



# Jesuit Missions

November, 1934

PRICE  
10¢



MOROS RIDING BY THE SHORE OF THE SULU  
SEA IN THE MISSION OF MINDANAO, P. I.

# HOLY CROSS COLLEGE

WORCESTER, MASS.

A. B., Ph. B., and B. S. Courses

A conservative college which retains the best of the classical traditions. A progressive college which meets the highest modern educational requirements. A complete college which glories in molding character in her students. A fearless college which teaches the fundamental truths pertaining to eternal as well as temporal life.

Entrance by certificate or by examination

Bulletin of information on admissions will be mailed upon application to the Dean of Freshmen

# LOYOLA UNIVERSITY

Chicago, Illinois

(Conducted by the Jesuits)

Graduate School, Arts and Sciences, Social Work, Commerce, Home Study, Law, Medicine, Dentistry, Nursing

Art Work                      Printing  
Photo Engraving

Cuts in This Publication Made by

**Chester T. Leikert**

ADVERTISING SERVICE

1451 Broadway                      Wisconsin  
New York, N. Y.                      7-5540

**N. B.**

That our files may be corrected and you may continue to receive JESUIT MISSIONS, please report change of address immediately to

Jesuit Mission Press  
257 Fourth Ave., N. Y., N. Y.

## IN THIS ISSUE

	Page
Frontispiece South America's first beati- fied Martyrs .....	254
Wings Over the Caribbean Francis Flaherty, S.J..... Up and away in the "Carib- bean Clipper."	255
Guadalupe Mission Carmelo Tranchese, S.J..... San Antonio's "playground for undertakers."	256
Questioning—A Poem Richard A. Welfle, S.J..... To Father Miguel Augustin Pro, S.J., martyred in Mexico, November 23, 1927.	257
Cholera in Santal Land James A. Creane, S.J..... Epidemic and death—and a priestly samaritan.	258
My San Jose Trip Quirinus P. Leonard, S.J..... Blazing a mission trail in the forests of British Honduras.	260
Summering in Alaska Paul C. O'Connor, S.J..... Summering on the Yukon, Alaska's Riviera.	261
"Louie" Edgar Dowd, S.J..... Father Louis Taelman, S.J., Blackrobe among the Flat- heads of Montana.	262
Many Climes Communism and the Missions	264
Forming Leaders for Tomorrow James F. Kearney, S.J..... Leavening China's masses with the leaven of the four Rs.	265
Construction in Cullion Hugh J. McNulty, S.J..... Where lepers labor for love.	266
Editorials .....	268
The Mission Intention.....	269
The Mass of the Missions.....	269
Communion of Saints.....	270
Afield with American Jesuits..	271
Its Been Hot in China, Too Edouard Cote, S.J..... Chasing the devil from the land of the fire dragon.	276
The Sacred Heart in Brazil Guido del Toro, S.J..... Exit Buddha—enter Christ.	277
Book Reviews .....	279
Grateful Acknowledgments ...	280

JESUIT MISSIONS is indexed in the  
Catholic Periodical Index published by  
the Catholic Library Association.

It is a bad  
**WILL**  
that has not the  
name of  
**OUR LORD**  
amongst the  
**HEIRS**

said Cardinal Manning.

If your Will is not now a  
good Will, why not correct  
it by inserting within it the  
necessary clause—

"I hereby bequeath to  
Jesuit Mission Press,  
Inc., at 257 Fourth  
Avenue, New York  
City, for use in its work  
for the American Jesuit  
missionaries, the sum  
of ..... Dollars."

## JESUIT BROTHERS needed

Have you a voca-  
tion to use your tal-  
ents **solely** for God  
on the missions?

Young men from 17 to 35  
may make application to

JESUIT MISSION PRESS

257 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.



These little tots and hundreds like them add to the number of parishioners of the Jesuits of the California Province whose **CHINA MISSIONS** are in Nanking, Shanghai and other sections of China. In addition to parochial work, Jesuits of the California Province, which comprises the States of California, Nevada, Utah and Arizona, conduct Gonzaga College in Shanghai. The Province Mission Procurator is

**REV. WILLIAM J. DEENEY, S.J.**

St. Joseph's Church, 55 W. San Fernando St., San Jose, Calif.

## OTHER MISSIONS OF THE AMERICAN JESUITS

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

**REV. WILLIAM J. WALLACE, S.J.**

221 North Grand Boulevard, St. Louis, Mo.

**JAMAICA, B.W.I.**, is the field of foreign missionary labors of the Jesuits of the New England Province of the Society of Jesus. The Province Mission Procurator is

**REV. GEORGE M. MURPHY, S.J.**

Boston College, Chestnut Hill, Mass.

The **SOUTHERN STATES MISSIONS** are home missions in the rural districts of these States. The Jesuits of the New Orleans Province, which embraces the Southern States, are tilling these fields. The Province Mission Procurator is

**REV. JEAN LAPEYRE, S.J.**

4133 Banks St., New Orleans, La.

Missions among the Indians of **ALASKA**, and **AMERICAN INDIAN MISSIONS** in Washington, Idaho, Oregon and Montana are served by the Jesuits of the Oregon Province which is co-extensive with these States. The Province Mission Procurator is

**REV. FRANCIS B. PRANGE, S.J.**

2440 Interlaken Boulevard, Seattle, Wash.

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

The **PHILIPPINE ISLANDS**, a foreign-home mission: a large portion of the Island of Mindanao, the leper colonies of Culion and Cebu, and educational work in Manila; and **MISSIONS IN SOUTHERN MARYLAND** for Negroes are entrusted to the Jesuits of the Maryland-New York Province which comprises the Middle Atlantic States. The Province Mission Procurator is

**REV. GEORGE J. WILLMANN, S.J.**

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

**CANADIAN INDIAN MISSIONS** along Lake Huron and Georgian Bay, those north of Lake Superior, and those along the Albany River are cared for by the Jesuits of Upper Canada. The Province Mission Procurator is

**REV. JOSEPH LEAHY, S.J.**

160 Wellesley Crescent, Toronto, Canada

**SÜCHOW MISSION**, China; and **CANADIAN INDIAN MISSIONS** at Caughnawaga, the Iroquois Mission near Montreal, are in charge of the Jesuits of Lower Canada. The Province Mission Procurator is

**REV. LOUIS J. LAVOIE, S.J.**

653 Chemin Ste-Foy, Quebec, Canada

**PATNA** is the foreign mission in Northern India administered by the Jesuits of the Chicago Province, which is made up of the States of Illinois (northern part), Indiana, Kentucky, Michigan and Ohio. The Province Mission Procurator is

**REV. LEON A. FOSTER, S.J.**

1076 West Roosevelt Road, Chicago, Ill.

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



Rocco Gonzales y Santa Cruz, Alphonso Rodriguez, and Juan del Castillo, priests of the Society of Jesus and the first Blessed among the Martyrs of South America, who were beatified by His Holiness, Pope Pius XI on Jan. 28, 1934. They were slain for the Faith in the Paraguay Reductions, Nov. 15 and 16, 1628.

# Wings over the Caribbean

Francis

Flaherty, S.J.

**W**E natives accent the second syllable—

from the front. On an early August morning the "Caribbean Clipper" lies on this same sea. There is great bustle at Kingston's little Air Base. Passengers are being weighed. Baggage is weighed. Thirty-three pounds you are allowed. The pilot is warming up the motors. The signal sounds all aboard. Hurried farewells, a thunderous roar of motors; we skim along the surface of the sea like a magnified motor-boat. Spray rises all about us and then before we know it we are sailing aloft far above earth and sea.

There is Kingston, blazing in the morning sun. The white pile of the Cathedral stands out. I can see faintly St. Anne's, where the genial Pastor, Father Whelan, labors. The slums don't look so bad from here; the distance cleanses. We are leaving the city now, following the shore. Over there are the hills of St. Marys-Above-Rocks. The hill-roads look smooth and straight from here. From experience, I know they're not. Father Frederick J. Donovan, S.J., to all and sundry "The Smilin' Pahson," is somewhere in there, perhaps watching us sail by.

**T**HE steward distributes little packets of cotton stuff in your ears. Spearmint gum to chew; they say it helps the inner ear. The roar of the motors is fierce—deafening. A Quaker lady sits opposite me. She can't talk, or at least can't be heard. Just as well perhaps. In Jamaica they are not so "friendly" to us priests. A foursome across the aisle are playing bridge; using the sign-language for their bids. The steward makes his second round, with a stock of magazines—your choice—free. The *Literary Digest* looks safe—I take it. A passenger nearby looks rather ghastly. She is sick. The steward hurries to her. Paper bag. Ice to the brow. "Poor Ting!" is what we say in Jamaica. I visit the smoking compartment. Two men there. They have prepared for the trip. I see bottles labelled, *La Tropical*—



A typical town in the mission territory of Jamaica, B. W. I., manned by the Jesuits from the Province of New England.

Cuban strong stuff. They gaze down at the flying landscape—unseeing.

Noon and we approach the eastern shore of Cuba. Our destination is Cienfuegos, "A Hundred Fires." I fancy they have them all burning, to judge from the waves of heat that rise from the city. The plane dips at a terrific angle. The motors stop. It seems we are going to crash on the houses below. A gentle swerve out over the water. A gentle splash as we land on the surface of the sea. We are hauled in to the Air Base with ropes. Happy landing!

Lunch here. I've brought my own. Thanks to Brother McElroy. *La Tropical* beer and *Eva* cigarettes are much in evidence. Soldiers march up and down before the exits to the streets. We are not allowed to leave the building. Cuban revolutions!

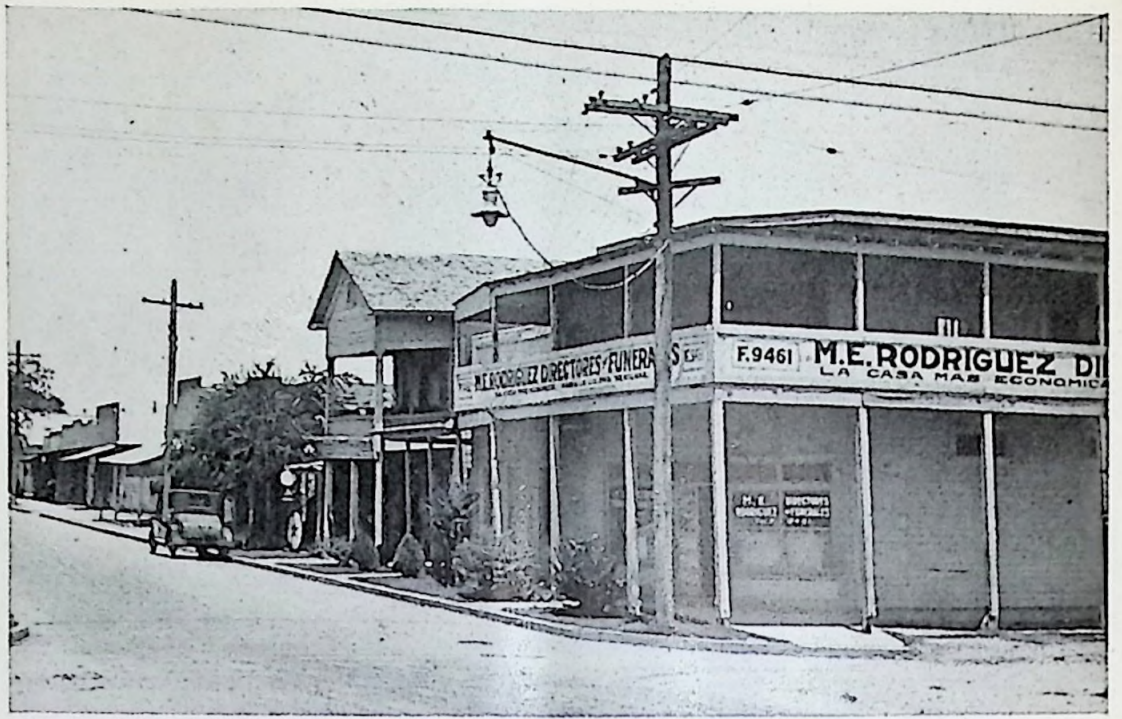
The signal sounds again. The same running along the water, the same rise, then we settle down to the monotonous roar of motors. More cotton. More gum. Passengers falling asleep now—it is the siesta hour.

**W**E follow the southern shore of Cuba from east to west, then cut suddenly across the northern end making for Havana. The sight of millions of tiny houses—every color—seen from above. Then the dip—the houses come up towards us—we splash gently on the water. Second happy landing—Cuba.

They check us off as we enter the Base lest anyone try to smuggle himself into Cuba. "Name?" "Father Flaherty." "Mr. Flaherty," the official yells to his assistant, and I go through to the (Turn to page 278)

# Guadalupe Mission

*Carmelo Tranchese, S.J.*



*El Paso Street, San Antonio, Texas, showing another undertaking parlor and poor Mexican houses.*



RIENDS interested in our work here at Guadalupe Mission, San Antonio, Texas, have asked for information so many times that it has become quite a burden to write to them individually. Then I was informed that JESUIT MISSIONS would be glad to get some news on the Guadalupe Mission. So I thought of sending in this account and referring our friends to it.

The second object of this relation is to give a detailed and exact account of the work amongst the Mexicans in the United States, of the problems we are confronted with and how we are meeting them. This will also encourage those young missionaries who might find problems similar to ours a little too hard.

Guadalupe Church was started some thirty years ago by the present Archbishop of Panama, His Excellency, John Maiztegui, C.M.F. At first it was a frame building, two story high. The upper story was used as a chapel, the lower part as a school. The whole structure was put up at a cost of seven thousand dollars. It is situated in the West End, the poorest and toughest part of the city of San Antonio. And it was not improved much since then. This part of the city is thickly populated by Mexicans, most of them from the State of Coahuila, Mexico. One can guess the whole story of this place by giving even a rapid look at the "panorama" which surrounds Guadalupe Church. It is a pitiful sight indeed!

You may have heard of San Antonio, as being the

"playground of America." That is partly true. But the place where we are may better be called "the playground of the undertakers." San Antonio may be roughly divided into three parts: the business center, the outskirts and the West End, where the Mexican quarters are. While the first and the second are a real credit to San Antonio, we must confess that the third one is a shame to any American city. Streets are narrow and unpaved, hardly graded, many of them with plenty of holes wherein the water gathers after the rains and stays there for weeks; overgrown with brush, the empty lots are piled with rubbish, so filthy and dirty as to make one turn away in disgust. This region is thickly spread with hundreds, thousands I may say, of miserable shacks which are called houses. These are the homes of the poor Mexicans in this American city. On one lot there are at times three, four and even five houses of this kind, built of old lumber, for which the Mexicans pay six and eight dollars a month for rental. There are no sewers, and there is one water faucet in the yard, to serve the families around. Once I was called to visit a sick woman. It was raining. The rain water was simply pouring in mercilessly, and I had a hard time to administer the sacrament to the poor patient. In another house where I went to see a girl dying of tuberculosis, there was only half a door and no glass on the windows. The poor man, father of the dying girl, had tried to replace the missing glass with old burlap sacks and pieces of cardboard.

