



Jesuit Missions

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CATECHISTS—call them what you will, the right arm of the missionary, the missionary's other self—are essential to the progress of any mission. They prepare catechumens for the reception of Baptism; they conduct classes in religion for those already baptised; they gather together and direct in their prayers the Catholics who on Sundays must miss Mass solely because the laborers are too few and cannot bilocate or triplicate themselves.

Thanks to faithful Catechists, many themselves converts from paganism, the American Jesuit missionaries in Alaska and India, in Jamaica and the Philippines, in China, British Honduras and amongst our United States Indians, have been able to report many conversions in their missions, and a staunch faithfulness to religious duties on the part of the Catholics after conversion.

But catechists must live. Too often the missionary has not the means to support them. All of the missions need more catechists, and though worthy candidates abound, lack of funds makes it impossible to engage them for the further expansion of Christ's Church. If we but realized the very small salary the Catechists get, many of us would gladly provide the missionaries with many more right arms. \$5.00 a month is a catechist's salary. Will you provide that sum or more for one of the American Jesuit missions listed below?



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

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.
Holy Cross, Alaska

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.

American Indian Missions in Wyoming and South Dakota; and British Honduras, a foreign mission in Central America amongst the Caribs and Maya Indians, are cared for by the Jesuits of the mid-western States that comprise the Missouri Province. This Province also cares for four Negro Missions: three in Missouri, in or near St. Louis, and one in Omaha, Nebraska. For these missions the Province Mission Procurator is

REV. WILLIAM J. WALLACE, S.J.
221 N. Grand Boulevard, St. Louis, Mo.

Jamaica, B. W. I., an island in the Caribbean lying south of Cuba, is the field of foreign missionary labors of the New England Province of the Society of Jesus. Educational work at Baghdad College in the capital city of the new Kingdom of Iraq, is entrusted to Jesuits from each of the American Provinces, but this work is administered by 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.

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.

The China Missions of the Jesuits of the California Province which comprises the States of California, Nevada, Utah and Arizona are in Nanking, Shanghai and other sections of China. The Province Mission Procurator is

REV. WILLIAM J. DEENEY, S.J.
Sacred Heart Novitiate, Los Gatos, Calif.

The Philippine Islands, a foreign-home mission comprising a large portion of the Island of Mindanao in the dioceses of Zamboanga and Cagayan, 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 Street, New York, N. Y.

Canadian Indian Missions along Lake Huron and Georgian Bay; north of Lake Superior; and along the Albany River are cared for by the Jesuits of Upper Canada. The Province Mission Procurator is

REV. FRANCIS C. SMITH, S.J.
160 Wellesley Crescent, Toronto, Canada

Süchow Mission, China; and Canadian Indian Missions at Caughnawaga, 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

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

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The biting winds and drifting snows of Alaska seem to agree with these Russian-Eskimo women and children. The Vicariate Apostolic of Alaska is entrusted to the Jesuits of the Oregon Province. In a population of 59,066, there are 11,782 Catholics and Catechumens, 25,877 Heretics or Schismatics, and 21,407 pagans. There are 29 Jesuits, 4 Secular Priests, 52 Sisters and 58 Catechists and Teachers working in this "Most Difficult Mission."

Southerners in Ceylon

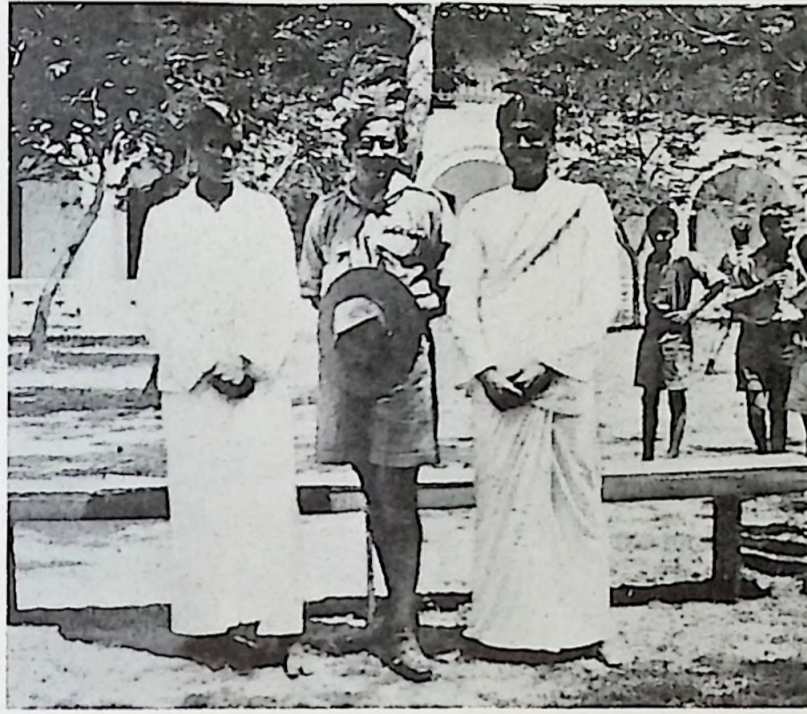
George J.

McHugh, S.J.

THROUGH two recent issues of **JESUIT MISSIONS**, our readers have become acquainted with the Southern Jesuits' first foreign mission work in the Diocese of Trincomali, on the eastern shore of the island of Ceylon. During the Summer of 1933, the first Southern Jesuit to set foot on Ceylon soil was Mr. John T. Linehan, S.J. In one of his letters last year, he earnestly expressed his wishes for American reinforcements in the mission field. Towards the close of the last Summer, Very Rev. J. M. Walsh, S.J., Provincial of the Southern Province, fulfilled his hopes by sending two Scholastic companions: John Lange, S.J., and John O'Connor, S.J. Because of the assignment of these two men, Mr. Linehan was sent to Enghien, Belgium, to complete his studies. In a few years he will return to Ceylon as a priest of God, to minister to the countless pagan souls there.

THE present work of the Southern Jesuits in Ceylon consists mainly in teaching and prefecting at St. Michael's College, Batticaloa. There are in the school, about two hundred and fifty boys of Tamil, Singhalese, Christian and various other denominations. Some fifty of these students are boarders and the others are residents of Batticaloa. In a recent letter, Mr. Lange writes, "Six of the Fathers, we two Scholastics and some eight laymen (Tamils) form the teaching staff. One of the teachers takes care of the Scout activities and of military tactics—required by the Government. Father O'Connor (by the way, we are called 'Father' by everybody) has charge of athletics and is contemplating teaching the boys to play indoor and basketball. I have the brass band (eighteen pieces) and the choir and so on." Of the people themselves, he writes, "They are a very capable people. Some of them are quite bright and intellectual. All the boys in the school, of course, speak English, but around the town the only thing understood is Tamil. We have begun the study of the language and find it comparatively easy. At least it has an alphabet,—but what an alphabet! They have eight vowels and twelve consonants, and after they get through making special letters out of joining the consonants to the vowels and the vowels to the consonants the result is about one hundred characters."

Perhaps we often picture the missionaries' life one of adventure and thrills. Adventure? Yes, in the quest for



The Scout Master and his two assistants, St. Michael's School, Batticaloa, Ceylon.

But the real spice of life comes into the missionaries' first travels. About their journey through the mainland, Mr. Lange writes, "But we enjoyed every mile of the trip. Everything was new: the people, the homes and the jungles. There are plenty of mountains (or at least very high hills) in the central part of the island. In fact, it is the mountain country that causes our railway trip to be so extended; the train must skirt the mountains. The jungles are real jungles. From the window of the train, we caught frequent glimpses of wild monkeys, herds of wild deer, birds of all descriptions, and some smaller animals. I have since learned that there are wild elephants in the jungles just to the northwest of Batticaloa (better still, I have been invited to come and see for myself). One of the boys from the college was accidentally shot and killed last Winter on a hunting expedition into the bush after a wild boar. Ceylon bears are very mean and irascible—even more so than the tiger-cats. Cobras are in evidence, too. A man stepped on one three nights ago, as he was walking along the highway, and died within two hours.

"The descendents of the original inhabitants of Ceylon, the Veddas, have a settlement in the interior of the island. They keep apart from everyone else, and are a rather morose and suspicious set. I haven't seen any of them yet—something else to look forward to."

BUT there is something greater that the two young missionaries are looking forward to. It is the winning of souls for Christ and the preaching of the Gospel to the millions of pagans on the island. They are willing to watch the flock of Christ; they are ready to go out and search for the lost ones; they are eager to gather in those who are not of the Fold. Their zeal is like that of Xavier's and Paul's. They plead for prayers for themselves and for the pagan millions of Ceylon.

souls. Thrills?—Innumerable, with the thoughts of fighting for pagan souls. What patience and fortitude, innate only in a soul yearning for Christ's love, is demanded to save souls of this character! "One very peculiar thing about these boys," writes Mr. Lange, "is that they do not understand how it can be wrong to tell a lie. It is a kind of little game with them to deny things, or stretch the point, and let you find out the facts for yourself. Punish them all you want, they will not own up. And this is not only for the 'bad eggs'; it's very general."

“Father, - You Savay?”

Francis M. Menager, S.J.



YOU should meet him, the dear old man, one of the cleverest and best of the Eskimos of the far North. He was converted a few years ago, and ever since has been an ardent Catholic. John Kakkarok is his name, and perhaps there was a design of Providence in the fact that *kakkeak* means “bread,” and Kakkarok means, “the man who has bread”; for he certainly lives up to his name, when it comes to urging his people to avail themselves of the Bread of Life. He does that both by word and example. But that is not enough for his apostolic soul. He does more, and the account that he gives of his work among non-Catholic Eskimos is both graphic and edifying.

As the accompanying photo shows, John Kakkarok is venerable in age. His cheerful old face is wrinkled, his locks are almost white, his piercing black eyes have the habit of looking at you with a sort of a semi-twinkle that gives one the impression that something worth while is going to spring to life in his next sentence. And you are not deceived, for his conversation is sheer delight to American ears. He speaks English, indeed, and his vocabulary is quite picturesque, though very limited, and often he has to supply by well rounded gestures, both expressive and unusual. One day he came to the Mission, and the conversation turned to the subject of Catholic Action. Suddenly his eyes brightened; his whole person seemed to be filled with renewed energy, and he began his original description.

“Father, you savay? . . . while 'go, me go to Shish-mareff . . . big place that . . . me got folks there . . . my folks he wants know what me think Catholic Church . . . me know a little . . . understand a little . . . me speak a little . . . then I look my pictures a little . . . understand more little . . . then me speak a little some more . . . my people he like it . . . is all right for me, eh Father . . . when I know a little if me speak a little . . . then me come back home . . . then I look some more picture . . . then ask John . . . my boy . . . he explain pictures more . . . then when I go back again I get my folks . . . then me speak a little again . . . Savay Father?”

I THINK that some well instructed Catholics might feel ashamed of their little influence for good among their neighbors when they think of the dear old man of the snow and his apostolic efforts. He may have received only one talent, but he surely does not keep it hidden in the bowels of the earth.

Our dear old John is quite a patriarch. His wife died long ago, but she left him quite a few children, who married and raised large families. He is proud of them all, and, being quite a hustler, he takes good care to



“John Kakkarok is venerable in age. His cheerful old face is wrinkled, his locks are almost white.”

help where help is needed. Two of his sons, Dave and John, live at Arvinak in the same village with him,—but each has his own home,—and so has our patriarch. His greatest pleasure is to receive the priest into his own home, when the missionary comes to his village, and to offer him a cup of tea. He says, in his own way, that he feels highly honored. “Me like when Father he come.” He has many grandchildren, and quite a few of them are boarders in our mission school at Pilgrim Springs. When granddaddy comes to the Mission, he often brings fish and reindeer to help the good Sisters to keep the pot boiling. His sons, too, are generous. One day one of them told the Sister, “Sisters, when you fellows need anything, let us know.” (The peculiar thing about the Eskimo language is that outside of man and woman there is absolutely no gender, hence the mistake, which is common all over the North, of applying the word “fellow” to a woman.)

TO come back to our patriarch. Like many of the old people, he too, is a *laudator temporis acti*. Sometimes he gets reminiscent and he speaks of the old times, of the way of living of his people, of the abundance of fur, of his going along the river and the sea in his trusty kayak or skin boat. But now things have changed. His sons have gotten a motor boat, and while at first the old man was quite taken with it, (He said, “Motor boat fine . . . goes fast . . . no push.”) then as the gasoline bills began to come in, he lost some of his enthusiasm. He said one day to one of our Brothers, “Brother, this motor . . . she all right . . . goes fast . . . but no good . . . she drinks gasoline like water.”

Gentleness, simplicity, cheerfulness and an almost infinite patience in all the trials and vicissitudes of their daily life are the common traits of the Eskimo, and you can form an idea of the degree of those virtues in the soul of our dear John Kakkarok. When the great day comes, and the different mansions are appointed unto the Elect by the Great King of Heaven, I wonder how many of our important White men will have to step aside and give first choice to John Kakkarok, the sterling Eskimo Catholic and the zealous lay apostle of the North. With one talent, old John has done wonders. When the Master of Life calls, John will be found ready, and he who has known only little villages and miserable igloos, will know, in joy the mansions of Heaven.

A Leper Magdalene

Hugh J. McNulty, S.J.

THE telephone startled me from sleep just after midnight, and if I had been superstitious I might have felt "spooky," because before I got to the 'phone to answer, a black owl hooted right near our quarters.

This owl is very large and very square-headed and absolutely black—they generally haunt in twos, and they answer each other in very loud hoots, beginning in well-rounded, heavy bass notes and ascending just a little bit, quite suggestive, at the start, of our large frogs and their queer "jug-of-rum" songs. I am told these peculiar black owls are found only in four or five forests in the world.

Such were my thoughts, as I hurried off with my electric torch. And I prayed to two Angels, as I generally do on a sick-call, mine and the Angel Guardian of the person dying, asking both Angels to guide my steps and get me to the case in time. A brisk walk soon brought me to the poor nipa shack of bamboo and thatch, where Magdalene lay dying, about a mile away, around the bend of the lower road on the other face of our little mountain colony by the sea. It was her home. She lived there for seven years, with eleven other women Sodalists, all lepers. There they lived and suffered and prayed, and now one of them was dying.

My impression was "this is a saint, but an old woman



Companions of the innocent "Leper Magdalene," fingers gone and spotted with the leprous taint of the dread malady of death.

a saint!" Why don't they tell us more about old women saints? Because maybe many of our dear old ladies are so good that we would have them all saints. You can see me entering the thatch shack and blessing it with holy water; you can see me kneeling on the queer floor made of bamboo slats that bend with your weight; you can see me giving Extreme Unction to this poor leper, while her eleven companions kneel about with great show of faith and fervent devotion.

