pivoted enough to follow a new Ford coupe clucking down the main street of Pendleton, Oregon.

"After the first moments of speechless surprise, Pendleton citizens quickly filled the air with interrogations, but interrogations punctuated with exclamation points!

"Why! the man in the car was Father Thomas Neate, S.J., of St. Andrew's Mission (ten miles from Pendleton). But where did he get a car?"



Left to right: Ralph J. Deward, S.J., and Wilfrid Le Sage, S.J.—Scholastics, and Brother Thomas A. Powers, S.J.—members of the California Province of the Society of Jesus, who are sailing this Summer for missionary work in Shanghai, China.

Secondly, who would ever suspect that he could or would drive one? Thirdly, what happened to his dilapidated buggy and sunken-back steed?

"Undoubtedly, something radical had happened! But as the crowd closed in on him, and approached close enough to look inside, they found that Father Neate had not changed a bit. Nothing radical had happened, for inside the car were boxes of bread and shoes of all description which were on their way to the Indian school. A mere change of conveyance did not deter him from his usual method of helping the Mission, of feeding and clothing the Indian boys attending his institution which had never known, and perhaps never will, experience the thrill of an endowment.

"The mystery of the car cleared up in a word: 'Some young men offered me the car, and I took it,' placidly replied Father Neate.

"Today, Indians and Whites are sad at Umatilla. From their presence has gone one most dear to them—a father, kind, provident, and most of all, a good shepherd of souls. For over thirty years he had labored at St. Andrew's in Oregon. Truly, he was a faithful and fearless follower of Christ, a man of lofty ideals, one whose life was dominated by Christlike principles."

* * *

Father Albert C. Zuercher, S.J., Superior of St. Stephen's Mission, Wyoming, writes:

"Your letter and the box of altar linens awaited me after a few days absence from the Mission. Accept my sincere thanks for your charity. Father Matthew Connell, S.J., will be able to use these in the new chapel which we are getting ready among the Shoshone Indians who are still entirely pagan. A twenty acre plot of ground with a two-room log cabin on it was donated to the Mission last Fall by a high degree Mason who said that 'he wanted the Catholic Church to have it, as it seemed to be the only Church which is doing anything.' It is this cabin which we are converting into a chapel. We already have had a small altar donated and soon we expect to hang out our sign for business."

* * *

From St. Xavier's Mission, Montana, Father Charles L. Owens, S. J., writes:

"Charles Dillon died in the Indian hospital at Crow Agency April 11, and was buried from the Catholic mission church at the same place on April 13. Charlie was a Sioux Indian but came here to the Crow Reservation some twenty-five years ago and married a Crow woman. They have three daughters and one son. Dillon was All-American champion on the Carlisle team under Pop Warner. He achieved national fame by his startling 'hidden football play' when he tucked a football under his jersey in a huddle

and then gained the Princeton line for a touchdown while the bewildered players tried to locate the ball. He was playing for Carlisle from which school he graduated at the time. When I called on Charlie at the Indian hospital, it was impossible for him to understand what I wanted; he was so ill. I put a Sacred Heart badge on him and left, after doing what I could for him. Two days later he sent for me; he had not been to the sacraments for some years. I rushed to his bedside and found him conscious, and anxious to make his peace with God. I gave him all the sacraments and he passed away the next morning. God's grace had overtaken him even if the great Princeton team could not."



Father Stanislaus J. Fitzgerald, S.J., of the California Province, who will sail this Summer for missionary work in Shanghai, China.

CANADIAN INDIANS

Father Joseph Cadot, S.J., who spent part of the Winter at Guelph, Ont., has returned to his old mission at Saugen. Despite his advanced age—he is in his seventy-fourth year—he looks forward to many more years of work on the missions.

* * *

Father William Gagnier, S.J., another veteran of the north, has returned to his mission at Sault Ste Marie. Father is in his seventy-seventh year.

* * *

Father James Howitt, S.J., of Nipi-

gon, Ontario, writes that this Winter was one of the hardest experienced on the mission. He says that even at the beginning of May there was a great deal of snow on the ground, mounting in some places to a depth of four feet. Much financial stress in the north was due to the fact that many White people were brought in to replace the Indians who were formerly employed at the camps and mines.

* * *

During the Spring break-up and the early Summer, Father Joseph Couture, S.J., sent his plane to Montreal to be overhauled. Father writes:

"I am very grateful for all the attention you have given me and my safety during the past months, but at the same time I must tell you that we are far from being as exposed as are our Fathers in Alaska. The country here is ideal for flying when one's plane is equipped with either skis or floats, as there are thousands of lakes where we can land whenever necessary. If we are flying at an altitude of over three thousand feet and find that a landing is necessary, we can always choose among three or four lakes."

JAMAICA, B. W. I.