The Winter season in San Antonio, luckily enough, is

The Winter season in San Antonio, luckily enough, is



*Church of Our Lady of Guadalupe, San Antonio, Texas. The parish is in charge of the Southern Jesuits.*

short and relatively mild. But the Summer is very hot and often damp. During this season, living in these places is almost unbearable. As the walls are formed only with one-inch board, sometimes with plenty of cracks between them, the heat and the bugs have free access to dwellings. Naturally, these houses are infested by roaches and other unwelcome pests, which make things all the harder for these poor people.

**I**N the midst of these miseries is situated our church, dedicated to Our Lady of Guadalupe, the Patroness of the Mexican people.

One of the strongest arguments to prove the existence of a Divine Providence is to see and deal with these people. What do they do for a living? How do they manage to rear a family of six, eight, ten children on such scanty means? That is something utterly mysterious, inexplicable, if one denies a Divine Providence.

According to those who know, there are in San Antonio some ninety thousand Mexicans. Very few are comfortable, financially. Some have a trade. A Spanish paper here said the other day that ten thousands of them make their living by shelling pecans. Our Mission takes care of some nine thousand people, most of them pecan-shelling workers.

Pecan-shelling is a modern way of torturing poor people for a few cents. They talk about the slavery of the Middle Ages; I think pecan-shelling is comparable only to the Roman galleys, when the condemned men were tied to the oars for the rest of their life. But even so, they had the sea breeze and some variety of scenery. The pecan-shellers of San Antonio are deprived even of these two miserable benefits. Picture to your mind a shack, a wooden shelter about thirty feet long and some twelve feet wide, in one of the back streets of the lowest part of San Antonio. There are benches before some kind of counters which run alongside the wall. On these benches sit, huddled together, some thirty or thirty-five people: men, women, children. Cans of broken pecans are before them; their job is to get the meat out of the nut as carefully as possible, and put it aside. At the end of this tiresome, despairing job, which lasts from 7:30 in the morning until 6:00 in the evening, the cleaned nut-meat is weighed by a selfish *padron* (master) and it is paid at five cents a pound for whole kernels, and three and two cents a pound for broken ones. How much do you think the best workers get? Twenty, twenty-three, and the very lucky ones, forty cents a day for their nerve-wrecking, body-destroying work. Think

of that. A father of a family of six, eight, nine children, making twenty-three, twenty-seven, forty cents a day, and with this he has to feed them, clothe them, pay the house rent, etc. And to all this it must be added that this tiresome, wretchedly-remunerated work is done under very unsanitary conditions, especially in Summer time, when the San Antonio heat can hardly be borne in the best air-cooled buildings. Is there any wonder why these people are mostly infected with the white disease, tuberculosis, and die by the hundreds every year? Badly housed, badly fed, what else can be expected? And the strangest thing about it is that neither the authorities, nor the higher-ups seem to care very much about this miserable situation.

It is as strange as the religious problems of the U. S. missionaries who try to "convert" the Mexicans and the foreigners, and neglect the millions of heathens of their own blood. Thus they build hospitals for dogs, have societies to protect animals, and let these poor, unfortunate, patient and innocent people be abused like that.

**P**ECAN-SHELLING is a trust here. They say there are two big men, or companies who control the business. They buy hundreds of car-loads of pecans, then sell them to sub-contractors. These have them cleaned and re-

sell them to the original owner, who then ships them to wherever he can get a good price. A pound of pecans here in San Antonio is worth forty cents; how much do they pay in New York?

When a certain big pecan-contractor was asked to pay a little more to the workers he answered: "Mexicans eat plenty of nuts while they shell them; with these and five cents a day, they have enough." (*La Prensa de San Antonio*, May 16, 1934, front page.)

**T**HIS explanation was quite necessary to understand what follows. The tuberculosis cases and death rate amongst the Mexicans is very high. Last year we had two hundred and seventy-three funerals. This figure does not include those who were not buried from the church, and those belonging to other religions. Of those two hundred and seventy-three, more than two hundred died from tuberculosis. An undertaker told me that at least ninety-four per cent of the Mexicans here die from tuberculosis.

And is there any wonder that these poor people are easily led to the Protestant Church by some small gifts and plenty of hope that "by opening their eyes to the truth, they will better their condition?"

#### QUESTIONING

(To Father Miguel Augustin Pro, S.J., done to death in Mexico, November 23, 1927)

Richard A. Wellfe, S.J.

That somber thread among the gleaming strands  
That went into the weaving of your soul . . .  
Was it the daylight failing 'cross the sands?  
Or wistful longing for the blissful goal,  
That oft times lurked deep in your night-dark eyes?  
A furtive shadow on a clear, swift stream,  
Whose waters 'mid the snows eternal rise,—  
'Twas thus some sorrow dimmed your happy dream

It seems. Pray, was it this? I beg to know.  
The purple shadow of a stark, grim cross  
Fell sheer athwart the beauty of your land.  
You saw its dark form come; aye, watched it grow,  
And, though your blood should spill to stay the loss,  
Saw Christ withdrawing . . . Ah, I understand.

# Cholera in Santal Land

James A. Creane, S.J.



ON returning to my mission in mid-July after making my annual retreat at Darjeeling high up in the Himalayas, my catechists brought me the sad news that a cholera epidemic was raging in my district and that several of my Christians had already fallen victims of the dread malady. Needless to say, this news was a shock to me and turned all my plans topsy turvy. But go I must, and as soon as possible, to the afflicted villages.

When I called my cook and box carriers and told them we had to face the danger, a look of reluctance was evident on their faces. The natives have a terrible fear of cholera, and not without reason. For it is excruciatingly painful, swift in its work, and unless good remedies are at hand, generally fatal. My men were not a little relieved when I told them they could camp in some village where there were no cases, and that I alone would visit the stricken areas.

So we hurriedly gathered the needful things together: Mass box, Baptism box, holy oils, medicine, food sup-



A Santal hut. One can readily understand how cholera and other diseases would spread under living conditions such as these.

plies, cooking utensils, a change of clothes and a bit of bedding. Next morning we were on the road, my cook and carriers going cross country twelve miles, and I twenty miles on my cycle on the road.

THE first cholera infected village I came to was Boarijor. There the sad news that Maria, the teacher of our girls' school, and her adopted parents had already passed away was confirmed. Next door to them, a family of catechumens had lost forever their chance of Baptism with water. Let us hope they had at least Baptism of Desire in those last agonizing moments. Down the street a little further, I called on a sorrowing Catholic family who were lamenting the loss of one of their members. On previous occasions they often received me very coldly, but this time they gave me a welcome and were glad to kneel for confession. Forty-seven people had already died in this village within two weeks,—five of them Catholics. As I could not remain in the village, I left some medicine with the *Pargana* with instructions to give it to any one in need of it.

Then I cycled on to Jiajuri, where eight Catholics, one of them a catechist, had passed away within a week. In this catechist's family, we have a good instance of how swift and unsparing cholera is in its deadly action. It sweeps through a village with appalling rapidity, picking out its victims at random and showing a merciless disregard of race, age and sex. In my catechist's family, the first to be attacked was the eldest boy. Despite the best of care and the administering of remedies which they had thoughtfully procured, he was dead within a day. Four days later the remaining six members of the family all fell sick at once. What a sad picture they presented, stretched out along the low veranda of their mud hut, purging, vomiting, utterly exhausted, dying. The first to succumb was the second oldest girl. She passed away at sunset. Shortly after midnight the father died. Toward morning the youngest daughter went to her reward. Of that family of seven, four had died within five days and the other three, sick almost unto death,



Romping small-pox accounts for the pitiful condition of this Santal victim.

gradually recovered. Among their relatives in a house adjoining, two more, an aged grandmother and her grandchild, died at the same time. In another Catholic family, one of our promising young school boys and his mother were carried off, leaving only the father and baby, less than a year old, to survive them. In Jiajuri, twenty-three Santals and five Mohammedans had perished during the epidemic.

**M**Y next move was to Daketa. There were at the time no cases actually in the village. But about half a mile away, a poor family was quarantined under a *mahua* tree. That came about in this way. They had moved from Daketa to Lawabunji. Cholera broke out there and people were dropping off so fast that they decided to flee back to Daketa. The father first left with his little son. But cholera caught him on the way and he fell exhausted to the ground only a short distance from Daketa. His mother and brother were summoned. But when the village headman and the other villagers heard of it, they would not allow him to be brought in. So they took him beneath the shade of a *mahua* tree, standing at the foot of a high hill, and there they nursed him as best they could. The following day, his wife and their two other children, a handsome girl and a baby boy, came. But they, too, were quarantined and had to camp beneath the *mahua* tree. Imagine them there, passing their nights on the cold damp earth and listening to weird cries of the jackals and the terrifying howls of leopards on the jungle-covered hills. The father lingered on for two days and a night and then gave up the ghost. A couple of days later the beautiful little girl followed him and the mother also fell sick.

**I**N true pagan fashion, these people engaged an *ojha* or medicine man. He performed his *bonga puja* (spirit worship) and sent out his medicine only after the sick mother was already on the way to recovery. Nevertheless, he claimed and got the credit for the cure and demanded a heavy toll for appeasing the *bongas*,—three pair of pigeons, three chickens and three goats. In order to raise the means for this sacrifice, these poor people had to sell off two of their buffaloes.

When I went out to see them, I found the sick woman still very weak. She was lying on her back and munching away at some cold rice and *dahl*. Twice they told me it had rained on them, and their only shelter was a native umbrella made of bamboo. The marvel is that all did not get sick and die in such conditions. I insisted with the villagers that they send out a native cot at once,

and either build a shelter out there or bring them into the village. Meantime, my cook captured a chicken and cooked up a palatable meal for them. The following day they were allowed to enter the village.

That very day a messenger came to call me to Bharenda. Cholera had broken out there. The headman's son was the first victim. I immediately rushed over there with the Baptism box and medicines. On arrival, I learned that the sick man's younger brother, a Catholic school boy, had already baptized him. I gave him Extreme Unction and stayed with him several hours, giving him medicine at short intervals. But he could keep nothing on his stomach. Vomiting was incessant. His pain was insufferable and he was writhing in agony. In that



*Under the influence of the Catholic missionary, Santal boys are taught the tricks of first aid treatment.*

awful state, I had to leave him. That was two days ago and as yet I have not heard definitely whether he is dead or alive. Rumor has it that he died. His aged father, wife and children had all agreed to be baptized in case he recovered. But if it be true that he has died, they are apt to refuse. If the storm which is now threatening does not prevent me, I intend to call on them again today to see how they are and treat any new cases which may have begun.

**O**N the way I shall visit Bansdiha, a village only a short distance from here. Yesterday a report reached us that two had died there, and today the number has jumped to five. The cholera medicine which I have with me is very limited, so it is utterly impossible to give it to all. I have mentioned but a few villages, but the epidemic is in full swing in many. A couple of days ago I heard that as many as a hundred had died in one village alone. The number of the dead has already probably climbed up into the thousands. In fact, before it is finished, the amount of human suffering and the number of the dead may surpass that caused by the great Indian earthquake itself.

And the saddest part of it all (Turn to page 278)

# My San Jose Trip

Quirinus P.

Leonard, S.J.

Father Quirinus P. Leonard, S.J., who entered upon his bush work as a missionary in British Honduras in the Summer of 1933, describes one of his trips to the interior. That these trips are not pleasant week-end outings becomes increasingly evident as we read the author's description and recall that such trips have to be made every few months in the course of the year.—*Editor.*

**O**N March 6, word came to Benque Viejo that the two men who were to guide me to San Jose had arrived and were waiting for me in Cayo. So, on the following day I packed my Mass outfit in a pair of saddlebags, had the house-boy saddle my faithful white horse, "Conejo" (rabbit) and jogged the eight miles to Cayo. I found the two guides and arranged with them to make an early start the next morning.

I said Mass at 5:30 and by 7:00 o'clock was on my way. As the water was low, riding across the Belize River at the fording place to the Santa Helena side was an easy matter. One of my guides was waiting for me there, and so, after a hurried redistribution of my baggage, we set out over the fairly good trail for Duck Run, arriving there in a little less than an hour. As February, March, April and May constitute the hot season of the year, the sun was already well up and we were made to feel its tropical heat. At Duck Run we had to cross the Belize River again. The guide rode my horse across at the Run itself while I was taken over in a dory where the water was deeper. The arrangement was that we should meet the other guide here, and



*Father Quirinus P. Leonard, S.J.—the sometimes equestrian, sometimes pedestrian, sometimes aquatic—but ever zealous missionary of the Cayo District.*

set out at once so as to reach Yalbach, where we were to pass the night, before dark. But the other guide was nowhere to be found; so we waited and waited. I spent the time saying my office, and trying—in vain—to convert a woman who was living with a man to whom she was not married. Still, guide number two did not put in an appearance; so I told guide number one to take my horse and ride to Bright Lookout to find out what was the matter. In about half an hour he returned with the cheerful news that the two pack mules had broken loose and that his partner was having trouble to reload them; also that another man, a trader who was on his way to San Jose to sell some things during the *fiesta*, would accompany us. Finally, at 10:00 o'clock the two men and the three pack mules showed up, and, after the packs on the mules were once more readjusted, we got under way at last.

**T**HE first part of our journey took us through heavy timber land, cut by wide truck-passes, over which tractors used to rumble in bygone years when mahogany was being cut in this region. As the path could not easily be mistaken, and as my  
(*Turn to page 278*)



*The town of El Cayo, British Honduras. "So, on the following day I packed my Mass outfit in a pair of saddlebags, had the house-boy saddle my faithful white horse, 'Conejo' (rabbit) and jogged the eight miles to Cayo."*

# Summering in Alaska

Paul C. O'Connor, S.J.

**P**EOPLE almost shiver when they think of Alaska. But Summer does finally come, and with it a lingering sun which seems to wish to make up for his absence during the dark days of Winter. In Winter, our sole means of travel is by dog sled. Of course, for lengthy journeys we could charter a plane, but for ordinary missionary trips the dogs are still the means of travel. They are comparatively slow, but none the less sure. One gets somewhere, sometime, with the dogs. Dogs can travel during a raging blizzard. Cold doesn't mean anything to them whatsoever. I have seen my huskies curl up quite contentedly in the snow after an exhausting journey of ten hours. That the thermometer was hugging the forty below mark didn't bother them at all. What's more, they feel perfectly happy after a meager supper of one dried fish. How often have I marveled how wonderfully God has made these creatures fit and hearty to endure any abuse of the weather.

In Summer, the Alaskan missionary travels by water. The Eskimo invariably builds his little log cabin near the water. In Summer he also pitches his tent there. These tents are strewn along the Yukon at various places which certain families have sometimes reserved for years. The fishing is done with a fish-wheel or net. A fish-wheel, when the run is good, will turn up as high as eight hundred a day. It is in this manner that the native gets both his own and his dogs' nourishment for the cold empty days of Winter. The fish are dried in the boiling Summer sun. And let me tell you that king salmon, fresh or dried, is not at all hard to eat. I used to smile at the eagerness with which the Eskimo children devoured a juicy strip, but now I must confess that I feel almost the same relish myself.

**B**EFORE coming up river to Nulato, I used to spend my Summers wandering up and down the Lower Yukon in true tramp-missionary style. About forty miles of water lay between each of my five stations. Traveling on the Yukon in good weather is like sailing on the Riviera. In bad weather one needs the patience of Job. A storm comes up without warning. The wind whips up the waves in such short order that we are lucky if we can gain the calm waters of a slough in time. And there we wait from one to five days until the storm passes over. One can never be in a hurry in Alaska. Watch the elements and act accordingly. Incessant delays and disappointments develop a philo-



*Dad and the boys pause long enough from their work with fish nets to pose in front of their Alaskan dugout.*

sophical temperament. We get so that we expect the unexpected and are ready for anything—for it usually happens.

