



# Jesuit Missions

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please heed this

## WARNING!

Pity  
Poor  
Patna

## Utter Ruin

is what remains to Bishop Sullivan, S.J., and his American Jesuit missionaries in their mission of Patna, India, after the great earthquake of January 15, 1934.



To repair the damage done, estimated at more than a quarter of a million dollars, Bishop Sullivan has pleaded for financial aid throughout the Catholic world. **His appeal thus far, alas, has brought him not more than \$25,000. He still needs \$200,000.**

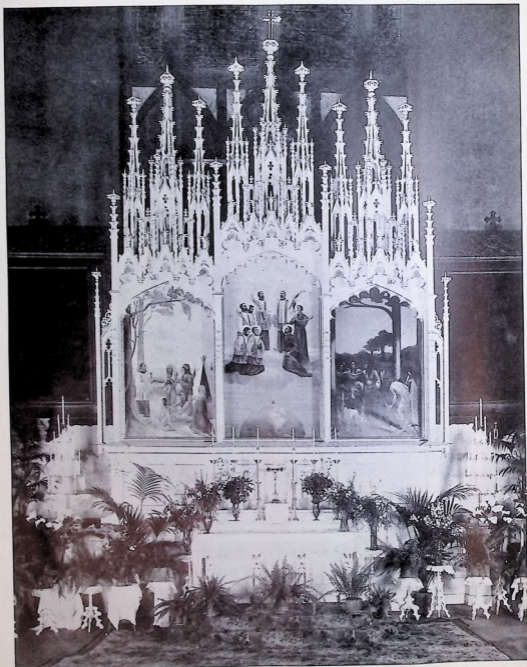
*Won't you help him?*

In JESUIT MISSIONS for April we appealed for help for Bishop Sullivan. Many answered our appeal most generously. These we thank again for their generosity; but with those others who have not yet answered our appeal, we plead again—

**Please Pity Poor Patna**

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

**JESUIT MISSION PRESS, 257 4th Ave., New York, N. Y.**



This Shrine to the North American Martyrs at Holy Family Church, Chicago, Illinois, is thirty-five feet high and twenty feet wide. The paintings were made in Holland. Today, there is a National Shrine erected to these Jesuit Martyrs at Auriesville, New York, the home of Tekakwitha, "Lily of the Mohawks" and the place of answered prayer.

# Eight Virgins *Alexander Rolland, S.J.*

**F**ew Indian names grace the long lists of Religious persons in ecclesiastical records, few even in proportion to the scanty Indian population, at least the complaint cannot be that heroic lives of sanctity are not found among the aborigines.

Sixty-five years ago at Holy Cross Mission, Wikwemikong, Ontario, eight Ojibway Indian girls, a unit within the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin Mary, knelt at the foot of the altar before receiving the Body of Christ and vowed to their Maker, perpetual chastity, consecrating themselves to the Mother of God by promising lives of religious modesty and unsullied purity. These eight virgins, unclioistered, without habit or the encouragement and protection afforded by living in a Religious community, and exposed to the onslaught of every temptation from the world in which they continued to dwell, remained faithful to a rule of life drawn up for them by their Spiritual Director, Father Hanipaux, of the Society of Jesus. These chosen members, in recognition of their vows of virginity, remained always in the "girls' group" of the Sodality, even though some of them lived to more than eighty years of age.

To require from the modern girl abstinence from evening social events would be to demand a sacrifice comparable to that demanded by Father Hanipaux of his proteges when he ruled out public festivities and all but religious meetings. This was asking much of the Ojibway girls because the powwow and council gatherings are a bright oasis to the Indian in a desert of continuous hardships, scanty table, lack of sufficient clothing and impoverished abodes.

**I**N Wikwemikong's Sodality, it is traditional that only persons of active religious character may be enrolled. Within the Sodality, already a carefully chosen group of souls of outstanding spiritual caliber, a superelite was selected. Father Hanipaux, a missionary long wise in the ways of Indians, knowing well the propensities and failings of the Red Race, was confident, nevertheless, that the faith and grasp of true principles of this superelite were sufficient to justify the organization of a religious body, or congregation, and he permitted them to



*Some fifty years ago, the members of the Sodality of Wikwemikong Reserve erected a chapel (opposite the old stone Catholic Church). "It is the privilege of members to be married within its walls, and also their distinction to receive therein the last rites of the Church."*

pronounce perpetual vows of holy chastity to God.

The eight Indian virgins were bound by rule to assist daily at Mass and to receive Holy Communion weekly. Later, after the promulgation of the exhortation to frequent reception of the Holy Eucharist by Pope Pius X, these good women practised an unwritten rule, self-appointed, of being daily at the Holy Table.

Led by these virgins, the Sodality became a very fervent and potent group in the mission. It is perhaps due to their influence that the Wikwemikong Reserve is now entirely Catholic. Some fifty years ago, the members of the Sodality erected a chapel exclusively for themselves, which is a testimony of the progress and importance of the Sodality movement amongst the aborigines. In this chapel, meetings are still held. It is the privilege of members to be married within its walls, and also their distinction to receive therein the last rites of the Church.

**I**LLUSTRATIVE of the sanctity of the little congregation of virgins is the life of Zoë Bebamikawe, the last to survive. Zoë was born only somewhat over two years after the coming of the first Jesuits to the Manitoulin Island, which was in 1844. At that time, practically no civilization had reached the pagan Indians hereabouts, and Zoë's parents were of the first Christian nucleus. In 1868, Zoë Bebamikawe became a member of the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin Mary. In sixty-six years, she is said not to have missed a Sunday meeting. Old Zoë, as she was latterly known, lived with her nephew and his family, almost in the shadow of the big stone church and massive school-house. She ever plied the needle or the skein and (Turn to page 222)

# Via Hangman's Creek

Edgar Dowd, S.J.



As the receding sun glinted from their pectoral crosses and set aglow their purple cinctures, Bishop Charles D. White, D.D., of Spokane, and Bishop John Ross, S.J., of Hiroshima, Japan, lifted their hands simultaneously in apostolic benediction above the bowed heads of the gathering kneeling amid the pines of St. Therese's Japanese Mission, on Hangman's Creek, Spokane, Washington.

This extraordinary double blessing fittingly capitalized a gala day which began early on the afternoon of Low Sunday, as forty and more Japanese children romped fiercely through the pines and underbrush in quest of Easter eggs.

As the children were yielding whole-heartedly to this pronounced confectionery urge, both Bishops mingled democratically with the grown-ups; one spoke Japanese, the other spoiled it.

Suddenly, with no warning at all, the inspiring sponsor of the Mission, Mrs. Arthur Clausen, thrust into the hands of the Bishops several very unepiscopal Easter eggs, and, well—we qualified for the Kingdom of Heaven, by becoming as little children once again.

**H**OLDING forth a picture of Pope Pius XI, Bishop White, in the first stirring address of the day, declared: "I bring you blessings from our Holy Father, Pope of the Missions!"

And the same blessing which Our Holy Father gave to the seventy thousand who reverently bowed in St. Peter's Church, came to this small congregation of hard-

ly sixty, assembled among the evergreens near the frame, red and white, chapel of St. Therese's Mission, on Hangman's Creek.

Then Bishop Ross, with arms outstretched and hands gesturing in earnest emotion, delivered his message to these Japanese who are showing the way of true liberty and happiness to the insular Japanese still shackled with ancient Shintoism and blinded with modern materialism.

Frequently glancing about his audience, tall kindly Bishop Ross continued his words of glowing conviction: "This mission is part of our Japanese Mission. We stand together, united in prayer, united in a common bond of grace . . . and whether it be by a religious vocation, or in any other way prompted by God's grace, we must assist one another to attain the goal for which we came into the world."

But just before Bishop tapered his comforting message to a close, a light slap below my ear caused me to pivot in quick surprise. The day being Low Sunday, I glanced down immediately to the four-and-a-half-foot level, and looked into the ovalized eyes of Mr. Iwata, Japanese, pagan, friend of the Mission, and father of nine, one of his seven girls being the famous Therese.

"Lots of mosquitoes, eh?" grinned Mr.

Iwata, displaying a surprising amount of expression. Then he dropped a match upon the matting of pine needles and quite definitely smudged out most of the mosquitoes and all the congregation.

Through plenty of



Hotenba Therese Iwata



"Holding forth a picture of Pope Pius XI, Bishop White, in the first stirring address of the day, declared: 'I bring you blessings from our Holy Father, Pope of the Missions!'"

smoke rings, I asked Mr. Iwata how he liked George H. Dunne and Paul W. O'Brien, the Jesuit Scholastics who, before going to the Shanghai Mission in China, founded this Japanese Mission, as they answered the friendly smiles of his little Therese.

"They were good. I liked them!" brightened Mr. Iwata.

Well may this gentleman be proud of his daughter, Hatsuka Therese Iwata. It was she who first waded in the missionaries, accepted their invitation to attend Sunday School, headed eighteen other Japanese boys and girls for the first round-up of all that they must learn and believe before entering the Church. A year later, in 1930, these nineteen children were received into the Fold.

Since 1929, with the spiritual help of Father A. A. Dinand, S.J., Jesuit Scholastics from Mount St. Michael's, and the efficient and self-effacing lay apostle, Mrs. Arthur Clausen, the mission work has progressed.

As the smudge thinned, and I had "a la Mr. Iwata" rid Bishop Ross of one of those small, but extremely sanguinary insects, the gala-day faded to a most fitting close.

"I go back to Japan with a happy remembrance of this occasion," exclaimed Bishop Ross as he waved farewell.

LATER, as our machine glanced through traffic like a frightened salmon, I twisted in the front seat to see how Bishop reacted to the customary pandemonium of an American city. He was the essence of unconcern, noticing everything, answering all questions cheerfully. So cheerfully, that I attempted a slight interview.

"Why is the conversion of Japan so slow?" I asked. "Is not the blood of martyrs the seed of Christians? And who can forget the crimson history of Nagasaki's Montmartre?"

"Ah," replied Bishop, "but man has a free will. And until recently it was impossible for a true Japanese to be a true Catholic."

Then Bishop explained that recently the government has officially announced that divers and sundry bowings to the emperor have no religious significance! This removed a great obstacle to Christianization.

"Of course," went on Bishop, "the work is slow, but we are more than glad to do it. We ask no results; we are willing to sow the seed, and allow God to reap at His Divine pleasure."

THEN the Vicar of Hiroshima told of his hour-interview with the Holy Father, and of his departure through waiting rooms well-draped with purple and other dignities. The usual audience is twenty minutes.

Later in the day the Pope sent Bishop a purse containing one hundred gold coins: two thousand dollars. "For your most urgent mission needs," wrote the Holy Father in the enclosed note.

"Undoubtedly," exclaimed Bishop Ross, "our present Holy Father is 'Pope of the Missions.'"

Bishop seemed weary. It is a long way from Rome to Japan, and longer if one goes via Hangman's Creek. I closed the interview, and suggested that we dabble into esthetics by contemplating the evening sky rafted with flaming clouds, the hillsides emerald with evergreens, and

the lawns hopelessly freckled with dandelions.

IN conclusion, it is interesting to recall the mission problem presented by Japanese immigrants in Christian countries. According to figures compiled at Rome two years ago by Father Hermann Haack, S.J., Japanese immigrants are distributed throughout the world as follows: in Australia, 2,000; in the Philippines, 12,000; in Hawaii, 140,000; in Canada, 21,000; in the United States, 140,000, of whom 110,000 reside in California; in Mexico, 4,500; in Cuba, 750; in Peru, 15,000; in Argentina, Chile, 3,000; in Brazil, 105,000. Today, spiritual care is being exercised for the immigrant Japanese in Mindanao, P. I., by the American Jesuits; in Hawaii, by Picpus and Maryknoll Fathers; in the United States, through the medium of a very active apostolate conducted by the Maryknoll Fathers in Seattle, by the Fathers of the Divine Word in San Francisco, by the Maryknoll Fathers and Sisters in Los Angeles, and by the Jesuits in Spokane. Perhaps the most outstanding apostolate is that conducted by Father Guido del Toro, S.J., and his confreres, in Sao Paulo, Brazil, where over a thousand Japanese have been converted.



The two Bishops and the mission workers with their forty and more Japanese children up Hangman's Creek.

# The Jesuit Brother

Joseph H. Fichter, S.J.