Next morning I said to Father Rello: "The sick call was for that old woman Magdalene, the Sodalist, around the bend of the road." To my surprise, he exclaimed, "Magdalene is not an old woman, she is not quite thirty; she came here the year after I came, and I am here seventeen years." Then I got the story. Magdalene was a half-caste Filipino. She came here, a bright fair-haired girl, not quite fourteen years old; not a sign of leprosy, you would say. But she had been under observation for more than a year and a half. She had really been a leper from twelve years old! (Turn to page 52)



A typical leper group as found in the world's largest leper colony, Cullion, Palawan, P. I. Many have gone blind, some deaf, some dumb.

An Apostle of Ontario

John E. McKey, S.J.

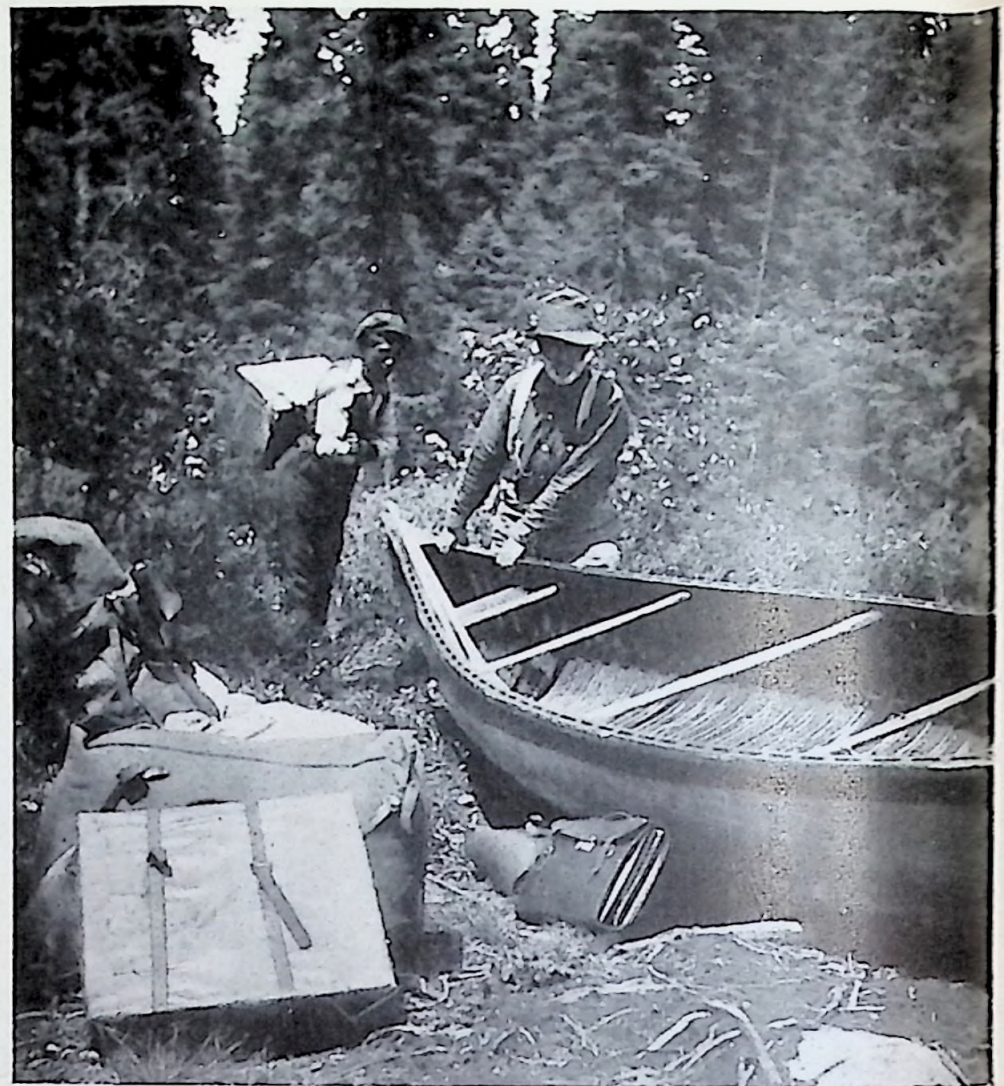


At the age of sixty-seven years, Father Theodore A. Desautels, S.J., though loath to leave a work which he has loved in spite of all its hardships and his own natural repugnances, a work to which he has for thirty long years given the best that was in him, feels that soon he must give place to younger men. He deems the time is not far distant when he must relinquish his burden to shoulders less bent than his own.

The work of the Indian missions in Ontario would not attract any man from a natural point of view, and still less a man of such refined tastes as Father Desautels. Hard and continuous labor, the complete absence of any human comfort, isolation amidst conditions often little better than those which stirred the heart of France to pity for our American Martyrs, ingratitude and utter loneliness,—these are the lot of the Indian missionary. As for spiritual attractions, there await him a large share of the Cross of Christ, and the desolation of the Master in the Garden of Olives. There are few consolations, for the fruits of one's own labors are seldom seen.

But when the missionary is determined to serve Christ, to save souls for Him, he can overlook the faults of his Indian children, learn to love them for their simple virtues as Father Desautels has done, remembering that their souls are destined for Heaven. In March, 1933, Father Desautels wrote, "My Indians are staunch Catholics. . . Some stray from time to time, but they soon return of themselves; they revere their religion and they respect the priest; none are altogether black sheep; none give up their religion. Their faith is strong—stronger than that of the Whites." And again, "Truly, God is good to me, in continuing to allow me to serve Him so long, to devote myself to the Indians. I ask for two or three years more on the trail and then reluctantly I shall begin to rest a little." But the best proof of his devotion to his Indians lies in the name which they have given him *Swangideeshkang*—"He who makes our hearts strong."

THE deep spiritual insight of Father Desautels made him indefatigable in the quest of souls. Even to the last years of his missionary career, he never spared himself. Besides all his numerous mission stations, he made it a point to visit all the lumber camps in the vicinity, bringing the Bread of Life to hundreds of souls which would otherwise have been left to starve in the



"I ask for two or three years more on the trail and then reluctantly I shall begin to rest a little."

wilderness. Some slight inkling of his tireless zeal may be gained from the Ojibway Indian Hymn Book which he set himself to compose, though he knew no music. That he succeeded in producing a work practically faultless is a fact that cannot be denied. The verses which go to make up the two hundred and sixty hymns contained in the book, he composed in great part while traveling to and from his many mission stations.

Father Desautels began his life on the missions in the Fall of 1903, when he was sent to Wikwemikong on Manitoulin Island in Georgian Bay to study the Ojibway language and look after the temporal affairs of the Mission. From then on till the Fall of 1934, his was a life of incessant labor among the Indians. As parish priest at Wikwemikong in 1911, he saw the Industrial School through its most trying period. Continued misfortunes at Wikwemikong caused the Fathers to decide definitely to remove the School from the Reserve. Father Desautels and Father J. Paquin, S.J., are responsible for the School's present happy location on the mainland, on the banks of the Spanish River where it now flourishes. For ten years Father Desautels held the office of Superior of the Wikwemikong Mission. This, though one of the smallest districts, contains a larger number of Catholic Indians than any other territory. The entire population, 1,694 souls, is Catholic.

FATHER DESAUTELS also saw service at Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario, whence he visited more than fourteen stations; at Nipigon which includes the second largest mission territory in the Province; and finally at Sudbury. This post, though (Turn to page 52)

The First Carib Priest

TO accounts printed in *The Clarion* of Belize, British Honduras, and to the thoughtfulness of Father Allan Stevenson, S.J., of Belize, we are indebted for the account of unique celebrations in Belize and Stann Creek. In its issue of November 1, 1934, *The Clarion* stated:

"A few months ago, the papers and periodicals in the United States carried a religious news item that seemed to appeal to the imagination of Americans: 'The first member of the Iroquois race, famed in Colonial history, was raised to the dignity of the priesthood and celebrated his First Solemn Mass.'

"Last Sunday, the Cathedral of the Most Holy Redeemer (Belize, B. H.), was the scene of a similar unique celebration. Another aboriginal race had the joy for the first time in its history to see one of its anointed priests of the most High offer the great sacrifice of the Eternal High Priest renewed in the Holy Eucharist. This joyful and consoling triumph has come to the Carib race in the person of Father Philip Marin, a native of Stann Creek."

FATHER MARIN had made his studies at the Catholic school at Stann Creek and then at the Mississippi college conducted by the Fathers of the Society of the Divine Word. One year was spent at the Novitiate at East Troy, Wisconsin, and the next six years at St. Augustine's Seminary, Bay St. Louis, Mississippi. On October 21, 1934, Father Marin was ordained by His Excellency, Bishop R. O. Gerow, D.D., Bishop of Natchez.

The first great celebration for the new priest was held in Belize on the feast of Christ the King. At the Solemn High Mass in the Cathedral, Very Reverend Father Marvin O'Connor, S.J., Superior of the Belize Mission, was assistant priest, Father Allan A. Stevenson, S.J., deacon, and Father Bernard Zimmerman, S.J., subdeacon. The stirring sermon on the occasion was preached by Father Hugh Harkins, S.J.

Shortly after the celebration at Belize, Father Marin set out for his native town of Stann Creek. Describing the arrival of the boat which carried the distinguished passenger to his native city, *The Clarion* says:



"The First Carib Priest," Rev. Philip Marin, on the day of his first Solemn Mass at Stann Creek, British Honduras.

"It is safe to say that never in the history of Stann Creek was such a welcome given to any arrival as that extended to Father Philip Marin last Friday, when after thirteen years of absence in the States he returned to his native town as the first priest in the history of the Carib race.

"When at six o'clock the O. C. L. drew near and the person of Father Marin was discerned near the bow, there rose up on the pier a mighty and joyous shout of welcome and waving of arms, hats, handkerchiefs and what not. Then the children at the head of the pier intoned a well prepared hymn of welcome—not directly for the new priest, but to Him who had sent Him: 'May Jesus Christ be praised!'

"Then began the march through the densely packed crowd—all the length, not only of the pier, but of the streets as far as the very door of the presbytery they were lined up. There were one or two rather touching scenes of welcome on the part of elderly relatives.

"THE whole of Saturday was taken up with visits to the Presbytery. . . . Then came the great day of the first Solemn High Mass in Stann Creek—now more than ever the capital of the Carib race. . . . The procession formed at eight o'clock in front of the presbytery. The processional cross with acolytes preceding, as prescribed by the rubrics, there followed the different sodalities and other organizations with their flags; then came the numerous altar boys and finally the priests with the newly ordained. Father Michael Schaefer, S.J., the Pastor of the Sacred Heart Church, acted as assistant priest; Fathers Halligan and Melchior again were deacon and subdeacon. Father Stevenson was Master of Ceremonies and the preacher for the solemn occasion. . . . The church was reserved for adults only. But even so, there were several hundreds standing outside.

"At the end of the Mass there came a delightful treat for the people. Father Marin, on finishing the last Gospel, turned around and gave a short address to the Carib congregation in their own language. Then followed Solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, and after that the Father gave his individual neo-sacerdotal blessing for nearly an hour."

Into New Lakes

James A.
Creane, S.J.

The author, a veteran of Patna Mission, India, and pioneer among the aboriginal Santals, has determined to "launch into new fields" among the Mohammedans and Hindus of the Mission. He continues last month's account of the peoples offering promising possibilities for conversion.—*Editor.*

NAUAS, Oostas, Hajjams.—The barber caste has a variety of names such as Naua, Osta, Hajjam, Napit, and numbers a good three hundred thousand in Patna Mission. Those living among the Santals seem to offer a fair prospect of conversion. One of their number, a fine and promising lad, baptized by Father Westropp, is now attending our Santal boarding school at Gokhla. Individual families whom I have sounded out have invariably been friendly, and in no case have they flatly refused to consider the matter. One fear they entertain is that if they become Christians, Hindus may fail to call on them for their tonsorial work. Those who live in the Santal country would not have so much to fear on that score, as they would at least continue to have the Santal trade.

Ghatwars.—Not long ago I called on a group of Ghatwars, rather low caste Hindus. The spokesman for the crowd was emphatic in saying that they would become Christians and that they would send their children to our schools. Of course, I am not so foolish as to believe that any one man is a spokesman for his whole



Doms of Champaran District. "The latest statistics show about seventy-five thousand Doms in Patna Mission."

tribe without previous consultation on a matter so vital as a change of religion. A remark like that is nevertheless a stimulus to further investigation. The Ghatwars will see and hear more of us. Akin to the Ghatwars are the Bhuiyas, three or four hundred thousand strong in the Mission. Whether they are a completely distinct caste I cannot as yet say. Some few of them have in places become Christians. We shall put them on our list also as hopefuls.

DOMS.—The latest statistics show about seventy-five thousand Doms in Patna Mission. In the Santal Parganas (part of which belongs to Patna Mission) some forty thousand Doms are reported. We have already a large number of Doms baptized north of the Ganges in Champaran Dis-

"The barber caste . . . numbers a good three hundred thousand in Patna Mission. Those living among the Santals seem to offer a fair prospect of conversion."



trict. It should not, therefore, be impossible to make a beginning among the Doms in the Santal field. Those whom I have visited and preached to have not as yet given any notable signs of immediate conversion. But I have seen comparatively very few of them. If only I had a good catechist solely for Dom work, I feel sure he would not be long in ferreting out many willing ones. Did I hear some one say he wanted to supply me with such a catechist at five dollars a month or sixty for the year?

Mals.—The Mals or Mal Pahariyas are found chiefly in the Santal Parganas. In all, they number less than forty thousand, according to the latest statistics. Of these, about four thousand live in the Patna Mission portion of the Parganas. As far as I know, they are really aboriginals, but they generally tell me they are Bengalis. Not long ago I had the pleasure of receiving one of them into the Church. The following day a delegation of them came to see me from a nearby village. They said that if I could convert the man who is the head of all their villages in this neighborhood, and if he gave the order, they would all gladly become Catholics. Remarks like that, of course, are not to be taken very seriously, but coupled with other circumstances they may help to indicate, at any rate, which way the wind is blowing.

DHANGARS.—Dhangars are an offshoot of the Ouraons of Chota Nagpur. Though somewhat Hinduized, they still have their own language and many of their former customs. I have about forty-five villages of them spotted in my corner of the vineyard, with a population of two thousand or more. They are shy and wary and a bit cunning too. But those villages which my catechists and I have visited and tried to befriend seem to be leaning our way. Kindness will probably win the day with them. The Dhangars I look upon as one of our best prospects. However, we can only wait and see. Often the door opens to conversions where one least expects it. One can only explain it as the grace brought down by hidden prayer and sacrifice known to God alone.

Jados.—The Jados or Jadus are a small caste of Mohammedans. They are to be found in only a few

villages in our Mission and probably do not number much over a hundred in all. Of these, thirty-five are already baptized and the rest will undoubtedly follow them.