Father James J. Becker, S.J., St. James Church, Montego Bay, Jamaica, B. W. I., reports:

"Thanks very much for the twenty Mass stipends which were duly received.

"I was much pleased to know that Mr. Andrew B. Ochs, S.J., was so good as to send you an article, telling about my mission. Any help that may come from it will be much needed and much appreciated. Perhaps, you are thinking, 'Why don't you speak for yourself (John) Jim?' I hope to soon."

* * *

We read in *Fides News Service*, that Father Raymond Sullivan, S.J., Brown's Town, Jamaica, is his own stone mason and makes use of a concrete mixer sent him by a friend in the United States to repair the walls of his mission property damaged in recent storms. Fifteen hurricanes hit the West Indies in the last six months. The rainfall for this period was ninety inches, the highest in sixty-five years.

* * *

Father Charles Eberle, S.J., of High Gate, Jamaica, is fervent in his praise of the Jamaica Negro. He writes:

"I remember once hearing that His Eminence, the Cardinal of Boston, in one of his conferences to his priests said: 'There is no truth in the Catholic religion that cannot be put so simply but that the small child can understand it.' I had this vividly brought home to me tonight. My catechist was talking about his experiences with other denominations, parsons included. This poor unschooled Black man would put many a Catholic white and maiden in

our schools back home to shame with his simple, I might say, home-made apologetics. While discussing the separation of the sects from Rome with a non-Catholic parson, he countered with the observation, 'But Parson, you can't be safe if you separate the body from the head.' I was likewise surprised at his clear explanation of the necessity of confession in which he quoted the old example of the doctor: 'Sin is sickness of the soul; unless you talk, the doctor cannot help you, neither can the priest.' This man works all day long in a field in a broiling sun and then walks to the Poor House Sunday afternoons, three miles from his home. God bless him, he is an apostle."



The rising generation, off-spring of Chinese converts in Kingston, Jamaica, B. W. I., paging through the columns of JESUIT MISSIONS, with its pictorial display of Jesuit missions around the world.

ALASKA

The stout-hearted missionary of Hooper Bay, Alaska, Father John P. Fox, S.J., writes:

"We have had an unusually cold winter so far. There has been no let-up in cold weather since last October, and it has frozen into our cellar in spite of building fire there twice a day during the worst part of the several especially cold spells. A few of the potatoes were frozen, but we ate them up in a few days and so not much harm was done. The worst harm came to my poor dogs. While out on a long trip of a week of almost constant travel, with the thermometer generally around thirty degrees below zero, and facing, for the most part, a strong north wind, I froze two of my dogs badly. One of the two is my leader, and I am afraid that he is ruined for the future. All I got out of the trip for myself was a badly frozen nose and a heavy cold that I caught sleeping out on the snow one night, when the dogs were so tired that I could not make the next village by nightfall, and so had to pass the night outside with the thermometer at thirty below. My clothes became frozen stiff on account of the fact that I had sweat a good deal during the day from hard mush-

ing. Naturally, the sweat wetted the clothes from the inside, and the terrifically cold weather and wind froze them from the outside.

"I had four others with me, two of them native boys from the neighborhood who knew the country well. But their team was in about the same shape as my own, in fact worse, as they could not even keep up with me, and I was going only about two miles an hour. The iron runners d-jagged over the cold snow something like they would over a bed of salt or sand. That was the reason why my dogs were so exhausted that finally they simply flopped down on the snow and refused to go any further. So, I simply fed them their usual daily salmon and

ful to hear concerts from London, Berlin, Dublin, Copenhagen and other places in Europe, to say nothing of hearing the big stations in the States. Saturday afternoon we were thrilled by the talk given by Admiral Byrd who is somewhere down near the South Pole. Only those who know what it means to be shut off for months from all communication with the outside world can appreciate what a radio set means.

"I can see some Indians going down to the fish traps below here. I used to think that the Indians did not feel the cold very much, but that was a wrong idea I had. As soon as these Indians get down to the trap, they will start a big fire on the ice to the windward. On these cold days the heat keeps down along the ice pretty well, so they will be warm while they work. It is not unusual for the sleds to bring back from three to six hundred pounds of fish of various kinds."

* * *

In later letters, Father McElmeel says:

"It will not be long now before the ducks and geese will begin to fly over Nulato on their way north. Then we will know that Summer is close. Until the ducks come, we always feel that there is a snowstorm waiting to swoop down on us from across the hills.

"About ten days ago the Indians began to leave Nulato on their way to the hunting fields. It has been interesting to watch the loads going out of here. The whole family of little ones is packed into the long sleds, the dogs are hitched up, and away they go as happy as larks to the lakes for the muskrat hunting. Not only will the muskrat furnish the Indians with skins to barter with for sugar and flour and lard in the trading posts, but they furnish good meat for the Indians themselves. The meat tastes like tender chicken. This year there will be quite a bit of hunting done for the beaver. Each Indian is allowed to kill fifteen. For each of these he will get from ten to fifteen dollars.