IN reading the history of the Church's great missionary exploits, one feels that an important branch of that foreign service has very frequently been overlooked. The selfless Nun's devotion to God's incurable in the leper colonies, the intrepid priest's endurance along the hidden trails of jungle land are duly recorded. Those records are monuments to their names in the annals of many countries. We Americans read with interest and emotion of the work of Father Stanton in Honduras, of Father Judge in the Alaskan wastes, of the pioneers of the past—Marquette, Kino, Jogues, Brebeuf, De Smet. We know well the heroicity of Mother Marie de L'Incarnation, of Sister Blandina Segale, of Mother Philippine Duchesne. The priesthood and sisterhood are amply and rightfully eulogized for the outstanding individual devotion shown in every mission field in the world. But what of the Brother?

The Brother's work, done in the simple quiet way that typifies the doer, is much the same as Joseph's daily round of tasks in the workshack at Nazareth. He is the Brothers' exemplar, in him the Jesuit Brothers see the virtues making up the perfect Brother.

THE history of the Jesuit Brother is indeed a very interesting one, but one for which you must search in the recorded lives of missionary priests. So bound up is their work with that of the priesthood that over and over again have we heard missionary priests say: "They are our right hands."—"That church would not be standing, but for Brother; those children would not be catechized; those fields would not be yielding harvests, but for the indefatigable toil of some Brother." But who knows them? Who can name the Brother companion of Xavier, or the humble assistant of Father Ricci, or the tireless workers in the Paraguay Reductions? It is true that occasionally we hear the names of the sainted missionary Rene Goupil and of the Japanese Brother James Kisai. It seems as if a Brother has to be martyred before the world hears of him!



Saints James Kisai (Brother), Paul Miki and John of Goto, Jesuit Martyrs, first fruits of the Faith in Japan.

But this condition, this hidden and shrouded life is exactly what the Jesuit Brother, be he a missionary or not, desires for himself. In fact, if it could be changed, he would not wish it so; if his heroic zeal and steadfast love of Christ's counsels were broadcast to the world he would feel as if we were cheating his soul of some of the glory that is to come. Man-made fame is but dross to the glory he conceives for himself in the life to come. The sad part of this seclusion arises, however, from the fact that young men in every walk of life who may be desirous of giving their lives to the cause of Christ's missions are not always aware of the ideal life that the Jesuit Brotherhood holds out to them.

Including priests, scholastics and Brothers, there are now almost three thousand Jesuit missionaries in the field. Looking up the records, we find that five hundred and seventy-nine, almost twenty per cent of those Jesuit missionaries, are Brothers. Now

coming close to home, we compute the number of Brothers in the United States at five hundred and thirty-four; of these, eighty-two, a little over fifteen per cent, are on the missions. Thus we see that every seventh Brother of the different provinces of our country is doing mission work. Anyone who feels that particular life to be his vocation may realize the same as a Jesuit Brother.

WHEN he has entered the Society of Jesus, he may be surprised to find that the terminal of his travels is almost as varied as is the kind of work he will do. His job may be of almost any description: sacristan, baker, carpenter, catechist, Jack-of-all-trades. And the scene of his activities is universal, depending to a great extent upon the province he enters here in the States. As a member of the Maryland-New York Province he would go to the Philippines; Missouri would send him to the Indian Missions or to Belize, British Honduras; from the Oregon Province he would find his way to Alaska or to the Indians of the northwest; from Chicago to Patna, India; from New England to Jamaica or Iraq; from the Southern Province, half-way around the globe

to Ceylon, and from the California Province to China. Thus his destinations are as diverse as his labors will be, but with Christ in his heart, and His service as an occupation, it matters little where he is or what he is doing.

**T**HIS frontier work of the Jesuit Brother has been of inestimable value in the spreading of Christ's empire ever since the inception of the Society of Jesus. Everywhere and in every kind of work have they shown their virtue and ability. A specific example of the important work done by the Brothers of the last century came to light in Father Jahaland's reminiscences of the Syrian Missions. Speaking of the installation of the Catholic Printing Press at the University of Beirut he says: "As is always the case, great developments are the work of one man. The true founder of the Catholic Printing Press, since it was under his direction for thirty-three years, was a convert Mussulman, the son of a poor muleteer of Mount Carmel, the well known Brother Elias, who entered the Society of Jesus as a Brother. To acquaint himself with a special process of electrotyping, Brother Elias had been sent to London. . . This son of a muleteer was not only a mechanic; he was also an artist. By turns an engraver, a founder, a chauffeur, and a machinist, he could do everything and do it successfully." The account goes on to tell of the Brother's casting a special kind of character for his printing of the bible in Arabic. It consisted of the "Arabian consonant with both its vowel and its accent, and caused a revolution in the printing business." His Arabian bible was a marvel of workmanship and received the Gold Medal at the Paris Exposition in 1878.

**T**HERE are many such stories of the mission work done by Jesuit Brothers. There is the Brother who built and operated a sawmill on the Yukon, another who built several churches in our southern states when that part of the country was still a mission. Harkening back to the days of "Queen Bess," we note the tale of Brother Thomas Pounde's experience of thirty years in ten different jails; of Brother Ralph Emerson, the invaluable assistant of Fathers Parsons and Campion. Brother Edward De Silva, called by Xavier "most faithful" companion, was the first to publish a copious lexicon and grammar in Japanese, and among other works of zeal, baptized thirty nobles at Funasi. There was Mancias Tai-Chien, the artist-Brother who was expelled from his native land because of the devotion he aroused by his pictures.

These men were, no doubt, concerned about the material and fruitful success of their work, but connected with and running through all of the Brother's activity there is an heroic sanctity that is not easily apparent to the casual observer. The reason is simple: he

tries to conceal it. The story of Brother Francis Lopez, a Spanish missionary to seventeenth-century Peru, is an example of the saintliness existing in the life of a Brother. Before his entrance into the Society he had been Visitor-General of the whole Kingdom of Peru. Talented and intelligent as he was, he could not be induced to receive the great honors of the priesthood. Not even the Archbishop of Peru could shake him from his purpose of living the laborious life of a missionary Brother.

Why multiply examples? The annals of the Society contain many similar accounts. The Jesuit Brother has been tried and found capable in every work, and under every condition. His renown and glory is in the future world, "for with God it is impossible that anything, how small soever, if only it be suffered for God's sake, should pass without its reward."

Yet this hundredfold is experienced not only hereafter but here, for to quote from "The Making of a Jesuit Lay Brother," Woodstock Press, Woodstock, Maryland: "The hundredfold is indeed not wanting. It comes morning after morning in Holy Mass and Communion, night after night in the consciousness of days absolutely and utterly consecrated to the Master. And when life is well nigh over, with its cares and labors and anxieties, the faithful Brother is not thrust aside because he can work no more, or flung upon a

shelf like a worn-out and tattered garment: nay, rather, then more than ever he is treated with the utmost friendliness and love, and for his declining months, or years even, he enjoys in the Novitiate the companionship of the Jesuit Novices and Juniors, the golden, not the gilded, youth of the land, who vie with one another to make him more and more happy, to elicit his ready reminiscences, to drink in his homely wisdom, and by many a kind word and thoughtful attention anticipate or relieve his needs. Thus the end comes to him brightened by new blessings, not clothed in gloom; and when all is over, as many Masses and prayers and Holy Communions are offered for him as for any Jesuit priest, and side by side with Jesuit priests and Scholastics he is laid to rest."

Those who are interested in the vocation of the Jesuit Brother may write to Jesuit Mission Press for an answer to the questions: Are the Jesuit Brothers true Religious? What is the purpose of the Vows? What are the advantages of being a Religious? Is such education required? Who are eligible? Is there an age limit? What spiritual preparation is required? Is any money required? After entrance is a man free to leave? In what works are the Brothers engaged? What kind of a life does the Brother lead? Do the Brothers ever visit their relatives? What is the purpose of the noviceship? Are there any canonized Jesuit Brothers? How should a man apply to become a Jesuit Brother?

#### FATHER JOGUES

Cyril R. Delaney, S.J.

When tiny clasped I them with care  
And worshipped God in childish prayer.

Soon sacred oils empow'ed these hands  
To fold a Babe in wheaten bands.

E'en kings had sighed to see His day:  
How lowly on my hands He lay!

Often His Precious Blood they poured,  
Then chastened souls to Heaven soared.

In mangled hands take I my pride—  
They make me like the Crucified.

# Spreading

Andrew B. Ochs, S.J.

**L**IVING in Jamaica for any length of time, one cannot help but wonder and marvel at the stupendous spread of Christianity among the Chinese. From a mere handful of Catholics in the year 1920, their ranks have so swelled that now they number over eight hundred. That they make excellent and devout Catholics is beyond doubt. Visit any of our Catholic schools about the island, and most always you will find some Chinese children; witness the many beautiful and colorful processions in our churches, and again you will see Chinese boys and girls marching in honor of our Lord and His Blessed Mother; finally, stop in at our Cathedral on a Sunday morning, and among those thronging the altar rail to receive their Lord, you will find the Chinese in goodly numbers. Comparatively few in numbers, but what staunch and devoted Catholics!

To single out the one man responsible for this marvelous spread of faith among the Chinese is not a very difficult task. Ask any Chinese person, beginning with the most grown-up and going down to the tiniest tot on the island, and immediately they will tell you, Father Leo T. Butler, S.J. For many years now, Father Butler has worked untriflingly and zealously, instructing and converting the Chinese. To be a Head Master of a college, to teach daily in a tropical climate where so many natural inconveniences exist, to assist in the work at a large Cathedral such as we have here in Kingston, is a difficult task, but to spend one's remaining free hours working among the Chinese, now baptizing a Chinese baby, now marrying a Chinese couple, now instructing and preaching at the Chinese Mission, is a task most difficult. And yet the one man, Father Butler, smilingly carries on this tremendous work. Early in the morning, throughout the terrifically hot day, yes, late into the night, I find him always administering to the wants of the Chinese. Truly, may he be called "The Apostle of the Chinese." The little seed which he sowed some ten years ago in Jamaica still continues to spread rapidly, and the following story of two Chinese lads, by name Chang and Chin, the former a pupil at our college, the latter a pupil at the Chinese school, is but one instance of this continual spreading of the small seed.

**M**Y own impressions of the Chinese date back to the day when first I visited a laundry shop in quest of collars, and consequently are very vague and hazy. In other words, aside from the unintelligible laundry check necessary for obtaining collars, I knew nothing about the Chinese. Imagine my surprise then, when informed that I was to teach a real live Chinese boy! I first met Chang outside my class room door on a beautiful January morning (we begin school in January). He was a small lad, with dark hair, blue eyes, very neat in appearance, with a bundle of books thrown over his



Chin and Chang, the promising fruit of a seed sown ten years ago by Father Leo T. Butler, S.J.

shoulders. One glance and I knew that he was a Chinese. A two weeks' study of this lad and my impressions of the Chinese were no longer vague and hazy, for I had before me an attentive, intelligent Chinese lad of about eleven years, a lad very appreciative of the least thing done for him. The school days sped by happily until one day my little Chinese friend accosted me outside the class room, "Please, sir, I would like to become a Catholic." Thus blossomed forth another flower from the little seed sown by Father Butler some ten years ago. Week after week my little friend came to me for instructions, and I found him a ready and apt pupil. Those weeks were happy ones for me, but I was yet to receive another surprise which made me even happier. After instructions one evening, Chang again spoke to me saying, "Please, sir, my friend, Chin, would like to come for instructions." Once again Father Butler's seed had blossomed forth, and now one could see two little Chinese lads wending their way to Winchester Park, three evenings a week for instructions. The instruction days passed by quickly and then came Baptism and confession. On Pentecost Sunday, two little Chinese lads approached the altar to receive their Lord for the first time. That same afternoon, with the altar beautifully decked in gorgeous red draperies and adorned with magnificent flowers and palms, as the Cathedral chimes pealed forth and the choir sang, *Veni, Sancte Spiritus*, these two little neophytes became "Soldiers of Christ."

**S**HALL the seed continue to spread? Shall we add to our ranks more little soldiers of the Chin and Chang type? A new Chinese Mission center is needed badly, for Gordon Hall, the present center, is a very poor and half ruined structure. With a real social center erected, a most earnest wish of Father Butler, greater and more effective work can be done and the seed sown by him at such great labor will continue to spread provided our friends in the States help.

