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by

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Last month we made a plea on this page for the support of catechists in the missions staffed by the American Jesuits. In many places a catechist's salary per month is only \$5.00. Even where the salary paid is larger, a gift of any amount towards the payment of such salaries would greatly relieve the anxiety of the missionaries, already more than over-burdened with worries about matters material.

Where the Catholic population has grown through the untiring labors of missionary and catechist—such a growth is the report of every mission—there has arisen another difficulty. How shall these converts worthily worship their God? Where shall they find their hidden God enthroned? What will take the place of their altars of sacrifice whereon they for-



*An Alaskan House of God*

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.

merly paid homage to Satan? They must come to know the Mass; they must be enabled to love Jesus Christ in the Blessed Sacrament. To that end every mission station should have a chapel.

Today there are chapels in many mission stations, but they hardly deserve the name 'House of God.' They are altogether unworthy of that appellation save for the fact that there God truly abides. Many other mission stations there are where no chapel at all is

to be found. Because there is no altar for His permanent abode, in such places Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament is hardly known. Who of our readers will supply funds for new chapels, or the repairing of old ones? You can answer this question by writing to one of the addresses below.

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

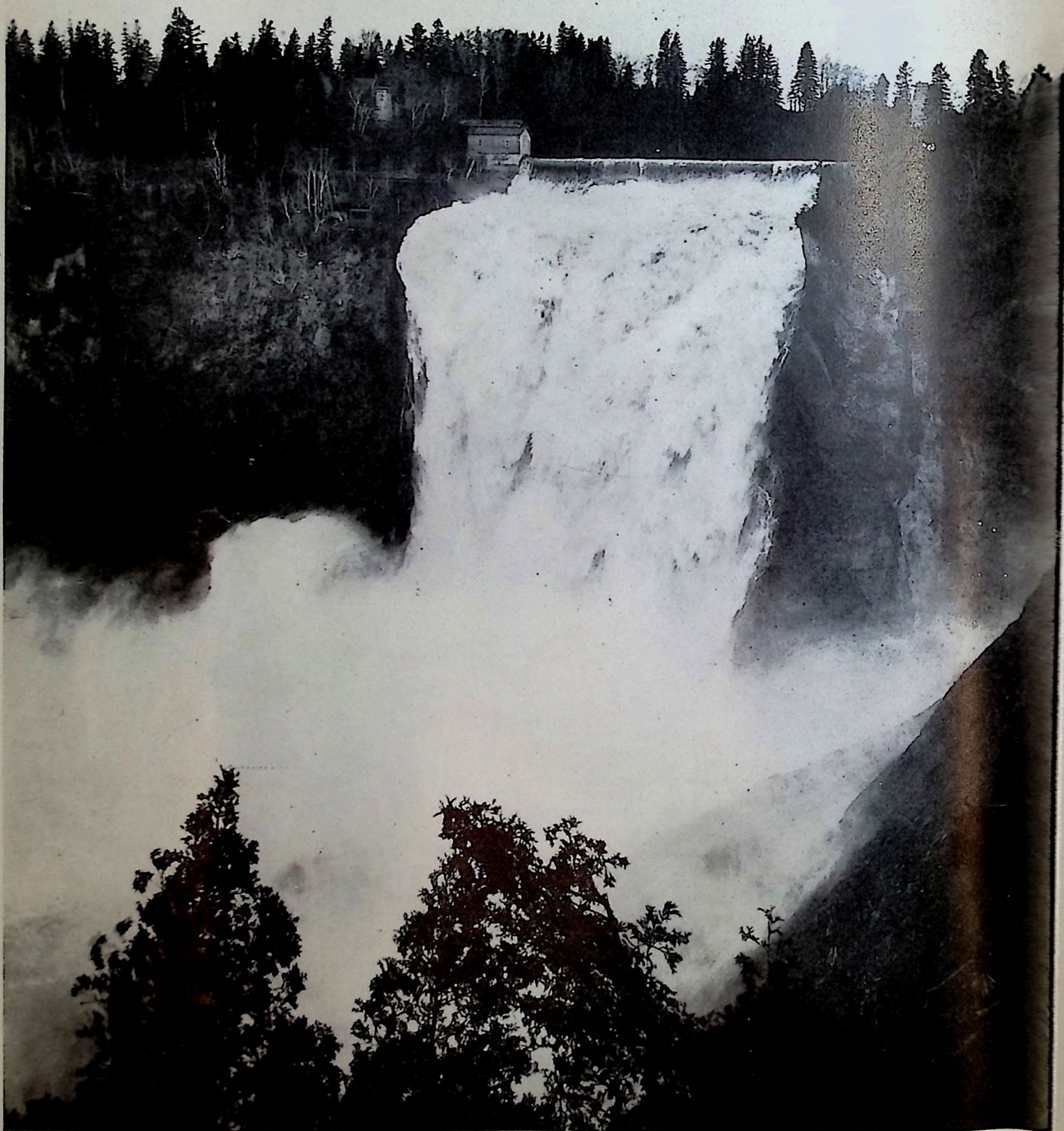
Süchow Mission, China; and Canadian Indian Missions at Caughnawaga, near Montreal, are in charge of the Jesuits of Lower Canada. The Province Mission Procurator is