JOLAHA.—The Jolahas are also Mohammedans, and are scattered all over Patna Mission,—five or six hundred thousand of them. But they are nowhere so concentrated as in the Santal Parganas, where there are about one hundred and twenty-five thousand. Can we convert them? Well, that remains to be seen. Certainly, outside the Santal Parganas the prospects are not bright, or if bright spots there be, we have not yet detected them. But in the Santal Parganas, where there is already a drift of humanity Christwards,

they may be more easily caught in the current and carried into the Church. Anyhow, believe it or not, some of my catechists have actually reported some of these Jolahas as catechumens. An old Muslin *mulvi* told me not so long ago that his people were thinking of coming over to us. More than once he joined me in trying to convince the pagan Santals of the folly of their *bonga* (evil spirit) worship. Who knows, he may be my first Mohammedan catechist!

So there you are. I have mentioned some of the castes in which it seems to me we have a

well-founded hope for conversions if only we can get enough of the right sort of catechists. My hope and ambition is to recruit catechists from the castes themselves, that is, to bring in pagans and make converts and catechists out of them. Does any one second the motion?

Since writing the above detailed accounts of the various castes, I have made another trip around my Mission and have had one hundred and one Baptisms. Among the baptized, some six castes were represented, and I devoted much of my time to preaching and talking to Hindus and Mohammedans. Whether we shall really make a break in any of the Hindu castes or among the Mohammedans, I cannot say. But there do seem to be some hopeful signs. Five Mohammedans were actually baptized. Some leaders of one Hindu caste agreed to come and spend some time studying our religion, with a view to passing judgment on it, and if pleased with it, to teach it to their fellow tribesmen.

TO SAINT PETER

ARTHUR R. McGRATTY, S.J.

My prayers are few, St. Peter, and my attitude is shy
When I contemplate the glory of your fellow saints on high.
It is not because they're mighty in the courtyards of the Lord,
But before the gleaming splendor I stand abashed and awed.
There is beauty, too, St. Peter, in your presence by the Throne,
And yet, I dare to greet you for reasons quite my own.

You see, I've read the story of a trust once thrice denied,
And the blessed sequel after, when a Peter left and cried
In the shadow of a wall that prisoned One Divine—
I, too, have wept, St. Peter, for betrayal, too, was mine.
Once more our Christ is standing in the halls of wicked men
As I beg your help, St. Peter, lest they crucify again.

They have crushed our priests, St. Peter, in a land not far away,
They have shot the Lord's anointed in the breaking of the day,
There are little children feeding on the banquet board of lies
While the flock of Peter trembles as the demon hordes arise,
And Christ is scourged and mocked again in lands across the sea—
Great Shepherd of His little ones, our eyes are turned to thee.

St. Peter, O St. Peter, there is sobbing here below
As the nations wrap their sorrow on the veils of empty show,
While a million hearts are weary, for the hearts of men are blind,
And they delve beneath the shadows for the peace they never find;
They beg their little gods to grant the love that sets men free—
Great Shepherd, teach our peoples what was Love in Galilee!

On the Rocks

Frederick J. Donovan, S.J.



WOULD you like to visit my main mission? Leave Kingston and enjoy nine miles of well paved road, climbing the first range of hills that look down on Kingston Harbor. Good—now it's bush. Tortuous roads (forty corners to a mile), marl road bed, overhanging cliffs, underlying precipices. Nine more miles and here we are. Headquarters! A gasp of astonishment as we turn down a royal palm avenue and behold a modern concrete church—a sharp turn to the right and another gasp—this time of despair (on the part of the visitor). Such an entrance gave promise of a nice home for the priest. Well, it's nice enough, all things considered, for its two rooms mean home. It sure is central; fall off the front porch and you'll land in the church, the school or the garage. All the privacy of a gold fish in its glass bowl.

Above Rocks, strictly speaking, is a valley beyond Stony Hill and seems to mean "Beyond the Rocks." Some of my visitors insist on addressing my mail to "Father, On the Rocks." Well, we laugh that one off. In this valley are some four thousand Catholics, according to the Baptismal Register, but only about forty per cent are active. Original sin, poverty and the tropics are strong allies of the devil. In the same valley, under the direction of the Father stationed here, are five schools, some one thousand and one hundred children on the roll call, and nine hundred in fair attendance. The teachers are Government paid (*Deo Gratias*) but all other expenses for the most part fall on the Pastor. There are also partially flourishing Sodalities of the Blessed Virgin Mary, Men's Holy Name Brigade, Sunday Schools, Boy Scouts, Girl Guides, etc. But why worry you with all this. Too much for one priest to swing for he must travel a minimum of seven hundred miles per month and be a perpetual spark plug for all activities. However, God will provide, and really His blessings are indeed evident every day in this mission.



St. Mary's Church, Above Rocks Mission, Jamaica, B. W. I. Perhaps the best inland church in the island, where Father Frederick J. Donovan, S.J., says Mass on two Sundays and about fourteen other days per month.

WE had arrived at headquarters. Refreshment served in form of cocoanut water, adding what you will, and while we sit on the small porch, our ears are assailed with the murmurings of some one hundred and fifty children in the class room right beside us. A little tour of inspection reveals these same children anxious to perform mental gymnastics for the visitors. They'll sing, recite, even try to talk good English. Invariably the visitor will pick out some dusky little picknie and inquire, "How old are you?" A blank stare—silence; until Father comes to the rescue with, "How many years you catch?" Father speaks their lingo. The picknies are really lovable, too bad they have to grow up. All varieties of head dress, frocks, smocks, shoes and no shoes. All shades of black from deep jet to just a trace. Very shy until they know you like them, then loving little hearts. There's no being lonesome here if you like children.

We peek into the church where the Lord is dwelling. A big surprise again. A mahogany altar—the ever-burning vigil light—lovely side altars to the Blessed Virgin Mary, Sacred Heart, St. Joseph and the Little Flower. The Children of Mary take delight in keeping their church clean; flowers on the various altars; immaculate linen. As this is the main station (and in 1938 it will be one hundred years old) it is only fair that this should be the nicest place and the residence of our Lord.

The children romp out of school for recess. (Turn to page 52)



Picknies of St. Mary's School. All shades of black, "from deep jet to just a trace, very shy until they know you like them, then loving little hearts."

Evening Angelus *Ernest Lalande, S.J.*

THE early setting sun of December left Tou'chan and the whole countryside covered in a shroud of darkness. The leafless trees were moaning under the slashes of a cold northern wind; the muddy ponds and roads were covering themselves with a thin coat of ice, thus jeopardizing the more the lonely traveler who dared to venture around Tou'chan after nightfall. Indeed, it is more than daring to let darkness surprise one outside the walls of Tou'chan. If one realizes

that the neighborhood harbors famous brigands, renowned for their fearless and daring adventures, one will carefully plan his journey beforehand, either to pass Tou'chan at high noon or else, if fate so decided, to arrive before the closing of the gates and be safe within its wall. But fate on this December night had not been so kind to two lonely travelers.

Father Henri Plamondon, S.J., and Brother Paul Saint-Jean, S.J., had obtained leave to spend New Year's day at Süchow, China, with the rest of the Canadian missionaries. This meant a two days' horseback journey, as Souts'ien is fifty miles or so distant from Süchow, and as trains and automobiles are not available in the country. Plans were carefully sketched out beforehand and Tou'chan had been decided upon as the first stop of the journey, where with Father Tchang, the *dux latronum*, as Father Plamondon calls him, they would spend the night safe in his rectory.

THE two travelers set out from Souts'ien in the early morning. For quite a while they followed the canal that flows from north to south, till they arrived at a place where, if a straight road had existed, they would inevitably have come upon Tou'chan in less than two hours, long before sunset. But what had not been foreseen was that no straight road existed to Tou'chan, but instead, a number of crisscrossing paths that led to the many different villages of the plain, and which on account of the total lack of road signs left our two travelers in a most embarrassing situation. One peasant told them to ride towards a certain mountain in the north, which they did until another told them that they were all wrong; they should be going east. Before our travelers realized it, the sun was sinking fast in the west, and still there was no sign of Tou'chan. Of a homeward-bound peasant they decided to make a last inquiry. On they dashed with this new information,



Typical village scene in China's Süchow District whose spiritual care is in the hands of the Jesuits of the Lower Canada Province.

hoping to reach their destination before the sun had completely disappeared behind the distant hills. But Tou'chan persisted in remaining invisible.

AFTER a time the sun had completely vanished and our two missionaries were left alone and lost in the plain, and most probably in the neighborhood of Tou'chan. Had it been any place else but there, they would not have minded it, but Tou'chan meant brigands,—and what famous brigands, too! What were they to do? They had now arrived at a crossroad, and were in total ignorance of which road to take. They decided on the one to the right. They had hardly made twenty steps when out of the inky darkness, yells and shouts were heard.

“Who goes there?”

Immediately Father Plamondon began the recitation of his titles, where he was going and where he came from. Then not a sound was heard. The two travelers thought that the brigands, if brigands they were, were encircling them, only too glad to fall on such an easy prey. Waiting for their maneuvers was no better than awaiting a death sentence, and so, to free themselves from this weary suspense, Father Plamondon whispered to his companion that it would be best to dash ahead at full speed, at the risk of falling into some half-frozen pond; but at least there was a chance of escape. No sooner said than done. But they had hardly gone twenty feet again, when out of the impenetrable darkness came the quiet tolling of a distant bell. It was the evening Angelus at Tou'chan. Unknowingly, the two missionaries had struck the right road.

Not caring to know whether real brigands were behind them, or half-terrified peasants who might have mistaken our two travelers for brigands, they kept on going till they reached the gates of the town. Providentially, these were still open to welcome our visiting missionaries.



FROM MANY VOICES



MISSION LITERATURE

Mission Book Clubs

With the Catholic Book Club now firmly established, the Book Survey of the Cardinal Hayes Literature Committee appearing regularly, and the Spiritual Book Associates recently organized, it would seem that it were both timely and feasible to launch a plea in favor of mission literature and Mission Book Clubs. However, by such a movement we do not mean to imply that the agencies already cited neglect to advertise literature that is devoted to mission subjects. Nevertheless, the skimpy allotment is in itself a justification for a distinct mission literature movement with a dignity all its own, a movement which would both advertise extant mission literature more profusely, and by this very fact encourage and inspire production. Immediate impetus could be given to the movement were the Book Survey to list in its contents a new title, namely, *Missiology*. That proper mission literature is available is evident from the current stock of mission pamphlets and books.

Mission Books

We readily suggest the following mission books as a type of what is in current circulation today: *Alaska*: Mush, You Malemutes!—Hubbard. *Philippine Islands*: Padre of the Press—Feeney. Jesuit Mission Press. *Jamaica, B. W. I.*: History of the Catholic Church in Jamaica—Delany. Jesuit Mission Press; *Whisperings of the Caribbean and Psychic Phenomena of Jamaica*—Williams. *Mexico*: God's Jester—Norman; Miguel Augustin Pro-Dragon. *Africa*: Hebrewisms of West Africa—Williams; African Angelus—Martindale. *India*: The Jesuits and The Great Mogul—Maclagan; In Xavier Lands and Where Monkeys Swing—Boyton. *China*: The Triple Demism of Sun Yat Sen—D'Elia; China's Geographic Foundations—Cressey. *South America*: The Discovery of the Amazon—Medina. *Japan*: Suzuki Looks at Japan—Lamott. *American Southwest*: The Padre on Horseback—Bolton; Historical Records and Studies—Meehan; The Secularization of the California Missions—Geary; Gonzalo De Tapia—Shiels. *Auriesville*: The Story of Auriesville—Donlon; White Wampum—Patterson; The Jesuit Martyrs of North

America—Wynne. Jesuit Mission Press; Isaac Jogues, Missioner and Martyr—Scott; Mississippi Blackrobe and Mangled Hands—Boyton.

Mission Pamphlets

To these may be added an entertaining array of mission pamphlets, namely, *Forward America!*—Lord; Pius XI, Pope of the Missions—Burke; The Philippines, Isles of Gold—Willmann; The Giant of God, The White-Robed Blackrobe, Surgeon and Saint, Squire of Christ, A Shepherd Staunch—Boyton; Out of the Northland—Spearman; William Stanton of Belize—Carrabine; Avelino—Feeney; The Story Wonderful—De Rop; The Boys Who Wouldn't Die—Kearney.

JESUIT MISSIONS For 1934.

In the bound volume of *JESUIT MISSIONS* for 1934, which is now available at the Jesuit Mission Press, 257 Fourth Avenue, New York City, we have an instance of the entertaining variety afforded by the magazine, *JESUIT MISSIONS*, as may be gathered from a summary of the contents, listed according to the countries wherein American Jesuits labor today. We find under—*Alaska*: *Mardigras in Alaska*—O'Connor; In the Shadow of the Cross—Land; Sick Call at Thirty Below—O'Connor; King Island—Bischoff; With Nulato's Father "Mac"—Talbot; Summering in Alaska—O'Connor; Near the Arctic Circle—O'Connor. *China*: *Thunder God!*—Dunne; *Acrobats at Haimen*—Cote; *Sancian Island*—O'Brien; *Gonzaga's Chinese Parish*—Kearney; *The Brigands*—Lalande; *Devils in Paradise*—Simons; *Rackets?*—O'Farrell; *Tricking the King*—Simons; *Forming Leaders for Tomorrow*—Kearney; *It's been Hot in China too!*—Cote; *Gonzaga's Converts*—Ting. *Jamaica, B. W. I.*: *Images of God in Ebony*—MacLeod; *Hurricane in Jamaica*—Harney; *Broadway in Brown's Town*—Sullivan; *Miss St. Teresa's Pickney*—Sister Constance; *What's Your Grievance?*—Ochs; *Scouting at Alpha*—Krim; *Spreading*—Ochs; *Jamaica Bush*—Ochs; *Rambling Round Jamaica*—Eberle; *Wings Over the Caribbean*—Flaherty; *Tidbits from the Bush*—Harney. *Philippine Islands*: *Tagnipa*—Hamilton; *House of the Holy Child*—Reyes; *Two Nights and*

a Day—Pollock; *Holy Week in Mindanao*—Thibault; *Hectic Months*—Consunji; *Xavier in the Philippines*—Cannon; *The Mindanao Stage*—Daly; *Along the Camiquin Front*—Hamilton; *A Stylish Wedding in Davao*—McNeal; *Balingasag Broadcasting*—O'Shaughnessy; *Moro Get Hungry*—Reith; *Construction in Culion*—McNulty; *Epic of Mud*—Daly; *Give Us Schools!*—Pollock. *India*: *Among the Santals of Narainpur*—Dertinger; *Patna in Review*—Sullivan; *Patna's Tragedy*; *Crashed!*—Sontag; *Roughing it with Father Creane*—Brennan; *Gupi Comes in*—Morrison; *Here and There at Bettiah*—O'Connor; *Patna Goes to School*—Dent; *An American Nun in Patna*—Sr. Francis Xavier; *Kodhanghi the Sorcerer*—Montaud; *Cholera in Santal Land*—Creane. *British Honduras*: *In the Bush of Honduras*—Stevenson (four installments); *Nazareth at Punta Gorda*—Corey; *My San Jose Trip*—Leonard (four installments). *American Indians*: *The White Nurse*—Dowd; *Swiss*—Dowd; *And so to Slickpoo*—Dowd; *Patriarch of the Oglala Sioux*—Flanagan; *On the Dakota Prairie*—Stroh; *Garden de Luxe*—Stroh; *Another Milestone*—Klaus; *Louie*—Dowd. *Canadian Indians*: "As Little Children"—Oliver; "Lest We Forget!"—Paquin; *The Martyrs' Shrine*—Mitchell; *A La Mode in Chippewa Land*—Oliver; *By the Light of the Stars*—Flaherty; *Eight Virgins*—Rolland; *A Babe of the Woods*—Primeau; *The Blackrobes of Canada*—McGivern; *Introducing a Mohawk Jesuit*—Ricard. *Ceylon*: *The Jesuits in Ceylon*—Williams; *From the Southland to the Tropics*—Fichter. *Japan*: *Going Tokio!*—Dowd (two installments). *Southland*: *Shadows on the Bayou*—Ray; *Guadalupe Mission*—Tranchese; *Indians on the Bayou*—Ray. *Maryland*: *The Apostle of Maryland*—Lynch; *The Spirit of Maryland Missions*—Carroll; *Religion in the Footsteps of Father White*—McKenna. *Baghdad*: *Baghdad-Iraq*—Merrick; *The Desert Road to Baghdad*—Madaras; *Devil-Worshippers in Iraq*—Madaras; *Moslems and Holy Pictures*—Madaras. *Java*: *Aben*. *Brazil*: *The Sacred Heart in Brazil*—del Toro. *Auriesville*: *A Trip to Auriesville*—Reed. *Stories*: *Even as Today*—Delaney; *Cycling for Souls*—Nagle; *The Jesuit Brother*—Fichter; *Xavier's Vocation and Ours*—McGuire.