# Along the Camiquin Front

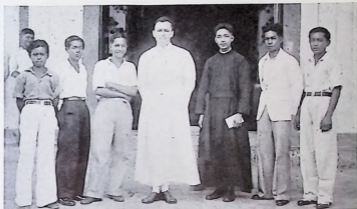
Walter J.

Hamilton, S.J.



LL quiet along the Camiquin front, and rainy, too, since my arrival here some four days ago. December and January are months of almost continual rain in this volcanic isle. I'm now in the capitol, Mambajao, pinch-hitting. In this country, one has at times to be careful on his trips not to meet the fate of Absalom. Horses! horses! horses! Yet, I'm not riding every day. Most of my mountain sick calls, in fact, are on foot, with a guide, crossing barbed-wire fences, going at times through very thick corn fields. But to come back to the horses, they certainly have horse-sense in more senses than one. If they sense you are not exactly a jockey, they'll just mooh; they are like mules if they feel you are timidly friendly or conciliatory. Douglas Fairbanks could hardly pick steeper descents than the sheer drops we negotiate on moonless nights.

One night on a mission trip, as we hit the peak of a hill, we could see a light in the deep, distant valley



Father Walter J. Hamilton, S.J., with Brother Manuel Pascua, S.J. The end boys are now Postulants in the Jesuit Lay-Brotherhood. The other three are Novice Brothers.

below. This was the new chapel, prepared by the industrious Boholanos who dwell in these regions. As we approached the chapel, the strains of the Lourdes Ave reached our ears. The people were having their Vespers. The *pari-pari*, the schismatical Aglipayan minister, of Initao, maneuvered long and hard to get a concession on this gold field. The mountain people are generous with the little they have, and being more rugged and simple than those along the coast, generally are able to contribute to the church. The next day we brought home

more than ten pesos, five dollars American money, besides a dozen *manoks* (chickens) and a basket of good eggs.

THE chapel is really a cathedral in miniature. A little choir loft, sacristy, a small statue of the Santo Nino, bought in Bohol for sixteen pesos, a bell, bought in Cebu for fifteen (Turn to page 222)

Father Domingo Pascua, native priest of Cebu, Northern Luzon, with members of his Blessed Virgin Sodality. Father Pascua is a product of Jesuit education in the Philippines.



# Patna Goes to School

Paul Dent, S.J.



HE editor's request for an article on: "What Patna has done for schools and what schools have done for Patna," has sent me back to the annual August census printed in the *Patna Mission Letter*. The one of 1921—the year the American Jesuits began their activities in Patna—reveals 9 schools with 275 Indian children, of whom 81 are Catholic boys. Four years later, there were 22 schools and 994 students, and thence forward the totals varied annually from 20 and 946 to 31 and 1,204, to 39 and 1,427, to 27 and 1,655, to 47 and 2,331, to 48 and 3,084, and to 72 and 2,703, showing at the end of thirteen years an eightfold increase in schools and a tenfold in students. The teaching staff likewise increased, mounting from 45 in 1925 to 163 last year. There were also proportionate increases in the numbers of Catholic and non-Christian students, the figures last year showing 1,050 and 990 respectively for boys, and 645 and 69 for girls.

At the head of the educational system for our Indians stands *Christ Raja High School*, founded in a



room in the priests' residence at Bettiah in January, 1926, and three years later, owing to the munificence of an unknown benefactress, moved to its present more commodious quarters outside the municipality. One hundred and sixty boys, including several Apostolics, were in attendance at the latest census. Former students are now in charge of most of the schools of Bettiah and Chuhari, two are preparing to be priests and two Brothers at the new Jesuit Novitiate at Hazaribagh to the south of Patna Mission, two others are now seminarians looking forward to ordination and return to the Mission in 1938, four are studying for their B. A. with the expectation of teaching at *Christ Raja* itself or at the second High School or the College the Mission will probably in due time be called on to build. Ten Indian Jesuits, mostly of Catholic Malabar in far southwest India, learned at *Christ Raja* the elements of Hindi before joining the Novitiate, and some ten others, American Jesuits mostly, now studying theology at Kurseong, found the opportunity thoroughly to learn the language while teaching at the school. Which is to say that *Christ Raja* with its array of excellent Pundits and willing crowds of boys to talk with and listen to, is providing efficient training for future missionaries. The school has likewise done good service in publishing. Besides the monthly *Patna Mission Letter* edited by one of its staff, it has had its Hindi monthly *Christarajya*—*Christ Kingdom*—and its translation of the large Bonne Press Pictorial Catechism, as well as of *Father*



Marion R. Batson, S.J., and his Third Year Class at Bettiah's *Christ Raja* High School. Four of the class are married men. Different castes are represented in the group.

Finn's children's Life of Christ, illustrated. Other literary activities have been its annual and very successful Hindi plays, the Passion and other religious subjects, staged in the open to large audiences of Christians and non-Christians. One of these, on St. Aloysius, has been published, and another, *Larkon ki Rani*—the Children's Queen—is now in preparation for the press. Outside the school compound, cared for mostly by former students, are ten small village schools that teach religion and the three familiar "Rs" to considerable groups of pagan children and thus strive to win a large population to esteem the Faith.

SUCH little schools as these latter, ever since Father

John Kilian, S.J., some ten years ago established the first, Our Lady of Sorrows' School at Kurji, have been one of the Mission's fondest apostolic ventures. In such places—usually hastily-erected mud or bamboo structures or friendly, wide-spreading *pipul* trees with rows of children in varying degrees of undress squatted on the ground, tightly grasping their "islates," smoothed off boards, and "pinsils," dried lumps of mud—the catechism is taught and well taught, the Bible History is made at least as familiar as the mythologies of paganism, and sacred hymns set to Indian melodies are learned, loved and sung *fortissimo*.

Nearly every station—there are twenty-one—and substation of the Mission has such little schools, and especially in the Santal sector they have proved the most efficient means of conversion. Elsewhere, besides the somewhat intangible esteem they win for the Church among non-Christians and the prejudices they remove, they have been the occasion of a number of Baptisms, administered, often enough, by the students themselves, to dying parents or relatives. That the number of students who have themselves been baptized is small, is due to the modest success or rather failure so far to convert the parents without whose Baptism that of the children is hardly practical, at least during the years of their minority. Another value that these schools have—not a negligible factor in so poor a country as India—is that they provide employment for numbers of our Christians.

MENTION of the Santals brings us to Bhagalpur with its two large boarding schools for boys and for girls, of which latter the Bavarian Sisters of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary have charge. All but six of the 439 students of these two schools were listed as Catholics in last August's census, a fact characteristic of the important part these two schools have

played the last four years in the conversion of some four thousand Santals in the Patna sector of the Santal field. There are those who look to Bhagalpur for the erection of the Mission's second High School, and with its preponderant majority of Catholic students, it would be a Catholic school in the very fullest sense of the term. (Whatever changes in these plans have been made necessary due to the earthquake of January 15, 1934, will be published later. Editor.)

Among the other special schools the Mission conducts are the Knitting School of the Swiss Holy Cross Sisters at Bettiah, wherein Indian girls are taught a trade that will profit them much in later life. Several of the Indian Sisters of the new Congregation of *Pak Dil ki Bahin*—



A typical village school of Patna Mission. Father Paul Dent, S.J., congratulates teacher and boys for carrying on despite the fact the wind had blown down one of the school "walls."

Sisters of the Sacred Heart, founded in 1926—are also employed to teach in the school, and doubtless they turn the minds of some of their students towards the vocation they themselves found and followed when themselves students there. Chuhari, too, has a training school, a teachers' training school for girls, under the care of the Holy Cross Sisters, one of the few similar institutions in a land where female education is in general greatly undeveloped. The same Sisters and the *Pak Dil ki Bahin* also teach in Bettiah, Chuhari and Chakni 413 girls, of whom 176 are orphans and only 11 non-Christians.

AT Bankipore, chiefly for Anglo-Indians or children of European descent, is St. Joseph's Convent School, founded as long ago as 1853 by the Bavarian Sisters of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and educating numbers of students that the last thirty years have ranged around two hundred and fifty. The Convent has also had from the very beginning considerable numbers of Indian orphans, and (Turn to page 222)



# FROM MANY COUNTRIES



## ALONG THE MISSION FRONT

**Evils of Caste** A Hindu young woman of high caste fell into a well at Jattaroddi, suburb of Nagpur, India, May 8, and was drowned because two young men who rushed to the rescue were prevented from saving her. The boys were "untouchables," that is, of the classes below the castes, and when they attempted to jump into the well, they were held off by Hindu caste women who told them that they would pollute the water.

### Infant Mortality in India

Due to a cruel lack of proper care and nourishment, approximately six thousand infants die every day in India, an average of one death for every five children born. Catholic medical missions, more especially maternity hospitals maintained by Catholic Sisterhoods, are doing much to remedy the situation. Worthy of mention is the labor carried on under the auspices of Father Edw. F. Garesche, S.J. His medical kits are welcomed by missionaries around the world.

### A Lay Apostle of Japan

At the age of eighty-seven, on Iwojima Island, southern Japan, Mr. Juemon Yokoro died recently. For more than fifty years he was actively engaged in the apostolate of visiting and instructing scattered Christians. From scanty pay, he saved two hundred yen which he applied at death for a Mass to be offered for himself annually in perpetuity, and another two hundred yen as a bursar for the education of any one of his relatives' children who should desire to enter the Priesthood or the Sisterhood.

### Martyrs' Fruit in Uganda

The Vicar Apostolic of Uganda has observed wherever he goes a great popular movement towards the Catholic Church, and as a proof of this he cites the number of Confirmations that he administered, namely, 7,756. The Gospel, he reports, is advancing continually in this region, that has been blessed by the blood of the Martyrs of Uganda. Surely it is partly through their merits that all the churches and chapels of Uganda are today filled with Christians who adore one true God.

### A Mission Museum at Aix-La-Chapelle

A Mission Museum has been opened at Aix-La-Chapelle, in the Rhineland, by the Central Council of the Propagation of the Faith. Objects have been gathered from all over the world and skillfully arranged to represent the life and customs of the various peoples and the mission work among them.

Mechanical devices are used with great success in several exhibits, all of which have been worked out by Dr. Breuer, Treasurer of the Propagation of the Faith office, assisted by a Catholic architect, Mr. Schuller. In a special room, slide lectures and mission films are shown and gramophone records are played to illustrate the manners, language, music and art of the various races of the globe among which missionaries are working. The Museum has important value from an ethnological viewpoint, and successfully demonstrates how missionary work has been adapted to the peculiarities and exigencies of the different races.

### Faith in the Belgian Congo

At Kabgayi (Ruanda, Belgian Congo), a White Father recently received the following note: "Dear Father:—We cannot come to your Mass tomorrow, but if you take the Blessed Sacrament with you on your way to the out-stations, you will find ten of us waiting at the road to receive Holy Communion." At the point indicated, the priest found the ten Blacks waiting for him. They knelt down when he approached. A workman passed by with a heavy load on his back, and seeing what was going on, immediately deposited his burden and knelt down beside them, for he, too, had not yet broken his fast. All remained kneeling in thanksgiving for a few minutes, and then returned to their work.

### Father Peter Bruns, S.J., R. I. P.

After fifty-four years of uninterrupted mission work in southern India, Father Peter Bruns, S.J., died at Shembaganur, Trichinopoly. He was born at Le Puy, France, in 1857, and left for India in 1880, where he labored as college professor, parish priest and procurator, never returning to his homeland.

### Catholic Schools in Manchukuo

In connection with the vast educational program being launched by the Manchukuo Government, attention is directed to the fact that Catholic missions maintain 293 schools in that territory, attended by 6,348 boys and 3,994 girls.

The Government's plan is to open a school for every 150 families. Difficulties of a financial order will be considerable, since the country has been impoverished by ten years of wars, banditry and burdensome taxes, and many years of wise administration will be necessary.

### Message from Gits, S.J., of Musani Mission, Salisbury Vicariate. It is reported as the first to fall in Southern Rhodesia.

A meteor which fell in Southern Rhodesia, March 7, has been located by Father Francis Gits, S.J., of Musani Mission, Salisbury Vicariate. It is reported as the first to fall in Southern Rhodesia.

A native led the missionary to the terrifying *maminini* that is, something which causes one's mouth to open—a phenomenon, a "sun" which fell to the earth. Many of the natives were afraid to talk about it; some thought that it meant the end of the world, and a deputation went to the mission to ask for Baptism because they believed that there would be no time for further instruction.