Traveling in a leaky boat is an unforgettable experience. The one I traveled in leaked from above and below. It is bad enough to bail out water, but life becomes tragic when a dry bed cannot be found. I remember one eventful night that I slept on sacks of coal piled high on the deck of our little boat. I had been invited to sleep inside a little cabin. This cabin was a miniature affair, yet it housed six people and a stinking oil Diesel motor. Five of the six people had colds and were coughing unrestrainedly as the natives invariably do. Under such conditions I preferred the open. I sought the deck and was soon fast asleep on a Winter's supply of coal. I was gently awakened about midnight with the soft patter of rain on my temples. I was already wet, in fact had been so for the past few days, so I pulled a piece of canvas over me and let her go. Even at that, I had a better night than those inside the cabin. The air there was so foul that it stabbed like a knife.

**T**WO days of Yukon travel brought me to my first station. The people are always glad to see a priest. A priest has that wonderful power of bringing God Himself into their midst. The natives know it. They flock to the church and go to confession and Communion en masse. One hour, sometimes two and three, of instruction a day does not weary them. They would stay all day and far into the night if the priest would let them. This has often been my experience at Takchak. The coming of the missionary breaks the monotony of their placid lives. Naturally, they (Turn to page 278)

# "Louie"

Edgar  
Dowd, S.J.

**T**HAT is what the Indians call him: "Louie." To others, of course, he is Father Louis Taelman, S.J., missionary among the Flathead Indians at St. Ignatius, Montana. But to these Flatheads, he is "Louie," and the embodiment of everything a Blackrobe should be. After long jogs across the valley, they ring the doorbell of the Fathers' residence, grunt for "Louie," and then go to confession. Lying on his deathbed, staring into eternity, the Indian asks for "Louie," and he knows that "Louie" will come. This morning, long before the dawn, a heart-broken Indian mother, after her child had expired in her arms, hurried to "Louie" for some words of consolation. The squatting Indians, who patchwork the aisles of the church with their bright shawls and brighter headgear, look up when "Louie" speaks to them from the pulpit. He is their spiritual father; their salvation is his vocation; and they call to him in confidence and in love,—and they call, "Louie."

Though the Indians may not know that their "Louie" is a brilliant scholar, a master of languages and a professor of philosophy, they know that he is a holy priest, a missionary who tore his life in half, giving part to the Crow and part to the Flathead Indians.

But it matters little whether it be Crow or Flathead. "My heart goes out to every Indian. It is my vocation—an added vocation to my call to the Society of



*Introducing Father Louis Taelman, S.J., of St. Ignatius Mission among the Flatheads of Montana.*

Jesus," earnestly remarked Father Taelman, when after two years, I had finally cornered him for an interview. "That is why I came from Europe to the Rocky Mountain Mission," continued Father, as he glanced at his crucifix pendent above a two-story desk, riddled with pigeon-holes, and these stuffed with envelopes, pamphlets, etc. "Even when I was Rector of Gonzaga College (1909-1913), I felt that I was still a missionary, that my life's work would be among the Indians. At that time, I ministered to the Indians at Cusick, near Spokane."

**H**E then told me a story he had heard, after confessions there one Christmas Eve.

"It was just after her confession that an Indian lady, named Mary, said: 'I want to tell you something. It is about my daughter, Annie.'

"I knew her daughter well. On All Souls Day, two months previously, I had prepared her for a peaceful and consoling death.

"The Indian lady continued: 'After my daughter died, I saw her before me telling me to pray for her. Several days later the request was repeated. The third time—and remember, I was awake, I was not asleep, she told me to rejoice.'"

Father sat there at his desk, at times holding one knee stirruped in his hands, then lidding an ink bottle, setting papers in order, talking earnestly all the time—Father Taelman always talks earnestly—and qualifying his words with dynamic gestures, a habit a missionary must have to preach effectively to the Indians. But most of all, I noticed that as he sat at his desk, he wore his hat and coat! That is typical of Father Taelman: he is always ready to go! "I must always be prepared for even the longest sickcall," he once informed me, as I measured

a gallon and a half of gasoline to fill the tank of his car brimful.

A prominent man of the town, one who is also a prominent Mason, admitted that Father Taelman is, "a missionary. He is *the* missionary. He knows how to go out and get them (Indians), and he's on the job all the time!"

"You have to go out to get them! Round them up!" exhorted our "Louie," as he and I started on a missionary expedition two years ago. We were going to straighten out a marriage between a non-Catholic and a Catholic Indian girl. Incidentally, I'll never forget that ride. Our road had once been used by logging wagons, and lay up a logged-out canyon. Ruts. Gopher-holes. Stumps. The car exhibited an appalling amount of vitality. Besides speaking with gestures, Father also drives with them. And how he drives! We swirled down that canyon as the "water comes down at Lodore!" At the outset, as Father jumped into the Dodge and turned on the switch, he admonished: "You must have your exercise today." Well, I could not imagine a person exercising in a comfortable car—but, as I said, that was at outset.

Today, now fully recovered from that crack-the-whip ride of two years ago, I inquired how that marriage fared. "Fine! that couple are leading good Catholic lives; the husband has recently been converted to the Faith."

Father Taelman, of course, in common with the rest of mankind, has his faults, and apparent faults. That his sermons are classics, all agree; that he should adopt the sonnet form instead of the epic pattern, some devoutly desire. Preaching to a mixed congregation, he preaches a double-header, in English and in Indian.

Front-porch fixtures goggle in horror, as Father blasts across Montana roads, covering his customary twelve thousand miles a year. He has never met with an accident; places himself under the protection of the angels; drives one-handed, and tells the rosary with the other hand—the other occupants recite the Act of Contrition.

Others think he is too optimistic; blind to the shortcomings of the Indians. This is false. He has the legitimate optimism of the saintly, believing in the power of prayer and the efficacy of grace. "While there is life, there is hope"—and Faith and Charity, he reasons.

Father Taelman, in his life, joins the industry of Martha with the contemplation of Mary. Blend activity and prayer, and the result is zeal. Zealous: a one-word

description of Father Taelman. This true zeal for the eternal welfare of the Indians is the power plant of his life, a life narrowed to this one horizon-wide project.

**T**HIS compact, agile priest, now sixty-seven years of age, but appearing far younger, except for his pearly hair, drew aside the curtain of fifty years to show where this all-consuming zeal first kindled. It was in the hamlet, Exaerde, Belgium, fifteen miles from Tremonde, the birthplace of Father Peter John De-Smet, S.J., that Father Taelman, then a lad of seventeen, heard from Father Joseph M. Cataldo, S.J., of the

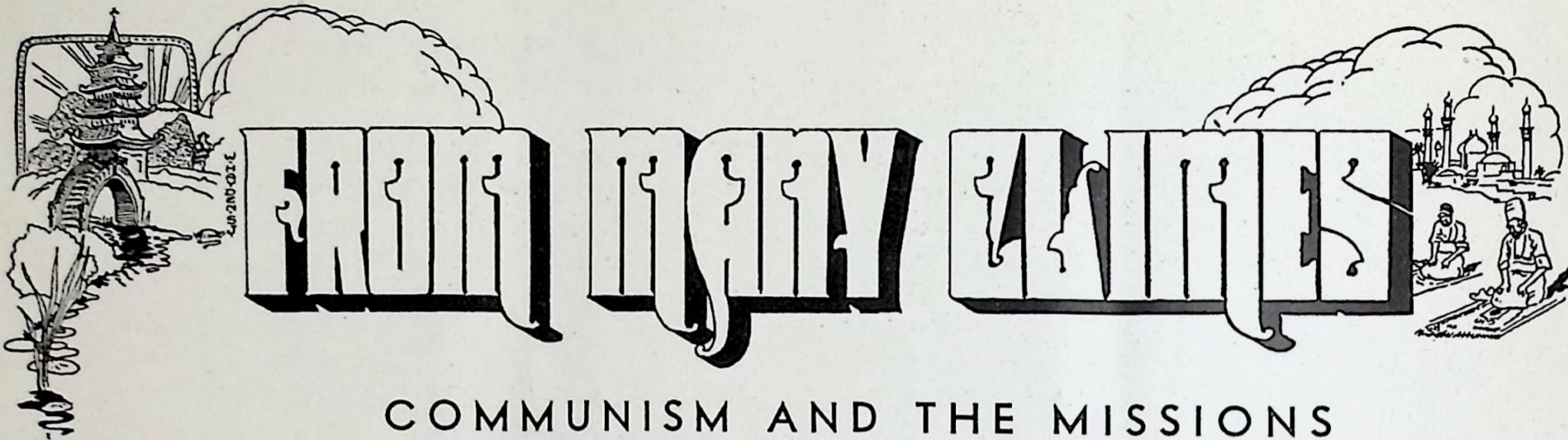


*"As a guide, standing in the mud and weeds on the floor of the valley, points to the huge grandeur of the Mission Range, stupendous embattlements of granite, topped with white pennants of glacial snow, so this man, whom the Indians call 'Louie,' standing in the sin and indifference of the weak and wayward, points to the sky-flung heights of virtue."*

Rocky Mountain Mission, and of the pressing need of missionaries. The following year, 1885, he entered the Novitiate, at Tronchiennes, and, while still a Novice, came to Woodstock, Maryland. Ordained in 1898, Father will next year (1935) be fifty years a Jesuit.

**A**ND since then, our "Louie" has given seventeen years to the Flatheads, and fifteen to the Crows; steered the destinies of a great University to national eminence; slept cramped in a corner of a smoky, smelly Indian cabin; sat through the night in an open buggy, until the dawn revealed his whereabouts; forded violent torrents intoxicated with the thaws of Spring; skidded and swerved and bumped, during the past four years, across forty-eight thousand miles of mountain roads.

As a guide, standing in the mud and weeds on the floor of the valley, points to the huge grandeur of the Mission Range, stupendous embattlements of granite, topped with white pennants of glacial snow, so this man, whom the Indians call "Louie," standing in the sin and indifference of the weak and wayward, points to the sky-flung heights of virtue, encouraging the penitent to scale the leaps of hard resolution, and the virginal to contemplate the snows of exhilarating innocence.



## COMMUNISM AND THE MISSIONS

### Soviet Legislation on Religion

That Communism presents an issue of life or death for our Catholic missionaries around the world is clear from the present legislation on religion in force in the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics. No. 18: "The teaching of any form of religious belief in State, public and private teaching and educational establishments is prohibited." No. 17: "Religious associations may not (a) create mutual credit societies, cooperatives or commercial undertakings, or in general use the property at their disposal for other than religious purposes; (b) give material assistance to their members; (c) organize for children, young people and women, special prayer or other meetings, or, generally, meetings, groups, circles or departments for biblical or literary study, sewing, working or the teaching of religion, etc., or organize excursions, children's play-grounds, public libraries or reading rooms, or organize sanatoria and medical assistance." "During the lifetime of both parties to a marriage, the marriage may be dissolved either by mutual consent of both parties to it or even the *ex parte* application of either of them."

### Communism an International Menace

That Communism is not confined to the country of its origin, but has for its object world domination, is evident from its own authors and the disclosures of those competent to judge. Thus in "The Catholic Church in Present-Day Russia" Father Edmund A. Walsh, S. J., Vice-President, Georgetown University, notes: "For him (the Communist) there is but one categorical imperative: *Thou shalt communize the world or else destroy it.* He is wound up on that mainspring."

### The Sombre Summary

Within the territorial limits now controlled by the Soviet power there were in 1918, the year of the Bolshevich Revolution, 614 Catholic churches in operation; today, 182 remain. In addition, there were 581 chapels; today, not one remains. There were 896 priests; today, 25 are at liberty while 200 languish in prisons. The re-

mainder have perished through privation and starvation or have been exiled or executed. In 1917, there were 7 seminaries; today not one remains. There were 8 bishops; today, of the new hierarchy since created, 2 are at liberty and 3 in prison at forced labor. With this as a prospect of annihilation and of death, we need doubt no longer the terrible menace of the Red power for the mission field.

### Red Organization in China

Russians, unfortunately called to succor China, have profited by the occasion to organize in stations, bands of brigands, malcontents, adventurers and demobilized soldiers for whom they appoint as leaders, officers formed at Moscow in the theories of Communism and in war against religion.

### Red Murder

Father Urban Martin, O.P., missionary of the Vicariate of Funing, Province of Fukien, has been shot and killed by Communists according to a despatch received from Fukien, June 25. Father Martin was only twenty-six years of age, having arrived in June, two years ago, after completing his theological studies at Rosaryville, Louisiana, U. S. A. He was born at Arriba, Palencia, Spain.

### Kidnaping

Father Liu and Wan, Chinese priests of the Vicariate of Puchi in Hupeh Province, who were captured by Communists on March 1, are still held by their captors who demand a ransom of twenty thousand dollars. The Red stronghold is in the mountainous district where travel is absolutely impossible.

### Danger

Ho-long, a native outlaw, who set the Hupeh Province in a turmoil in 1929 and killed several Belgian Franciscan missionaries, has led his band of brigands into Kweichow Province. To date, missionaries there have not been molested by him, but the Sacred Heart missionaries of Issoudun, in charge of the stations of Shitshien, and the Chinese secular clergy of Kweiyang, are in danger of material mission losses.

### Catholicism versus Communism

The village of Mo-kiatai near the city of Ho-fung in Hupeh Province, for many years under Communistic control, has at last opened its gates to Catholic missionaries. The Minister acknowledged to the Belgian Franciscans that during the Red occupancy the region was reduced to extreme poverty and misery. The people were deceived and filled with false and harmful beliefs. He begged the missionaries to correct their beliefs and to lead them back to the right path of sound, moral and spiritual condition.

### News of Father Avito

A Spanish missionary employed in the Red Cross of the Communistic Army now stationed in Szechwan Province is mentioned in a letter received by the Minister of Spain at Peking from a gentleman in Szechwan. Missionaries have concluded that the priest mentioned is Father Avito, Spanish Jesuit who was captured four years ago and from whom no news has been received for several months and who is reported as being held by Red forces now in Szechwan.

### Jesuit Mission Work

A special object of Communistic hate in the mission field to day is the work being done by Jesuit missionaries around the world. The extent of their work is indicated on the editorial page of this present issue wherein is listed an inspiring roster of Jesuit missionary Priests and Brothers deployed over the Church's entire mission front. Most distasteful to Communists will be the total of spiritual Works of Mercy accomplished: catechumens, Baptisms, Communions, marriages, as well as the agencies for education, such as seminaries, schools, commercial, middle and high, colleges and universities, and sixty-nine Catholic papers and magazines. Out of the grand total of Americans on foreign mission fields, American Blackrobes number practically one out of every six, a substantial breakwater against the oncoming fury of Communism, which like a tidal wave is pounding, pounding, pounding against the dikes of opposition. The issue is Catholicism or Communism.



Shanghai's Gonzaga College Staff and student body of 1933-34. Gonzaga is in charge of the American Jesuits of California.