"The Indians are out fishing just now. How fortunate they are. All that is needed is a net or fish-wheel of some sort to provide them with such quantities of fish that they often have more than they can care for. And what fish it is! Think of it, we have had fish on our table every day for two months, and we are not tired of it. The fish that comes out of the cold waters of the Yukon is as firm as good beef. The Sisters have canned enough of it to last us for the year. As the nearest butcher shop is four hundred miles away, we have to provide for ourselves."

* * *

Father Paul C. O'Connor, S.J., after a year in the States is returning to his former station at Mountain Village, Alaska.

made camp.

"On awakening the next day the weather was just the same. All of our grub was frozen so solid that none of us cared to eat, for it would have been too much of a cold job to thaw out something with the oil stove that we carried. Besides, I had hopes of getting to the next village on time to say holy Mass. But when it got to be 2:30 P.M., and we were still a long way from Chevak, we finally stopped to make a cup of tea. That and a few frozen herring was all we had for dinner, and we had eaten practically nothing since the preceding noon. By 5:30 that night, we reached Chevak, all, both men and dogs, pretty well all in."

* * *

Father Joseph L. McElmeel, S.J., veteran missionary of Nulato, Alaska, wrote in January (mail is apt to travel very slowly from Alaska):

"Since Saturday, the thermometer has dropped down to sixty below zero. That is cold weather, even for Alaska. However, we just put more wood on the fire, and stay in the house as much as we can. Yesterday, Sunday, I saw a big crowd at Mass, despite the cold. The whole congregation was there.

"Christmas brought the Sisters a fine radio set. It is perfectly wonder-

SCOUTING AT ALPHA

(Continued from page 171)

of training in methods even in the case of carrying water, cleaning the camp, etc. They learned how to give first aid to the injured, how to resuscitate a drowning person, and how to take care of themselves by acquiring habits of cleanliness and order.

When the day came for break up, there were many sad hearts. The boys had thoroughly enjoyed this new experience in their lives. They packed up in real Scout fashion, thanked Father Ford for the use of the ground, and set out for Kingston and dear old Alpha, forty miles away.

Now it is the ambition of the Chaplain to take his troop for a hike up to the top of Blue Mountain, the highest peak in the West Indies—there to celebrate Mass for the second time. (The first Mass was celebrated there three years ago by Father Oliver Semmes, a veteran missionary.) Blue Mountain is over seven thousand feet above sea level, and it is quite a climb, as you may imagine. But what is that in the life of an Alpha Scout?

These few reflections on the new Boy Scout troop at Alpha will give an idea of the work that the missionaries in Jamaica are doing to keep a hold on the younger generation. Almost all the parishes in Kingston have troops of their own, and it is an edifying sight of a Sunday to see them march into the Cathedral with colors flying. The girls, too, are taken care of in the Girl Guides, and Rangers which have recently been formed under the guidance of two zealous Catholic women. They dress in a natty blue uniform, and take part in church processions during the year.

RELIGION IN THE FOOT-STEP OF FATHER WHITE

(Continued from page 175)

which he built in 1643. (Catholics were not permitted to buy the land to restore the church, but it is hoped that they will soon be able to do so.) Half a mile up the shore, in the center of the beautiful horseshoe bend of the St. Mary's River, he would find a memorial altar erected to himself and his Jesuit com-

panions. His thirteen fellow-priests now working in the county, all Jesuits, would come to meet him. They would tell him of their nineteen churches, their eight Catholic grammar schools, and two Catholic high schools, containing in all one thousand three hundred and eighty-four children. The Religious from St. Mary's County would come to greet him,—nuns and priests, and the traditionally devout laity. Would not Father White be encouraged if he were to return and retrace his footsteps marked three hundred years ago? Would he not sing as he did at St. Clement's beside the Cross, "with great emotion of soul"?

CYCLING FOR SOULS

(Continued from page 176)

Father William Markoe, one of the first interested in the Negro work in Spokane, is now laboring energetically among the Colored folk in St. Louis.

MOST recent of the catechetical work has been the founding of a center for newsboys in the heart of the city. Every Sunday a small group of them gather at the meeting rooms beneath the Cathedral and there receive instruction in religious matters. A touch of social work enters into this mission, and already one little waif has been placed under the loving care of the Sisters at the Orphanage.

The other "Sunday Missionaries" cruise along the highways and byways to their respective catechism centers, some being in churches, others in private homes or in shanties. Here a veritable league of nations greets them. American boys and tomboys, both White and Colored, Italians, Portuguese, French, German and Swedes, all massed together in one or two classes. Each Scholastic takes his group of children and gives them in simple language the truths of the Catholic Faith. Every year a few are prepared for Holy Communion or Confirmation, and quite a number are placed in Catholic schools.