Opportunity Knocks

John A.
Pollock, S.J.

“FATHER, may we have our novena services at night?” That may not seem a momentous question to American readers, but here it meant a concession, a notable departure from an age-old Mindanao custom. A novena at night! Bring people out at night! Horror of horrors!

Now it takes real diplomacy plus, to introduce a new custom in this part, and I had been more than hesitant to suggest a night service in a mere out-station, away from the headquarters. But when their own committee asked of their own volition to adopt one of my favorite dream children, believe me, the yes leaped to my lips.

And so they had their novena at night. The next day I inquired about the attendance, to find that the sparse twenty-five of previous years had jumped to over one hundred and fifty, no one scandalized, everybody happy!

So happy was the Padre that he at once suggested he would come down one night to hear confessions during the novena, give Benediction, sleep there, and give Communion before returning to the home church for Mass—on condition that forty would be sure to take advantage of this visit.

We agreed on a Tuesday night-Wednesday morning, for this was a novena to St. Joseph. Long before, I was assured that forty-eight men had promised to “profit the occasion.” So that evening just at dusk I fared forth afoot with scrip and staff, with bag and boy. But at the river we found that a rain in the mountains had sent the water over the bridge. However, it was not of a dangerous depth and the bridge was strong. So, harking back to the days of the barefoot boy, over we went safe and sound, albeit a bit wet.

WITH full many a salute by the wayside, we wended our way to the chapel, to find that all had been well prepared by the holy women. Shortly after supper the place began to fill, and under cover of darkness, ill dispersed by two faint oil lamps, many a soul was lighted by grace and found the long-lost way to the confessional.

Long into the night the Padre sat there listening to the history of years. Half of these men had not confessed since their marriage day,—and many of them were grandfathers, some even great grandfathers!

Few had led lives of sin, but like their brethren in pioneer America,—and yes in modern America,—had just drifted along, out of touch with their religion, missing Mass, neglecting God, unfaithful to their duties, just forgetting their Maker, but not forgotten by Him. This night opportunity and grace knocked, their hearts were touched, and they came back. It was all most consoling.

A room in the schoolhouse just across the street had been prepared for the Padre, but it was not destined for much use. For scarcely it seemed, had he completed



“Our oldest resident,” Jasaan, Mindanao, P. I.

his agreement with the Angels to call him at 3:30, and dropped his head on the pillow, when they whispered in his ear.

But the Padre was not the first to hear the whisper of the Angels. Already a few shadowy forms were lurking near the Church, and even before the Padre was seated in the confessional the first reel had begun. By now the numbers had so far exceeded the people’s promises and the Padre’s fondest hopes, not to mention the number of consecrated particles he had brought, that he sent back home for Mass wine and altarbreads.

AT 4:45 we went up to the altar of God, and a more consoling Mass and more consoling Communion have seldom been my lot. Perhaps half of those who received their Eucharistic Lord that morning had expressed it “*dugay-dugay na*,” “a long, long time,” too long to count!

The apostle of all this? The big American Padre who studied so many years that he might preach the word of God? No indeed, but a tiny, frail, seventy-five pound, four-foot-nine, brown-skinned, uneducated peasant woman, a Filipina! She prayed and she toiled. For she made a house-to-house canvass, informing, inviting, pleading. That tiny woman with the gigantic soul, fortified by the grace of God, aided by the prayers and sacrifices of you back home, touched the souls of those who did not know their Padre by name or by sight!



Martyrdom of Fathers Rocco Gonzales, S.J., and Alphonso Rodriguez, S.J., November 15, 1628.

AS explained in these pages last month, the Paraguay Reductions of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries were situated on high healthy locations. They were constructed on the plan of a Spanish *pueblo* (town), and were a combination of the beautiful religious life of the medieval days and the efficient industrial activity of a modern American village. They were built in the form of a square with the church on one side. To the left of the church there was a cemetery and on the right a house for the Fathers (Jesuit missionaries); the homes of the Indians took in the other three sides of the square. At first these homes were only ordinary native huts, but later they became solid one-story stone structures which were divided into five or six sections by wicker work partitions comfortably accommodating as many families of four or five members. Tile roofing and the arrangement of the building in groups of six or ten, warded off the danger of fire. We do not find mention of fire alarms, though doubtless somebody owned a bell. Porches extending from house to house enabled the inhabitants to walk through the entire village in rainy weather without dampening the braids of their glistening black hair,—which is something to write about. The usual population of each Reduction varied between one and three thousand.

WHEN built or nearing completion, the Fathers went out in search of the tribes to persuade them to come and dwell in the villages. Oftentimes a shower of arrows silenced their first words, but in death they spoke with more eloquent tongues. When they were met in a more friendly manner, some agreed to come for fear of the slave-hunters or *Mamelucos* who were wreaking havoc amongst them; others in answer to the call of grace. Once in the village, the men were taught all the trades and some of the arts as

The Paraguay

Charles

well. Those very savages who shortly before were riding wildly with the winds over mountain and plain, seemingly incapable of anything but warfare, became masons, carpenters, housepainters, blacksmiths, goldsmiths, bell-founders and armourers, weavers, dyers, tailors, bakers, stone-cutters, sculpturers, musicians and painters. They worked in the mills preparing tea, corn and powder. They tended the immense herds of cattle and sheep. They cultivated the fertile soil. They raised a large quantity of cotton besides the vegetables and fruits. The cotton the women spun into garments, mingling the gossip of the village with the hum of their wheels. No parent or teacher ever exercised greater patience, ingenuity and tact than did the two Fathers in charge of each village to effect this radical change in the lives of these fierce people. The Indians became like children in the hands of the Padres who treated them with a studied attitude of severity and Christ-like mildness.

THESE converted warriors rose with the first flush of dawn, attended Mass daily, and after breakfast went immediately to the fields. Each had his own plot of land, the yield of which belonged to him in absolute ownership. In some respects, however, their manner of life was communistic; part of the land was tilled for the common needs and cotton was distributed amongst them from one supply. However, this differed from modern Communism and Socialism in this that they did not ostracize God. Rather, He was their all; nor did they destroy the rights of the individual. In the evening after supper they enjoyed themselves according to each one's fancy. The children frolicked about, playing the games all youngsters love. Having an inherent thirst for music, their elders sang hymns and other devotional songs, taught them by their learned and holy directors. Some accompanied these unrecognized prima donnas and Carusos on stringed instruments, home-made and rustic perhaps, but according to accounts, surprisingly sweet and well tuned. Many sat about talking and listening to the singing the whilst they twilled the strips of reeds into mulberry form baskets. All recited the Rosary before retiring.

Religion dominated the public and the private life of the inhabitants. An other-world atmosphere permeated their work and recreation. The Indians reminded those who saw them of the early Christians. A bishop wrote in 1720, to Philip V of Spain, that he thought a mortal sin was never committed at the Reductions. They wept bitter tears for even the slightest faults, and by fasting and the most severe forms of corporal punishment they prepared for the reception of the Holy Eucharist. Grand processions, as colorful as they were unique, gave great joy to these simple people. Processions took place on every feast day and Sunday; on the feast day of the patron saint of their Reduction, the Indians went the limit in pageantry and enthusiasm. They were in their element on this day.

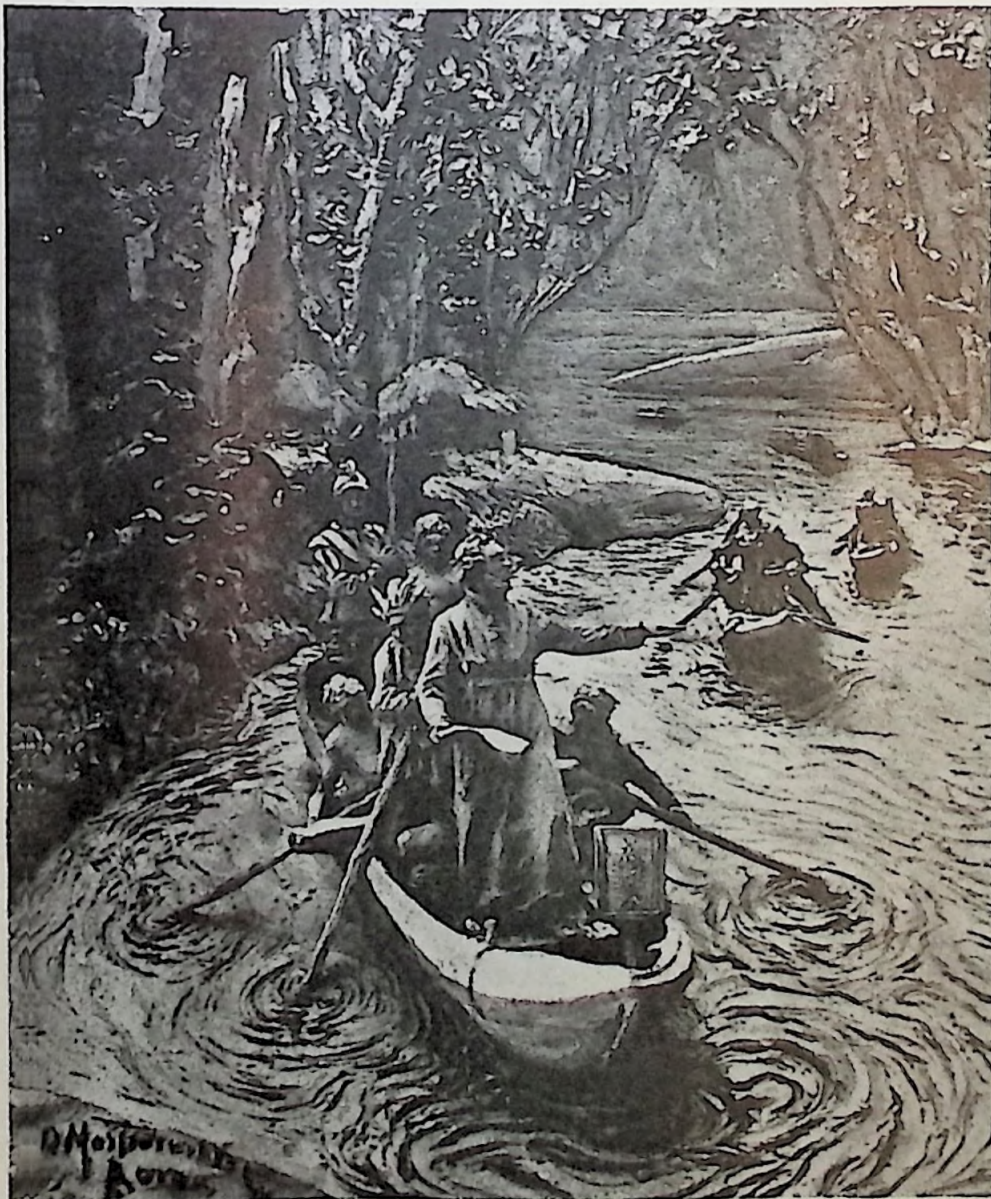
PRE-EMINENT in every way was the procession of the Blessed Sacrament on the feast of Corpus Christi. Here we recall the words of Father Jean-Patrice Fernandez, who worked in their midst. "When the festival of Corpus Christi approaches they prepare themselves some days beforehand to celebrate it with all the splendor which their poverty allows. They go to the chase, and kill as many birds and wild beasts as possible. They ornament the front of their habitations with branches of palms skillfully intermingled with other kinds of branches, with borders of the most beautiful flowers of the

Reductions

me, S.J.

gardens and feathers of different colors. They arrange triumphal arches at certain distances, one from the other, which though rural, do not fail to be very pleasing. They strew leaves and flowers in all the streets through which the Blessed Sacrament must pass, and they place at intervals the animals they have killed such as stags, tigers and lions, to show in this way that all creatures must pay homage to the Sovereign Master Who made them. Opposite to their residence they exposed to view Indian corn and other grains with which they intend to sow their fields, that the Lord may bless them as He passes. In fine, by the modesty and piety with which they follow in the procession, they give the most genuine testimony of their Faith towards this great mystery of the Love of God for men. Many of the heathens in the neighborhood, whom they usually invite to assist in this ceremony, touched by so religious a spectacle have renounced their heathenism, asked to be settled in the willage, and to be admitted into the ranks of the catechumens."

At the mention of this our Indian friend is overcome with emotion. The vision of that lovely scene taking place on this very spot where now one can see but ruins and desolation is too much for him. At length, gaining control of himself, he goes on. The rest of the story is brief because heart-rending. Ominous clouds, however, were brewing a storm for many years. The flashing of malice every now and then appeared in the sky. The absolute exclusion of the Spaniards from the Reductions except in an official capacity caused suspicions to arise



Martyrdom of Father Juan del Castillo, S.J., November 17, 1628.

in the biased minds of the merchants and slave-hunters. The storm began to break. Calumnies about secret gold mines and vast treasures flew thick and fast. Proved to be clearly false, yet they persisted until finally their echoes reached the distant shores of Spain. Here the Scribes and Pharisees gathered about the throne of the weak Charles III, burning with hatred against the Jesuits, duped him into signing on the second of April, 1767, an edict calling for the expulsion of the Society from all his colonies in America.