# Forming Leaders for Tomorrow



ONZAGA College, Shanghai, begins its fourth year of existence with a substantial increase in both staff and registration. School work in China is a particularly ungrateful task, because it lacks the glamor and romantic appeal to the imagination that is characteristic of life in the bush. For how many does missionary work consist essentially in living out in the wilds one hundred and fifty *li* from everywhere, or in going a score of miles on a wheelbarrow to administer Extreme Unction? Bush life, heroic though it often is because of its perils from bandits, its suffering and its material privations, is after all but one phase of missionary work.

Bishop Valtorta of Hongkong told the Irish Jesuits when they took over the large Wah Yan College: "Even if you never get a convert there, your boys will be going out into offices and large firms in Canton and elsewhere, and they will bring with them happy memories of the devotion and kindness of the Fathers who taught them. This will mean, first, that they will be prejudiced in favor of the Catholic Church, and will be ready to assist our Catholic missionaries in many ways, and, secondly, that they will not put in the way of their children the only objection which keeps back many of themselves from becoming Catholics, that is, the opposition of the parents." Such is the unromantic but solid method of slow penetration which was so much favored by the former Apostolic Delegate to China, Monsignor Constantini.

FATHER JOHN CONSIDINE, M.M., of the *Fides News Service*, who visited the missions a couple of years ago, emphasizes the same idea: "The student class of today provides the leaders of tomorrow. If the Church has been harmed by Asiatic students who have become Asia's leaders, it is because these students were trained in anti-Catholic schools. If the Church has been respected and assisted, it has been because the leaders

James F. Kearney, S.J.

have learned to admire the Church during their school days."

The prestige of the missionaries in the bush depends on Catholic colleges, universities, scientific and social works in the large cities. All this seems self-evident, and yet it is an idea that is sometimes overlooked. The work of the Catholic Church in foreign lands is just as diversified as it is at home. We would consider the Church in America as entirely inadequate if it neglected schools and social work in the great centers of population to devote itself exclusively to the evangelization of the rural districts. Both are legitimate and necessary fields for Catholic activity, not only at home but on the missions. There is no opposition between the two; strict cooperation is requisite. "For the body also is not one member but many," says St. Paul. "If the foot should say, 'Because I am not the hand, I am not of the body'; is it, therefore, not of the body?" Missionaries who are doing splendid work for the missions in seminaries, observatories, etc., whereas their desire may be far away among the children of the people, have St. Paul to console them: "If the whole body were the eye, where would be the hearing? If the whole were hearing, where would be the smelling?"

JESUIT missionaries in particular are often called by obedience to take up the less romantic side of missionary life, education. Whereas some congregations were founded primarily and exclusively for work in the interior, and so have ninety per cent or ninety-five per cent of their men heroically engaged in it in the midst of bandits and communists, of sufferings and privation, other Orders simply have a different task assigned to them. Five per cent are out in the wilds, the other ninety-five per cent are concentrated in the cities. To ask which group is more important for the work of the missions is to ask which of a man's legs is more important. Both are of prime importance; without either, we would have a cripple.

(Turn to page 278)



*Lepers of Culion, isle of living death.*

**C**ULION is a large leper colony thirty hours out-to-sea on a rock island southeast of Manila. The name "Culion" is a Filipino word meaning "a place that is hard to get to." This may account for our few visitors, but it certainly accounts for the difficulty and expense of shipping: we have to order from the outside world and then await the freighter and pay high—as we know too well after our little construction work.

Stand on top-side one of our central prominences, and you will see hundreds of shacks, poor native houses, made of wicker, very much like your wash basket, set up on sticks to catch the passing breeze, roofed, some with tin but more with thatch, a typical residential section of Culion, where seventy per cent of our 6,794 leper outcasts eke out their existence and wait to die. Up-to-date we have replaced three frightful hovels with fairly large shelters of much more substantial type, no wicker, but hard wood and a little cement.

Within five minutes walk of our church, we have five houses for women and girls and four for men and boys—which ought to be similarly replaced—but we have no money; and yet they are rotting and falling to pieces like our poor lepers, who are forced to live in them. A visitor said: "What a theme for a poet!" But I said: "We don't want poets; we want good givers to help the poorest of God's poor."

**O**UR next object in Culion was a church. Lepers have no comfort except in God's church and the sacraments. They love their devotions. You should hear them at Benediction or the Way of the Cross. Now for the thousands of Culion lepers who are able to go to church, there was a little wreck of a church hardly ten times the size of your kitchen—and more than three hundred years old. It had been wrecked many times by storms and each time patched up.

# Construction in C

Less than three years ago, one tornado left nineteen great openings in its roof. It always suggested to me a tumble down abandoned stable,—what a resting place for the Blessed Sacrament! Often we had basins on the altar to catch the dripping rain as we celebrated Mass.

Providence was giving us plenty of reasons and Superiors were insisting that we must build a new church. So we made the lepers pray to the Holy Angels and St. Joseph for contributions as we sent out letters of appeal. The leper prayers were rewarded; generous friends sent their offerings and we have another church—not entirely finished, but fit for use and crowded on some occasions to the extent of 2,300 lepers. God will reward the contributors who will every day and always be followed by leper prayers.

We have at least forty letters asking us to tell how we did it. When ready to attempt the work our first difficulty was to secure a contractor. We received estimates running to twice our money, but none of our prospective builders would consider us at all, when they heard it was a Leper Colony.

**A**FTER a year and a half an engineer named Williams came here for a short stay in his technical capacity. Hearing of our failure to secure a contractor, he was so sympathetic that we made bold to ask him to do it for us. Against all expectation he took the whole thing in hand and,—at less than half the lowest previous estimate. Mr. Williams is an Englishman and not a Catholic, but he has a great sympathy for all who suffer, and especially for lepers. We beg of all who learn this, that they will pray for Mr. Williams, who has surely been to the lepers one man in ten thousand.

He built a boys' house 132 feet long by 32 feet wide, with a basement of masonry and two stories of cement panels set in hard wood frames (tropical style) in ninety-two days for the money we received from our first appeal, which was low enough to make us think we could not do any such building for double the amount. This will house three hundred leper boys. Its upper floor served as temporary Mass place when we began to build our church, and at some Masses we had as many as twelve hundred people without a bit of vibration in the structure. This shows the strength of Mr. Williams' work.

He then built a similar house, but considerably smaller to accommodate one hundred and fifty leper girls. This second house took most of the results of our second appeal. These two houses cost us in all fourteen thousand dollars.

**W**HILE the second house was building we began our church, and in one hundred and thirty days, Mr. Williams built us a church 120 feet long, 76 feet wide and 36 feet high, with a curved roof of corrugated iron over the central part which is 40 feet wide, and with a lower slanted-roof of corrugated iron over the 18 feet on either side. We have three altars that look like marble but are made of cement.

For the building of the church we used our balance from the second appeal plus a reserved fund that had been gathered by the Spanish Fathers precisely for a Culion leper church and banked for years—some from Spain, some from Buenos Aires, and about six thousand five hundred dollars from the United States.

But beyond that we had to borrow to the extent of thirteen thousand dollars (without interest) which we have about half paid back by the results of our third appeal. The church as it stands, without any painting and with considerable carpentry and

# Culion Hugh J. McNulty, S.J.

Wall effect yet to be done on the interior, cost twenty seven thousand dollars—including Mr. Williams' nominal fee of ten per cent, two thousand seven hundred dollars.

We have been criticized for making too good a church. But his name was Judas. We were not thinking only of lepers, but of our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament—and besides, our church is the cheapest thing in Christendom and represents, not money but a host of willing workers, half-workers, if you like, many of them sickly and only half able to wield a pick-axe or a crow-bar, but they knew it was for our Lord and their faith gave them energy. It was not an easy problem to build big with such help. We had to study our men and get acquainted with their "attacks" and their injections and reactions and their touches of fever (all are under medical treatment) and you can see Mr. Williams sending a poor fellow off to his shelter or (sometimes to the hospital) to rest up for a few days—"too sick to work." We had to get some technical men (non-lepers) from the outside world and give them real pay—but only about a dozen of them, and their pay and keep was one of our big problems.

OUR economy. We used the stone of the old church, and of part of the old fort wall that surrounded it, and much stone we secured from our excavation, because we had to excavate a great deal to get our level and to have the whole structure piered on solid rock. All the cutting and fitting of our posts and beams and girders and arches we did ourselves. In this way, on the curves alone, we saved thousands of dollars. We bought no steel drills, but instead we gathered up for a song tons of broken auto axles, and the like, all dependable material but second-hand, and we put up a forge and made with leper blacksmiths all the drills and bars and binders and couplers and other



Interior of new church, showing the altar done in cement from a model generously supplied by the Frederick Pustet Company.

such needed, and when we say that we have thirty-five hundred pounds of bolts and bars in our roof alone, it is clear that our forge saved us a great deal of money and no end of annoyance in ordering and freighting and waiting.

WE made our own windows and window frames, the large lower windows ten and a half by four and a half feet, the upper windows about half that, arched tops, massive divisions in two sections, pivoted above and below to permit fullest opening and give the greatest circulation of air, very necessary in the tropics, and especially with an all-leper congregation. The old church had four little bits of windows, like eyes set far apart high up on each wall, with half light and less air. No stained glass. For color we have yellow paint with red edging, and the lepers think it is at least very restful. We have sixteen upper and sixteen large lower windows—we made them all for sixteen hundred and eighty-four dollars. Merely to have had them cut to order and shipped to us in sections would have cost us about four times that amount besides freight and long waiting.

Only by such economy and leper labor could we have made our church. How did we get our altar? It looks like a ten thousand dollar affair, but we spent on it only (Turn to page 280)



Culion, Palawan, P. I., world's largest leper colony, on the shores of the China and Sulu Seas. Numbers 1, 2, 3, are the new houses and number 4 the new church, subjects of construction in Culion.

# JESUIT MISSIONS

A MAGAZINE OF APOSTOLIC ENDEAVOR

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

JOSEPH GSCHWEND, S.J.  
Editor

THOMAS J. FEENEY, S.J.      JOHN H. McCUMMISKEY, S.J.  
LEON A. FOSTER, S.J.      CLEO RICARD, S.J.  
ALEXANDER ROLLAND, S.J.      PATRICK A. RYAN, S.J.  
Associate Editors

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

Editorial and Publication Offices

257 FOURTH AVENUE      NEW YORK, N. Y.

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

## Jesuits in Mission Fields

IN its issue of September 15, *Fides Service*, issued at Rome, lists 1,498 Americans in "Foreign Mission Fields." The figures prove conclusively that American Catholics are indeed well represented in the missions, and that American mission-conscious youth are volunteering as Priests, Sisters and Brothers in ever-increasing numbers.

True to the mission spirit which has been characteristic of her since her foundation four hundred years ago, the Society of Jesus through her American Provinces, is well represented in the number of American Jesuits in foreign fields. Of the total: 1,498, given above, 261 are Jesuits. Nor does this give the full total of American Jesuits doing missionary work. The *Fides* Report limits itself to foreign fields, and hence does not include missionaries working among the North American Indians. Engaged in this truly missionary work are 79 American Jesuits. In addition to this, eight Jesuit priests are devoting themselves to work among the Negroes, thus bringing the total of American Jesuits doing missionary work up to 348. This figure does not include native Jesuits in missions now entrusted to American Provinces of the Society of Jesus, as for example, Patna, India, and the Philippine Islands, nor does it include the Spanish Jesuits who are working in the Philippines, as members of the Maryland-New York Province to whose care the Mission is entrusted. When all of these are added, the total number of Jesuits working in missions entrusted to the American Provinces comes to 497.

The responsibility for the support needed by these 497 missionaries and the works entrusted to their care, rests largely upon the Provinces in the States. Is it any wonder, then, that we must call for help from time to time from our generous American Catholics? Through God's generosity in calling many young men to the Society of Jesus, we are able to send more and more mis-

sionaries to the mission fields, but we must perforce rely on mission-minded Catholics to help by prayer and money in supplying the "sinews" of the campaign for Christ's Kingdom.

In taking up their part of mission work, the American Jesuits are conscious of the fact that they are sharing in the larger mission responsibility that rests on the whole Order. A recent *Fides* Report gives some interesting data on the magnitude of the mission tasks entrusted to the Society of Jesus by Our Holy Father, Pope Pius XI. The account makes it quite evident that vast resources are needed to carry on the gigantic work. Here is the *Fides* Report.

"The Society of Jesus, which this year celebrates the Fourth Centenary of its foundation, has at present 3,104 missionary Priests, Brothers and Scholastics in 51 different ecclesiastical territories in all parts of the world.

"They are assisted in their apostolate by 517 Priests and 509 Brothers not belonging to the Society of Jesus, 4,664 missionary Sisters and 22,347 Catechists and Teachers, all working among a population of 195,293,048.

"Catholics in their missions total 2,729,371, while 252,044 catechumens are preparing for Baptism. Last year, 39,540 adults were baptized, 117,852 children and 92,409 persons in danger of death. These same missions registered 25,581,699 Communion and 23,090 marriages during 1933.

"In the minor seminaries directed by the Jesuits in mission lands, there are 1,327 students; seminarists in the philosophy and theology courses total 633.

"Their schools in mission countries at present number 11,659, with an enrollment of 484,123. Among these are 90 schools of arts and crafts where they train over 5,000 young natives, 496 middle schools and high schools where 67,348 students receive instruction in the higher branches of learning, and 13 colleges and universities which have an enrollment of 9,808. Sixty-nine Catholic papers and magazines are published in these missions.

"On August 15, 1534, St. Ignatius and his six companions pronounced their first vows at Montmartre, Paris. In that group was St. Francis Xavier, Apostle of Japan and the Indies."

## Patna Mission is Grateful

TO the readers of JESUIT MISSIONS who responded so generously to recent appeals for help after the devastating earthquake which ruined so much of the Mission, the Superior of the Mission, Very Rev. Peter J. Sontag, S.J., sends the following spiritual bouquet which is entitled, "What the Children of Patna Mission have offered for our Benefactors." The bouquet is as follows: "Holy Masses, 46,877; Holy Communion, 29,055; Visits to the Blessed Sacrament, 38,565; Way of the Cross, 2,685; Beads, 15,187; Holy Hours, 660; Aspirations, 234,502; Other Prayers, 323,599." Surely, our benefactors must feel amply repaid by this most generous gift offered for them to the Heart of Christ.

# The Mission Intention

## The Missions of the Far East

WHILE nominally directed to the Orient at large, the real purpose of this Intention is the achievement of order and peace in China. The two chief obstacles to the realization of this ideal are the brigands and the Communists. The former rob, slay and pillage from necessity; the latter from principle. The former violate the law; the latter legalize the violation. The former prefer to operate in small groups, attacking swiftly and destroying as quickly. Their technique has become familiar to the readers of America through the experiences of the three Passionist Fathers en route to Yuanchow, April 1929, and Father Stimpf, O.F.M., Pro-Prefect of Yungchow in Honan, March 1933, of Monsignor Soggiu, Prefect Apostolic of the Fathers Conventual in Shensi, November 1931, of Monsignor Versiglia in the Mission of the Salesian Fathers in Kwantung, February 1930, and of Father Clifford King, S.V.D., in Honan, June 1930. While civil retribution can be meted out to the brigands, only a war can exact punishment from the Reds. This must be evident from the frightful total of victims massacred by them during 1930 and 1931 in the Province of Hupeh alone. The number has been estimated at 164,551. During his six months imprisonment with the Reds, Father Lazzeri computed the victims of the Army of Holong as 15,000. At the beginning of 1930, an official estimate stated that 30,000,000 Chinese are today under the control of the Reds, while at the beginning of July 1930, roving Reds numbered 145,000 men-in-arms. In the judgment of a Chinese officer of the regular Army, the Government should send its troops and exterminate them root and branch as it would wild beasts. While the missionaries, after the example of Father Esteban, forgive these enemies of the Faith, this does not excuse the Government from the obligation of maintaining that security which is an essential prerogative of the citizens in a civilized country. That this security does not prevail today in China is clear. Since the Chinese Revolution of 1912-1933 inclusively, fifty missionaries have been slain by bandits, eighteen of whom were Chinese, while three hundred and thirty-four were taken off into captivity, of whom natives numbered one hundred and four. The destruction of the Red banditti is a *sine qua non* not only of the existence of our missions, but of life and death for China itself. According to the report of the Government, May 17, 1931. "If this plague continues, the existence of our nation and of our race itself will be in danger."