Thus home missionary work is being done among the poor of Spokane. God's little ones, who through various circumstances are denied the privilege of a Catholic elementary

education, in this way are kept safe during their tender years by the observant and interested care of Jesuit philosophers.

THE MINDANAO STAGE

(Continued from page 177)

ways mean forced postponement. But are there not advantages in the free dramatic presentation, as our recent play of Saint Cecilia, from the improvised stage on the church campus? Here even other sheep fear not to mingle with the Fold—maybe, receive the grace that creates other Cecilias and Tekakwithas.

A month has passed since a crowded campus saw Saint Cecilia live again on a Mindanao stage. The beauty of her life is still fresh in the memories of that audience. The inspiration of that beauty will ever remain a cherished recollection. Fortitude, charity and personal love of Jesus will flower in their hearts from the seeds sown by Saint Cecilia of the Catholic Dramatic Movement. Catholic youth is eager to share in the mission of Christ. Make the stage a pulpit for them that Christian principles may glorify the stage even as Christ reigns from the Catholic pulpit and in the Catholic class room. Long live the Catholic Dramatic Movement! Blessings upon its apostles!

DEVIL-WORSHIPPERS

IN IRAQ

(Continued from page 179)

The Yezidi chieftain who was our guide to the temple seemed benevolent and harmless enough. He said not a word, and we followed him in silence across the sun-broiled fields to the temple entrance. He unlocked the outer gate of the temple court and motioned us to enter. The court was a pleasant place with colonnades running round three sides. Directly in front of us as we entered was the temple itself, fronted by a long low porch supported by pillars.

In the center was the low door, its molding and lintel of native marble being carved with inscriptions and figures, among which I recognized at once the peacock, though its resemblance to that bird was not over-accurate. We took off our shoes by request, and stooping

(Continued on page 194)

Nazareth at Punta Gorda

Anthony H. Corey, S.J.



THE arrival of the Pallotine Sisters in the Toledo District of British Honduras, and the establishment of Nazareth Convent form an interesting chapter in the history of the Belize Mission.

For nearly twenty years the Pallotine Sisters have been laboring on the Belize Mission and have been engaged in teaching in the Catholic Elementary Schools at Benque Viejo, Cayo, Corozal and Orange Walk. Naturally, the problem of recruiting their ranks from native girls presented itself. These postulants had to be sent to the States or to Europe for their early religious training, which besides entailing heavy expense was often a cause of great inconvenience. It was not until 1931 that the idea of opening a Novitiate for native girls here in the Colony took definite shape.

In the beginning of that year Reverend Mother General of the Pallotine Sisters came from Germany to make a visitation of the Communities established here in the Colony. After studying local conditions, she selected a site near Punta Gorda in the Toledo District for the new Convent and Novitiate. In May of the same year two Sisters and four Postulants, native girls, left the Corozal Community and sailed for Punta Gorda to open Nazareth, their new home. They arrived in Punta Gorda on May 30, amid the joyous ringing of church bells and the loud greeting of hundreds on the pier, welcoming the Sisters to their new home in the south.

"Not only for the Sisters," says the Belize *Clarion*, "but also for the people of our Colony is this occurrence worthy of consideration, and the date, of remembrance.



"A sense of quiet reverence overpowers the casual visitor, and one feels that here is a spot well suited for meditation and the growth of that spirit of retirement and humble service so necessary for a life almost entirely devoted to the education of youth."

The work done for the spiritual, mental and social welfare of our boys and girls by the Sisters of the Catholic Church is great beyond words to express. For the love of God and His Service these valiant women bid farewell to all that earth holds dear. The ties of home, of native land, of friendship, of kindred, are sundered forever, and their hearts are vowed to the help of others by the example of holy lives, by the sacrifice of their own ease and comfort, to instruct the children, to help the poor, to comfort the afflicted and in all possible ways to minister to the well-being of all whom they can serve,—and all this, not for personal gain or ambition, but simply and solely for the love of God and the salvation of souls."

THE Nazareth property is situated about four miles to the northwest of Punta Gorda, formerly known as Fairview on account of the beauty of its surroundings. "A fine road, perhaps the best in the Colony," says a writer in the *Clarion*, "passes in front of the new Convent. The buildings, snowy white, stand some hundred yards back of the road and nestle barely visible among the palms and mango trees on a slight elevation surrounded by the majestic Punta Gorda hills. A sense of quiet reverence overpowers the casual visitor and one feels that here is a spot well suited for meditation and the growth of that spirit of retirement and humble service so necessary for a life almost entirely devoted to the education of youth."

"Sunday, the Feast of
(Turn to page 196)



The pioneers of Nazareth at Punta Gorda in British Honduras.