THIS struck Paraguay a devastating blow. To the 564 Jesuits there, obedient and loyal to the Crown, it meant abandoning 57 Reductions, including 113,716 Christian Indians as well as 12 colleges, 1 university, 1 novitiate, 3 houses for conducting retreats and 2 residences among the colonists themselves. The Indians pleaded for the Fathers to remain, but there was no recourse. The wonder-priests were forced to leave, and with them went the vitality and the guiding spirit of the Reductions. The spiritual direction of the villagers was entrusted to the good Franciscan Fathers, while the Spanish civil officials undertook the public control. Though they made a sincere attempt to manage the Reductions in the same manner as before, the population rapidly decreased. The terrible uprising, the revolution, and the despotic rule of the first two Republican presidents completed the destruction, so that fifty years later only ruins were left to speak of the self-sacrifice of the sons of the Society. Beautiful monuments they are to which the very moss and

From the Reduction of Concepcion to Buenos Aires; the first exploration of the Uruguay, 1626.

ivy seem to offer a protection against the ravaging winds of time—monuments which aid the descendants of the Christian Indians to cherish in memory of the Golden Age when the black-gowned Padres walked amongst them.

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Catholic Press Month

FEBRUARY is Catholic Press Month, and that should call for some vigorous Catholic Action from every Catholic in the land. Our authors are producing some excellent books and our editors are publishing stimulating, timely and informative newspapers and magazines. But of what avail is all this splendid material unless our people cooperate by doing wholesome reading and then by spreading the Catholic literature they have come to know and appreciate? Here is an easy apostolate, and one productive of untold good.

The Catholic Book Club and the more recently organized Spiritual Book Associates, with headquarters at 415 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y., the Catholic Pamphlet a Month Club organized by *The Queen's Work* of St. Louis, Mo., and other similar associations, are so many moves in the right direction, as are the campaigns for the spread of our diocesan weeklies and the outstanding weekly and monthly magazines. Good Catholic literature is certainly to be had; what is needed is a greater stimulus to read and spread it.

In up-to-date Catholic literature, the best in mission books, pamphlets and magazines deserves an important place. The impetus given to mission work by the Holy Father in our day, the establishment of special courses in missiology at Rome and elsewhere in Catholic colleges and universities, and other signs, too numerous to mention here, point out the need and the importance of good mission literature today. Elsewhere in these pages, under the title of "Mission Literature," we plead for an increasing mission literature consciousness which will keep pace with the growing mission-mindedness of Catholics in America.

In pleading for the new organization, Spiritual Book Associates, its Editorial Secretary, Reverend Francis X. Downey, S.J., noted: "It seems strange indeed that in a country where literature of every type has such a

tremendous following, spiritual reading should occupy such an inferior place." The same must be said of mission literature. "And it is decidedly unhealthy," continues the same writer, "since the spiritual bears inescapable obligations to all, not merely to priests and Religious." When applied to mission literature, this obligation is rendered more poignant because of the fact that, due in large measure to a lack of knowledge of the facts which can be supplied only by the proper literature, there are in the world today, out of a total population of one billion eight hundred millions, only three hundred and fifty million members of the one, true Church. Let us hope and let us work during Catholic Press Month that mission literature, outlined in more detail on page forty of this issue, may, in addition to our other departments of Catholic literature, be provided with a powerful stimulus in the greater support given to it on all sides.

Background of Mexico's Trouble

IN a recent dissertation for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy, published by The Catholic University of America, Rev. Gerald J. Geary treats in scholarly fashion "The Secularization of the California Missions (1810-1846)". In explaining secularization, he says: "But there is a tragic as well as a glorious side to the mission history of New Spain, namely, secularization. The term, secularization, originally meant the substitution of secular priests for the Religious Order priests and the conversion of the mission into a parish. Later it also meant the raising of the Indian community to the status of a self-governing *pueblo*, and, finally, in practice it often resulted in the confiscation of the mission property and lands by White settlers or Government officials." This third meaning of secularization explains much of the background of the present tragic situation in Mexico. Expulsion and confiscation have been going on in Mexico since 1833. Churches, schools, colleges and even a university marked mission progress in Mexico for three centuries. In a recent pamphlet entitled, "Catholic Mexico," Rev. Edward L. Curran of the International Catholic Truth Society, writes: "The expulsion of the Church's influence in Mexico began with the expulsion of the clergy as teachers from the public schools in the year 1833. . . . The Catholic Church need not apologize for what she did for Mexico between 1524 and 1824. The military tyrants who forced themselves into the presidency between 1833 and 1934 must take the blame for the present condition of Mexico. Since 1833 the Church has been ostracized from the schoolroom. Since 1857 and 1859 the Church has been a Constitutional outlaw. For one hundred years she has been permitted to exercise no influence upon the affairs of Mexico." A Mexican Catholic has explained (*The Queen's Work*, December 1934) how at present so many diabolical laws are enacted. Under the power gained by underhand means, Calles' anti-God National Revolutionary Party controls the army, police, judicial courts and senators. The Party controls ballots, elections—everything; and Catholics have no chance to overthrow their enemies by any civilized parliamentary or political methods.

The Mission Intention

The Baltic States and Scandinavian Countries

THE Baltic States comprise Esthonia, Latvia and Lithuania on the eastern shore of the Baltic Sea and Finland. The Scandinavian Countries are Denmark, Sweden, and Norway. The Vicariate Apostolic of Finland with about 3,500,000 people, mostly Lutherans, and 50,000 Orthodox Greeks, has at the most, 1,416 Roman Catholics. Esthonia, which with Latvia, received Christianity in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries from Prussia, but with Prussia fell a victim to Protestantism, has 1,200,000 inhabitants, of whom 92 per cent are Lutherans, 7 per cent Orthodox Greeks, and only three-tenths of 1 per cent are Catholics. Conditions in Latvia are more promising, for out of a total population of 1,870,000, of whom 58 per cent are Protestants, 5.19 per cent Jews, 9.08 per cent Orthodox Greeks, and 4.84 per cent other non-Catholic Christians, 22.59 per cent are Catholics. Happily, these three countries are today free from the tyranny of the Soviets, while Latvia and Esthonia enjoy regular diplomatic relations with the Holy See. Denmark, Sweden and Norway are officially Lutheran. According to statistics for 1932, issued by the Congregation for the Propagation of the Faith, Denmark, with 3,614,200 inhabitants had only 24,456 Catholics, including foreigners. There were 23 secular priests, 14 of whom are Danish, 59 members of Religious Orders for men, with 10 Congregations of Sisters. There were 73 churches and chapels, 32 elementary and middle schools, with 3,409 pupils. Sweden was not so favored, having only 3,995 Catholics, out of 6,162,000 inhabitants. There were 17 priests, 117 Sisters, 5 schools and 443 pupils. Norway was somewhat similarly situated with 2,830,900 inhabitants and 2,756 Catholics. There were 38 missionaries, 11 schools and 136 pupils. To these countries we may add Iceland with more than 108,650 inhabitants, of whom only 230 were Catholics. In all these countries, the element of intolerance had disappeared, although the Jesuits are still excluded from Norway. Naturally, however, no assistance can be expected from the opposition parties, and so as always, our chief resource for the conversion of the Baltic States and the Scandinavian Countries must lie in prayer.



The Mass of the Missions

Memento of the Dead (Continued)

Though the bodies of our beloved dead, like the bodies of our saintly missionaries, be cased in Alaskan ice or snow, though they be buried in the shifting sands by the shore of a restless ocean, though they be caverned in the earthly crypts of unknown forests, or on the heights of lonely hilltops far from home and dear ones, nevertheless—through this daily memorial of Christ's Passion and His Death,—every day is a memorial day for our beloved dead.

"I have lived my life . . .

But thou, if thou shouldst never see my face again
Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day;
For what are men better than sheep and goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain
If knowing God they lift not hands in prayer,
Both for themselves and those who call them friends?"

This intercession which the Protestant poet Tennyson called simply prayer, we know as the Memento for the Dead in the Roman Catholic Sacrifice of the Mass. It was for the grace of this remembrance that Saint Monica besought her priestly son, Augustine, when she bade him, "Lay this body where you will; be not concerned about its place of burial. One thing only do I ask you, that wheresoe'er you be, you remember me at the holy altar of my God."

Almighty and Everlasting God, Thou Who hast said: I, if I be lifted up from the earth will draw all things unto Myself, draw us likewise unto Thee. All through the years Thou has taken friend after friend back to Thy home beyond the skies. If thus it be that Thou wilt draw our unworthy hearts unto Thyself, be it so. Thine all wise and merciful Will be done, only we beseech Thee, keep them safe, for after them we come and with loving violence shall request them again from Thee.

The Church intends this Memento for the Dead to be for the living a *memento mori*. It recalls those who have gone before us and who now sleep the sleep of peace. And as we muse upon their end, the thought will not down that in the words of Job, "short years pass away and I am walking in a path by which I shall not return"; in the words of David, "we are sojourners before (our God) and strangers as were all our fathers. Our days upon earth are as a shadow and there is no stay." And, therefore, in this prayer of the Mass we beg of God that when our time has come, we too, may have some part and fellowship with the Saints in Heaven and may look upon the face of the Divine Lover of our souls who daily in this memorial of His Passion keeps His trust of love beneath the shadows of the Cross.

Father William A. Ryan, S.J., en route to his Mass of the Missions in the mission field of the Missouri Jesuits, British Honduras.

After the Memento of the Dead, the priest, in the words, "to us also Thy sinful servants," calls down upon himself and on the people, even as did the penitent upon the Cross, the mercy of his God.

They seem to like it—

That is the least we can conclude from the following testimonials freely given by subscribers to JESUIT MISSIONS.

"We think this magazine is 'great stuff,' Father. It is always full of interest—and of inspiration for us who have it so comparatively easy here at home."

"Because I am still employed and happen to have a few dollars in my possession at this moment, I am enclosing a cashier's check for five dollars, which I believe the notice said would bring JESUIT MISSIONS to me every month for six years. Then, in case my income should be cut off entirely, I shall at least have the inspiration and interest which the magazine provides in generous measure."

"Can't very well pass the Jesuit news by. Would rather miss a meal than the JESUIT MISSIONS."

"I do enjoy JESUIT MISSIONS and pass each number on that others may also benefit."

"JESUIT MISSIONS must be a real and vital instrument in the missions. Each month I look forward to my travels to far off lands through its pages."

"I am glad to renew my subscription to your wonderful magazine. I enjoy it very much. I hope to be able to take it for many, many years if I live that long. God bless your efforts."

"JESUIT MISSIONS is great and worth double the subscription."

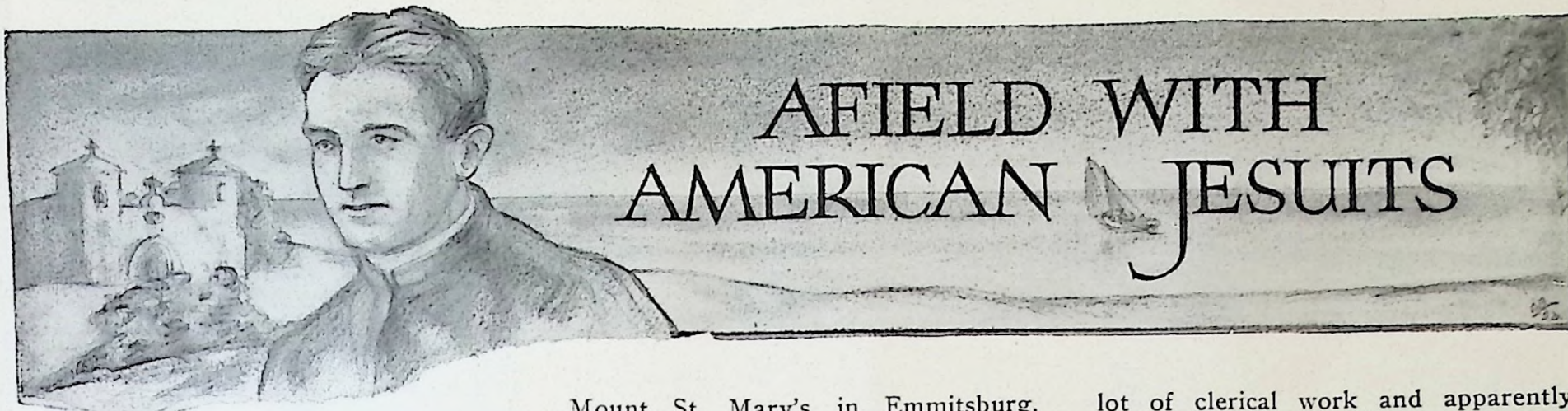
"Please find check for \$1.00 to renew my subscription to JESUIT MISSIONS. Altho my husband is non-Catholic, he gobbles it up from end to end."

"We enjoy the JESUIT MISSIONS. It equals the 'National Geographic' in interest to the children."

These and many other words of encouragement have our subscribers sent us. Please let us know what you think of JESUIT MISSIONS when you

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

(Find a subscription blank on the back cover)



JAMAICA, B. W. I.

Some time in the early morning hours of Wednesday, December 12, 1934, Very Rev. Charles F. Arnold, S.J., Superior of the New England Jesuit mission field of Jamaica, B. W. I., passed to his eternal reward. The death of this indefatigable worker for Christ was mourned by thousands of loyal hearts whom he had bound to himself by his unselfish zeal in his native Switzerland, in the United States and in Jamaica. His funeral services were attended by the leading representatives of practically every walk of civic and religious life in the island.

Very Rev. Father Arnold was born on December 13, 1876, in Lucerne, Switzerland, of Swiss and Italian parentage. His higher education was begun in Einsiedeln College, Switzerland, in 1890. On October 1, 1897, he entered the German Province of the Society of Jesus. He went from Feldkirch, Austria, to the Canisianum College, Exaeten, Holland, and in 1901 sailed for the United States, where he studied Philosophy until 1904 at Champion College, Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin. Before his ordination at Woodstock College, Maryland, Father Arnold taught mathematics and the sciences at Canisius College, Buffalo and classics at Georgetown. After ordination, he returned to Canisius until 1919, when he went to Boston College and to St. Mary's Parish, Boston. He was appointed Superior of the American Jesuit Mission in Jamaica, B. W. I., July 6, 1931. In addition to his work in Jamaica, this beloved priest of God will never be forgotten for his Christ-like intensive activities in behalf of Catholic social service work among the young people and the workers of St. Mary's Parish in Boston's old North End.

* * *

Bishop John J. Collins, S.J., R. I. P.