**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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*Courtesy of Canadian Pacific Railways*

Montmorency Falls, nine miles below Quebec, are about 250 feet high and 50 feet wide. The Falls feature in early Indian mission history and are mentioned in Father LeJeune's "Jesuit Relations" for 1634. He writes: "There are a great many (waterfalls) in the rivers of this country. You will see a beautiful river flowing along peacefully; and all at once it will fall into a lower bed. . . . We see one of these falls near Kebec; it is called the 'Falls of Montmorency'."

# The Virgin of the Pillar

Austin V. P.

Dowd, S.J.



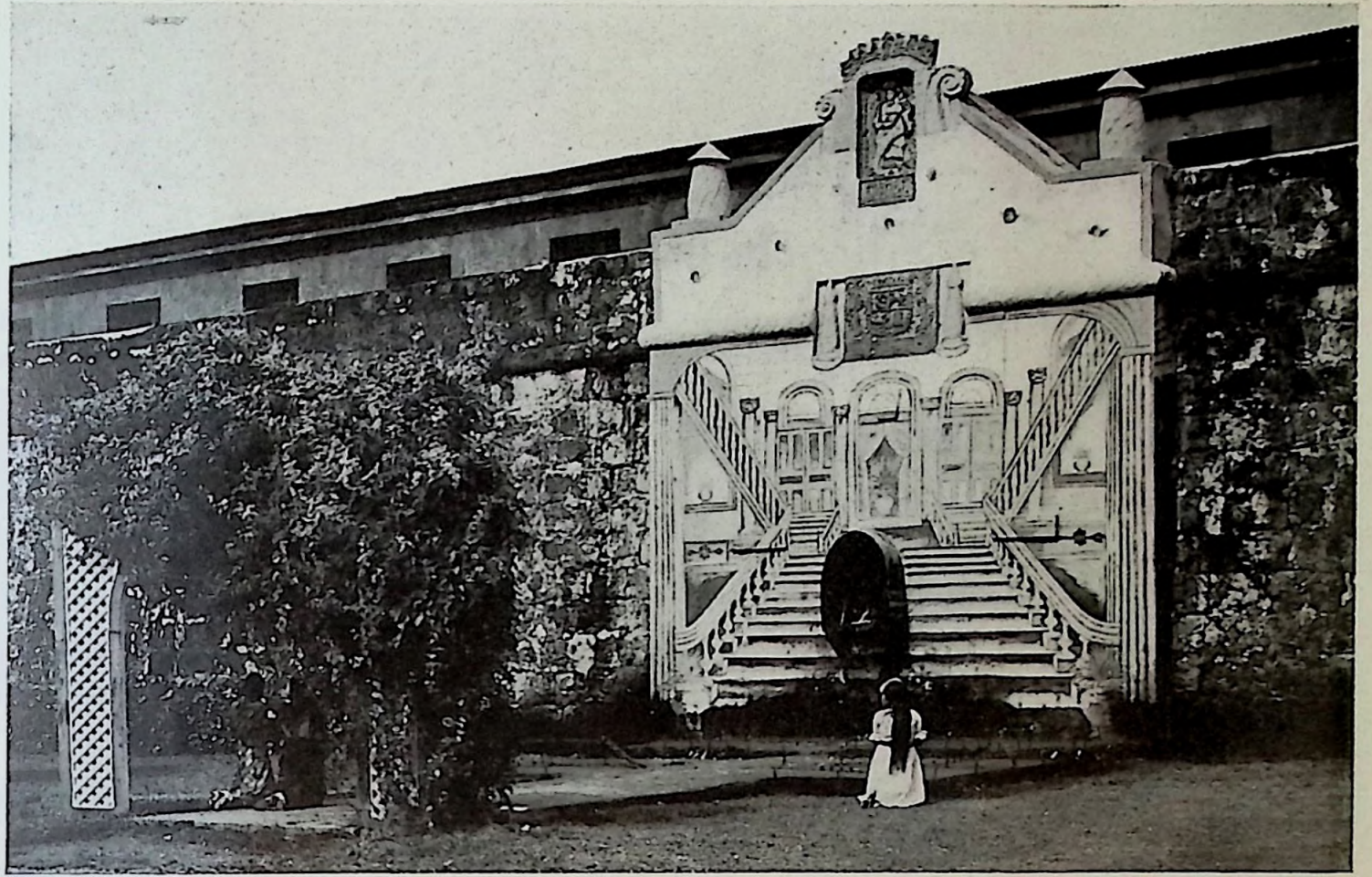
WAY down in old Zamboanga, P. I., stands a fort whose gray walls have stood forth as a challenge and a threat to the Moros for over two hundred years. This fort was built by the Spaniards in the year 1635, on the twenty-third day of June. The engineer in charge was the Jesuit Father Melchior de Vera. This fort was named "San Jose" in honor of the chaste Spouse of our Lady.