By the Light of the Stars

J. Edward

Flaherty, S.J.



LACK, ragged wisps of cloud were scudding across the face of the moon, as by the light of the stars we stumbled along the dark shore-road, drawing a democrat-load of supplies for the morrow's trip. Reaching the beach, I clambered into a boat

and stowed on board the bundles of blankets, the boxes and bags of provisions, the myriad articles passed to me by Father Joseph Dwyer, S.J., and Bill Francis, an Iroquois chum. We were preparing for an early start from Spanish, Ontario, to Wikwemikong on Manitoulin Island, to bring back some forty Indian boys returning to school after the Summer vacation.

While my companions went back for another load, I shoved out from shore and pulled off to the *Garnier*, moored some distance away. Rounding a sandbar, I sighted her as she loomed out of the darkness ahead, and rowing alongside, roused her slumbering crew and lifted aboard my cargo. Several boatloads we shipped thus, and then returned to the school.

After an early Mass we weighed anchor and set off in the clear dawn of an August morning. Leaning on the wheel, I scanned the sea and sky and thought that the trip would be pleasant and uneventful—but it was not to be so. The *Garnier* was not answering her helm well, and as nothing was wrong with the tiller-ropes, we decided the trouble lay with the rudder or propeller; so when *Gwekwekidjiwang*—which in English means "There Where the Current Doubles Back"—came into view off to the starboard, we put in to haul our boat out on the marine runway and locate the trouble. And trouble there was aplenty. In striking a submerged deadhead, we had bent our rudder about thirty degrees, had badly twisted one flange of our propeller, and had bent the propeller-shaft. The hours sped by as we toiled, so that it was high noon ere we had removed and repaired the rudder and propeller. Too much time had been lost already to permit our taking out and straightening the bent shaft, so we sent the *Garnier* back to Spanish and chartered a small wood-burning tug for the remainder of the trip.

SEATED on the stringpiece of the dock, we ate our lunch while the tug was getting up steam; then casting off the lines from the bollards, we steamed through the narrow passage of Little Detroit to a small cove



"After an early Mass we weighed anchor and set off in the clear dawn of an August morning. Leaning on the wheel, I scanned the sea and sky and thought that the trip would be pleasant and uneventful—but it was not to be so."

where we were to take on board the wood necessary for fuel. Then, with our bunkers full of driftwood, we returned to *Gwekwekidjiwang* to pick up Father Leo Desjardins, S.J., whom we had marooned there some hours previous. Once more on our way, through the late afternoon and the twilight hours we sailed, sitting in deck chairs on the afterdeck as we chatted and enjoyed the scenic beauty of the waterways studded with jewelled islands of sculptured rock and emerald forest—all a fairyland of color as the sun sank into the waters of the North Channel.

In the glow of the sunset we passed the island of Negawigabatgamang, which was peopled by three thousand Indians in the days of the Jesuit Martyrs, but which today is a neglected Indian burial-place unvisited save by the wandering trapper or hunter. Then in the gathering darkness came shimmering over the waters to us the twinkling lights of the little town of Waiebidjiwang—which in English means "There Where the Current Surges Forward," known to the Whites as Little Current.

Towards nine o'clock we dined al-fresco on the open deck, using a low cabin roof as our table. Down in the engine-room we boiled eggs in a water-bucket at the fire, and toasted bread. Then setting our table, we ate by the light of a dim lantern, and woe to the unfortunate who wasn't within the radius of its feeble gleam. But it was a merry meal and our laughter made music for the night-breezes to murmur of as they whispered among the tall pines on the nearby shore, and the stars on high twinkled appreciatively at it all.

Ever onwards into the night by the light of the stars we throbbed our way, relying on our Ojibway pilot, Dominic Trudeau, to pick his course unerringly through the darkness and the island-bestrewn waters; and finally towards half-past one in the morning he brought us safely into the shallow waters of Wikwemikong Bay. After anchoring, we rowed ashore to find haven from the storm that came with the early hours of dawn.

DEVIL-WORSHIPPERS

IN IRAQ

(Continued from page 191)

low to avoid bumping our heads, entered the dark chamber, whose sole source of light was the door. At first we could see nothing, but gradually things began to take shape.

We found ourselves in a low room about twelve by fourteen, in the center of which was what seemed to be a brazier. Suspended directly over it by a chain from the ceiling was a kind of sanctuary lamp. Against the wall opposite the door was an altar-like structure covered with a red cloth that reached almost to the ground. What part all these things played in the temple ceremonies we could only guess.

THE gentle affability of the Yezidis towards the Christians, their respectful participation in the ceremonies of the dedication of the church, their politeness to the attendant bishops, and not least, the fact that a Yezidi orchestra (consisting, it is true, only of bass drum and flageolet) furnished the music for the celebration and villagers' dance afterwards, all convinced me that their dispositions are by no means unpropitious for receiving the word of the Gospel.