On Friday, November 30, 1934, the Most Reverend John J. Collins, S.J., Titular Bishop of Antiphello and former Vicar Apostolic of Jamaica, B. W. I., died in St. Vincent's Hospital, New York City. Born on November 15, 1856, in Maysville, Kentucky, Bishop Collins studied at Mount St. Mary's College in Cincinnati and

Mount St. Mary's in Emmitsburg, Maryland. On December 5, 1876, he entered the Society of Jesus, and was ordained to the priesthood in 1891. Three years later, in company with Fathers Patrick F. X. Mulry, S.J., and Andrew Rapp, S.J., the then Father Collins arrived in Kingston, Jamaica, and began the record of missionary achievements which are listed on page three of our January, 1935, issue of JESUIT MISSIONS. It was largely through the efforts of Bishop Collins that the Holy Trinity Cathedral was rebuilt after the great earthquake in 1906. In this same year Bishop Collins was made Vicar Apostolic of Jamaica where he remained until his resignation in 1920. From that time until his death, this beloved missionary Bishop acted as the Spiritual Father at Fordham University, New York City.

* * *

Father James Dolan, S.J., of St. Helen's Rectory, Linstead, Jamaica, B. W. I., writes:

"At present I seem to be going round in circles, pounding away at a



Very Rev. Charles F. Arnold, S.J., Superior of the Jamaica Mission, B.W.I., who died suddenly on December 12, at St. George's College, Kingston, Jamaica, B.W.I.

lot of clerical work and apparently getting nowhere.

"I received a very gracious letter from the Catholic Truth Society in Brooklyn in answer to an appeal for remailed literature. When it comes, we won't go empty-handed into the hospital and out to the bush—these simple people welcome any good literature, and give it a thorough reading before clipping out the pictures to paste them on their walls at home!"

IRAQ

Very Rev. William A. Rice, S.J., Superior of Baghdad College, writes:

"Mahmud, one of our workmen, has just come in with a snake! There are twenty coolies working on the athletic field. To level it off we are taking down a few mud walls that have been up for a number of years. A surprise awaits us with each shovelful of mud that is knocked down. Snakes and lizards and scorpions a plenty. We are catching a number of them for our future classes in biology and for the museum. The workmen know that we want them now, and do not kill them as they used to do.

"One of the workmen is called Shaikh and he is said to be immune from snake bite. Yes, there are several varieties here which are deadly poisonous. He picks them up and apparently they like him! Yesterday I was there when a viper was unearthed. The men called for Shaikh. Nothing loath, Shaikh came quietly. He looked at the snake, leaned down over him, blew on his head and spit upon it, and called loudly, 'Allah, Ali, Mohammed' . . . and then picked up the snake, much to the admiration of the Arabs who were looking on. I'm not anxious to handle them. I don't know enough about them, but I do know that there are about half a dozen kinds here which are poisonous."

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

Father Denis Lynch, S.J., 1859-1934. As recorded in our last issue of JESUIT MISSIONS, this veteran missionary passed to his eternal reward on November 13 last in St. Paul's Hospital, Manila, P. I., after an illness of several months. It would be a valuable brochure indeed that would embody even the salient facts in this humble Jesuit's varied and apostolic career.



Father Denis Lynch, S.J., veteran Jesuit missionary, who died November 13, after an illness of several months at St. Paul's Hospital, Manila, P.I.

Born in Ireland, February 24, 1859, Father Lynch studied for the priesthood in Ireland and Rome, being ordained by special dispensation at the age of twenty-three. He entered the Society of Jesus, October 8, 1887, at Frederick, Maryland, and in addition to the regular course of study and teaching, acted from 1900-05 as an Assistant Editor of *The Messenger*, and from 1911-12 as an Assistant Editor of *America*. From 1895-1900, Father Lynch was in the mission field of Jamaica, B. W. I., where he was not only active in the bush missions, but Editor of *Catholic Opinion*. From 1905-11, he served in the Ateneo de Manila and as an itinerant missionary in Cagayan and Davao, Mindanao, P. I. For seven years, from 1916-23, he was in India, during part of which time he was the only priest in the entire province of Baluchistan. His last eleven years were spent in Manila as parish priest and Spiritual Father to the Jesuit Community.

The following story is told of Father Lynch while he was besieged in a *convento* in Davao together with an old crippled Spanish Father. The native Constabulary of soldiers had mutinied on June 16, 1909, and the Governor with all the white people, the women and the children, two hundred and twenty all told, fled to the *convento* for safety. The mutineers laid siege to the *convento*, keeping up a steady fire all day. Two men were killed, six wounded. The walls and partitions of the room were riddled with bullets. Father Lynch took care of all those people, and in recognition of this fact received a citation for bravery in the report of the Chief of the Constabulary, General Bandholtz.

to the Governor General. At the time of his death, Father Lynch was seventy-five years of age, had been fifty-two years a priest, forty-seven years a Jesuit, twenty-nine years a missionary and had spent seventeen years in the Philippines.

* * *

Father Lewis O'Neill, S.J., of Holy Rosary Church, Oroquieta, Misamis Occidental, P. I., merely notes that at present "we are trying to prepare a big church, 180 feet by 90 feet. There are 29 posts, each 28 feet high that need concrete foundations, as they are the big supports of the large roof of nipa."

* * *

Father James A. Daly, S.J., Catholic Rectory, Jimenez, Occ. Misamis, Mindanao, P. I., writes:

"Saint Roque, as we call the French Saint here, has more sweetness in it for us than Saint Roch. It is like the difference of *mama* and *nanay*, *papa* and *tatay* for the child reared in a Visayan home. So we shall just call our common friend Saint Roque. Surely it is a striking proof of the Catholic vitality of the true Church to witness the statue of this French Saint carried through the streets of Mindanao villages in solemn procession, while hundreds of his loving clients sing his praises, while Filipino, Spanish and American Jesuits pray with the faithful that Saint Roque will continue to cure our maladies by the Cross of Christ as he did more than six hundred years ago when he walked in the flesh through plague-stricken hamlets of Europe. At that time little did Saint Roque dream that he would be carried through the streets of Mindanao on strong arms with hearts stronger for their faith. Even the dog that tradition tells us discovered the Saint when he himself fell a victim to the plague while nursing others and retired to the forest to commune with

His Maker is represented in statuary. Story tells us that the faithful dog carried food to the sick Saint who had been so faithful in feeding others in their sickness. The artist has not forgotten this little dog in fashioning the statuary, placing the dog at the feet of the Saint clothed in pilgrim's garb and the staff, as Roque appeared on his journey from France to Rome, where he still leads our spirits on his festive day.

"It takes more than a name and a pilgrim's staff resting near a little dog with a loaf in his open mouth to keep alive the fire of love in human hearts for six hundred years. Even the numerous miracles that Roque worked for the sick in Europe in the year 1320 can scarcely explain the loving confidence of thousands here in Mindanao in 1934. Surely many a feverish brow has been cooled by his blessed hand, and agonizing pains alleviated by a cry for help to Saint Roque, and threatening plagues avoided by his intercession, by the fathers and mothers of children who even now fish in Mindanao seas and labor for their bread in the muddy rice fields of the valleys. The people know from experience Roque's charity has not cooled now that he has reached the end of his pilgrimage where there is an eternal rest for weary feet and a ravishing vision unending for searching eyes. They know that under his pilgrims' raiment history records that his breast was miraculously marked with a red cross which revealed his identity when Roque died a suspected military spy in a French prison. Saint Roque cannot forget that red cross on his breast, he cannot forget the hundreds he freed from sickness by the mere sign of the cross; Saint Roque cannot forget his confiding friends in Mindanao who go to him with crosses on their shoulders to assist them in their pilgrimage."



The boys of St. Michael's School, Batticaloa, Ceylon, built floats on their bicycles and paraded through the neighborhood on Mission Sunday. Two American Jesuits, John J. O'Connor, S.J., and John Lange, S.J., of the South, are teaching at St. Michael's.

BRITISH HONDURAS

Father James Preuss, S.J., who spent some time in the missions of British Honduras, but is now stationed at Omaha, Nebraska, writes:

"Friends of the Pallotine Sisters, who conduct grammar schools for the Jesuit missionaries in British Honduras, at Corozal, Orange Walk, Cayo, Benque Viejo, Punta Gorda and Nazareth ('Fair View') and a novitiate for native girls at the last named place, are engaged in a concerted effort to begin a fund for a Catholic hospital for the Sisters in the capital of the colony—Belize. Anyone interested in this meritorious mission project should communicate with 'Jesuit Mission Club,' Creighton University, Omaha, Nebraska."

ALASKA

The following letter of Father Paul C. Deschout, S.J., missionary at Tununa, Nelson Island, Alaska, to his Bishop, Rt. Rev. Joseph R. Crimont, S.J., was not intended for publication. However, his Provincial Superior, Very Rev. Father Walter J. Fitzgerald, S.J., considered it so strikingly edifying that he sent it on.

"We landed here at Tununa Sunday noon. We could not come ashore on account of the low tide. The Tununa people were running back and forth from the church to their igloos. Finally, Ivan's pilot went ashore by kicker, and must have told the people that a priest was aboard the *St. Patrick*, intending to stay at Tununa, for all the people in a body ran to the church, where they must have spent two hours in thanksgiving for the coming of the priest, as Maggie said. Then the people wouldn't wait any longer; they came to get me, and once on *terra firma*, I got a reception which I will not easily forget. These people are deeply pious and full of reverence for their priests. They sang a hymn as I stepped ashore. We shook hands, and then went to church for a visit to the Blessed Sacrament. I gave them a short talk and my priestly blessing.

"Now the church we have here is way too small, uncomfortably small. It is an old store of Frank Williams. Right now there are some one hundred and twenty people. The middle aisle of the church is packed. Once Maggie, our organist, was a little late, and on account of the crowd she could not forge her way up in front to the organ. Every Saturday, people from neighboring villages come for Sunday Mass. Where to house them? Father John P. Fox, S.J., told me to binate on big feast days. Now in Spring there will be about two hundred and thirty people steady. Moreover, thanks to the good work of Ivan and Maggie, these people are beginning to imitate the apostolic fervor of our exemplary catechists. As a result, natives from Nihtmiut and other surrounding vil-

lages, people from Nunivak Island are coming continually. There is here a wonderful spirit and fervor. I'm kept busy from morning to night, doing only spiritual work. But again, what to do with an ever increasing crowd? The word is passing around that more families will locate here on account of the priest. Do we need a church! The present box is a real disgrace to this edifying congregation. Moreover, Tununa, the capital of Nelson Island, should have a respectable church, and not a tin-covered old store. What an encouragement it would be to these people to see you donate to them a decent place of worship. . . . The old church then, could become my living quarters. Just imagine, I have on Saturdays from five to six hours of confessions. I have them in church, for I have no sacristy, or no room whatever annexed to the church, which means that people have to leave the church and then file back in again one by one.

"May I count on your habitual self-sacrifice to help these poor people out here at Tununa? It would please our catechists, Ivan and Maggie, so much also. They have done so much for these people. After God, they are responsible for the fervor of these people. The good example of such catechists is more eloquent than all my talking.

"Just before we landed here, a good many Nunivakas had been waiting and waiting for the return of Maggie and Ivan to be instructed. Tired of waiting they finally left. Today another schooner came from Nunivak Island. They will report the good news back to the island that not only Ivan and Maggie are back, but that there is a priest here.

"Please, my dear Bishop, give us a church. . . . These people are just hungry for religion. I have no benefactors to speak of. I can do nothing alone, but through you I hope to see something done here.

"Our present church is small and wretched and its dimensions are exactly as follows: fourteen and one-half feet wide; twenty-two and one-half feet long (plus the little sanctuary six and one-half feet); eight feet high. Judge for yourself. The atmosphere is awful, of course, and, would you believe it, daily all the people come in here morning and evening. So far almost all are daily communicants. They visit the Blessed Sacrament during the day with an assiduity equalled only in a Novitiate. I let the sanctuary lamp burn during the night because when I myself have gone to the church for my night and last visit, there were still people praying on their knees, on the hard floor, straight and erect, without support, keeping watch before our Eucharistic Lord. The first day I said Mass in this little church, I could not keep my tears back at wit-



Father Hugh E. Harkins, S.J., (right) congratulates the newly-ordained Father Philip Marin, first Carib priest of British Honduras.

nessing so much fervor amongst these unique people. May God keep them and increase their piety!

"I am saying Mass with a little pocket Missal. Perhaps you might find me a bigger Missal. It is pretty hard on the eyes to use daily such small print. Still, I don't mind. Why not save every cent for the erection of a church for these good and pious people?

"I recommend myself to the prayers and Holy Sacrifices of Your Excellency."

CHINA

Father Charles D. Simons, S.J., of the California Province, writes from Wuhu, Anhwei, China, where he is making his year of Tertianship.

"Your letter of October 1 was given me on the morning of November 5 when we finished our thirty-day retreat. Letters from JESUIT MISSIONS I usually find doubly welcome as they usually come 'freighted.' Our Tertianship is passing quietly on the banks of the Yang-tse-kiang. We are seventeen in number: five Chinese (two Mandarin speaking, three Shanghai dialect), four Spaniards (one a Basque), three Italians, two Hungarians, one Austrian, one Colombian, one American. Everything is in Latin: Conferences, Points, and even the largest part of recreations. However, French, Spanish, Chinese, Italian and even a few German and American (English) outbursts are heard at times. The language difficulty is partly recompensed by the excellent spirit which is numerically universal—the best spirit I have thus far encountered in my fifteen years in the Society.

Our Father Instructor is an Alsatian, an old missionary of much experience.

"Although rather secluded in Tertianship, our missionary status is brought home to us rather forcibly at times. One of the Tertian Fathers, a young Spaniard, left his district in Ngan-king Mission, just before it was pillaged by Communists—(or Red robbers as the latest Chinese expression terms them. The name Communist is considered too dignified for them). The Father's brother, also a Jesuit missionary there, with several others, narrowly escaped with their lives. The Reds declared to the people that they would have killed the Fathers had they caught them. Since then, as you must have heard, another Father—and of that district—has been captured, 'Father Dositheo Lopez'—The latest reports say that he was killed by the Communists. Strict confirmation, however, is still being awaited. The Superior of that Mission told his three Tertians here that they may as well prepare for martyrdom, and then they will not be caught unprepared. . . . Father Lopez was twice caught by the Reds, and being an exceptionally strong man, broke away from them twice. The second time, in fleeing, he jumped a wall and suffered a broken leg. A catechist, also captured, was twice sent by the Reds with a letter from the Father, asking for various articles as ransom. The letters had to be written in English, which they could understand. Among articles asked for were medicines and a radio set. The medicines were sent to keep in touch. The second letter was written with such a strained hand that one would think the Father's hand was guided by another in writing it. And most likely—as the catechist affirmed that when leaving the Father the second time, the latter was in such an extreme state that he thought he would die within an hour. The leg, frightfully broken, could not be set by anyone there. Huge chunks of putrid flesh had to be cut away. The Father suffered terribly. Most likely he has since passed away."

PATNA, INDIA

Father Charles P. Miller, S.J., writes from his mission at Gajhi that the mission fields suffered heavily in the rains that caused the recent Ganges flood. Some of the buildings were also damaged. One corner of the Father's house collapsed, part of the church wall fell, and the surface mud on most of the buildings was washed away. In Pajha, where Father keeps a Mass kit, the rain was so heavy that the water was more than ankle-deep inside the house. It flowed in over the front step. The Mass kit was ruined.