### Education in India

A Memorandum signed by sixteen Ordinaries of south India, protesting against the proposed plan for the consolidation of primary schools, and outlining the work done by the Catholic Church for education in south India, has been presented to the Minister for Education of the Madras Presidency. It is occasioned by the proposed Champion Scheme.

The Champion Scheme, which has been under discussion in the Madras Presidency, is seen as a threat to Catholic education since it proposes the centralization and consolidation of elementary schools.

The Memorandum points out that Catholic schools care for more than ten per cent of the elementary school children of southern India, numbering now, 7,823 with an enrollment of 122,411 Christian and 225,083 non-Christian pupils. The missions have erected 597 school buildings in the last five years and employ more than 10,000 teachers.

# Jamaican Bush

Andrew B. Ochs, S.J.

**R**EADERS of the Jesuit Missions hear so much about the Jamaican Bush and its difficulties that often they must wonder how much truth there is in these tales. "Bush" to me was always a word which connoted hardships. I had often read tales of the bush (which at the time seemed incredible) and consequently there always came to my mind the question: I wonder how true these tales are? Having lived in Jamaica now for almost a year, having had actual contact with the Bush Fathers, having actually visited the bush countless times, I have convinced myself that these tales were not exaggerated and that the bush presents many difficulties to the Fathers laboring there.

First of all, what is the bush? Secondly, what are the difficulties which our Fathers must encounter within the bush? These two questions I shall endeavor to answer for our readers in the following pages. According to the dictionary the bush is a place abounding in trees and shrubs. Again, one might term the bush, "The Jamaican Hills." Finally, one who has traveled through the bush would undoubtedly define it as that place where one hardly ever sees a white face. The latter, indeed, was the conclusion which I came to after covering some sixty miles of winding, dusty and dangerous roads before seeing a white face. But to the Bush Father what does it mean? It means more than a few shrubs and bushes, more than mere hills, more than the absence of white faces, yes, it means hard, wearisome work plus loneliness. Hard work because the Jamaican Hills, remark-

able for their beauty, lose that beauty when the Bush Father sets out over them, now under a scorching tropical sun which saps away his very strength, now under a terrific downpour of rain which drenches him to the skin and subjects him to colds and all sorts of ills. Wearisome work because he not infrequently is roused from sleep and forced to walk miles through the hills in order to reach some poor soul calling for Fader. Wearisome work because he must manage some nine or ten mission posts, miles apart from one another,—must say Mass at one post, then hurry off to another.

Had the Bush Fathers only to work, their tasks might be lessened somewhat, but the fact is that they have to work "alone," and that is by far the most difficult thing of all. Man, as we know from our philosophy, is a social being, and consequently his very nature demands that he live with other people. Now the Bush Father is no exception. Not only is he a man, but what is more, he is one of "God's Iron Men," yet, being human like the rest of us, wants company. The bush demands that he live alone and that he continually look upon black faces. Some few weeks ago, I accompanied Father Donovan, S.J., one of the Bush Fathers, to one of his missions. (Turn to page 222)



Father Frederick J. Donovan, S.J., the genial and popular Pastor of Above Rocks, Jamaica, who continues to smile through the loneliness of his arduous life in the Jamaican bush.



A welcome oasis after miles of winding, dusty roads, lined with impenetrable shrubbery and bush.

# A Trip to Auriesville



"Then turning to the left . . . our pilgrim will find not far away a beautiful group in marble, representing St. Isaac Jogues teaching two little Indian children the Name of Jesus."

**T**HE season of pilgrimages to Auriesville opened rather abruptly this year, with the unexpected break in the weather, on Sunday, April 29. During the whole of the preceding week a cold west wind came sweeping down the Mohawk, and up over

the hills that are enriched with memories of Saints Isaac Jogues, John Lalande and Rene Goupil. Only a few travellers braved the cold during these days to visit the scenes of the Jesuit Saints' labors and martyrdom.

Then on Sunday came the Spring in earnest. And the pilgrims came. At the early Mass, celebrated in the Coliseum erected in honor of our Saints, there were perhaps a dozen visitors. At the later Masses, there were more. And then, throughout the rest of the day, the roadway was dusty with the passing of autos full,—they are always full,—of people come to visit this hallowed spot on the Mohawk.

The frequent visitor to Auriesville is probably quite well acquainted with the history of the site, though he, too, may learn more interesting bits of local history with every visit. But for the pilgrim who comes for the first time, there is waiting a wonderful experience: the thrill of walking up the hill up which Jogues was forced to run the gauntlet between rows of savage Indians; of standing on the site of the Indian village where the Saint and his companions met their death; of wandering down into the beautiful ravine where lie the remains of Goupil, undiscovered as yet, with the surrounding hills and trees making an open chapel over his grave.

All these wonders, and the mysterious impression of the nearness of God hovering over the sanctified grounds, draw thousands upon thousands to make annual pilgrimages to our Martyrs' Shrine.

**A**S the newly-arrived pilgrim leaves the West Shore train at the Auriesville depot and looks about him, he sees, just across from the station and to the right of the road that runs up the hill, a small building which serves as the main office of Father Peter F. Cusick, S.J., the Director of the Shrine. Here may be obtained statuettes, medals and pictures of our Martyr Saints and of saintly Kateri Tekakwitha, the "Lily of the Mohawks," rosaries, postcards showing views of the various points of interest, and other pilgrimage souvenirs.

Across from the office is the Shrine Hotel, in the charge of two very accomplished and capable Sisters of Social Service. Here visitors may take their meals or make provision for a prolonged stay at the Shrine.

Farther to the left a small road winds up the steep hill, passing between two very large statues, one of Jogues, the other of Tekakwitha, which are raised on mounds of stone ten feet high. These mark the hill up which Jogues was forced to run the gauntlet, and on whose summit was the village in which the holy Indian girl was born.

Now looking up the hill, but still to the left of the road to the station, our new arrival can see an Indian-type wooden structure. This is the temporary open Chapel which marks the northwestern corner of the old Indian village, originally named Ossernenon, and later Auriesville after one of its last

*Air view of a portion of the beautiful Mohawk River Valley and the Auriesville Shrine of the North American Martyrs. The large circular building to the right is the Shrine Coliseum.*



Indian residents, Auries. In this Chapel the principal services were held until the completion of the new Coliseum.

To the left, or east, of the Chapel can be seen a silver dome, which canopies a beautiful Pieta. This group is a replica of the one under the dome of the Muenster Cathedral, Prussia, by the famous sculptor, Achtermann. This statue marks the northeastern corner of the Indian village.

Looking some distance to the left again, on the brow of the hill and commanding a fine view up and down the beautiful Mohawk Valley, can be seen the new Coliseum, a splendid structure in buff and white, large and imposingly graceful. It is perfectly round, almost a sixth of a mile in circumference, and capable of seating six thousand five hundred people for services.

LEAVING the station now, and ascending the road to the brow of the hill, to the right the visitor will see part of a huge thirty acre parking area, the space of which is occupied (if it is a Sunday) by autos from every State in the Union and Canada.

Then turning to the left from the road, he will pass through the entrance to the ancient village. Immediately before him, to the right of the path, is the Kiosk, containing a life-sized marble figure of Christ pointing to His Sacred Heart. This memorial is at the southeast corner of the village.

Beyond the Kiosk, but still along the path which approaches the Coliseum, there is a Library or Museum, in which among other relics of the Indian days are the remains of an Indian. These were found during recent excavations which revealed the site of the village burying-ground just beyond the Coliseum. Near the Library is a belfry which houses a large bell bearing the inscription: "There is a giving that does not impoverish, and a withholding that does not enrich."

Very near these structures may be seen the large wooden Memorial Cross, raised on a small mound, which marks the fourth corner of the village. Looking from this point north to the Pieta, or west to the

"Beyond it is a new statue of Rene Goupil, sculptured in stone and representing him teaching the Sign of the Cross to an Indian child—the act for which he died."



"On this hillock or miniature Calvary is erected a huge, life-like image of Christ upon the Cross, with Mary, His Mother, St. John and the weeping Magdalen at His feet."

Kiosk, one may still see the raised portions of ground in which were fixed the upright logs that formed the village's palisades.

Then turning to the left of the path for a moment, our pilgrim will find not far away a beautiful group in marble, representing St. Isaac Jogues teaching two little Indian children the Name (Turn to page 224)



# JESUIT MISSIONS

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## Brebeuf's Challenge to You

THE celebration, on September 26, of the feast of the Jesuit Martyrs of North America, calls to mind the heroic sacrifices of the early French missionaries whose lives are a challenge to any generous soul. What young man or woman in whose heart there burns at least a little fire of zeal can read the stories of those early American Martyrs without facing the frequent "holy dare" either to answer the call to the missions, or at least to take an active interest in mission works carried on by so many noble missionaries throughout the world today? What grown man or woman, reading the stirring writings of our martyred Heroes, can fail to be aroused to a profound interest in knowing more of missions, in praying for them more fervently and in helping them more generously? Is there not an open challenge in so many wonderful passages in *The Jesuit Relations*—a challenge to dare as the Martyrs dared to make generous sacrifices for the missions of Christ, the King? The story of sacrifices generously made has a way of rousing us from lethargy. The words of St. John Brebeuf, the "Giant of God" among the sainted North American Martyrs, have a way of challenging us Catholics today, as they did when sent back to Catholic France of the seventeenth century. Space allows us only to quote part of a letter sent by Brebeuf from his Mission at Ihonatira among the Hurons to his Superior at Quebec, July 16, 1636, and sent by the latter on to France.

Brebeuf has heard how news of the Canadian Missions and their success was rousing enthusiasm back in France. That those who ambitious service among the Indians might not be deceived by the glamour of glowing accounts read far away from the scene of action, he narrates some trials of mission life. "In order that no one may be deceived," he writes, "I shall show him how great things he must suffer for the name of Jesus."

"Be with whom you like, you must expect to be at least three or four weeks on the way (from Quebec to

the Huron Mission), to have as companions persons you have never seen before; to be cramped in a bark canoe in an uncomfortable position, not being free to turn yourself to one side or the other; in danger fifty times a day of being upset or of being dashed upon the rocks. During the day the sun burns you; during the night you run the risk of being a prey to mosquitoes. You sometimes ascend five or six rapids a day; and in the evening, the only refreshment is a little corn crushed between two stones and cooked in fine clear water. The only bed is the earth, sometimes only the rough, uneven rocks, and usually no roof but the stars; and all this in perpetual silence. If you are accidentally hurt, if you fall sick, do not expect from these barbarians any assistance. . . . And if the sickness is dangerous, and if you are remote from the villages. . . . I would not like to guarantee that they would not abandon you, if you could not make shift to follow them."

"When you reach the Hurons, you will indeed find hearts full of charity; we will receive you with open arms. . . . but we are so situated that we can do very little. . . . Harassed and fatigued as you will be, we shall be able to give you nothing but a poor mat, or at most a skin, to serve you as a bed; and besides, you will arrive at a season when miserable little insects. . . . will keep you awake almost all night. Mosquitoes, sandflies, and other like vermin last usually not less than three or four months of the Summer. . . .

"I say it without exaggeration, the five and six months of Winter are spent in almost continual discomforts—excessive cold, smoke, and the annoyances of the savages. We have a cabin built of simple bark, but so well jointed that we have to send some one outside to learn what kind of weather it is; the smoke is very often so thick, so annoying. . . . if you are not entirely proof against it, it is all you can do to make out a few lines in your Breviary. Besides, from morning until evening our fireplace is almost always surrounded by the savages—above all. . . . at mealtimes. . . .

"Add to all this, that our lives depend upon a single thread. . . . For not to mention that your cabin is only, as it were chaff, and that it might be burned at any moment. . . . the malice of the savages gives special cause for almost perpetual fear; a malcontent may burn you down, or cleave your head open in some lonely spot. And then you are responsible for the sterility or fecundity of the earth, under penalty of your life; you are the cause of droughts; if you cannot make rain, they speak of nothing less than making away with you. . . .

"Often you are compelled to deprive yourself of the holy Sacrifice of the Mass, and when you have the opportunity to say it, a little corner of your cabin will serve you for a chapel, which the smoke, the snow, or the rain hinders you from ornamenting and embellishing, even if you had the means."