In 1646, shots were exchanged with a Dutch fleet. Some of the bullets from the Dutch guns can still be seen at the fort. In 1663, the Chinese pirate, Coxinga, was threatening Manila; all the Spanish forces were recalled to Manila, and the fort at Zamboanga was demolished and abandoned.

The Spanish were back, however, in 1718 or 1719, and rebuilt the old fort and enlarged it. This time they dedicated the fort to Our Lady of the Pillar, a popular title of Our Lady in Spain, where she is called *Nuestra Senora del Pilar*, or, *La Virgen del Pilar*. Ever since, this fort is known as Fort Pillar.

IN 1721, three thousand Moros besieged the fort, but were finally driven off by a garrison of two hundred Spanish and native troops. In 1798, a British fleet of seven "Men of War" attacked the fort. For ten days the fort was subjected to a heavy cannonade from the fleet, four hundred and fifty cannon balls being picked up after the siege. In 1872, seventy prisoners confined in the fort, mutinied, killed the guard, and turned the guns on the town. The fort was finally abandoned by the Spanish on May 24, 1899, and since November 16, 1899, it has been under the American flag. It is now used for the offices and warehouses of the Quartermaster, Finance, Ordnance, Signal and Engineer Department of the Philippine Scouts, and is a part of the United States Army Reservation known as Pitit Barracks.

But the most interesting item connected with the fort



The Shrine of the Virgin of the Pillar, erected in 1734, and now a rallying spot for the Faithful of old Zamboanga, P. I.

is the shrine of the Virgin of the Pillar, which is a picture sculptured on the wall above a walled up gateway. The picture is of Our Lady, standing on a pillar, holding the Divine Babe in her arms, just as she was supposed to have been seen by St. James in Spain in the dawn of Christianity. There is an inscription immortalizing the rebuilding of the fort. Both these inscriptions are in Spanish. Below this plaque of the Spanish Arms is a large picture which is changed every year, prior to the Feast of the Virgin of the Pillar, October 12, to suit the taste and temperament of the artist who decorates the shrine.

THERE are several interesting legends of the Virgin's maternal care and protection of Zamboanga. A sentinel was supposed to have seen her one night while pacing his post. During the siege by the Moros in 1721, she was reported to have been seen over the fort, and to this is attributed the victory over the Moros. The defeat of the English is credited to her intervention. There is also another story which seems to be connected with the prisoners' revolt in 1872. After the prisoners had succeeded in taking the fort, the soldiers rallied to recapture it. The prisoners assembled to meet them with a volley, but they never fired because they said they beheld the Virgin and her Child in front of the soldiers.