* * *

In a Christmas letter to his benefactors, Father Miller writes:

"The year now drawing to a close has been a difficult year for us, full of unprecedented hardships and trials. Earthquakes, floods, and storms have done much material damage. Added to this there has been a marked decrease in the donations of money, because many of our friends are no longer able to help us.

"Yet we have much, very much, for which to be thankful. God has blessed our work. Patna Mission has had a large number of converts, over two thousand, and Gajhi Mission has contributed over one-eighth of the grand total. This phenomenal progress under such adverse circumstances would have been impossible without the aid of God's grace and your charity. We are grateful to you for your prayers and sacrifices in our behalf; for the cancelled stamps, the literature, the altar furnishings; the Mass stipends, you have sent us; for the donations of money which enabled us to build chapels, to employ catechists, and to maintain our schools. Not a day passes without a prayer of thanksgiving for you, our benefactors. And on Christmas morning we shall make a special petition to the Divine Child and His Holy Mother to reward and bless you for your generosity towards us.

"Chapels, teachers, catechists—three very important items in the category of mission needs. The chapel is for those who have been converted. It is God's House, and as such it forms a center of spiritual influence, a rallying point for the Catholics. It gives them confidence in themselves and in the mission. As the number of Catho-

lics increases in a given locality, school will be required for their children. Hence the need of teachers. But the important item in a young fast expanding mission, such as Gajhi Mission, is the catechist. A brief consideration of the actual situation in my mission will make this clear.

"My work is confined to the Santal an aboriginal people, possessed of many fine qualities. It is estimated that there are over twenty thousand of them in my territory. They dwell in some three hundred villages scattered over an area hundreds of square miles in extent.

"Let us suppose that I have a catechist to help me. If I spent only one day in each village, and assuming that I did not have to minister to the spiritual needs of hundreds of converts; if, too, I lost no time whatsoever on account of sickness, of bad weather, festivals, and the planting season; in other words, assuming ideal conditions, even then I could not visit all the villages in my district more than once in a year. But what is one visit in a year! A village may have to be visited several times in as many weeks before even the well disposed are ready 'to cross the line.'

"A catechist can do this visiting and in most cases can do it better than the missionary himself. Why? Because he is one of the people, a member of their own race; a man thoroughly acquainted with their language, their habits, their religious and social customs. In his presence there will be little reserve. He will soon discover prospective catechumens. To these he



In October, when Bishop Bernard J. Sullivan, S.J., of Patna, India, before starting on his first official visit to the United States, spent a day with the Patna Jesuits studying at Kurseong. Seated (left to right): Fathers John Sloan, S.J., and Richard Welfle, S.J., Rt. Rev. Bishop Bernard J. Sullivan, S.J., Fathers Michael Lyons, S.J., and Kevin Angelo, S.J. Standing (left to right): Felix Farrell, S.J., John J. Brennan, S.J., John Morrison, S.J., Marion Batson, S.J., Marshall Moran, S.J., and Joseph Mann, S.J.

will give preliminary instruction. Then he will inform the missionary, who will come and gather the harvest without loss of time. The catechist becomes even more necessary as the number of converts increases, because the missionary must devote considerable time to the spiritual needs of his new flock.

"If I had twenty catechists divided into ten groups of two each, my entire territory could be 'tilled' thoroughly, not only once, but many times in the course of a single year, and there is very good reason to believe that the resulting harvest of conversions would well repay the time and money spent in the work. And that is my plan,—to put these ten groups into the field. I have four groups working now. Six more groups, or twelve catechists, are needed. I have started a small training school to fit these men for their work. It costs only three dollars a month to train a catechist. After he joins the field force, his pay will be five dollars, or one pound, per month.

"Twenty thousand pagan Santals living in some three hundred villages scattered over an area hundreds of square miles in extent,—their conversion, my dear friends, is your work and mine. We can and will accomplish it. Give me catechists, then back us up with your prayers and good works, and watch the result."

AMERICAN INDIANS

From **Father Thomas A. Steele, S.J.**, comes this letter relating incidents, some sad, some happy, of St. Andrew's Mission, Oregon:

"One night some months ago shortly after ten o'clock, a fire apparently starting inside the horse barn, completely destroyed that building. A shower of sparks raining on the cow barn near at hand set it on fire, and a few minutes later neither barn could be saved by any possible effort. After much trouble, the fire-fighters saved the implement shed, the machine shop and the church. For a time, nearly all the mission buildings were severely threatened. The fire wiped out the whole Winter's supply of hay, all seed wheat, two sets of harness and some farm tools. All the live-stock, being in the pastures, was saved.

"By providing money from the insurance to pay off the mission's most pressing debts, the fire proved a blessing. But the loss of feed and lack of sufficient housing space for stock caused much inconvenience.

"Our school this year has at present seventy-two children, about full capacity. Among those enrolled are five Indian children from the vicinity of Ketchikan, Alaska."

* * *

From Holy Family Mission, Montana, comes an amusing incident concerning a nocturnal sick call:

"At a late hour one night came the



Father Paul Prud'homme, S.J., of the Upper Canada Province, who planned and helped in the construction of his new church at Batchawana Bay, among the Canadian Indians.

summons—'Mr. Crawford very sick, come at once.' So out rolled the old mission chariot with **Charles Barry, S.J.**, commandeering and **Father Robert Kane, S.J.**, at his side and the wild night flight had begun. All over a Montana prairie they roamed, and at last they were rewarded by the sight of a faint light gleaming in the distance. Arriving at the house they inquired for Mr. Crawford only to find that they were still seven miles from their destination, seven miles of treacherous traveling, the kindly old sheep rancher advised—better not try to make it tonight. So the disconsolate pair turned the nose of their gasoline prairie schooner towards what they hoped was the highway. After traveling equivalently across Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut, another gleam appeared in the distance. With justifiable trepidation, Mr. Barry approached the door.

"Could you direct us to the highway or to Mr. Crawford's house?" "Well, the highway is down that a-way, but this is Mr. Crawford's house,—but they took Mr. Crawford to the hospital a few hours ago." "What's that,—oh good-night."

"At an early hour of the morning the forlorn and badly shaken machine limped into the mission yard, and in another ten minutes, peace and rest had descended again over the weary souls of two tired travelers, and all was quiet on the mission front."

* * *

Father Leo A. Doyle, S.J., is stationed at Sacred Heart Mission, Pine

Ridge, South Dakota. This is about five miles distance from the general mission headquarters of Holy Rosary Mission.

"Pine Ridge," writes **Father Doyle**, "is the Government headquarters for Sioux Indians of the Pine Ridge Reservation. In the little town there are about two hundred souls to be taught to know and love God. There is a large Government school with an enrollment of four hundred Indian children. About two hundred of them are Catholics. Near the village is a large Government hospital, and the poor suffering Indians there are always grateful when the Blackrobe visits them. The work I find the easiest and perhaps the most fruitful is the hospital work. This morning I had nineteen or twenty Holy Communions there. These Catholics often ask me for reading matter, but since I have no source of supply, I have not been able to do very much for them. I would be very happy to receive Catholic magazines for distribution among the sick here.

"This is my first year on the mission field and the very first time I have had anything to do with Indians, so if any of your friends are looking for some 'poor little Father,' as the beneficiary of their charities,—well, 'Here I am,' as Samuel said."

CANADIAN INDIANS

On August 19, 1934, the new church at Batchawana Bay, a mission for the Canadian Indians, was blessed. The **Rt. Rev. Monsignor T. J. Crowley**, delegated by the late bishop of the diocese, His Excellency, **D. J. Scollard, D. D.**, officiated. **Monsignor Crowley** congratulated the parishioners on the result of their generosity, and urged fidelity to the religion of which their ancestors had heard from **St. Isaac Jogues**, three hundred years before. A sermon in Ojibway was also preached by **Father William Gagnieur, S.J.**, a veteran of these missions.

The church, a wooden building, stands on a hill above Lake Superior. It replaces the forty year old log church which was built in the early days of the mission when the community was small. As the population grew, necessary additions were made, but of late it has been taxed to capacity and had to be replaced by the new structure. The newly blessed church is dedicated to **St. Isaac Jogues**.

The completion of this church is due to the untiring labor of **Father Paul Prud'homme, S.J.**, who had to secure the wherewithal almost entirely by his own efforts. Moreover, he planned the building, helped in the construction and took a hand at the actual work, doing much of the interior himself. Despite such wholehearted endeavor, there yet remains considerable debt for which he must find a solution.

A LEPER MAGDALENE

(Continued from page 33)

When that was proved, she was almost, by the very fact, an outcast. The doctors always feel sad when they have to settle such a case, but her family seemed anxious to get rid of her. The ruthless leper law was a shield for them in their cowardice. They say Magdalene was a very pretty child. We have pictures of her at her entrance into Culion. What a change! You could hardly believe it the same person.

When she came, the other leper girls said thoughtlessly, "Oh, how beautiful!" But the men and women—older people—said: "What a pity! How sad!" They knew how leprosy can twist the mouth, and blight the fairest cheek, cripple the form and even rot away the members—and so they were sad at the advent of this pretty little girl.

MAGDALENE was not her name at all, but she had a sister named Martha, and somebody had spoken to her of Culion as a Lazaro, and through some concurrence of ideas the little innocent girl had insisted on being called Magdalene. It was not until a year or two later that she came across the story of a world-famous Magdalene who, long ago had buried herself in a well-known Rescue House, pretending to be the real thing to the Sister, though she had been a perfectly innocent girl.

Reading this account of the famous Magdalene quite inspired this little leper girl of Culion. She, too, adopted the plan of insisting that she would be a Magdalene, imitate the Gospel and keep near to Christ because she would love much. Those who know the secrets of her little leper life could tell us that she filled the role to perfection, for she was a very chosen soul and gave herself to great prayer with uncommon fervor. In her sad affliction her patience was the patience of Job. My acquaintance with Magdalene has given me many a lesson on the emptiness of earthly things. Who could ever think that this poor dying person whom I had taken to be an old woman because her face was gnarled and twisted, her teeth gone, her neck fallen away, and drawn, and

skinny, and all her hands and arms covered in frightful fashion with the terrible breakdown of leper spots and sores—who could ever think that this was the little girl who had come to the colony as a striking beauty only a few years ago?

But as I gave her the priceless Host, the Christ whom she had loved so much, I could not help thinking how differently He values things and how, where the world would see only ugliness, Christ found the real beauty of spiritual values, which His sacraments and His grace had wrought in this poor Magdalene during the dreary doom of her leprosy. She died the next day, a beautiful death, and though apparently her life had been nothing, she had done a great work because "she had loved much."

One of the women came to the door as I was leaving—I had noticed her startled look when I gave the Viaticum. Now at the door I asked: "Are you frightened?" She answered: "No! almost I could see Jesus, when Magdalene was receiving."

AN APOSTLE OF ONTARIO

(Continued from page 34)

the last which he held, was truly the most arduous of his long career. Here his ministry was spread over more than 26,000 square miles, and divided amongst nearly 2,000 souls, 1,400 of whom are Catholics, possessing eleven churches, eight schools and distributed among twenty mission stations.

Yet despite his many engrossing labors, Father Desautels has not lost sight of the future, nor forgotten the men who are to follow him. His letters are always inspiring. "Yes, I am beginning my sixty-fifth year," he wrote in March, 1931. "I am still incessantly on the road, the oldest missionary to do such work since the foundation of our missions. I am very grateful to God Who continues to give me the moral and physical strength to stand up under such labors. But I see that my strength is declining and that before long some infirmities must befall me. I will not regret to quit the work, if I see that I do not leave a vacant place. It is up to you, men of the next generation."

A LITTLE less than three years ago he began the far-sighted work of collecting the available documents concerning the history of the Ontario Missions, writing the connections which he knew between them, and committing to paper the historical knowledge which would otherwise be lost forever. The value of this work is not easily estimated, for Father Desautels' experience extends back to the great missionaries of the past, as Father DuRanquet, Father de la Marche, Father Caron.

May this zealous missionary be long preserved to assist with his prayers and seasoned advice those who as yet have everything to learn and can bring to their work nothing but their good will.

ON THE ROCKS

(Continued from page 38)

Watch the rush to the gate where we behold a "jiggerfoot" market. A few old grannies selling fish cakes, ripe bananas, sweets; and, of course, the Father now becomes a hold-up artist. He drags you to the gate, gets you started passing out these edibles to the thronging children. You are so tickled with their, "Please, please," and "Me tellin' ya plenty tanks," that you forget that you are spending money. What's the bill? Tell us the worst. And after much figuring you discover that you have had a lovely time and pleased many a little tot for the dreadful sum of fifty cents, for most of these articles cost only a farthing.

A little visit back to the Lord. The Father will make you say a prayer for his continued health and a blessing on his work. Then, back to Kingston and modern civilization—electricity, plumbing, ice, good food, streets, shops.

Perhaps as you return to the U. S. A., you may say, as many have said, "Well, if that is his best mission, God help him in his other places. I had to see to believe what JESUIT MISSIONS tries to tell me each month." And the Father? He bids you, "*Ave atque Vale!*" climbs into his Ford and with renewed vigor returns to his beloved picknics and grannies and to the labors that he hopes will win for him an everlasting crown.

My San Jose Trip

Quirinus P.

Leonard, S.J.



IN last month's account of my trip through the bush of British Honduras to conduct the Novena for my Maya people at San Jose, I told the story of living conditions here in the hinterland. There is a lot of interesting history buried in ruins here, and on this trip I secured first hand evidence of some of it. One afternoon the Carib teacher and I dismissed the children from school a bit early and rode up to *Las Ruinas*, where Mr. E. Thompson of the Chicago Field Museum was making some excavations on a group of Maya ruins. A fast horseback ride of about twenty minutes brought us to the scene of activities where some fifteen men were busily engaged with pick, shovel and more delicate instruments.

We hit it very fortunate, because, as the archeologist himself admitted, this was the best day he had had since beginning operations a few weeks previously. The men had discovered two skeletons of adults and five of babies. The legs of the little ones were doubled up and crossed over the trunk, and beside them lay little whistles, clay figures and other toys. They had also uncovered a hand-carved vase of reddish clay, and another painted one, both broken, but all parts were preserved; six front teeth inlaid with jade ornaments and many others filed in the shape of the glyph of the sun god; and a beautiful white pendant made of sea-shell with a man's face carved upon it. They had also come across what appears to be the first example of a Mayan inside staircase; it led to the roof, or probably an astronomical observatory. Consequently, Mr. Thompson was in high spirits, and showed us all around the various diggings, pointing out San Jose Periods 1, 2 and 3, indicated by fairly clear lines of demarcation where one superstructure had been superimposed upon another. Period 1, he said, dates back to around the time of Christ; this is deduced from the type of pottery, upon which he lays much stress, found at the bottom of the excavations. Promptly at four o'clock the men were dismissed and we walked up to the camp, where we examined some of the finds more leisurely, had tea together and then snapped a few pictures before starting back to San Jose. The visit was interesting, to say the least, and proved a fine afternoon's diversion.