If they pay to Satan the honors of a quasi-divinity, it is not out of any of the modern God-hating spirit which seems to animate many a present-day atheist, but simply through their ignorance of the truth.

GARDEN DE LUXE

(Continued from page 181)

tender plants are started. And, in speaking of those hot beds, we cannot help but make a passing gesture at Brother Parry's hothouse of hilarity and good cheer in which is germinated an inexhaustible fund of stories which the boys delight in hearing and recounting. Thus in good spirits they go on with their work. They learn to plant vegetables, to trim trees, to harvest and store vegetables in sand in the cellar, to plant celery and parsley as a supply of greens for the wintry days. They also learn how to care for potatoes, assorting them during the Winter months to prevent decay, and in the Spring picking and cutting seed potatoes. Most of the

cutting and all of the planting of potatoes is done by machinery. Since we have digressed from the vegetable garden to potatoes, we might mention that the yearly potato crop is about 3,000 bushels. Overproduction? Not at all. If you visit the kitchens on the place, you learn that approximately 10 bushels of potatoes are needed every day.

THE importance of the vegetable garden as a source of supply for the Mission cannot be denied. The connection this work in the garden has with the training which the school is imparting to the boys is also of deep interest. This work is for the Indian boys but one channel; it is but one ramification of that healthy intense activity of which we had a glimpse before. Along with the training which quickens their intellect, and with the all-important training that teaches them to be morally good at all times—side by side with that comes this part of the training. This is something invaluable, because so practical, especially for them. It teaches them very definitely how to make efforts in a struggle for existence. It teaches them how to provide for themselves and for those dependent on them in the future.

KING ISLAND

(Continued from page 183)

feet of lumber and about twelve tons of other material up that grade would have been beyond human endeavor had I not erected a small iron cable from the sea to the top of the village. By means of that cable we hauled up everything easily and in a comparatively short time."

Had the missionary failed to provide the cable or some other labor-saving device, the natives would have tackled the back-breaking task of carrying the lumber and supplies on their backs.

WITH their church completed, Father Lafortune and his energetic flock set about improving living conditions. The first problem that confronted the missionary had to do with the small increase of population. Excessive work is almost entirely responsible for this low birth rate. The natives lead simple lives, free from the vices of

more civilized countries. But the barren island upon which they live demands too much of them; the very search for wild foodstuffs and game, which leads them up and down precipitous crags, is enough to kill them.

King Island is covered with wild vegetables that grow through the snow. These and the mossy grasses on the island's steep slopes, along with fish and seal oil, are the ordinary dishes for the natives. In Autumn, the women gather large supplies of these greens. They preserve some of them in seal oil, and some in water. Although they have a decidedly wild taste, these vegetables are healthy. The problem is not how to raise more foodstuffs, but rather how to gather more easily those already growing on the island,—for the labor required in searching out food in the remote and wildest sections of the island injures the women's health and brings them to early graves.

Father Lafortune would solve the difficulty of providing food by cultivating at the village the vegetables that the women go so far to gather. "The soil is perfect," he writes. "I never saw any better soil. I want to plant a few potatoes, and if I can have onion sets I will also plant some of them. I feel confident they will grow. The season is longer here than at Pilgrim Springs. At any rate, there is no reason why their own vegetables would not grow, and they are excellent." Once the natives have their own gardens growing within the village, it will no longer be necessary for the women to search for food on the rough slopes and in the deep ravines.

Similarly, in an effort to lessen the men's labors, Father Lafortune has rigged up a windlass at the top of the island, by means of which the seals and other game killed by the natives can be hauled up the northern slope. Formerly, the young men of the village would drag a seal (weighing from one to two hundred pounds) five or six miles across the ice, then carry it up the seven hundred foot northern slope, cross the island, and descend six hundred feet to the village. The windlass put up by the missionary will eliminate much

(Continued on page 196)

BOOK REVIEWS

Miniatures of Georgetown. By Coleman Nevils, S.J. Georgetown University Press, Washington, D. C. Price \$5.00.