Let us pray for peace in China.

*Zi-ka-wei altar boys, Shanghai, China, waiting for the Mass of the Missions.*



# The Mass of the Missions

## After the Consecration

Four hundred years before the Blood of Christ flowed from the Cross on Calvary, God through His prophet Malachias rejected the sacrifices of the Jews as sacrifices of pollution, offerings of an unholy race.

"You offer polluted bread upon My altar—if you offer the blind for sacrifice, is it not evil? And if you offer the lame and the sick, is it not evil? Offer it to thy prince (and see) if he will be pleased with it. I have no pleasure in you," saith the Lord of Hosts, "and I will not receive a gift of your hands."

But I *will* receive sacrifice from the Gentiles, a holy race, whom the Blood of My one begotten Son has redeemed from all iniquity and has cleansed for Me, a people acceptable. From this people made holy by the graces of redemption, I will receive a sacrifice with pleasure.

"For from the rising of the sun even to the going down, My Name is great among the Gentiles (not among the Jews) and in every place, (that is, on every Christian altar) there is sacrifice and there is offered to My Name a clean oblation," (in the words of the Mass prayer) a pure Victim, a holy Victim, an immaculate Victim, the Holy Bread of eternal life and the Chalice of everlasting salvation.

While thus praying, the priest traces above the Body and the Blood, five crosses in memory of the five wounds, indicating by these blessings that of all blessings, the fountain head and source is the Victim on the altar of the Cross.

Independently of virtue or lack of virtue in the priest, the sacrifice of the Son is acceptable to the Father. Yet God will receive this sacrifice with greater pleasure if he who offers it does so with the proper dispositions. To obtain these proper dispositions for her priest and for her people, the Church next begs God to fulfill in them this prophecy of Malachias.

"The Lord shall purify the sons of Levi (the priests) and shall refine them as gold and as silver."

# Communion of Saints

In the Communion of Saints

*are they, who having fought the good fight, having finished the course, having kept the faith, are today gloriously reigning with Christ their King in His celestial Kingdom.*

*are they, who after lives of labor and love, or who only at the eleventh hour by a final act of repentance, have won salvation, but still must satisfy God's justice and are giving that satisfaction in Purgatory.*

*are they, who still in the world, members of the Church Militant, have given up all things to follow Christ in suffering, privation and labors, that thereby they might win salvation for themselves and for the pagans and neophytes for whom they have given their lives.*

Dear reader, we may aspire to all of these grades in the Communion of Saints, but more immediately to the third by making ourselves one with the valiant missionaries of the present day. The American Jesuit missionaries offer you the opportunity, through JESUIT MISSIONS, to be a stay-at-home and yet a missionary; to have the comforts of home and yet to make sacrifices which by them will be used for the salvation of souls; to become a more militant member of the Church Militant.

*Will you take advantage of the opportunity that is offered and*

renew your subscription to JESUIT MISSIONS now?  
subscribe to JESUIT MISSIONS for a friend of yours?  
subscribe if you are only a reader but a non-subscriber?

(Find a subscription blank on the back cover)



# AFIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUITS

## PATNA, INDIA

His Excellency, Bishop Bernard J. Sullivan, S.J., of Patna, had the happiness, on July 25, of being co-Consecrator with His Excellency, Bishop Crowley of Dacca, when His Excellency, Msgr. O. Sevrin, S.J., was made Bishop of Ranchi. The consecrating Prelate was Archbishop Perier of Calcutta. The new Bishop's predecessor, the late Bishop Louis Van Hoeck, S.J., had been the first Bishop of Patna before he was assigned to Ranchi.

\* \* \*

Word has come from India that Bishop Sullivan is to make his official visit to Rome in October and will come to the United States early in November. This will be his first visit to his native country since going to India over ten years ago. Father Raymond Mullen, S.J., will act as Vicar General of the Diocese of Patna during the absence of the Bishop.

\* \* \*

Very Rev. Peter J. Sontag, S.J., writing under date of August 13, while he was visiting the new sector of the Santal field at Gokhla, gives first-hand information about the new school and its meaning for the spread of Catholicity among the Santals:

"It's an inspiration to see the work progressing here at Gokhla which is now the head station of Father James A. Creane's district in the Santal field. It seems almost incredible what Father Rudolph Bohn has achieved here in the way of buildings in less than eight months. True, it is all of mud, with bamboo and home-made tile roofs, but even so, to provide church, school and dwelling accommodations for a boys' and girls' boarding school, with five Jesuits, six Sisters, two hundred boys and almost as many girls, together with the teaching staffs required, and to do that in little more than seven months and in the face of the difficulties which actually had to be met by Father Bohn, is no mean test of human ingenuity and courage. I hope Father Bohn can be prevailed upon to give you an account of how a university town is built in mud. If his pen is as good as his *viva voce* description of it, you'll have some interesting pages.

"One of the items that the Superior is deeply interested in is, of course,

the cost of our University Town. Make a rough guess on the data given above, and the fact that the total length of buildings, end to end, equals 1200 feet, what Father Bohn's magic city cost. Ten thousand dollars? Missed by a mile! Cut down to 9,900, and then substitute Rs. for \$. In other words, the actual expenditure finished and furnished (not counting some old equipment brought from Bhagalpur and Bachcha) was Rupees nine thousand nine hundred, which in present-day dollars would be \$3,808.

"And what does this investment stand for? Please God, Gokhla will be God's nursery where under the ministering care of the Fathers, Scholastics and Sisters, Father Creane's new and ever-growing Catholic flock, already approaching the two thousand mark, will become far more than just so many converts. Here, in the full



His Excellency, Bishop Bernard J. Sullivan, S.J., of Patna, India, who will arrive in the States early in November, after making his first official visit to Rome.

Catholic life of a boarding school, we shall, with God's blessing, lay the foundation of a genuinely Catholic family life, which should make of our beloved Santals a veritable gem in the diadem of Christ our King.

"For this reason we have purposely refrained from seeking the Government aid which might be available for our school. We need to have a free hand to make our school first and last a training camp for fervent, practical Catholic life. Not many of our boys or girls will go on to the higher classes. Of the girls, nearly all will return to their homes after a year or two of school life. The boys will attempt a little more, but very few, even of them, will complete the equivalent of our American grade school, and of these few only a very limited number will be sent on to high school.

"A boarding school is, of course, expensive. But you must not think of Gokhla in terms of an American boarding school. The total cost per boy or girl will not greatly exceed Rs. 5/-, or two dollars per month. Then of this cost, too, we are gradually training our Santals to shoulder such part as in their poverty they reasonably can. In this, Father Creane has already achieved more than I had believed possible. And thus far our good friends and fellow missionaries at home have supplied the deficit. May our dear Lord bless them!

"God's loving Providence has been so visible in Gokhla's beginnings, that our hopes run high for still greater blessings for the future.

"The Gokhla Community of Jesuits is at present constituted as follows: Superior of Field Work, Father James A. Creane, S.J.; Superior, Father Rudolph W. Bohn, S.J.; Head Master, Father P. L. Frank, S.J.; Dispensary and teaching, Charles R. Bonnot, S.J.; Prefecting and teaching, Peter Angelo, S.J.

"The Post Office address remains, Catholic Mission, P. O. Champanagar, Bhagalpur, India."

\* \* \*

Father Paul Dent, S.J., has been assigned to Calcutta as Assistant Editor of *The New Review* which will begin publication in 1935.

\* \* \*

Father John Meyer, S.J., is doing magnificent work among the "Depressed" classes in Champaran in Pat-

na Mission. He has already brought a good many neglected souls back to the Faith, especially among the Doms. It was in this mission that in years gone by heroic work was done by Fathers Henry I. Westropp, S.J., John A. Kilian, S.J., and Charles P. Miller, S.J.

## IRAQ

From the *Al Baghdadi*, the journal published by the American Jesuits of Baghdad College, we note the following:

"The thing of which we are particularly glad is that we now have a chapel in the school. True, it is not large, for it will not hold much more than thirty boys; but it opens on the courtyard by means of a double door and two large windows that go almost to the level of the ground, and it will be possible for the student body to hear Mass assembled in the court. And certainly the presence of their Master in the midst of the boys, and the opportunity of dropping in to pay Him a visit from time to time during the day, should make a notable difference in the life and spirit of the school. It will be our task to accustom the boys to go there often to talk things over with Him Who should be their light and strength and joy.

"Father Joseph Merrick, S.J., bids fair to become known as the Apostle of Baghdad. He has already consecrated fifty families of our boys to the Sacred Heart, and the supply of pictures which he has obtained from the *Messenger* office in New York is adequate to do him for a long time. It is gratifying, of course, to see that the boys carry the apostolic spirit with them into their own families.

"When we were still residing in the city proper, a telephone was more or less of a luxury which we felt we could easily dispense with. But out here in Sulaikh, one is a real necessity. When Father William Rice, S.J., applied recently to have one installed, he was informed that there was room for only fifty subscribers on the local switchboard, and as all the places were taken, we must wait until death or some other occurrence frees one of the lines for us.

"From Ireland comes a request that we set a price on the *Baghdadi* so that those who are not in a position to meet its 'priceless' value may at least contribute their share towards the cost of production. To satisfy this request, suppose we call a dollar a year a reasonable contribution? This is not to be considered a subscription, for reasons which we stated before. Nor is it meant to suggest that there will be any change in our policy of sending the *Baghdadi* to all on our mailing list irrespective of financial condition or disposition. Nor, by the same token, do we desire to discourage larger donations from those who feel moved

to send them and who thus make up for those who are not in a position to contribute. Our new address, by the way, may be put down as Baghdad College, Sulaikh, Baghdad, Iraq."

## PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

Father Raymond R. Goggin, S.J., Master of Novices of the Sacred Heart Novitiate in the Philippines, has forwarded the new address of the Novitiate which from henceforth is as follows: Sacred Heart Novitiate, Novaliches, Caloocan, Rizal, P. I.

\* \* \*

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

"Tonight, as I sit here ruminating, tired and weary of plodding through rain and mud, I wonder how much efficiency is lost through lack of funds. But I suppose that you, too, could multiply your influence if you could spread the JESUIT MISSIONS to the ends of the earth. There certainly is power, latent sometimes, but none the less there, in gold. No wonder Roosevelt hoards it."

\* \* \*

From the Jesuit Mission News Bureau, St. Mary's College, St. Marys, Kansas, statistics have just been received of the enrollment of the pupils in Catholic schools in northern Mindanao.

"In the Provinces of Oriental and Occidental Misamis, Lanao and Bukidnon, there are twelve regularly recognized schools belonging to parishes in charge of American Jesuit Fathers. Six of these schools have full primary



Very Rev. Adelard Dugré, S.J., Provincial of the Province of Lower Canada, who has gone to S'ichow, China, to make his official visitation of this mission entrusted to the Canadian Jesuits.

and intermediate courses of seven grades; three more have as far as sixth grade, and the others have primary courses in whole or in part. The number enrolled in the intermediate department is 813; in the primary 2,092; giving a total enrollment of 2,905. Besides this, most of the schools have a kindergarten attached; in these there are 553 children. Moreover, in order to care for *barrios* where there are no schools at all, or where the public school is overcrowded, regular first grade classes have been opened with a full time teacher. Fully 1,000 children are being accommodated.

"All the teachers of this Catholic school system meet in Cagayan each year for a Normal Institute of ten to twelve days during May. Courses are given for teachers' self-improvement and the improvement of their teaching. This year, Father Joseph Mulry, S.J., and Father Edward Jacklin, S.J., of the Ateneo de Manila faculty, lectured on Religion and English. Sister Catalina Dychitan, R.V.M., and Sister Candelaria Tarcila, R.V.M., gave courses in Methods, Health Education, English. Mrs. Salud A. Santos, critic teacher of the Cagayan elementary school, was instructor in first and second grade English.

"A noteworthy accomplishment this year in the Catholic school systems was the opening of the beautiful, modern, strongly built, nine-room school of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel, Talisayan, Father Alfred Kienle, S.J., Pastor. The school, though opened for classes in June, was blessed in connection with the celebration of the town fiesta on July 16."

\* \* \*

Father John A. Pollock, S.J., paints another cheerful picture of Jasaan:

"Our dry season is only three months. For the last month the Padre may have to follow his flock to the river to get a bath,—well, what of it? Tropic stars are entrancing, and an excuse for an evening at the river side is not lightly to be passed by.

"In spite of these difficulties, the people are wonderfully clean in their bodily habits. They bathe with the frequency the climate demands, in fact, bathing is what they don't do nothing else but! Naturally, the home ablutions cannot be frequent nor exceedingly copious, but they are not lazy in going to the river. And once there, why wash merely the face and hands, and so they take a real bath.

"Because of this custom of bathing in the river at every opportunity, one never hears them say, 'Let's go swimming;' or 'We are going for a swim.' Always it is, 'We are going to take a bath.' They swim like fish, but always take a bath at the same time, and the bath idea has come to predominate.

"Needless to say, all laundry is done at the river, or rather right in the river. Large stones have been placed



Paul F. Barry, S.J., who was recently assigned to St. George's College, Kingston, Jamaica, B. W. I.

conveniently where the water is a foot or two in depth, and milady of the laundry sits or squats in the water at the rock, and after a thorough soaking flails the wash on the rock with a wooden paddle.

"This process is not more tiring than the American method before electric washers came into vogue, perhaps less so, for milady sits at her work in a cool river, in the shade, with no steaming water to bend over. And then the company! Many of her neighbors are sure to be there, and so it becomes a sociable, chatty morning's work. It is, of course, hard labor, but with some of the more unpleasant features toned down a bit.

"Then, too, every married woman there will have the pleasure of watching one or two or three of her children—or grandchildren—disporting in the stream. If mother happens to be confined for another coming event, perhaps it will be big sister who is doing the wash and minding the little ones. In any case, there will be no lack of companionship and no lack of chatter to take one's mind off the hard work.

"Not a few may be too poor to buy soap, but more water, more time and more labor will suffice for the clothes, and for the body a stone will serve as scraper even if not providing lather. Or if one is so inclined, he may chew the meat of a mature coconut, and thus get a homebrew Palmolive, which I understand has coconut oil as a base.

"Yes, it is a hard life the people lead here, a poor life, a primitive, frontier life, but a life close to God, full of poetry if one will but see it, a truly contented life. Please do not think us unhappy in our privations and poverty. We are happy and reasonably healthy, with just possibly a larger

share of both of these than rich, luxury-loving, convenience-ridden, nervous America. However, God bless America just the same, and bless us, too, in our poverty!"