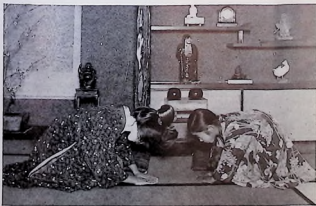
And to him who yet undaunted wishes for the Huron Missions, the valiant Brebeuf holds out the hand of welcome.

" . . . Come, come, my dear Brother, it is workmen such as you that we ask for here; it is to souls like yours that God has appointed the conquest of so many other souls whom the Devil holds yet in his power. . . ."

## The Mission Intention

The Hindus and Buddhists of Ceylon

THE first Catholic assembly of the natives in the Island of Ceylon was held in the year 1528. A few years later, 1544, St. Francis Xavier preached the Gospel at Jaffna, and in 1580 the first Catholic Church was erected. Today, this island territory is divided into five ecclesiastical divisions: to wit, the Archdiocese of Colombo (Oblates of Mary Immaculate), and four Dioceses of Jaffna (Oblates of Mary Immaculate), Kandy (Benedictines), Galle (Jesuits), and Trincomali (Jesuits). According to statistics (B. Arens, S.J., *Etat actuel des Miss. Cath.* 1932) there were 4,570,521 inhabitants in Ceylon, of whom 389,159 were Catholics. As in the rest of East India, in Ceylon the extension of the Kingdom of Christ is greatly hindered by the difficulties of making contact with the Buddhists and Hindus. In the Diocese of Jaffna, the caste system is the greatest impediment to conversion. In the Diocese of Kandy, the hope of progress among the Mohammedans is nil; among the Singalese, little; among the Tamils fair. These latter, however, rarely have the opportunity for a decent religious education, since they are occupied at hard labor for ten hours of the day, often in divers places and for days at a time. Yet, despite these adverse circumstances, the Tamil Christians often make long journeys to the church on festival days, that they may be able to receive the sacraments and assist at the Sacrifice of the Mass. Not the least influential means for assisting the conversion of the Hindus and Buddhists in Ceylon, is the sanctity of the missionary clergy devoted to the care of souls, the intention which is recommended to the Faithful from the three-fold motive of gratitude, zeal for souls and mercy: gratitude for graces received, zeal for souls, since the propagation of the Kingdom of Christ on earth is entrusted primarily to the clergy, and mercy, since the burdens imposed upon our missionaries are daily growing more arduous with continual trials to personal holiness. This year, for the second time, American Jesuits from the Province of New Orleans have departed for work among the Hindus and Buddhists of Ceylon.



God grant that through the prayers of our readers, these Japanese may one day bow in adoration to the true Host of hosts, as He is elevated on High in the Mass of the Missions.

## The Mass of the Missions

Consecration of the Chalice

"In like manner after He had supped, taking also this excellent chalice into His holy and venerable Hands." The priest takes the chalice of wine and lifts it slightly off the altar. "And giving Thee thanks." The priest bows. "He blessed." The priest traces a cross above the top of the chalice. "And gave to His disciples saying, Take and drink ye all of this." At Communion, the priest will give the Blood of Christ to the disciples of the Lord. Now bending profoundly while the sacred hush still holds, the priest, acting in the person of Christ, pronounces over the chalice these self-same words of Christ: "For this is the chalice of My Blood." Upon the altar in the chalice now rests the Blood of Christ. "The Blood of the new and eternal testament; the Mystery of Faith, which shall be shed for you and for many to the remission of sins." "As often as ye do these things, ye shall do them in remembrance of Me."

Elevation of the Chalice

Genueflecting in adoration, the priest now elevates the chalice of Christ's Blood that the faithful may confess their God and profess their faith in the Mystery of Faith and in the promise of Christ's presence. For of no other would God the Father testify, "Thou art my Son, this day have I begotten Thee." Of no other would Isaias dare to prophesy, "Behold a virgin shall conceive and bear a son and his name shall be called Emmanuel, that is 'God is with us,'" for that virgin's son is God.

There's the sight of a Host uplifted  
There's the silver sound of a bell  
There's the gleam of a golden chalice  
Be glad, sad heart, 'tis well  
He made and He keeps love's promise  
With His own all days to dwell.

By this sacrifice of Blood, I am now persuaded that "Christ loved me, even me, and gave Himself for me, even for me." "We have found Him whom our soul loveth, we have held Him and will not let Him go." As the separation of the body from the blood is death, so the separation of the consecration of the bread from the consecration of the wine represents the death of the Lord, and it is "of the death of the Lord" that the Mass "is a commemoration."

In the Old Law the cover of the ark was called the *Shekinah*, a Hebrew word which means the presence of the Lord, for from between the golden cherubim upon the cover of the Ark, God was wont to speak unto His chosen ones. After the Consecration, the table stone of every Catholic altar in the world is for us the *Shekinah* of the New Law.

“Thou art  
Peter—”

“Going therefore  
teach ye  
all nations—”



The Apostles, first missionaries of the Church, have been followed down through the ages by other missionaries, who, like the first Apostles, have left all things to follow Christ. Like the Apostles, too, these missionaries gathered strength for greater sacrifices from the prayers their friends offered for them.

During these Summer months new apostles, other American Jesuit missionaries, have gone forth to their fields of labor in the missions. They have made sacrifices, and will sacrifice yet more for the souls entrusted to their care. But deprived now of the human consolation they have known, they must rely on prayer—their prayers and yours—to be strengthened, as were the Apostles, to face the trials of missionary labors.

*That they—may be assured of your interest in them  
—may be confident of your prayerful support  
—may be encouraged to make yet greater sacrifices  
these new missionaries ask you to*

renew your subscription to JESUIT MISSIONS—subscribe to JESUIT MISSIONS for a friend—subscribe if you are only a reader but non-subscriber.

(Find a subscription blank on the back cover)



## IRAQ

In correcting his original preconceptions about the boys of Baghdad, Father Edward F. Madaras, S.J., writes:

"Instead of swarthy skins, raven locks, and dark eyes, I found many of the boys possessed of fair complexions and rosy cheeks, auburn hair, and light-colored eyes. Their presence in an American classroom would not have excited any comment. The reason for this strangely unorthodox appearance is not altogether clear to me, though the fact that very few of our boys are Arabs, but belong to the original inhabitants of the country, the Chaldeans or Assyrians, may be a partial explanation.

"My most serious error, and one which I was happiest of all to relinquish, was that which concerned not the appearance but the general character of the boys. I found, in fact, that they differed very little from our own American boy back home. In the matter of games, they showed no less zest for play when they had been introduced to our various American games than the boys we used to teach. Far from needing any urging, they pre-

sented us with the difficulty of finding opportunity for all to play in our limited space. Even on days when there is no school, they frequent the premises. Chasing them home about six o'clock has come to be an evening ritual. In tournament and inter-class games, they get just as excited and root just as heartily as we used to do ourselves. Nor are they inferior in athletic prowess to any noticeable degree. Just at present there is a city tournament going on in ping-pong, and the name of Baghdad College leads all the rest."

\* \* \*

The same Father, writing in the chronicle, *Baghdadi* informs us that,

"Some day Baghdad College may blossom forth as one of the chain of seismological and meteorological observatories formed by Jesuit colleges throughout the world. Father Joseph Merrick has been looking up the price of instruments in catalogues from various countries and seems serious about it. For astronomy, of course, this country is ideal. When you look up at the night sky, particularly in mid-summer, there seem to be several billions of stars blazing away up there. We think we could produce some pretty good temperature records, too, especially during July and August. Just what success we should have in snaring worth while earthquakes, we don't know. But we're willing to try it."

## AMERICAN INDIANS

The Arapahoe and Shoshone Indians are ministered to by the Jesuit missionaries of St. Stephen's Mission, Wyoming. Father Albert C. Riester, S.J., tells of some of his work:

"I shall enclose pictures of my latest First Communion class. Thanks to a Catholic high school in the east, they make a respectable appearance. The school furnished the dresses and prayer-books, rosaries, etc., for the children. Another good friend made the pictures. Wish you could have been present; parents and relatives appeared in their Sunday best. Last week, our Most Reverend Bishop spent several days at the Mission, confirming our children and those in the neighborhood: Lander, Hudson, Riverton. We had seventy-seven for Confirmation, sixty-three children and fourteen adults.

"Two days ago, I had reception into the Scapular Confraternity. This ceremony had been neglected for several years, it seems, when I revived it last year. Last year, the day after the children were enrolled, one of the boys fell out of a second story window about thirty feet and just missed a concrete manhole. The boy fell backward and turned in the air, falling on his face. He was not badly hurt, not even unconscious. Brother Holland saw the accident and expected to find the boy killed or badly mangled, but to his surprise, the boy could walk to the Infirmary and after a few days was entirely recovered. All considered, it was a miracle—scapular stock went up about one thousand per cent—and I was busy giving out scapulars till my small supply was exhausted. This year no urging was needed to get the children to join.

"We had our annual entertainment last week to which all the Whites and Indians were invited. We had an immense crowd. It was given in our little Gym. You would have been pleased to see how well our little Indians acquitted themselves of their tasks. Quite a creditable performance.



John J. O'Connor, S.J., of the Southern Province, who sailed early in August for apostolic work in the Mission of Trincomali, Ceylon.



John Lange, S.J., of the Southern Province, who sailed early in August for apostolic work in the Mission of Trincomali, Ceylon.

Too bad we cannot have more of these appearances on the stage, but our teachers are overworked."

Father Robert J. Kane, S.J., writes from Holy Family Mission, Montana, among the Pikani Indians:

"Since I have come to Holy Family Mission, it has been my good fortune to be instrumental in opening up a new field of spiritual labor. Although the Indians who lived in this particular region received some spiritual attention from the old missionaries, still it was not a regular thing.

"Last October I heard that an Indian woman was quite sick and wanted a priest. I decided to visit her and give the last sacraments if her condition was sufficiently serious. The journey was not such as would add to the health of any car, but I managed to get there without serious difficulty. I gave Elizabeth Reever, for that is the name of the sick woman, the last sacraments, for I judged her to be in danger of death. While on this sick call I found that there were several families in this region who rarely had the opportunity of hearing Mass. This region is about twelve miles away from the Mission and the traveling is hard.

"About two weeks later, I made arrangements to say Mass in the house of Charles Reever, or Big Nose, as he is called in Indian. On October 29, I said Mass there. I believe that this was the first time that Mass was ever said in this particular spot.

"The place where I said Mass is on the upper Two Medicine River. Across the river from Charlie's house is a little school in which Indian children are learning to be good citizens of the U. S. A. I am trying to make them future citizens of the Kingdom of Heaven."

St. Francis Mission among the Sioux Indians of South Dakota is ever a busy place, as George L. Klaus, S.J., testifies:

"Graduation day had come and gone and the Indian boys and girls had de-



Brother George Kammerer, S.J., of the Upper German Province of the Society of Jesus, who early this year, came as a volunteer to St. Francis Mission, S. Dakota, where he is doing valuable work as electrician.

parted for their homes. But the dormitories and class rooms were not long vacant, nor was the teaching staff long idle, for a Summer School of Religious Instruction for the children of the Reservation who do not attend a Catholic school was begun on Sunday, June 3.

"The Summer School opened with a Solemn High Mass followed by the Corpus Christi procession through the Mission grounds. During the week an intensive course of Catholic doctrine and practice was given. Besides the two periods of religion conducted daily by the Fathers and Scholastics, there were classes in Bible History, prayer and singing practice, and project work conducted by the Sisters. Each day Father Louis Meyer, S.J., held a 'Liturgical Hour' during which he explained and demonstrated the ceremonies of the Church. Each evening after the exercises of the Novena to the Sacred Heart, an illustrated lecture, supplementing the work of the class room, was given in the auditorium.

"All in all, it was a great week for the youngsters. Most of them attend very small schools, and the presence of a large number of children was a novel experience for them. One little fellow said that he was the 'whole sixth grade' in his school.

"The Summer School ended with First Holy Communion for a number of the little ones."

## ALASKA

Writing from Little Flower Mission, Hooper Bay, Alaska, under date of May 11, Father John P. Fox, S.J., has this to say:

"Many thanks for your kind letter of February 14, and the enclosed twenty Mass stipends. I have said the Masses, and am very much obliged to you for the alms. Yes, I should say they were welcome. At present we have to say holy Mass many a time without a stipend. I am very grateful to you for your charity, and will pray the dear Lord to reward you for remembering our needs.