"*Foras et haec olim meminisse iurabit.*" What more apposite inscription than this pregnant sentiment of the old Roman poet for these memoirs of a great University, and while we are reminiscing in classical vein, what more appropriate tribute to the Reverend author than to honor him with the degree of A.E.G., Georgetown's *Arbiter Elegantiarum!* With an entertaining informality, the Reverend President of the University has happily preserved for all posterity the glorious history and traditions of Georgetown, once old but now forever new, together with a wealth of historical data and collegiate intimacies that 'Men of Georgetown' will peruse with delight and abiding gratitude, as one would page through an album of the past, or as we are reminded in the author's "*Inter Amicos*," of the present, which is rapidly becoming the past. The "Miniatures" are in detail, close-ups of Georgetown's first founders, the Proto-Alumnae, William Gaston, Father John Grassi, S.J., its Ulysses, of prelates, and builders and rectors magnificent, of educational policies in the arts and sciences, law, justice, medicine, of the mask and bauble, of the days and the boys of '61 and the period of military occupation, of relations with the White House and the Nation's Chief Executives, with 'La Belle France,' 'Las Americas,' and through diplomatic audiences and the school for foreign service, with the world at large. The format, binding, and typography of this first production from the Georgetown University Press is a delight to the eye and a worthy volume for the glories and achievements it records. In his "*Ave Atque Vale*," the Reverend author invites, as he puts it, from other and more gifted pens, some more views of Georgetown." One view might be a kaleidoscopic retrogressive time exposure, showing Georgetown as the exponent of the Jesuit *Ratio Studiorum*, the Catholic way in education, the rock that stands immovably imbedded on the foundation of nature and of grace, while systems supported by State and private agencies, are forever shifting like sand before the tides of convenience, ignorance and passion.

If there is an international flavor about the "Miniatures" it is because Georgetown's influence has been international. And if there is an intimate personal touch, it is because in word and in deed, Georgetown has been a Mother, an Alma Mater to graduate and undergraduate alike. How else account for the exquisitely thoughtful memories here recorded with such self-effacing modesty by the author?

Cultural Anthropology. By Albert Muntch, S.J. Bruce Publishing Company, Milwaukee, Wisconsin. Price \$3.75.

"Cultural Anthropology" is undoubtedly a contribution to the science of man that will be acceptable to the scientific scholar everywhere, irrespective of religious affiliations, and will be welcomed by Catholics with a prayer of gratitude. "*Quis est ille et laudabimus eum?*" With a blessed sense of the value of definition and distinction, Father Muntch clarifies the content and formal object of anthropology and ethnology, and proceeds with logical instancy to define such prevalent nomenclature as culture areas, culture complex, causes of culture, the cultural lag, and material and spiritual culture, a distinction so sedulously avoided by pagan writers past and present. Culture or civilization, elusive concept, is defined as "that complex whole which includes knowledge, belief, art, morals, law, custom and any other capabilities and habits acquired by man as a member of society."

The author's conclusions are orientated from a center of facts taken from a survey of the speech, material traits, art, mythology, religious practices, family and social systems, property, government and wars among the lowest as well as the most advanced races of man. Theory is used to bridge the distance from fact to fact, but never as a substitute for fact itself. It is not surprising in the light of this proclivity that to the author's scientific mind swallow travelers and their data are taboo. A delightful instance of his endeavor to integrate his findings with institutions of civilized communities, is the engaging passage concerning the primitive counterpart to the English coffee house complex, the American club, Parisian salon, Japanese tea ceremonial, the German Munchener Wirtshaus, and the festival rites attendant on the absorption of the Polynesian kava, the Italian wine, Mexican pulque, Kirgiz kumiss and the Baltic kummel. The chapter on primitive mentality, while humiliating to the modern egotist, is illuminating in its insistence on the ancient characterization of primitives, not as beings essentially and radically inferior to civilized men, but as pre-literate. As one pages through the chapters on the Life Cycle, Social Organization, Initiation Rites, Secret Societies, Children and Women, Primitive Law and Ethics, Mythology, Language, Art, Wisdom, Race and Culture, the Reign of Unreason and Culture-Areas of North America, the conclusion is inevitably forced upon the reader that the best study of man is man indeed, but by a man with the scholastic background, native equipment and experimental knowledge of our esteemed and Reverend author.

The Catholic Way in Education. By William J. McGucken, S.J., Ph.D. Bruce Publishing Company, Milwaukee, Wisconsin. Price \$1.50.

"The Catholic Way in Education" is the supernatural way as opposed to any system based on mere naturalism, and in detail, to Eliot's cafeteria system of education, Rousseau's unreal "back to nature" cult, and Dewey's cocktail concoction of humanitarian idealism and selfish pragmatism. It is not necessary to add that the Catholic way, the way of the supernatural, is now, ever was, and ever will be, unequivocally opposed to the Public School of Horace Mann, a school which we may characterize as

"A humble nurse who doth all she can
To make her foster child, her inmate,
man,
Forget the glories he has known
And the imperial palace whence he came."