ONE evening just before services, a party of horsemen drew up to the church, headed by an acquaintance of mine from Santa Helena, a little pueblo on the opposite side of the Belize River from Cayo. He said they were on their way to Sierra de Agua, nine miles further on, where his younger brother had died two



Boys are boys the world over. Here is a happy group of Mayas at San Jose.

weeks previously. His intention was to arrange the grave, and he asked me to go on the following day to bless it. I promised to do so.

On the following morning, as my friend from Santa Helena did not show up as he had promised, I took one of the older school boys and started for Sierra de Agua on horseback. The boy was on foot, so we traveled rather slowly. In about an hour we met a guide, Basilio, sent to fetch me, so I sent the boy back. In the shade of some tall trees I called a halt to tighten my horse's saddle-girth, and then when the guide tried to mount again, his mule threw him off and ran away. As a result, Basilio had to walk to Sierra de Agua; the tricky mule was not captured till late that evening. We traveled on the big truck pass, where a mahogany company has tractors at work, and saw the *bocadier* where the logs are loaded onto narrow-gauge cars and shipped to Hill Bank, where they are dumped into the river and towed out to sea.

IT was just 11:15 when we reached Sierra de Agua, the end of the company's railroad, where some five hundred people are temporarily living while seasonal mahogany operations are being carried on. In the company of my Santa Helena friend and several others who joined us, I at once proceeded along the railroad track to the edge of the woods, where a little patch of ground had been set aside for those who die in this remote village. After I had blessed the grave, I took a picture of the surviving brother standing beside it.

We strolled back to a small hut reserved for travelers, where I did justice to a plate of rice and beans and then took a look around the village. The inhabitants were mostly Spanish-speaking Yucatecans and Belize Creoles, amongst whom I found many Catholics. As no priest had been there for over six years, they asked me to come for a regular mission visit, after the feast of San Jose, and I promised to do so.

The day before the feast of San Jose was Sunday—and Baptism day. There were five of them in succession. Even in these hard times a Baptism is made the occasion of a little *fiesta*, at least a light breakfast. The village band and a good number of the inhabitants accompanied the various baptismal parties.

BOOK REVIEWS

The Making of a Pulpit Orator.

By John A. McClorey, S.J. The Macmillan Company, New York, N. Y. Price \$2.00.

Perhaps this book should be classed as a textbook, but the charm of style and the easy way in which a heavy subject is treated make the reader take it in hand with the eagerness with which he would take up a novel. Nothing that goes to make a good orator, pulpit or other kind, has been omitted by the author. The need of and the place for imagination, passion and expression; the value of reading; the basic necessity of philosophy and theology for the sacred orator, all are skillfully and completely handled to the advantage not merely of the tyro but also of the experienced preacher.

Father McClorey would give hope and encouragement to all who aspire to a place in the pulpit. Neither does he minimize difficulties nor does he belittle natural gifts and advantages. He shows how everything can be used as means to the end "to resurrect among clerical students and priests interest in an art which is nearly defunct." When one has finished reading "The Making of a Pulpit Orator" there lingers a desire and determination to read at least parts of it again. The reader, if he be priest or seminarian, feels that he can be the one in whom that resurrection will have its being, and yearns to have fulfilled in himself the words of Monsignor Fulton J. Sheen who has written the Foreword to this book. "There is oratory in Heaven; there is oratory in creation; there is oratory in the Incarnation; there is oratory in the Church—God grant that there may be oratory in priestly hearts as there is oratory in this wonderful book written by one of the eloquent ambassadors of the Eternal Word."

Stages on the Road. By Sigrid Undset. Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., New York, N. Y. Price \$2.75.

To present day historians and many another who would delve into the lore of the earlier centuries of the second millenium, the Middle Ages are like a dark room in the midst of surrounding light. Those in the light can see nothing of good in the darkness. Too often, for those on the outside looking in, there are nothing but spectres and characters of evil hiding in the gloom. Even the brave person fears to enter into that room deprived of light.

But Sigrid Undset has shown herself braver than many of the brave historians, and fearlessly has gone into the so-called darkness of the Middle Ages. In "Stages on the Road" she has brought to light some of the brilliance of those centuries,

and for those who read her book there will appear rather than characters of evil and vague, mad spectres, a group of characters so strong in their personalities that their influence for good is felt even in this day of enlightenment. Margaret Clitherow, a wife and a mother, but first and foremost a fervent Catholic, will inspire many a woman today to brave much rather than go against her conscience. Saint Angela Merici, the proto-type of the present day congregations of nuns whose life is not solely contemplative, was a woman of action and won for the women of her day a respect which too often nowadays is denied to womankind by men in general. Blessed Robert Southwell, S. J., a poet and a priest, was "an invincible soldier, a most faithful disciple and courageous martyr of Christ," who in word and action proved the greater value of things eternal and permanent as against things temporal and transitory.

"Stages on the Road," with its other essays on "Ramon Lull of Palma," "To Saint James," and a "Reply to a Parish Priest," will help many a one along the stony, thorn-pricked path of life to a happy eternity.

Followers in the Way. By H. F. B. Mackay. The Macmillan Company, New York, N. Y. Price \$1.75.

A series of private studies in the lives of early Christian characters little known v. g. Gaius, Demas, Diotrefes, Antipas, Phocas, with sketches of later personalities such as Constantine, Chrysostom, St. Edward the Confessor, St. Thomas of Canterbury, Blessed Thomas More, St. Francis de Sales, etc. Written in that comfortable pietistic vein which is so distinctive of Protestantism and which promises no hope of a solution to the poignant problem of sin either ante or post factum, the book reveals one more reason why so many Protestants today are either turning towards Rome or abandoning themselves to skepticism and unbelief. No better example of the uselessness of this type of spirituality as a guide in the major problems of life can be found than the author's futile explanation of the doctrine of original sin as indicated on page 58. The volume is another instance of the paradox that is Protestantism today. For logically speaking, why recommend Catholic models for Protestants and not expect Protestants to follow these heroes all the way to Rome? Or how expect to understand the spirit of these Roman Catholic figures of history, when one deliberately refuses to live according to that spirit whose source, our author must know, is drawn from union with the Pope at Rome? By consistently suppressing the vital distinction between

Roman Catholics and Protestantism, does Dr. Mackay intend to leave the impression that no such distinction exists? that the Branch Theory for example, is valid? that St. Paul, let us say, was in any way indebted to Protestantism? With the exception of a few pious exhortations to persevere in the spirit of St. Paul, what has Dr. Mackay to offer in the shape of a sacramental system instituted by Christ, that will enable Protestant readers to be followers in the way of Christ? In its shortcomings the book is an eloquent plea for support of the Church Unity Octave, whose purpose is prayer for the conversion of the Protestant and non-Catholic world.

China. By L. A. Lyall. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, N. Y. Price \$5.00.

The political views of this writer may be of interest to the Englishmen for whom they were written, while the non-British world may page through the book yielding to the author's remarks on Unequal Treaties, Present Conditions, and the Policy of Leading Foreign Powers, the respect which Mr. Lyall's varied appointments and his forty-one years in China deserve. Certainly these later chapters just mentioned are more the author's own than those on Teaching-People and the Outline of History, each of which topics has been treated so much more fully in other books on China that their insufficient development in the present volume seems like mere padding. Yet, whatever merit the later chapters may contain will most probably remain embalmed therein, unmolested, unappreciated and unread. For it is difficult to believe that any reader, Catholic or non-Catholic, will advance further in this book than the chapter on Religion, in which this government official displays such a typical English sense of antipathy to Rome and such abysmal ignorance of the Catholic Church that confidence in his fairness and his judgment is at the outset neutralized if not entirely undermined.

Ab uno disce omnes, is here the extent of his logical procedure. Such statements as, "A lack of humility is found in all the doings of Catholic missionaries," is itself hardly an instance of the humility whose absence he so modestly decries. When we read on Pages 38 and 39, "The Pope is a foreign potentate, and the ecclesiastical dominion of a foreign priest, living in a foreign land, arouses endless animosity in these days of constantly increasing nationalist passions," and "There seems every reason to conclude that Roman Catholicism will make no more headway in China," we naturally hark back to the days of the Know-Nothings of the repudiated Tom Heflin and the

discredited Bishop Cannon. If the author's prophecy be correct, how account for the presence in China today of 2,500,000 native Catholics and the non-Catholic enrollment in Catholic schools? Again, why do we not read of popular uprisings against this foreign potentate in other mission countries, let us say, in Africa, in India, in Alaska, in Japan, or among mission peoples such as the Indians of the American and Canadian Northwest, of the hinterlands of Honduras and Jamaica or the Iraqis of Baghdad, perhaps the most sensitive political and nationalistic sore spot in the world? The author's radical statements are a proof that one may travel far and live even forty-one years in China without ever attaining an equivalent for a truly educated mind. Our vote for China by Mr. Lyall is one of "No confidence."

The Jesuits and the Popish Plot.

By M. V. Hay, Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co., Ltd., London, England. Price 10/6.

Occasioned by a libel on the good name of Father John Gavan, S. J., and written in vindication of the same, this book is at the same time an outstanding contribution to the controversial literature now extant for or against the Jesuits in their relations to the Titus Oates Plot. The clash of arguments, the array of testimony and arraignment of the witnesses, the sifting of evidence and the judicial weighing of the same, while not only serving to slay the ghost of an ancient lie, will vindicate to a skeptical world the fact that impartial history can and is still being written. For, with the legal talent of a mind accustomed to the procedure of the bar, the author proves himself as occasion requires, both an invincible attorney for the prosecution, as well as an indomitable advocate for defense. This story is not merely a re-shuffling of the cards of controversy. It is a new trial, opened with fresh evidence and introducing new witnesses, chief of whom is Doctor John Sergeant. The book is redolent of Newman's "The Present Position of Catholics in England," and not one whit less convincing. We recommend particularly the author's refutation of Macaulay's Jesuits as men who "Glide from one country to another, are unprincipled in their choice of means, regardless of truth," etc., etc. His consideration of Cardinal Manning's attitude towards the Society of Jesus is done with the dignity due to the exalted position of the Cardinalate and the no less uncompromising dignity that forever characterizes truth when set side by side with falsehood. Not the least of his achievements done in open court and with *prima facie* evidence, is his scathing denunciation of England's attitude towards the Jesuits, not one least ingredient of which attitude reflects the so-called English sense of "fair play," but on the contrary, like an atmosphere of poisoned gas, was compounded of vitriolic

lies, perjuries and historical falsehood abetted for two centuries by English historians. Let us have more from the mind and pen of Macolm V. Hay.

Historical Records and Studies— Vol. XXIV. The United States Catholic Historical Society, New York, N. Y.

The contents of Vol. XXIV include a judicial panegyric of the Ambassador of Peace, the White Indian, Father De Smet, S.J., which is not only mission history but a missiological study interpreted in the light of the "First Principle and Foundation" in the Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius Loyola, the motivating force of every Jesuit missionary the world has ever known. Judged by the norms of his influence, extent of country traveled, duration of prestige, actual achievements in crucial periods, singleness of motive and testimony of contemporary witnesses, he is acclaimed by the author as "the noblest and the greatest single character in the long history of Indian and White in the great American Northwest." In addition, there is a translation of Pena's Diary of the Aguapo Expedition, an essay on Jesuit Institutions in what is today the Boroughs of Manhattan and The Bronx, New York, a brief chronicle of an early New York tragedy and a valuable study of John Baptist Miede, S.J., the First Vicar Apostolic of the Indian Territory, a Study in Frontier History by Sister Mary Paul Fitzgerald, A.M., Sister of Charity of Leavenworth.

Give This Man Place. By Hugh F. Blunt, LL.D. The Sign Press, Union City, New Jersey. Price \$1.50, Postpaid \$1.60.

In these days when a gossip-mad world considers no biography complete so long as there is one morsel of that life unaccounted for, one may wonder how the Reverend author can possibly weave the story of a lifetime from the simple epitome of that life as found in the Gospel—"Joseph was the husband of Mary of whom was born Christ." And yet, beginning with the ancient legend of the blossoming rod that indicated God's choice for the hand of Mary, the writer is led on from Scriptural reference and reason through the testimony of the Fathers and Theologians, supplemented by Papal pronouncements and the voice of the Faithful which in this case at least is *Vox Dei*, until he is loath to set aside this timely tribute to St. Joseph, the vice-regent of the Holy Ghost and blessed among men. Though the author himself protests that this is not a pious book, and bemoans the fact that "more's the pity," it is in truth much more than pious and if there be need of pity it is to be reserved for those of us who must confess to St. Joseph, "Too late have I known thee." Nothing in recent spiritual literature is quite so inspiring as this author's vindication of voluntary virginity in men or women when proceeding

from religious motives, and his priestly comments on life, freighted as they are with the wisdom of age and grace, the yield, we feel certain, of daily meditation by the soul of a poet on the body and soul of the great St. Joseph. Each chapter closes with an offering of verse. Through the efforts of Rev. Joseph M. Bover, S.J., Professor of Sacred Scripture in Barcelona, a new Postulatum is to be presented to the Pope, to increase the honor due "this man!"

The Secularization of the California Missions (1810-1846). By Gerald J. Geary, A.M. The Catholic University of America, Washington, D. C.

A *magnum opus* written on one of the most vital of mission problems. Beginning with the Patronato Real, the author shows how the Church was able by means of this Royal Patronage to conquer vast regions for Christ and in two centuries to organize that expansive mission system which was distinguished by these three objectives: first, doctrinal instruction for more advanced agricultural peoples; second, social as well as religious development among more backward, nomadic tribes, and thirdly, in one case at least, not only religious and social instruction, but civil administration as well. Yet not only were the missions subsidized by the Crown, but they were used as a means of pacification in the Crown's scheme of defensive colonization. As originally understood, secularization meant "The substitution of secular priests for the religious order priests and the conversion of the mission into a parish. Later it also meant the raising of the Indian community to the status of a self-governing *pueblo* and, finally, in practice it often resulted in the confiscation of the mission property and lands by white settlers or government officials." The author unearths no legal justification for the contention that the missions were *ipso facto* to be secularized after an initial period of ten years, and lays the blame for the tragedy at the door of greed and "the most ferocious conquerors whom the world has ever produced." For what historians have dignified as "secularization," is nothing more nor less than robbery, the same robbery that is being repeated in Mexico today where an atheistic communism is pillaging a defenseless Catholic land.

How to Pray the Mass. By Daniel A. Lord, S.J. The Queen's Work, St. Louis, Mo. Price ten cents.

An inspirational exposition of six methods of offering the Sacrifice: (1) with the Missal, (2) in union of intentions, (3) for the four ends of the Mass, (4) in the spirit of Calvary, (5) seeing in the Mass Christ's rebirth among men, (6) as a preparation for daily life. This pamphlet will enable the laity to assist with due attention and devotion at the great central act of Christian worship.