"Knowing that 'the Lord helps those that help themselves,' we are trying to get help in that way. The weather is beginning to warm up, and with it comes the idea of getting ready a little ground for our garden. So far, gardening has been a mere experiment in this part of Alaska. But we have found out a few vegetables that will really do well in average years, and we are going to plant a pretty good garden, hoping and praying meantime that the dear Lord will deliver us from any more heavy frost after we have planted, which will be in about two weeks, if the weather keeps up as it is just now.

"We have organized a sodality of the Blessed Virgin Mary here, and hope for great results. As all the peo-



Brother Francis X. Eben, S.J., of the Upper German Province of the Society of Jesus, who volunteered this year for work among the Sioux Indians at St. Francis Mission, S. Dakota. He has been doing splendid work as blacksmith at the Mission. He is now to take up similar work at Holy Rosary Mission.

ple are quite good and more interested in religion than you generally find those to be who are more blessed with the goods of this world, we can afford to be very select and strict in our requirements. No one can be a socialist here who does not go to holy Mass daily, if he or she is in the village. Frequent Holy Communion is another condition. As a matter of fact, all of the socialists go to daily Communion so far. Another requirement is personal cleanliness, as these people are often indescribably dirty on account of their poverty and the miserable dug-outs in which they live. Owing to the fact that at this season of the year we have almost perpetual daylight, another condition is put down for prospective socialists to observe; it is that they go home and retire when the convent bell rings the curfew at half past nine. Besides the moral danger connected with playing outside till late in the evening, even when there is plenty of light, one can hardly be up bright and early for holy Mass if he or she has been playing till midnight or later.

"And speaking of playing, I am not thinking only of children. These people are all children. Even grown men and women, and at times the old grannies are out playing marbles, indoor base-ball, etc., with the school children. It is a good trait in their character, and as long as I have any left, I would give a marble just as gladly to granny as to her little Willie."

From Kotzebue, Alaska, his mission station above the Arctic Circle, Father Francis M. Menager, S.J., reports:

"I have started my Spring 'canning.' Since I am my own cook, I have to invent ways and means. Now, we old sourdoughs usually cook a whole pot of beans at one time; and this lasts for a week or more. But if you freeze the whole pot of cooked beans, it requires a long time to dig out of the pot the portion you wish to eat. To solve the difficulty, I selected a number of small

tin cans, washed and sterilized them carefully, then filled them with cooked beans. Next, these small cans of beans were put out to freeze. And now, when hungry, I have but to thaw one of these cans of beans and I am ready for my meal. Thus, much time is gained by having this food put up in small portions.

"Now that the seals are beginning to come close to shore ice, the natives are hunting. Just the other day, a party shot sixteen seals. This means a real treat for the village,—with plenty of seal oil, skin for boots, and good, juicy meat, along with the thread that is made of the seal sinews. Of course, to skin and butcher a seal and melt the blubber into oil is quite a mess. However, our people do not seem to mind it, although their butchering facilities are hardly of the Chicago stock-yard type.

"Seal oil is very healthy and rich in vitamins. It is a much better tonic than cod liver oil. This I found from hearsay and from having witnessed real improvement in health among those natives who used seal oil. But thus far, although seven years in the north, I have not had the courage to drink so much as a glassful of it.

"The work of evangelizing the Eskimo here goes on slowly but steadily. Our congregation increases little by little. I have a convert class of nine and a First Communion class of ten. The actual congregation numbers about one-third of the village, seventy-five to eighty souls. I count on your prayers to help bring these poor people to the knowledge and love of the true Church of Christ."

#### PATNA, INDIA

Immediately to the west of the spacious beautiful century-old church built by the Italian Capuchin Fathers and destroyed by the earthquake of January 15, Bettiah's new church—the fifth since the foundation of a Christian community here in 1745—was opened for divine services March 25, and Masses were said in it for the first time by Fathers W. E. Marquard, S.J., E. J. O'Leary, S.J., and John J. Meyer, S.J. One hundred by forty-four feet in area, the new building lacks the wide verandahs of the older one, and its graceful renaissance tower which made it the most impressive landmark in the city. The new church was begun a month ago and under the charge of Brother John A. Pais, S.J., has been built in record time. It has served also as relief work, giving employment to large numbers of Bettiah's twenty-two hundred Christians, many of whose houses were destroyed in the quake. Much of the material used in the new building is taken from the former one and is over a hundred years old, while the debris that could not be used here has gone to improve the roads of the Christian section of the city. It is

expected that as soon as sufficient funds for a larger church can be gathered, the one now erected will be used as a parish hall for the local Catholic Young Men's Association and other parish organizations.

From the new Santal headquarters at Gokhla, in Patna Mission, the indefatigable Father James A. Creane, S.J., reports:

There is a hum and a buzz about Gokhla these days. Father Rudolph W. Bohn, S.J., with his characteristic energy is pushing forward all the building work at top speed in order to have at least all the main buildings under roof before the break of the monsoon. The tiles are already being laid on the long building—the longest in the Mission, we believe—which is to serve as the boys' school. The girls' school, too, is almost ready for the tiles. If all goes well, the Fathers' residence and Sisters' Convent will all be roofed by the end of the month. Doors and windows have still to be put in. There is a great deal of grading, leveling and plastering still to be done before the buildings are ready for occupancy. We plan to have everything spick and span for the opening of classes here about August 1. Of course, we have been having school here all along since February, and our registers show an enrollment of nearly seventy boys. Enrollment in the girls' school must be somewhere in the forties. Actual attendance is less. But we expect to have the whole Bhagalpur establishment, both boys' and girls' schools, as well as the teaching staff, moved in here after the Summer vacation. That will mean a total attendance of over three hundred-boards if all report.

"Sisters Alypia and Gerald report a dozen Baptisms given to those in

danger of death on their last two weeks' tour with Father James A. Creane, S.J. Sister Callista is exercising an apostolate that extends far and wide through her dispensary work. Mother Anselm, who is in charge of the girls' school, is busy moulding the characters of the future mothers in our district. For the permanent establishment of the Church here, as indeed everywhere, what is of greater importance than good mothers?"

\* \* \*

Very Rev. Peter J. Sontag, S.J., sends the following message to those who helped along the earthquake relief fund:

"A hearty 'God bless you!' for your generous contribution to our Relief Fund. I wish I could tell you how deeply we appreciate your charity in this time of need. The task of relieving the need of the countless afflicted, and of restoring our ruined churches and chapels, is so vast that it is truly appalling. But already the beautiful response to our appeal for help has heartened us to carry on undaunted.

"There were moments when the awful horror of the devastation came home to us with such overwhelming force that it all but paralyzed our courage. Then gradually we began to find that even so terrible a scourge as an earthquake can bear in its folds marvelous blessings. For, first of all, here in India itself, and then abroad, the gigantic upheaval of the forces of nature had awakened other heavenly forces, a wave of wonderful Christ-like charity that has been a veritable inspiration to us. As usual, it was especially the poor that hastened to our aid. It is yet too early to say how far we shall be able to restore our losses and extend aid to the



Left to right: Fathers Hugh E. Harkins, S.J., Joseph P. Melchior, S.J., and John A. Krizek, S.J. On July 17, these three members of the Missouri Province of the Society of Jesus arrived in Belize, British Honduras, to take up missionary work there.

stricken. But what a magnificent story of Christian charity it would be if we were to publish even a partial account of the devoted sacrifice among old and young who vied with one another to lend a helping hand in the hour of distress. How touching the exquisite instances of God's poor 'helping God'—in the persons of His other yet poorer poor!

"What struck me particularly, was to see utter strangers, distant as well as near, come forward and offer generous aid, clearly looking for no recognition of their unselfish gift save the silent approval of the Divine Beggar. 'You did it unto Me. . . .' Truly, the mustard seed sown nineteen hundred years ago has grown into a stately tree indeed."

### JAMAICA, B. W. I.

The first annual celebration of the Alpha Old Boys' Association took the form of an "At Home" to the jubilarians,—former boys of the school who came under its influence over twenty-five years ago, and was a bright and enjoyable function. Father Joseph Krim, S.J., who is mainly responsible for the organization of the Alpha Old Boys' Association writes:

"I am hoping to introduce the Rover system among the old boys and gradually solidify the movement. Today, in the *Gleaner* we were cited as a refutation of a charge made by an agnostic that the Church is doing nothing to help materially the poorer classes.



Father John J. Williams, S.J., of the Province of New England who has departed for missionary work in Jamaica, B. W. I.

What an honor to our one year old club! God is blessing our work."

\* \* \*

An echo of the campaign sponsored in the United States by the Legion of Decency against the Motion Picture Companies of Hollywood, comes from *The Catholic Opinion*, a magazine for the propagation of truth, published by the Jesuit Fathers of the Province of New England, who are laboring in Kingston, Jamaica:

"If Hollywood's celluloid river of filth can be dammed at the source, Jamaica will profit indirectly. Not all the vicious films that come out of Hollywood reach Jamaica, but even a few is too many. A campaign such as that described above would probably be impractical and ineffective here. Yet the ideals which motivate this crusade should appeal to every cultured person, Catholic, Protestant or Jew. Any healthy mind should be revolted by the nauseating ingredients which are stewed in the modern witches' cauldron that is Hollywood. The only effective antidote for this hell-broth is abstinence."

\* \* \*

Very Reverend Charles Arnold, S.J., Superior of the Jamaica Mission, sends the following jottings:

"On June 16, I made a visit to the western part of the island, together with Father Henry Wennerberg, S.J., who has just arrived for the third time in Jamaica. Due to the tireless, intelligent and generous relief work of Father James Harney, S.J., the hurricane of November, 1933, became a spiritual blessing, drawing the people nearer to the Church. Our second stop was at Seaford Town, where Father Francis Kempel, S.J., holds the fort. It is on top of a rather steep hill where he has built a convent, at present inhabited by three Sisters of Mercy who take care of his school, built only a few years ago. Our next stop was with Father James Becker, S.J., at Montego Bay, which in importance is the second city of the island. We were just in time for dinner and also for a sodality meeting and evening concert. Next morning there was Mass at the Franciscan Convent, Alvernia, after which we proceeded to Brown's Town. Here, Father Raymond Sullivan, S.J., in two years has worked wonders. The transformation of his headquarters, thanks to friends in the States, and especially to his own Jesuit brothers, means to him spiritual influence. On a material foundation he has built up a spiritual. It is a delight to meet his converts, intelligent, sincere and happy in their conversion. Others are sure to follow. At Somerton, an out-station, a neat new church has replaced a dirt church, by the aid of a good deal of free labor and free material. Everybody wanted to help. Another out-station, Alva, with a church and school attached, will soon have a convent for religious teachers



Father James J. Dolan, S.J., of the Province of New England, who has sailed for missionary work in Jamaica, B. W. I.

and a rectory for a curate. The cry here is for Sisters in our schools. No wonder. The native Sisters two years ago took over Whitehall and Toll Gate. The former school grew from thirty pupils to nearly two hundred. The latter from fifty to two hundred and sixty. Fathers Kempel, Becker and Eberle have Sisters in their schools, while Father Sullivan is ready for them. Fathers Harney and McHale are planning and hoping. In Kingston, of course, our schools are our bright spot. Most of the schools are Government schools with a few private and free schools. In the Government schools, the Government pays the teachers. We appreciate this generous help, even as the Government appreciates the good work done in our schools. Father Henry Wennerberg, who has just arrived on his third start in Jamaica, is Chaplain of two very large institutions, the Prison and the Mental Hospital. Father Joseph Ford, S.J., is looking for a division of his territory. Father Francis Kelly, S.J., in Spanish Town, has taken a flight, and with his children is staging the morality play, "Every Man" with great success. St. Ann's parish has just had a Red Letter Day, for Father Edward Whalen, S.J., has just finished a most practical and economic rectory for himself and his assistant, Father Vidal. Were I to endeavor to say something about everybody working in Jamaica, as I could, this would reach you not before 1935. 'Father Oliver Semmes, of the New Orleans Province, our 'Padre of the Poor,' has been recalled by his Provincial."

## PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

During the past year, the Province of Maryland-New York has sustained several severe losses among its missionary personnel. Notable among these, were the deaths of the former Rector of San Jose, Manila, **Father James B. Mahoney, S.J.**, who was born in Quincy, Massachusetts, December 23, 1884, and died in Manila June 18, 1933, and the former Rector of the Ateneo de Manila, **Father Richard J. O'Brien, S.J.**, who was born in Baltimore August 15, 1880, and succumbed to a heart attack in Manila on December 5, 1933. On June 17, 1934, likewise in Manila, **Father Mark J. McNeal, S.J.**, one of Ignatius' most distinguished sons, ended a glorious career in the service of the Master. Born May 17, 1874, he made his classical studies at Georgetown, entering the Society of Jesus, September 28, 1893. All his life this humble and saintly Jesuit acted with both eyes riveted on eternity, and it was in the light of that eternity that, in 1914, he offered himself for service in Japan. As Professor of English at the Imperial University, Tokio, in the classroom in the Ateneo de Manila, as well as at St. Francis Xavier's College, New York City, Georgetown University and St. Andrew-on-the-Hudson, Poughkeepsie, New York, this master of the spiritual life never failed to school his pupils by word and by deed in the only art for which our modern educational system has not yet provided a degree, the fine art of asceticism. In the opinion of those who knew them best, the deaths of Father Mahoney, Father O'Brien and Father McNeal, were each in their own degree, holocausts most acceptable to God, oblations whose merits, together with those of the other martyr spirits who have gone before, will undoubtedly win from Heaven the graces of redemption for America's most remote colonial possession, the distant archipelago of the Philippines.

• • •  
**Father David Daly, S.J.**, writing from Tagoloan, Oriental Misamis, P. I., reports as follows.

"We had our second graduation this year. Then came Holy Week. On Palm Sunday we commenced two retreats, one for young ladies, about seventy in number, given by one of our native Sisters; the other for men, seventy-four in number, given by Father Hamilton. These were real retreats, the men lived in the school building, and ate their meals in an improvised mess hall under the coconut trees. Strict silence from the beginning, with reading at meals, even at breakfast. The retreat finished Holy Thursday morning with a general Communion; encouraged by the good example of the retreatants many other men also approached the altar. It was one of the largest gatherings of men we ever had at the Communion rail. Many factors enter in the cause; our new

Holy Name Society has been a big help; the influence of our Catholic School, of course, enters even more than we can realize and, no doubt, the good example of our Murphy Governor-General, Frank Murphy, has had much influence on the people, since his practical Catholicity has become known all over the islands.

"During vacation we are running catechism classes, here in the town and in the barrios, for the children we cannot reach through our school. I have not been able to check them all yet, but we have about seventeen centers with a total attendance of over one thousand. The teaching is done by the members of the Young Ladies' Sodality.

"I used to have catechists in some of these outlying barrios running classes all during the year. They did very good work for the small stipend I was able to give them, but this past year, due to lack of funds, I had to close them, but I am earnestly praying for the day to come when I will be able to reopen them."

• • •  
**Father Joseph Reith, S.J.**, of Dansaslan, Lanao, P. I., describing a locust storm says:

"On a Sunday afternoon, the locusts landed upon Cagayan, a great widespread swarm that all but obliterated the sun. Whirling, diving, drifting, all the world like a great snowstorm, their glittering wings showing white in the obscured sun, they filled the air, the trees, the shrubbery, the ground. Everything was alive with them. The almost unbelievable reports of barren desolation to fields, farms and coals that came to us from the mountains and more fertile parts of Mindanao, received vivid confirmation in these millions of insects flying about us. The children of the town turned out in force to enjoy the spectacle, adding a

great din to the confusion as they chased the locusts with sticks and stones and rousing tin pans to keep them on the wing. Evidently, the tumult had its effect, and the dirt streets and nipa roofs of Cagayan offered scant hospitality to the hungry pests, for, after remaining in the neighborhood about an hour, the entire great swarm flew off to more fruitful and fertile fields. Any way you look at it, a missionary's life is a struggle with the elements—the elements of spiritual darkness, the elements of fallen human nature, the elements of sea, land and sky."

• • •  
**Father James G. Daly, S.J.**, Catholic Rectory, Jimenez, Occidental Misamis, Mindanao, P. I., writes:

"Last month, Jimenez celebrated the town's patronal feast of St. John the Baptist. Father Vincent I. Kennally, S.J., was our honor guest, and Father John R. O'Connell, S.J., the Bourdoulou of the occasion. On the feast of SS. Peter and Paul, according to custom, the town was almost deserted in the morning by the exodus of young and old to the baybay, the Visayan for seashore. This exodus is to the baybay for the *sakaysakay*, the feast of the 'sail' when the statues of SS. Peter and Paul are carried in procession to the melody of drum and trumpet and placed on a float made of three *barotos* (canoes). Strong arms with bamboo poles propel this along the coast, while a hundred smaller craft follow the San Pedro, its decks lined with privileged passengers, the choir and the Jesuit Father who blesses with holy water and incense the waters of the sea, adding the prayer that God may save from harm all who sail the sea, and may bless the labors of the fishermen. Fishing is a principal means of support. We send you a cordial invitation to the baybay for our next *sakaysakay*."



Left to right: **Fathers Carroll I. Fazy, S.J.**, **Austin V. P. Dowd, S.J.**, **Vincent de Paul O'Beirne, S.J.**, and **Francis D. Doyno, S.J.**, from the Province of Maryland-New York, who have recently sailed for mission work in the Philippines. Each of these zealous workers has already spent some years of teaching in this distant land of their adoption.

# "Rackets"—?

James F. Kearney, S.J.

**S**WITCH over to the short waves, Fred, and see if the radio cars can give us a thrill." Wearing with jazz, satiated with crooning, and bored with the inevitable toothpaste ads,—this modern radioland seeks a final thrill before retiring.

Tonight they are not disappointed with the usual: "Calling car K, calling car K. Go to 125 Main and investigate a man loitering about the premises." No, there is a peculiarly nervous tension in that cold, metallic voice, tonight, as it barks out the following commands: "Calling all cars. Calling all cars. Go to the limits of your section. Use plan 115. Close in as rapidly as possible and signal stationary police to use plan 46. No mistakes, as this is very important."

Yes, very important; for the morning "Extra" carries a graphic account of the discovery and capture of a long-sought-for vicious racketeer. Before turning the page to look at the pictures and diagram of the actual capture, modern radioland notices with a sort of compromising smile this little space filler at the bottom of column one: "Shanghai, Dec. 4—Fukien revolts. People's government set up. Etc., etc." "Yes," remarks your reader of American newspapers, "I suppose their revolutions are thrilling for them; but, after all, they hardly know what a 'racket' really is."

**J**UST a minute! During the past six months, numerous old buildings, built during the boom days of Shanghai, have been torn down to make way for more modern structures. Incidentally, one of these buildings is located on our American Jesuit property at 734 Kiaochow Road. Because of the security and necessity of seasoned lumber in such a humid climate, the wrecking companies generally bid rather high on the contracts to tear down these buildings. Do they make money? Well, they could if it wasn't for the racketeers.

To my mind, these racketeers employ a rather unique method. They hold a consultation with the contractor and calmly advise him to pay fifty or a hundred dollars or more, according to the size of the building, for protection. If he refuses, here is what happens. When the building is just about razed and all the lumber neatly stacked, a huge crowd of women and children, literally hundreds of them, storm the piles of stacked lumber, and in no time, reduce them all to kindling wood. All then bundle together as much as they can carry away and scatter in all directions. Luckily for us, the contractor of the Gonzaga building had the prudent foresight to pay for protection.

As far as eradicating this evil is concerned, the police seem helpless. They can't very well beat women and children. If they arrest them, that is just what they want; for jail means a place to sleep and food to eat.



If they use the "third degree" on them, this likewise brings no results; because these poor, destitute women and children really do not know who directs them.

**A**NOTHER annoyance that our Fathers had to endure while living at the old Gonzaga College on Avenue Joffre in the French Concession might be termed "the night-watchman's racket." By right, they were entitled to ordinary police protection, but this did not prevent the night watchman (or policeman detailed for night duty) from calling on them and demanding a special fee that would assure them of protection. Naturally, the Fathers looked upon this as a private racket and refused to pay. A few mornings later, what was their surprise to see two or three coolies in their backyard loading into a wagon all the plumbing fixtures and other materials that were to be used in renovating the college. Nor was this all. Some days later they found that a long piece of canvas that they had tacked up on a fence to insure a modicum of privacy, was missing. During the night some one with the aid of ladder and knife had cut the canvas as high up as he could reach, and then made off with it. But that night watchman?

Meantime, I can assure you that all the rackets and racketeers are not blocking the work carried on here by the Jesuits of the California Province. Gonzaga College is doing splendidly, as is the Chinese parish nearby which has been entrusted to my care. The event of greatest importance here during the past months is the division of the Mission of Nanjing and the placing of the capital city of China (Shanghai) under the administration of the native Chinese clergy. The French Jesuits, with whom the California members of the Society of Jesus are working, will retain jurisdiction over the Mission of Shanghai, a vast territory, choked with its teeming millions, that extends far up the Yangtze River basin and into the north of the Province of Kiangsu.

# A Stylish Wedding in Davao

Mark J.  
McNeal, S.J.

**I**F you are looking for style in the matter

of weddings the proper place to come to is the Philippines. If you think this does not include Davao, just keep on reading and you'll learn something different. When it comes to real style and elegance, Davao has the goods. We admit this is a wild sort of a town, with Moros snooping round most any day and Bagobos from the hills dropping in, in native garb, whenever it looks good to them,—and half the permanent population of the town pagan, about evenly divided between Chinese and Japanese. But that is just one of the reasons why we are so stylish. Do you think that peace is kept among all these elements by a bunch of long-haired pacifists pattering over their tea cups after the fashion of Geneva? Not on your life. Good guns in the hands of good men do it. In other words, the Philippine Constabulary, whose reputation for the maintenance of order is one that any such force might envy, has a barracks here. It was from that barracks that the stylish wedding came; at least half of it.

**I**N command of the local Constabulary was Lieutenant Alfonso Torillo, the hero of several exciting brushes with Moros hidden in ten-foot grass, not to mention a good deal of general service against bad men up in the hills. No tin soldier as you can see by looking at him.

The lady of his choice, or the lady who was wise enough to pick him and gather him, whichever way you want to put it, was Miss Isabelita Quadra, the daughter of a prominent civil official here, noted for his discharge of more than one office in this Province of Davao and at present residing in the coastal barrio of Daliao as superintendent of the extensive Furukawa Plantation. He originated, however, in the old Spanish culture center of Zamboanga.

Naturally, the groom desired to have present at the ceremony as many as possible of his associate officers. For this reason, the wedding had to be in the evening.



*Tiny flower girls leading a bridal procession under the archway of drawn swords at Davao.*

It was the first military wedding to take place in our Church of San Pedro in Davao. Nothing was spared in the way of drapery or tropical shrubbery that could add grace and beauty to the austere lines of the sacred edifice, a typical masterpiece of the corrugated iron Mission Style,—less famous perhaps than that of California, but not less important in the building up of the Faith.

**A**FTER an impressive delay, due to the titivations of one of the ladies, the armed escort, each with a bridesmaid at his side, appeared at the church door to be met by myself as the officiating priest, and be conducted to the High Altar which was ablaze with candles, the two splendid hanging candelabra from San Ignacio in Manila pouring down radiance over all.

The ceremony was conducted in English and in accordance with the American Ritual. Just as the ring was being put on, there was an explosion of flash powder and our best Japanese photographer had secured the picture.

An *Ave Maria* was then touchingly rendered by a talented soprano, a friend of the newly-weds. The archway of swords was formed. The orchestra struck up the grand wedding march and, with tiny flower girls at its head, the procession strode solemnly out into the night.

At an early Mass the young couple received their first Holy Communion as man and wife and the nuptial blessing was bestowed. May all its graces abide with them.

*Father Mark J. McNeal, S.J., author of "A Stylish Wedding in Davao," died in Manila, June 17, 1934. This, his last contribution to JESUIT MISSIONS, is printed posthumously that our readers may remember its zealous author in their Masses, Holy Communion and prayers.—EDITOR.*

## EIGHT VIRGINS

(Continued from page 199)

spinning wheel. When night came, labor had to cease because oil for the lamps was a luxury beyond the means of the household. Zoë's poverty, at least, was easily explained because of her constant charity to indigenous beggars. Seven o'clock of a Winter's evening was a trifle early to retire, so the adults sat in a darkness that was but partially dispelled by the glow of a Quebec heater, saying little, yet at peace. Joy and cheerful hospitality were immediately evident when the priest entered their humble dwelling. The children were ushered in to offer tiny hands to the *Mekotewikwanoie*, the Blackrobe. Missionary after missionary frequented this holy home to take daily instruction in the difficult Ojibway language. The aged Zoë's pronunciation was pure, and with true Indian patience she would repeat slowly every syllable.