\* \* \*

Father Vincent I. Kennally, S.J., writes from the Church of St. Augustine, Cagayan, Or. Misamis, Mindanao, P. I.:

"In many of the *barrios*, catechetical schools are functioning. I have five in operation now and would gladly open more if I could see my way to support them. It is in the *barrios* that the Aglipayan heresy is a long time dying, and the reason is that it has thus far been impossible to give the attention to them in the way of instruction and spiritual ministry that is the only way to kill the snake. Usually, I can get to them for Mass once a month or so, at least the nearby *barrios*, but there are some up in the mountains where there is Mass only once or twice a year, practically nothing. If it were possible to keep a good catechist in these places to keep alive Catholic practices, teach the children, prepare them for First Communion, etc., then even if the priest got there only occasionally, it would mean twice as much, and I think great and real progress would be made."

#### JAMAICA, B. W. I.

Father Joseph F. Ford, S.J., writing from Mandeville, Jamaica, B. W. I., notes what is a sign of progress upon the mission field where he himself has labored so fruitfully both as a priest and a builder:

"Your letter came to me just as I was scratching my head to meet the new situation I find myself in after dividing my ten missions in half, giving my car and chauffeur to Father James J. Dolan, S.J., because I could not divide them. This is the third time I have divided up my missions, each time bringing out a new Father to the country and seeing the country staff rise from five to eleven Fathers. This represents a period of sixteen years, and covers three quarters of the island. My speedometer registered one thousand miles a month before the division, but from now on will register considerably less, as I have to use a taxi for my Sunday binations.

"Father John Blatchford, S.J., is making a missionary map for you in which I helped to locate the country missions. When you get it, you will notice my section sparsely marked with only one mission in each parish, Clarendon and Manchester with a chapel. I have three other parishes under way where Mass is said in private houses, a hotel and an ex-movie hall. So you see, I have lots of pioneering work before me. I think that the ideal Father for the country work now is a young one with good contacts in the U. S. A., as there is no organized help coming to us from any source."

Father James H. Harney, S.J., writes from St. Joseph's Rectory, Savanna-la-Mar, Jamaica, B. W. I.:

"Jamaica is not a very small island. It is one hundred and fifty miles long and in some places forty miles wide and compares favorably with Massachusetts in size. I have a drive of thirty-two miles to reach Kingston. I mention this, because many people are led away by the effect that numbers and size have on the imagination. Mention Africa, India or China, and one immediately pictures the missionary as tramping all over the continent of Africa or of swimming the length of the Ganges or of taking a buggy ride from Siberia to Siam. Such, as you know, is not the case. I doubt if the average missionary throughout the world covers much more territory than we do here in Jamaica. My district comprises about one hundred and fifty square miles. Before the division, poor Father Francis Kempel, S.J., had close to three hundred square miles. I do not know enough about trigonometry to figure out the square mileage of Father Joseph Ford's district before the division. I had it for five months and used to cover one thousand to fifteen hundred miles a month. Where the territory is large, the work has to be less intense at the various stations, and more pioneering. Where the territory is smaller, the work is less pioneering and more intensive, with more tangible or better, more impressive results, but it does not cease to be missionary work."

\* \* \*

Father James J. Dolan, S.J., newly designated Pastor of St. Helen's Rectory, Linstead, Jamaica, B. W. I., for-



Father Leo A. Doyle, S.J., of the Missouri Province, has gone to Holy Rosary Mission, South Dakota, as a missionary among the Sioux Indians.

wards his first news to JESUIT MISSIONS, a catch-as-catch-can diary:

"Sunday, August 12, I set out about 5:45 on my maiden voyage to Moneague over Mount Diablo, about fifteen miles from Linstead. I stopped at Ewarton and two young ladies climbed aboard, one of whom plays the organ at Moneague. The Moneague church is a fine affair, very lightsome and airy within, tastefully set off from the road without, with accommodations in the back above the sacristy for the priest. There were confessions before Mass, a short exhortation during Mass, after which I came back to Linstead for my second Mass on Sunday. The catechist, in the meantime, takes the kiddies in tow in preparation for Confirmation. At the 10:00 o'clock Mass in Linstead, I had my first introduction to my people in my central station. What should have been a congregation of three hundred, totaled about thirty. After Mass, five people came in for Baptism, three of whom were converts who had been instructed by the Sisters of St. Francis, the Blue Sisters of Jamaica, called 'Blue' because of the gowns they wear, not by any means because of their dispositions. I have to thank them for my first Baptisms. After the ceremony, they took up a collection for the 'Fadder,' one and seven pence hapeny and a farthing.

"Monday, August 13, I was off to Kingston for a typhoid inoculation, twenty-six miles.

Wednesday, August 15: Received the good news that Mr. Scott, the Collector of Taxes here, and an Anglican, has kindly consented to play the organ at Mass on Sundays and on Thursday evenings for choir rehearsal. A gentleman by the name of Harvey who had done some work in the past for Father Ford, called to assure me that I willingly could have the loan of his few tools should I need them. After him, came Mr. Da Silva from Ewarton, who will gladly help repaint my house and the church. But at present, I have neither lumber for Mr. Harvey's tools nor paint for Mr. Da Silva's brushes. In fact, I need a pick and shovel and

about fifty pounds cash to keep the church from falling into the main road. The elevation of the church property above the main road is about fourteen feet, and now twenty feet from the site of the church to the road, a land-slide has developed. In a year we have already lost about eight feet along one piece of the cliff, and 'she's a-goin' mo, suh.'"

### CHINA

Word has been received from the California Jesuits in Shanghai that the Bishop has just entrusted the Sacred Heart Church to their care. Father John A. Lennon, S.J., has been appointed Superior, and Father Francis X. Farmer, S.J., will be in charge of temporalities. Father Francis B. Tsang, S.J., will be in charge of the Chinese, and Brother James E. Finnegan, S.J., will also be on the staff. Father Farmer is an American who spent fourteen years as a Protestant missionary in China before his conversion to the Catholic Faith.

The Sacred Heart Church is in the Hong-Kew district. It is the largest parish in Shanghai and has over 8,000 Catholics, of whom 6,000 are Chinese. Across the street from the church is St. Francis Xavier College for Chinese and foreign boys, under the direction of the Marist Brothers. In the immediate neighborhood is the Shanghai General Hospital, conducted by Catholic Sisters. The Holy Family Convent and school for Chinese girls, and the Loretto Convent and school for foreign girls are also within the parish. The parish is well organized and has large groups of active workers, both Chinese and foreign, in practically every field of Catholic Action. The Fathers of Gonzaga College will assist at the Church on Sundays, preaching sermons and hearing confessions.

\* \* \*

Father Leo F. McGreal, S.J., writes from Shanghai, China, where the California Jesuits are conducting Gonzaga College:

"There is no extraordinary news from China. Father Charles D. Simons will make his Tertianship at Wu-hu,

an ancient, interior city on the Yang-tse Kiang. The Yang-tse Kiang will furnish you with picture postcards. After a fatiguing day in the class room, most of the students succeeded in getting away from the terrific heat of Shanghai for a few days rest. Fathers Joseph I. Kennedy spent two weeks at the top of Mokanshan down to the river to the famous Summer resort at Kuling, where he is giving retreats to the Columban Fathers. Father John A. Lennon has been to the latter part of August. I had a very rest in the hospital during the latter part of May, so I hardly rate another rest this Summer.

"The school year which began June 29, was quite successful in every way. Prospects for 1934-35 are indeed. Applications at the Junior Middle and there is a normal increase in the Senior Middle. The process of entering with the Chinese is well under way and we are making recognition during the year. Our greatest difficulty—in fact, our greatest difficulty—comes from a lack of facilities for the faculty and students. We have drawn up plans for a new building which, we think, will meet our requirements for the next ten or twelve years. The cost is estimated at \$70,000. Do you know where one could find that amount of money which is devoted to the work of the Church in China? We are quite able to take care of ourselves as regards necessities; the Fathers of the Province have contributed a piece of land well suited for the purpose, but when it comes to the things necessary to carry out the work—well, we are simply unable to inspire some generous souls to our assistance. Every nook and corner in our library and school building is now being used.



The Province of Lower Canada sends a valiant mission band to Süchow, China. Left to right: Father Alphonse Brossard, Gabriel Brossard, S. J., Adrian Lavariere, S. J., Brother Leon Fontaine, S.J., and Brother Joseph Bergeron,

980' 0000  
100 6900  
0100000  
18 0 000

Our work is going to be retarded unless we can devise ways and means of expansion."

\* \* \*

Monsignor George Marin, S.J., Prefect Apostolic of Süchow Mission, which is in charge of the Jesuits of the Lower Canada Province, writes "that the anti-Catholic attitude of the new Sub-Prefect is a cause of much trouble and worry. The persisting delay of the local authorities to grant the permit for the new buildings is most annoying and seriously hampers the apostolate of our Fathers. The new Sub-Prefect, before sending his report to higher authorities about these buildings, did not bother consulting our Fathers' point of view. It was, therefore, to be feared that our adversaries only were consulted. Protestations were sent to the Provincial Government, but with little hope of immediate relief. The affair threatens to last for a long while yet."

\* \* \*

Monsignor Marin also narrates the gruesome details of a brigandage at Taitaolow:

"Six or seven brigands broke into the girls' boarding school. After striking the Superior on the head with a bayonet, they almost killed her companion when she made efforts to call for help. Two blows on the head knocked her unconscious and the loss of blood almost cost her life. Brother Souigny, S.J., spent two days at her bedside, doubting very much for a while if he could save her. She is now, happily, on the road to recovery, though still very weak and nervous. The brigands, by the way, were much disappointed. The poverty of these poor Presentandine Nuns offered them but a scant booty. All in all, about fifty dollars worth of property was taken away. The Superior had recognized one of the brigands and had him arrested, but all with little hope of any success. Nothing has yet been done to recover the stolen property and the mandarin seems to be waiting for a chance to have the prisoner released."

## ALASKA

The October issue of *JESUIT MISSIONS* chronicled the appointment of Father Paul C. O'Connor, S.J., to the Nulato Mission in Alaska. Later word, however, tells us that this appointment was only temporary. Father O'Connor writes:

"Sorry I must change my address again. I just got a wire from Father John B. Sifton, our Superior, telling me to report to Mountain Village at once. This is my old field and naturally I find no difficulty in returning to the camp of my first labors.

"There is certainly plenty of work up in this section of the country around Nulato. Our native attendance at High Mass on Sunday exceeds the two hun-



King Islanders looking over the ice-laden waters of Bering Sea. The interesting story of this isolated fortress island was told in the July-August issue of *JESUIT MISSIONS*. All the natives are Catholics, converted by their apostle, Father Bellarmine Lafortune, S.J.

dred mark. Father McElmeel has done wonderful work here during his ten years. Sunday is a real holiday during the Summer months. The people come up from miles down the river. The morning is given over to religious services and in the afternoon the natives have a baseball game. The brand of baseball that these young natives play would put to shame many a sandlot team in the States.

"Just now the gnats are paying us their annual visit. They have none of the manly traits of the mosquito. They sneak up without a sound and sting like a bumble bee."

\* \* \*

Father Joseph F. McElmeel, S.J., writes from Nulato:

"Though we have not received enough money from our appeal for the new school, we have gone right ahead. The school will be ready for the opening of class in September. Brother Horwedel is responsible for the progress we have made. By the way, Brother is from McSherrystown, Pennsylvania. Later on I shall send you some pictures of this school that is being built by the devotion of the Brother. The members of the community here, White folks and Indians, refer to the school as 'Brother's school.'"

\* \* \*

From Holy Cross Mission, Alaska, Father Joseph Tomkin, S.J., writes:

"The coming year is a very critical one for Alaska. The Bishop has been unable to get money for the yearly supplies; in fact, he is \$8,000 short on the bills of last year. The Province is in such financial condition that it cannot meet the added expense of Alaska, so here we are, not knowing if we are to hold or dismiss our children. The individual missionaries will be provided for, but our three boarding schools are in danger: Holy Cross with 200; Akulurak with 100; and Pil-

grim Springs with about 60. The difficulty is increased by the fact that about half of them come from nowhere and have nowhere to go to. Even to get the others to their various homes in the nooks and corners of the vast interior is a matter of much time and expense.

"Father Sifton, who is here at present, recently cabled Father Provincial: 'If you can supply flour and cereals, Holy Cross will pull through.' It's a question of a close stand or of dropping, and if you fall in a hurry, you may never get up again. Our hope is in the garden and in the river; if we have enough potatoes and fish with bread on top of 'em, we are safe. There are about five seasonal runs of fish each year, and though the principal one, the salmon Summer run, was a failure, we hope the others will supply our needs. Besides, we butcher fifty reindeer every year and this year the woods are full of rabbits and black grouse—the ptarmigan are too hard to get. It's several years since any expedition was undertaken to supply Fall needs from the large flocks of ducks and geese raised up here, and it takes three or four days to complete the operation. I guess we'll have to renew the experiment, as a few hundred geese will go a long way even on the table. A rabbit drive takes only a day, and it's a real slaughter,—six hundred or seven hundred in an outing. Porcupines also make good eating, but we don't hunt them *ex professo*, only enough to protect our garden, for they'll come along at night and eat the hearts out of the cabbage plants."

Father Tomkin says further:

"From December 1, last year, to February 1, we never got up to zero; it ranged from thirty-four degrees below to forty-six degrees below without a break, and at the wood camp where Brother Ryan was working it got down to fifty-three."