The book is a virile vindication of Catholic educational traditions, a potent denunciation of errant theories, past and present, and a challenging presentation of the Catholic way in education as the author would apply the same in the diocese of Erewhon, Utopia, U.S.A. "An Alma Mater, knowing her children, one by one, not a foundry or a mint or a treadmill." It is inconceivable that this book should not be a target for sniping criticism, as well as for open controversy and debate, for the iconoclastic author, with logical hammer in hand, makes the rounds of the American educational pantheon, and one by one topples from their pedestals the gods of humanitarianism, the omnipotence of the child, sentimentalism with its spawn of lawlessness, superficiality, false values and deadly, dull mediocrity, the gods of science and of secularization. Incidentally, there was not even a niche to be found dedicated to the unknown God. In the proposed system, this pantheon is scrapped forever, and is replaced by the temple of the one true God, and the tabernacle of Jesus Christ whom He has sent. By the light of His grace, Tommy, the "Educand," in a six years' elementary and six years' secondary course, cultural or commercial, is introduced to an Ideal with whose infinite and inexhaustible perfections the heart of the boy may adventure forever and forever, while he is assured of the full and harmonious development of all his faculties, according to their essential hierarchy. Independently of the material problems of construction and of rehabilitation, the Catholic way of Utopia is, in the mind of the reviewer, the way of reasonable service. In a future volume, the author promises to present a more detailed plan of the way of Catholic higher education.

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KING ISLAND

(Continued from page 194)

of this strenuous labor,—enabling the natives to hunt more, with half the fatigue.

YEAR after year, Father La-fortune returns with the King Islanders to this desolate spot where difficulties and hardships abound. And each year brings some advancement in helping the islanders solve their many difficulties. If there has been remarkable progress in a material way—in improved living con-

ditions,—there has been an even greater improvement in religious matters. Through the cheerful, helpful guidance of Father La-fortune, these poor people have been strengthened in their Faith. Here the Church is the center of activity; it is the important thing in their lives. Holy Mass and the Eucharist, the age-old prayers of the Church, the hymns for divine services, all the beauties of their religion appeal to these cliff-dwellers.

King Island is no longer pagan. Superstition and fear have given way to devotion and love. Hardship and suffering yet remain, but now the Church, through her priest, has come to comfort and strengthen this tribe of the north. Through the long, dark Winter, when the sea batters against this natural fortress, there is happiness in their hearts. For there, above the village, on a rocky ledge, is their chapel for Christ the King. It is the lowly abode of their Eucharistic Lord; it is their Bethlehem, whence come the Faith and Hope and Love on this island of the King.

NAZARETH AT PUNTA GORDA

(Continued from page 192)

the Blessed Trinity," continues the *Clarion*, "was a gala day for Punta Gorda, the day for the formal opening of the Pallotine Convent. The day opened gloriously and the people crowded the church for the Solemn High Mass at which ceremony the Sisters were present in pews near the sanctuary. Very Rev. Father Corey was Celebrant, Fathers Eugene Bork and Edmund Cooney respectively, Deacon and Subdeacon. His Excellency, Bishop Murphy, assisted in the sanctuary. During the Mass, His Excellency, preached an appropriate sermon, treating of the solemnity of the Blessed Trinity and its significance for the Faith of the Catholic Church. In speaking of the spread of the Catholic Faith, he referred to the coming of the Sisters to Punta Gorda; he welcomed the Nuns, thanking them for their generosity in offering their lives for the people of the Toledo District. He exhorted the people to a hearty appreciation of the sacrifice the Sisters were

making for them and urged their fullest cooperation and loyal support. He bespoke for the Sisters the generous aid of the citizens of Punta Gorda in the fitting equipment of the Convent and the property at Fairview."

IN spite of the hardships and privations connected with the pioneer work, and the unexpected trials brought by the world depression, the good work has gone on steadily and silently at Nazareth. A few days after the opening of the Convent, the Sisters took over the elementary school which is situated on the Convent property. In January, 1932, as new Sisters arrived to help along in the work of teaching, the Sisters took over the Punta Gorda school. At the same time the young Postulants received the habit and entered upon their Noviceship. In May, 1933, Mother M. Selesia arrived in the Mission as the Superior of the Pallotine Sisters and took up her residence at Nazareth.

On the Feast of the Epiphany this year, four native Novices, after spending eight days in a spiritual retreat, finished their Noviceship and made their religious profession. Two Postulants, also native girls, took the habit and received the veil at the Convent. It was a day of great joy and gratitude for the Sisters as they knelt before the altar and offered to God the first fruits of their many labors and prayers. The profession took place during the Solemn High Mass in the Convent Chapel. In the absence of His Lordship, Father Anthony R. Kuenzel, S.J., was the Celebrant of the Mass, assisted by Father Edmund Cooney, S.J., as Deacon and Father Allan Stevenson, S.J., as Subdeacon. A large number of relatives and friends of the newly professed Sisters, as well as a goodly number of the Punta Gorda people, were present on the occasion.

Although less than three years have passed since the opening of Nazareth Convent in the Toledo District, still the good work accomplished is a proof that the new Convent has been firmly established and that with the blessing of God it will prosper to the greater glory of His Name and the salvation of souls.

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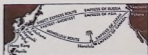
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