**I**F old Zoë's route from her home to the church and the rectory had not coincided with the public thoroughfare, I am sure that a path would there have been clearly beaten. Apart from these short outings Zoë was rarely seen in the town, and when she did appear, it was difficult to discern her features, humbly wrapped as they were beneath her modest blanket.

On February 6, 1934, Zoë Bebamikawe died at the age of eighty-seven years and three months. Her remains, dressed in best clothes, were laid out over the quilts of the bed and covered with transparent muslin. A canopy was erected over the bedstead, and holy pictures were assembled in the little decorated sanctuary thus formed. Banked around were home-fashioned lilies, symbolic of the purity of the soul of Zoë. The Indians flocked to the sacraments to show their affection for a saintly woman and appreciation for the heroic virginity that she and her former companions had faithfully practiced until death.

## ALONG THE

### CAMIQUIN FRONT

(Continued from page 205)

pesos. I gave them a good crucifix for the altar, from the ten pesos re-

ceived as a gift for some "barrio-chapel."

The following day we blessed the chapel, had a procession around the winding hills, High Mass, after which I invested the people with the five scapulars and made them happy with the scapular medals and pictures I gave them.

One day, coming home from a mountain town, hiking, I lost the trail, and wandered about for some time under a hot sun. The boy accompanying me was somewhat frightened, but I made him stop from time to time to rest and drink in the glorious panorama below us. We had no water to drink, and you can imagine how I sweated, for I tip the scales at one hundred and seventy. Finally, we came near the coast and saw the road which should have led us out. Hot and thirsty, I all unsuspectingly went into a house of Aglipayans. The people, though living in schism, proved gracious, and Filipino-like, I acted with them as with old friends, while they directed me where I would like some day to direct them,—to my chapel and the Way, the Truth and the Light.

## PATNA GOES TO SCHOOL

(Continued from page 207)

at present over one hundred day-scholars from the local and more influential non-Christian population among whom the Sisters are greatly esteemed. Besides having founded a half dozen other convent schools to the west of Patna Mission and among our Santals, the convent was long the home of a Novitiate and now in the Allahabad Diocese to the west still continues to foster many vocations.

Lastly, we come to those very efficient cooperators in the apostolate of education, the Irish Christian Brothers at St. Michael's High School, Kurji. Like the convent, it, too, is a boarding school with classes from the infant standard up to the end of high school. Many of its nearly two hundred students—a figure that has remained fairly constant the last thirty years—are orphans. The school was founded in 1862 by the saintly Bishop Hartmann who died of cholera on its premises. A creditable number of

vocations have come from the student body.

Thus, in brief, is told the story of Patna's educational apostolate under the American Jesuits. It has very evidently been attended with God's blessing and there seems every reason to hope they will be ever more abundant as the years go by.

## JAMAICAN BUSH

(Continued from page 209)

called Mt. Friendship, and there above all places did I realize what it means to live alone. Situated on a steep hill stood two shabby houses, one clearly a church, as the cross indicated, the other a school. The nearest inhabitant to this mission was two miles distant, for from the steps of the church we could just make out little specks in the distance which Father told me were the houses of his parishioners. "Where do you sleep?" I next inquired of Father. He led me to the rear of the church, but, because the door was locked we had to peep through the window. Through the glass I saw a room barely large enough for a man, and within it an old rusty bed and tattered mattress. Such then was the room in which Father lived—and his nearest parishioner two miles away! What does the bush mean to a Bush Father? Hard, wearisome work and loneliness!

**N**OW the difficulties of the bush are many and great. For example, I might talk at length of how hard it is for the Bush Father to support himself; how beggars continually seek him for a penny or food; how one Father baptized a baby and received as an offering, a bottle of beer; how the same Father sang the three Alleluias on Holy Saturday only to find a corpse on his church steps ready for burial; how a few days later the same Father was forced to dig a grave while the rain came down in torrents; or finally, how the Bush Father must not only marry the country couple but also supply the wedding dress and ring. Any of these above incidents in themselves would make a complete story, which at a later date I hope to forward for the readers of *JESUIT MISSIONS*.

# BOOK REVIEWS

**The Method and Theory of Ethnology.** By Paul Radin. The McGraw-Hill Book Company, New York, N. Y. Price \$2.50.

Had Paul Radin been less convinced of his own purpose in the study of ethnology and less able in his logical critique of existing systems, the present volume might easily have been just another one of those discussions of methodology which as an English art critic has observed caused the chatter on the scaffolding of the Tower of Babel. On the contrary, it is an illuminating and authoritative presentation of the ethnological attitude of mind, a sort of clearing house of ideas, a rummage sale, if you will, of impractical worn-out and ill-fitting methods, and a shop for the display of what the author deems the best. The three purposes under discussion are these: (1) "The purpose of ethnology is to enable us to reconstruct stages in the evolution of culture; (2) it demonstrates the enormous diversity in forms of culture developed since the beginning of time; (3) it need properly have no purpose any more than a description of the civilization of Greece and England has a purpose over and above that of being a specific account of a given culture." This third purpose is the purpose which the author wishes to vindicate. Throughout the book, divisions and subdivisions fly from the author's pen as sparks from an anvil. He will not mind if we add to the display of mental pyrotechnics by insisting on a few more. For instance, in speaking of missionaries, the Professor should carefully distinguish between Catholic missionaries and non-Catholic missionaries. And again, in classifying missionaries by amateurs and government officials, he should labor this same distinction. His criticism leveled against Father Schmidt is hardly offered with that humility which the author himself postulates as a requisite for the true anthropologist. This humility, however, the author may generate within himself by reflecting that his own trinity of purposes may not offer a complete disjunction and that a fourth needs to be postulated which will embrace a Catholic attitude towards the supernatural, an attitude entirely lacking in the present volume, an attitude so consistently taboo that one might think that the mention of God was anathema to this creature of His creation. It is this Catholic attitude of the supernatural which we commend to Professor Radin in order that he may make ethnology a rational study, for without this attitude, all the distinc-

tions and labor of our Professor would be like the chatter of the Tower of Babel,—much ado about nothing.

**Historic Spots in California.** By H. E. and E. G. Rensch and Mildred Brooke Hoover. Stanford University Press, California. Price \$3.75.

The historic spots are tabulated with guide book briskness and located for the reader with topographical accuracy on the map of California in alphabetical order. The thirty counties of the State are listed as well as the news assets of each. All is done after the manner of a chatty, reportorial camaraderie. Though the volume deals in historic spots, we are not to conclude therefrom that the spots enumerated have historic value nor that the book itself either pretends to or achieves the merit of true history. It lacks only the familiar Socony map to make it the ideal guide for the tourist. Frankly, the over emphasis upon the sensational achievements of the growing west, together with the general arrangement of material, has unfortunately over-shadowed the much more lasting historical glory of California's Catholic foundation, a glory that we fail to discern even reflected in many of these so-called historic spots.

**The Mongols of Manchuria.** By Owen Lattimore. John Day Company, New York, N. Y. Price \$2.50.

A John Day book, the biography of a people, 5,000,000 in number, whose habitat is as extensive as the United States east of the Mississippi, the story of a land where hardness is a virtue of the nomad and where he is labelled soft who is a bond slave to the land he tills or to the often morally questionable ease of a pseudo-civilization. Rhetorically, the narrative would be improved by a more logical disposition of the data, by a more detailed topical table of contents and by a more vigorous application of the *labor limae*. One sighs likewise, and this is said regretfully and with no carping spirit, for a medium of expression whose vocabularies are grown from the classic roots of Latin and of Greek. In chapter VI, "The Mongols under Manchukuo," we have a timely diagnosis of Japan's intentions with respect to this buffer state—the diagnosis of "galloping consumption." While Mr. Lattimore might be charged as a "sensitive," in his reactions to moral values, nevertheless, he is flying in the face of experience when he writes (p. 218): "Instruction in sexual hygiene, and treatment for venereal

disease, are promoted everywhere under Russian influence. It is probable, therefore, that within a generation the population of Outer Mongolia, . . . will begin to increase rapidly." Chapter VII to the end, is replete with textbook lore more adaptable for the student of research than for the popular reader. We trust it is not merely captious criticism to note that on page 255, the phrase, "adept interpretation" should have been written "true interpretation" and that the unorthodox connotation conveyed by "Christian theory" should have been avoided by writing "Christian fact."

**China's Geographic Foundations.** By George B. Cressey. McGraw-Hill Book Company, Inc., New York, N. Y. Price \$4.00.

A panoramic survey of China, ancient land of contrasts, and of its people, prepared over a decade of years and after more than 30,000 miles of travel. Mr. Cressey has evidently aimed at the production of a geographical classic and just as evidently has succeeded. In its detail, the book is as intensive as the population of the country it describes, even as its scope is co-extensive with the very map of China. There is much of the old Chinese proverb, "Do your part, be satisfied with your lot, follow the seasons and trust in Heaven," to be found in the author's placid, philosophical presentation of facts. The land is rarely considered without the people, nor the people without the land. Because three-fourths of the people have been farmers for forty centuries, agriculture looms large in the author's treatment. Of more than casual interest are the chapters on "Climate, Key to Human Activities," "Nature's Gifts to China," and "China's World Contacts," while the interest becomes poignant as we read of the North China Plain and the Hwang Ho River "China's sorrow," and the tragedy of the forests—"from forest to desert in a decade." Excellent statistical tables chart the history of China's trade which issues through fifty gateways to the world at large. The bibliography, index and physiographic map of China in color are of a piece with the general perfection of the whole. A graceful and merited tribute is paid to Father Froc, S.J., and to his successor, Father Gherzi, S.J., of Zikawei Observatory. "China's Geographic Foundations" is a scholarly achievement more enduring than the shifting terrain of its subject matter and an abiding commentary to the Christian mind on the uses of adversity in a land of baguio and flood.

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Gratitude is also expressed for five hundred and sixty-five Mass stipends.

southward as he follows the Way of the Cross, the pilgrim finds himself outside the village grounds and ascending an incline. Just beyond the fourteenth Station the slope is topped by a large hillock, considerably higher than its surroundings. On this hillock or miniature Calvary is erected a huge, life-like image of Christ upon the Cross, with Mary, His Mother, St. John and the weeping Magdalen.

Going westward from the hill towards the Fathers' residence, and thence by way of the main road towards the river, our pilgrim will now be led by devotion to visit the Ravine. This is the place to which the Indian boys dragged the remains of Rene Goupil after his martyrdom. Jogues relates in his accounts to his Superiors how he followed the boys and, recovering the body, weighted it down with stones in the waters of the creek that flows through the ravine. When he returned next day, however, with the intention of burying the body on the hillside, he could find no sign of it in the water there or anywhere downstream.

**T**HE road to the Ravine leaves the main road just opposite the east end of the Indian village. The entrance is marked by a brick pillar on either side.

The first piece of sculpture to be seen on the way down is a group to the left of the pathway, representing Christ taken down from the Cross and in the arms of His Mother. As the walls of hill widen out into the Ravine proper, directly ahead is a small altar, where Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament is given. Beyond it is a new statue of Rene Goupil, sculptured in stone and representing him teaching the Sign of the Cross to an Indian child,—the act for which he died.

Behind this statue is a rustic pulpit, from which the pilgrimage sermon is usually preached to the hundreds who fill the natural theatre in front.

Our friend the pilgrim has now visited all the more important places of interest, but surely he will return. They all do, to feel again that feeling,—the nearness of God and His Saints.

## A TRIP TO AURIESVILLE

(Continued from page 211)

of Jesus. All of the kindness and patience of the generous-hearted missionary are caught by the artist and expressed in the face and figure.

Turning back and crossing the path again, our friend will find a small structure of logs, with a doorway at either end. Cowhides hung over the openings keep out the wind and rain, and other hides fastened to the roof-logs act as a further protection for the interior. A sign posted outside informs the curious that this structure is a model of the more palatial dwellings of the village's former inhabitants.

**I**N this part of the grounds, to claim the interest and quicken the devotion of the faithful, the Way of the Cross has been erected. The Stations are large stone-composition sculptures, set in brick masonry and spaced about a hundred feet apart. Beginning at the first one, which is near the entrance to the open Chapel, and proceeding

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