# *It's been hot in China too!*

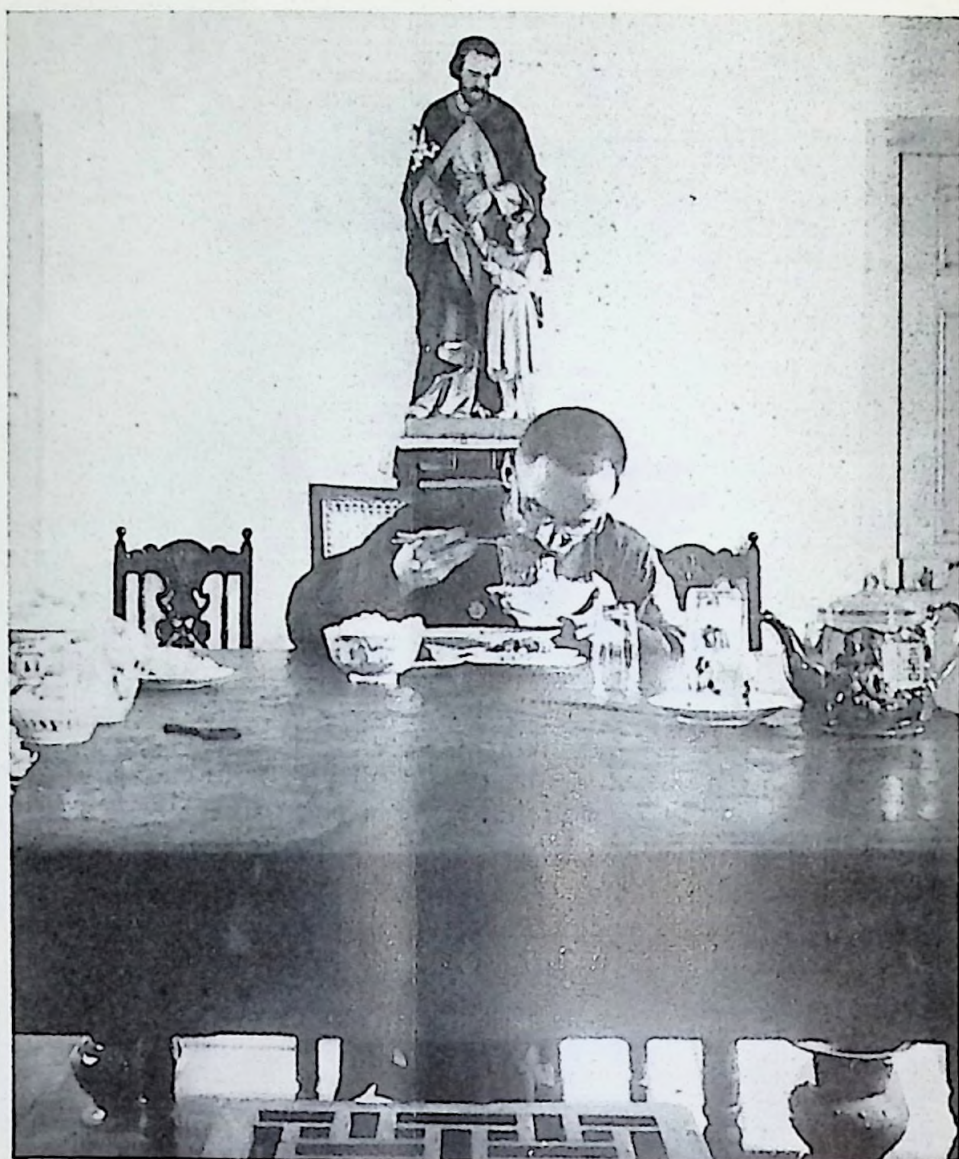
*Edouard Cote, S.J.*

**R**EPORTS of the terrific heat in the United States during the past Summer have been coming to us here in China. Now that that is all over, I thought you might be interested in our "hot" story.

We had heat, and plenty of it; and along with the heat came an awful drought. The crop of corn—second in importance only to rice—was ruined. Rice could not be planted in the drought area because moisture is needed for that. A public abstinence from meat and fish was decreed by the authorities, and no one was allowed to do any butchering. Paganism, too, came to the fore when we were all forbidden to light fires and to cook meals because the "Dragon of the Fire" was whirling in the sky and would inevitably set fire to the house that would not obey the government order. The people were, therefore, forced to eat their rice cold. During this period, the wooden god of the rain was taken off his dusty stand in the pagoda and was carried on a chair through the countryside.

The heat spell was the most terrific we have had in sixty years. An epidemic of cholera broke out and there were many deaths. During the last weeks it seemed to me that I was dealing with the dead more than with the living. I said the prayers for the dead more frequently than I poured the waters of Baptism on the heads of infants. Sick calls are plentiful, and they have shown me many visible signs of the working of grace in the souls of my poor people. Life seemed to be sustained in them until I had administered Extreme Unction. More than one native died before I had left the hovel.

**Y**ESTERDAY, I had to keep the devil away from the bedside of a young lady who had for many years neglected her Christian duties. Now she lay abed unconscious. Close relatives of hers notified me of her state. I went to the house, and as I entered the room I noticed two swords hanging along the bedposts. I realized their meaning: they were intended to frighten the devil in the act of removing the spirit from the body. Occasionally in similar instances it happens that there is real diabolical possession. The sick person may recover strength momentarily, may rise and hold the sword in hand in an effort to pursue the devil. Striking with the sword in all directions, the sick one calls for help and then finally falls exhausted and expires. As I entered this particular sick room, I got the swords out of the way, and instead placed the crucifix in the hands of the young woman. I had scarcely left the house when



*The author at Tsungming Islands, Haimen Mission, China, has a healthy appetite for Chinese macaroni and rice.*

I was informed that the people had called for the witch. I immediately went back to them and told them that if the sorceress ever stepped into this room I would never return. They immediately sent word for the sorceress not to come. This incident shows you how the Chinese still labor under some of their old superstitions. They try a chance both with God and with the devil.

**T**HIS morning I put the last touches to my statistics for the year. The total number of my Christians now numbers 1,386. There is still a very great amount of work to be done. The total amount of work done in China this year is consoling, but also brings out the vast task that is still to be done by China's missionaries. Whereas the total population of China is variously given at a figure between four and five hundred million, the Catholic population is 2,623,520. The latest statistics show an increase of 60,800 Baptisms, besides a wonderful harvest of souls reaped at the hour of death. Those baptized at the hour of death number: 34,000 adults and 293,000 infants. Since the recent ecclesiastical divisions in China, practically every Chinese territory has an opportunity of seeing a missionary priest or Sister. However, indifference seems still to cloak many millions of Chinese. We are still firmly hopeful that the 3,900 missionaries in China (of whom 1,600 are native Chinese), and the apostolic labors of 5,000 Sisters (of whom 3,400 are natives), and the blood of 50 missionaries killed since the Republic was established, will merit for China a vast increase in Catholic population, and the solid establishment of the Church in every district.

# The Sacred Heart in Brazil

*Guido del Toro, S.J.*

**W**HILE the reports of the International Eucharistic Congress at Buenos Aires are still audible to the readers of *JESUIT MISSIONS*, and are turning attention to our sister continent in the south, it may not be inappropriate to narrate for the edification of these same readers the story of a Japanese family conversion that has taken place in the city of Sao Paulo in Brazil.

The name of the family is Fujisawa, residents of Brazil, to which they had emigrated from Japan many years ago. After long and careful preparation, I had the consolation of baptizing all the members of this family on the twelfth of June, 1927, the month of the Sacred Heart. In addition to the father and the mother, named respectively, Francis and Frances, there is a daughter, Mary, and two sons, Joseph and Marius.

That these were not mere "rice" Christians, that is, postulants who ask for Baptism either because they are bribed to do so by gifts or are influenced by the ulterior motive of ultimately benefiting from the charity of the Church, is clear from the nature of the conversion itself, for the father, not content merely to receive the sacrament of Baptism, has continued to make further sacrifices in an endeavor to receive a religious education. Again, though living far from the church, he nevertheless comes regularly to catechism and has not failed once to assist at Mass. Though struggling like his fel-

low countrymen, and in no manner blessed with a generous supply of this world's goods, he contributes both money and aid for this Mission among the Japanese emigrants in Brazil. The father's favorite devotion is to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, evidenced by his membership in the Apostleship of Prayer and by Communion on the nine First Fridays. When I was explaining this latter devotion to him, he exclaimed: "But if I begin the nine First Fridays and then interrupt them, do I commit a mortal sin?" "No, my dear friend," I reassured him, "you do not." With that he began his Communions.

**W**ON completely by the thought that he could have his family consecrated to the Sacred Heart, he bought a beautiful print of the same and then requested me to come and officiate at the Consecration ceremonies.

I remember the occasion very vividly. The day he selected was a Sunday and I was more than usually tired after many hours in the confessional, two Masses and much catechizing of the children. The home of the Fujisawas was full of visitors and guests, the godparents of each of the members of the family and a group of Mr. Fujisawa's own invited friends. Upon the table they had set the picture of the Sacred Heart embowered in flowers and illumined with vari-colored lights. Above the table was a niche wherein once reposed the image of the god, Buddha. This had, of course, been removed and destroyed and in that niche (Turn to page 280)

*The Fujisawa family and their godfathers and godmothers. Sitting in the center you can see old Monica who was baptized and received her first Communion at the age of 77.*



## WINGS OVER THE CARIBBEAN

(Continued from page 255)

waiting room. More soldiers—they look suspiciously at us. Again we are not allowed to leave the building—Cuban revolutions!

We're off once more on the final lap of our journey. Out of sight of land. Blue sky and white clouds around us—blue sea and white foam beneath. Our Lady's colors, remind me, inconsequentially, of Hopkin's "Our Lady Compared to the Air We Breathe." We are running into dense white clouds. Can't see anything else. We rise to three thousand feet. Above the clouds now; magnificent they look; like huge moving mountains of snow. It gets colder. People shiver and reach for wraps. The windows are closed tight. Clouds, clouds. We are twenty minutes late already.

The weather clears. There is Key West down there—a toy town. On and on. We sight Miami, its streets like straight white ribbons, its palaces in their green grounds, beautiful even from way up here. The dip, the splash—the landing. Journey's End! And two of Ours to welcome me. Jesuit hospitality, north or south, the world over, it is always kind.

## CHOLERA IN SANTAL LAND

(Continued from page 259)

is that very little is being said or done about it. Once cholera breaks out in a village, the poor villagers in their ignorance take practically no precautions whatever to prevent its spread. With an adequate supply of remedies for prevention and cure, and a little organized effort, hundreds of lives could be saved. After the great earthquake, there was a lot of publicity and a great rush of relief workers from all sides. Where are those heroes now? Possibly the element of personal danger may offer an explanation. Be the explanation what it may, the fact is that Santals, Hindus and Mohammedans are dying off by the hundreds, and very little as far as I am aware is being done to save them. The epidemic is spreading from village to village and scarce any one seems to care or to stir a

finger to stop it. To date, I have heard of only one Santal village visited by a doctor to give injections to prevent cholera to the people.

One lesson that a widespread epidemic like this should drive home to all of us is this: Whatever be our own little miseries, they form but a tiny, tiny drop in the great sea of human suffering in the world around us. If any of the readers of these lines wish to show a little human sympathy and to deal out a little Christian charity, they may do so by keeping us missionaries more adequately supplied with the necessary remedies to deal with emergencies of this kind and the countless other cases of human ailments we constantly meet with. So much for the present. Now I must run along again and do what I can in my own little way for the souls and bodies of the sick and dying in the villages all around me.

## MY SAN JOSE TRIP

(Continued from page 260)

guides were on foot, I took the lead, hoping thus to go faster and make up the lost time. After emerging from the forest, we next came upon a long stretch of level, open pine-ridge where we received the full benefit of the noonday sun. Though our progress was slow, everything went well until we began to descend towards a creek on the other side of the pine-ridge. Here the horse flies and several other varieties of unknown pests tormented my horse frightfully, so I tore a branch from a tree and kept brushing them off, thus relieving him considerably. Then we came to a fork in the road. I was quite certain that our path led to the right so I went ahead that way, waiting for the others to come around the last bend before asking whether I was correct. Suddenly I heard shouting to the rear, and bringing my horse around abruptly, I saw one of the mules coming towards me at full gallop, pestered by dozens of horse flies, and with its pack jiggling loosely all over its back. I spurred my horse and galloped up towards the fork in the road to head off the wildly running mule. But I got there just in time to see her dash by me full clip, on what proved to

be the wrong road. Well, before we had caught her and readjusted the pack, we lost another half hour.

(To be continued)

## SUMMERING IN ALASKA

(Continued from page 261)

like to make the best of his coming.

It is necessary for me to visit each cabin. On this occasion I spent the greater part of the day drying out my baggage. Soon a young man came up to see me. The Eskimo is reticent by nature. They reveal themselves only after a measured silence. I greeted the young man and we talked about indifferent things. It was only after a half hour that he finally gave me the reason of his visit. "Father," he said, "my baby, he sick." I knew all the time that something was on his mind, but there was no use of me trying to hurry things. The Eskimo would tell me in his own fashion, in his own time.

Babies arrive in practically every family during the Summer. My work at this time of the year consists principally in administering the sacrament of Baptism. It is a fruitful work, for the majority of these babies die before they reach the use of reason. The poor and unsanitary condition of the Eskimo exacts a heavy toll among the young. Personally, I think this is the reason why God sees to it that a priest is generally around when death appears on the scene.

A sort of flu settles down on each camp at the beginning and at the end of the Summer months. Even the strongest at times succumb, although the young and the old are the victims for the most part. The native hasn't got half a chance. He is sick practically all the time. His lot for the most part is constant exposure, dampness and cold. A priest can find plenty to do. Moreover, he in his turn, is taught lasting lessons by these simple people.

## FORMING LEADERS FOR TOMORROW

(Continued from page 265)

St. Paul did his greatest work in the centers of influence, Antioch, Philippi, Athens, Corinth, Rome. Father Ricci, after working for

(Continued on page 280)

# BOOK REVIEWS

**The Bible for Everyday.** By Most Reverend Alban Goodier, S.J. P. J. Kenedy & Sons, New York, N. Y. Price \$2.00. In the Encyclical *Spiritus Paraclitus*, September, 1920, Pope Benedict XV wrote: "We desire for all the children of the Church that, penetrated and strengthened by the sweetness of Holy Writ, they may attain to the supereminent knowledge of Jesus Christ." With this purpose of the Supreme Pontiff in mind, His Grace, Archbishop Goodier, has compiled three hundred and sixty-six excerpts from the Old and New Testaments, one for each day, for a querying and querulous world, in which he identifies Christ as the Son of the Living God. Old Testament prophecies, the word of God to man, coupled with the great prayers of the Holy Patriarchs and leaders, man's word to God, are set side by side with pages indicating the growth of the moral code. Though the Ten Commandments, the first formula of the natural law binding every child of Adam, need no reconstruction act nor amendment, yet, they do need to be reenunciated again for a world that is fast supplanting them with economic codes which often are a usurpation rather than an application of the decalogue. If the Ten Commandments are explained in the selections from the Old Testament, the love of God and the love of man are enucleated in the New, and sanctioned with the pleasing vision of the New Jerusalem as foretold in the Apocalypse of St. John. The text for the Old Testament is that of the Douay version, recourse being made now and then to authorized French or German translations. The Westminster version is used for the New Testament. No more appropriate or salutary use of "The Bible for Everyday" could be considered than its introduction in the Catholic colleges and schools of the United States. The old tradition of Bible reading at the opening of the daily class has vanished. Restore it with "The Bible for Everyday" and we may hope that "penetrated and strengthened with the sweetness of Holy Writ, our children may attain to the desire of His Holiness, Pope Benedict XV: "the supereminent knowledge of Jesus Christ."

**Heralds of the King.** By John G. Hogan. The Stratford Company, Boston, Mass. Price \$1.50.

Anciently, a herald was defined as an official who proclaimed war or peace and brought messages between rulers. In the fullest degree, this definition is exemplified in the lives of St. Francis of Assisi, St. Dominic, St. Ignatius of Loyola, St. Teresa of Avila, St. Jane

Frances de Chantal and Mother Elizabeth Ann Seton. For with indomitable vigor, each and all, in the name of the eternal King, proclaimed war upon the evils of their respective age, or proclaimed peace only on the conditions laid down in the protocol of the Gospels. This message from their Heavenly Commander to the spiritual rulers of their time was of inspiring and timely import for the Kingdom of God on earth, while their religious announcements of glad tidings have been incorporated by Supreme Pontiffs in constitutions which govern today six of the most illustrious religious Orders and Congregations of the Church, namely, the Franciscans, Dominicans, Jesuits, Carmelites, Daughters of the Visitation and the Sisters of Charity. Today, even as of old, idealism, religious idealism, the desire for adoption into the divine family life of Heaven, still lives within the hearts of men and women; and amidst the false tenets and moral fallacies of our age, despite pessimism, radical atheism, the anti-religious fulminations of Communism, it still remains true that nothing is so truly popular as moral goodness. The moral goodness of these "Heralds of the King" is sanctioned by the proclamations of a Church whose own holiness makes her competent to judge. Yet, this moral goodness was nothing more than an adoption, on an heroic scale, be it true, of the greatest and first Commandment, and of the second which was like to this. Briefly, the message of these Heralds is a proclamation from the King of Kings to the world's commanders, be they leaders of ecclesiastical hierarchies, or lords of industry and finance.

**The Discovery of the Amazon.** By Jose Toribio Medina. American Geographical Society, New York, N. Y. Price \$5.00.

"The Discovery of the Amazon" in Three Parts and an Appendix, Special Publication No. 17 of the American Geographical Society, is an encouraging indication of that scientific research which is being undertaken in America today under the auspices of various seats and societies of learning. That the analysis of this publication should be conducted according to the account of a Catholic missionary is one more brilliant in the crown already won by the Church's pioneering sons. Both as a study and a model of typography, the work is redolent of that finished craftsmanship which speaks the artist and which we have had occasion to associate with the Society that prompted this edition. The date of the discovery and the name of the river itself are determined in the light of evidence which at this time seems final.

Documentary testimony from the highest sources is marshalled in array for a critical appraisal of Orellana's discovery of the Amazon, 1541-42, and his expedition to New Andalusia (lower Amazon Valley), 1545-46. Selections from Oviedo's "Historia de las Indias," bearing on Orellana's two expeditions are given in the Appendix. The notes are discursive and of historic permanence. Orellana himself was buried "in the midst of that luxurious nature which was a sepulcher worthy of his imperishable name." But lest the achievements of our early Catholic missionaries in South America be likewise interred and perhaps lost to all posterity, we recommend this volume not merely for its intrinsic merits but for the possibility it seems to adumbrate of new investigation into the early years of European discoveries in our sister continent to the south. It may even chance that from this research may grow a counterpart to the *Jesuit Relations of North America*, in the form either of a series on the Dominican Relations of South America, or, let us say, the *Jesuit Relations of Paraguay*.

**Into Life—A Religious Play in One Act.** By Thomas P. Rolf. The Catholic Dramatic Movement, Milwaukee, Wisconsin. Price twenty cents per copy.

"Into Life" enacts in allegory, "the story of a girl who found in time that her Alma Mater's definition of friendship was the correct one." The play may be staged by a mixed or an all-female cast, and is particularly appropriate for high school commencement exercises.

**The Missionary.** By Charles Louwers, S.J. Colombo Catholic Press, Colombo, Ceylon.

A most thoughtful little brochure, overflowing with intimate, homely reflections on the vocation and life of a Catholic missionary. The mission vocation itself, its hardships and consolations, the enthusiasm of missionary workers, the silent apostolate of the missionary's moral influence in the world, are expressed with apostolic reverence and vision.

**Holy Hour for Night Adoration in the Home.** By Rev. Mateo Crawley-Boevey, S.S.C.C., (Picpus). Work of the Enthronement, Sacred Hearts' Academy, Fairhaven, Mass.

To inculcate the great social duty of making reparation for so many outrages not only by non-Catholics but even by faithless "Faithful" to the Love that is not loved, this booklet has been prepared.

## Grateful Acknowledgments

JESUIT MISSIONS gladly transmits money gifts to any Jesuit Missionary.

### Gifts for the Missions

M. M., Lake Mahopac, N. Y.	\$15.00
M. E. O'R., Woodhaven, N. Y.	3.00
E. P. L., Dorchester, Mass.	2.00
A. V., Brooklyn, N. Y.	1.00
S. S. R., Nutley, N. J.	1.00
M. H., Mahopac Falls, N. Y.	1.00

### For Patna Mission

I. R., Dubuque, Iowa	50.00
J. K., Danbury, Texas	5.00
Mrs. P. M., Downey, Cal.	5.00
Mrs. T. K., San Francisco, Cal.	5.00
J. J. P., San Jose, Cal.	5.00
A. S., Chicago, Ill.	3.00
L. A. P., San Francisco, Cal.	3.00
W. J. S., St. Louis, Mo.	2.00
H. R., Floral Park, N. J.	2.00
A. F., San Jose, Cal.	1.00
T. L., Bronx, N. Y.	1.00
J. R. R., Tillamook, Ore.	1.00
H. E., Oakland, Cal.	1.00
M. P., Newport, R. I.	1.00
G. K., Jersey City, N. J.	1.00
M. J. S., Providence, R. I.	1.00

### For Bishop Sullivan, S.J.

Rev. J. J. McC., Holyoke, Mass.	10.00
J. C., New York, N. Y.	10.00
R. A. C., Lynn, Mass.	2.00
A. E., Baltimore, Md.	1.00
8th Grade, Ursuline Academy, Youngstown, O.	1.00
M. J. B., San Francisco, Cal.	1.00

### For Father J. E. Coffey, S.J.

J. J. C., New York, N. Y.	55.00
---------------------------	-------

### For Father Kennally, S.J.

M. C., New York, N. Y.	25.00
------------------------	-------

### For Father McNulty, S.J.

G. V. McV., Ventnor City, N. J.	10.00
---------------------------------	-------

### For Mr. P. Joehl, S.J.

M. G., Alton, Ill.	30.00
--------------------	-------

### For Father F. Donovan, S.J.

R. G., Long Island City, N. Y.	10.00
--------------------------------	-------

### For Father Lucas, S.J.

E. W., Baltimore, Md.	15.00
-----------------------	-------

### For Father Reith, S.J.

W. J. B., New York, N. Y.	5.00
St. Ursula's Sunday School, Mt. Vernon, N. Y.	2.28
Mrs. E. J., New Orleans, La.	1.00

### For Father Gallagher, S.J., P. I.

H. M. B., Brooklyn, N. Y.	5.00
---------------------------	------

### For Leper Colony, P. I.

E. K. G., Washington, D. C.	5.00
-----------------------------	------

### For Philipines

Anonymous, New York, N. Y.	5.00
----------------------------	------

### For Father Marchisio, S.J.

I. E. M., New York, N. Y.	8.75
---------------------------	------

### For Father Hofmann, S.J.

E. K. G., Washington, D. C.	5.00
-----------------------------	------

### For Father Brown, S.J.

E. K. G., Washington, D. C.	5.00
-----------------------------	------

### For Baghdad College

Mrs. L. A. G., Gillespie, Ill.	1.00
--------------------------------	------

### For Father Westropp, S.J.

M. J. M., Dorchester, Mass.	1.00
-----------------------------	------

### For Father Creane, S.J.

M. J. L., Dorchester, Mass.	1.00
-----------------------------	------

### For Father Dowd, S.J.

Via H. R. S. H., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.	5.00
--------------------------------------	------

### For Father O'Beirne, S.J.

Via H. R. S. H., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.	5.00
--------------------------------------	------

Gratitude is also expressed for one hundred and fifty-nine Mass stipends.

## FORMING LEADERS FOR TOMORROW

(Continued from page 278)

years in the smaller towns of the south, decided it was necessary for the good of the missions, nay for their very existence, to have missionary influence at the imperial palace in Peking. It took him years to carry out his plan, but from the time he succeeded, missionaries were almost constantly at the court for nearly two centuries, not engaged directly in the work of conversion, but in astronomy, mathematics, literature, and even art. Yet it was these men who gave "face" to the Catholic missions in other parts of China, who secured imperial privileges for them, who interceded for them in time of persecution, usually with splendid results. To deny the title of "Missionary" to anyone who does not spend his days on a Chinese donkey would be to cut off from the missionary list many of the greatest names that are there, e.g., Fathers Schall, Verbiest and others.

## CONSTRUCTION IN CULION

(Continued from page 267)

fifteen hundred dollars.

A vote of thanks to Frederick Pustet Company. We saw in their catalogue No. 927 on page 154, the picture of a beautiful altar and baldachino—marble, of course, with Venetian colored mosaic inlays; columns of Grecian green marble with white marble base.

We could not do it in marble but we were ambitious enough to think we could do it in hard woods. We have whole forests in Culion of the finest hard woods, and we dreamed of cutting and carving—for we have a few leper craftsmen who were mesmerized by the idea and insisted that we could do it.

So we wrote to Pustet about our leper dream, asking if we could get the architect's plans and blue prints of the altar on page 154, with permission to try to make a replica for our lepers in their exclusively leper church. Then we asked the lepers to pray, and the Holy Angels and St. Anthony brought us back in the mails just what we desired; plans and blue prints and permission and a most gracious letter wishing us

success in our noble endeavor.

We wish to make public record of our gratitude and to spread it wide on every side, that the Pustet Company befriended our leper cause in this very generous way.

Next we began to find out that you can't chop down trees and haul lumber unless you have very strong men. Our lepers had the ambition, but the forest damp and fumes played Old Harry with their "reactions"—it simply could not be done and we had to give up the idea of reproducing the altar in hard woods.

But we did not give up the idea of the altar. We decided to do it in cement. We had some lepers who knew cement, but this project would call for artists. And this is where our Manila specialist in altars and church work, Maximo Vicente, came to our aid. For fifteen hundred dollars, he sketched and made the moulds and designs and the medallions to imitate Venetian colored mosaic inlays, and sent a small group of high-class artisans all the way from Manila, who with leper help in four weeks gave us the double of the Pustet altar, with the Last Supper magnificently painted above the altar exactly as in the original—but, of course, all on a reduced scale in proportion.

## THE SACRED HEART IN BRAZIL

(Continued from page 277)

once desecrated by the likeness of a pagan god, I now enthroned the painting of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. "Now," I assured him, "you may at last be satisfied, for your entire family is consecrated to the Sacred Heart."

"Yes," he replied sadly, "but my mother and my wife's parents are not yet Catholics. They are still in Japan."

"Tell them to come to Brazil," I answered.

"Padre, my mother is very old and the passage from Japan to Sao Paulo in Brazil takes almost sixty days."

Nevertheless, at the end of 1933, not only the mother of Mr. Francis, but the parents of his wife arrived at Sao Paulo, and were prepared to receive the sacrament of Baptism on June 20, 1934.

**IF**  
*you are going to*  
**JAPAN**  
**CHINA**  
**PHILIPPINES**

Friendly "one-Class" service — all passengers have same privileges — companionable and congenial travel. Fast modern "General" Liners direct from Portland to the Orient, with 100 miles of majestic Columbia river scenery. Attractive outside rooms — beds, not berths. Ideal for Catholic missionaries bound for foreign fields.

Portland to Yokohama, \$172; Kobe, \$177; Shanghai, \$198; Hong Kong, \$215; Manila, \$215. Round-the-World Tours, \$471 to \$599. Passengers may board the ship at San Francisco at a slight additional cost.

**NEXT SAILINGS**

General Lee . . . . . Nov. 6  
General Pershing. . Nov. 27  
General Sherman. . Dec. 18

Direct connections to all parts of the Orient

**General Liners**  
**From PORTLAND**

See your travel or railroad ticket agent for literature and full particulars or write

**STATES STEAMSHIP LINES**  
PORTLAND, ORE.

**A History**  
of the  
**Catholic Church**  
in  
**Jamaica, B.W.I.**

By FRANCIS X. DELANY, S.J.

"As a history it is indicative of much study, thorough research and painstaking winnowing of material. . . . Everyone interested in foreign mission endeavor will enjoy this excellent book."—*The Sign*.

Price \$2.50; by post \$2.65

**JESUIT MISSION PRESS**

257 Fourth Avenue New York, N. Y.

for  
**INFORMATION**

concerning the

—Remailing of magazines to the missions—

—Saving of cancelled postage stamps for the missions—

Address DESK E

**Jesuit Mission Press**  
257 Fourth Ave., New York, N.Y.

**ORIENT**

with SPEED · COMFORT · ECONOMY



*Orient . . . for travel's greatest wonders*

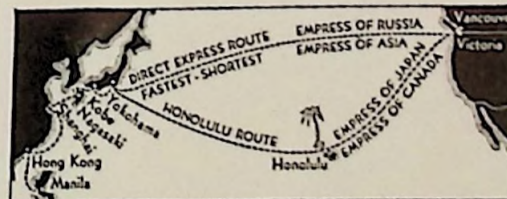
**FASTEST, SHORTEST** route to Yokohama . . . 10 quick days . . . by sister-ships, *Empress of Asia* and *Empress of Russia*. Or via Honolulu in 3 days more . . . by *Empress of Japan* (largest, fastest liner on the Pacific) and *Empress of Canada*.

**FREQUENT SAILINGS** from Vancouver (trains to ship-side) and Victoria. Orient fares include passage from Seattle. Orient ports-of-call: Yokohama, Kobe, Nagasaki, Shanghai, Hong Kong, Manila.

Luxurious First Class; excellent Tourist Class; and comfortable, low-priced Third Class.

**Reduced round-trip fares**

*Booklets, information . . .* from your own travel agent, or any Canadian Pacific office in New York, Boston, Chicago, St. Louis, San Francisco, Montreal, Toronto, Vancouver, Winnipeg, and many other cities in United States and Canada.



**Canadian Pacific**

Subscribe to

**The**  
**New Review**

A high class Catholic Indian Monthly of general interest to be published monthly beginning January, 1935

This youngest member of the well-known international brotherhood of Catholic magazines conducted by priests of the Society of Jesus will chronicle important movements and current events in all countries of the world, especially in India. On its editorial staff is **Father Paul Dent, S.J.**, of the Chicago Province of the Society of Jesus, recently of Patna Mission, India.

*Subscription rates given on application.*

Order from

**THE MACMILLAN COMPANY**

New York, Boston, Atlanta, Chicago, Dallas, San Francisco, Toronto  
or **JESUIT MISSION PRESS**, 257 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.



Such a death was the reward  
for service of God  
when service of man would be treason

— read —

# MIGUEL AUGUSTIN PRO

of the  
Society of Jesus

by  
ANTHONY DRAGON, S.J.

The story of the courageous  
apostle of Christ, the King

Price, \$1.50 — By Post, \$1.60

JESUIT MISSION PRESS,

257 Fourth Avenue

NEW YORK, N. Y.

## PAMPHLETS

*that foster a mission spirit.*

- Pius XI, Pope of the Missions
- The Philippines, Isles of Gold
- Novena of Grace —*St. Francis Xavier*
- The Giant of God —*St. John Brebeuf*
- The White-Robed Blackrobe  
—*St. Isaac Jogues*
- A Novena to the Martyr Saints of  
North America
- Surgeon and Saint —*St. Rene Goupil*
- Squire of Christ —*St. John Lalande*
- A Shepherd Staunch  
—*St. Anthony Daniel*
- Out of the Northland
- William Stanton of Belize
- The Boys Who Wouldn't Die
- The Story Wonderful
- A Boy and a Girl
- Avelino

*These 15 pamphlets for \$1.00 Postpaid*

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



# MUSH, YOU MALEMUTES!

By

Bernard  
R.  
Hubbard,  
S.J.

## THE GLACIER PRIEST

A book—Price \$3.00; by post \$3.20

JESUIT MISSION PRESS

257 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Business Editor  
Jesuit Mission Press  
257 Fourth Avenue  
New York, N. Y.

DOMESTIC  
1 Year .....\$1.00  
3 Years ..... 2.75  
6 Years ..... 5.00

CANADIAN  
and  
FOREIGN  
1 Year .....\$1.25

Dear Father:

I am enclosing \$..... for which please list a subscription to JESUIT MISSIONS for .....  
year(s) in the name of

Name .....

Address .....