How much actual credence the people put in these tales is hard to say. But they have a really fine devotion to the Virgin of the Pillar. So much so, that the late Bishop Clos made her the joint patroness of the region.

# Haunted House

Francis B. Sarjeant, S.J.



THEY said that the house was haunted; but we hired it anyway. Why not? As a matter of fact, for most of the Fathers that was another reason for hiring it. Suppose that we did meet some jinn—some of those mythical spirits that romp through the pages of the Arabian Nights. If they had done such wonderful deeds in the Baghdad of the eighth century, it might well be that they would repeat in the twentieth century. We had plenty of work to tax even their tremendous powers.

Fortunately, though, we had other motives in hiring this house. We needed a house where we could combine a faculty residence and a school. For two years the Fathers had packed their books and their lunches and waded through mud to begin their day's work in the classroom. Busy men can use time more profitably than in wading through mud. And then there was the necessity of more space for classrooms, for Baghdad College is growing; and of more space for the students' games, for you can not expect a hundred and thirty lively young boys to recreate in the small sized inner court of a Baghdad house. And our boys are both young and lively.

SO here we are—five miles out from the city, perched on the bank of the Tigris. If it were not for the occasional sandstorm and the camels that pass our door, we would never know that we were living between two deserts. Water, they say, is one of the four elements. It is more than an element here. It is the Prophet Ezechiel calling together dry bones and putting upon them sinews and flesh, and breathing upon them that they may live. We have water here—all the water of the Tigris. That is why we are surrounded by luxuriant date palms, and orange trees, and lemon trees; and why our altars are adorned with flowers from our own garden. And space? Why we have more space than all the philosophers ever dreamed of. Part of it we use for a soccer field—the best in Baghdad; part of it we use for a baseball field; another part for croquet courts; and when some of the jinn get working—or some of our Arab workmen—we shall use another part for tennis courts and volley ball.



*A breakfast at the old Baghdad College. In the new home "placing the infirmary near the kitchen was merely accidental and no reflection on the cook."*

And the house itself? Well, that was a problem. Last Summer it looked like the Augean stables that had not been cleaned for thirty years. We could not clean it out as Hercules did his stables, by turning a river through it. But a few workmen with palm brooms and hammers and paint swept through the place like a river swollen by the Spring floods. Now Baghdad College lifts its head proudly to the passer-by, bidding him notice that the Cinderella of yesterday has met her fairy godmother and is now married to the prince. Eight fair rooms to house its faculty, six airy and lightsome classrooms, a modest science laboratory, and a well equipped library, look out—or should I say "look in"?—on the gallery, which in turn looks down on a large inner courtyard. Down there are two handball courts and a place for volley ball enthusiasts. And from this yard you may enter the rooms on the ground floor of our college, our kitchen, or the infirmary (placing those two together was purely accidental, and no reflection on our cook), or the teachers' room or the boys' canteen or the bookstore. Or you may drop into the chapel and forget that you are six thousand miles from home and from the faithful friends whose generosity has made all this possible.

OUT from the city of Baghdad every morning come two large busses with a hundred and twenty of Baghdad's best. And the busses turn their faces towards the city again at half past four every afternoon, brimful of joyous students. But more than students, we hope. Rather sowers of seed. And though it is inevitable that some of it fall on rocky ground, and other some be eaten by the birds of the air, we are not too sanguine in looking for some to yield thirty or sixty or a hundredfold. If the Tigris can turn a desert into a garden, then it is not too much to hope that where we have planted, God will give the increase, e.g., reunion of 35,000 Assyrian Nestorians to the Church of Christ.

# A Blackrobe of Christ

James S.  
McGivern, S.J.



OME years ago an article on the life of Father Anne de Nouë, S.J., appeared in a Protestant magazine, *The Mitre*, of Bishop's College, Lennoxville, P. Q. I had known, it is true, some few facts concerning the life of this pioneer Jesuit and companion of the Martyrs in Canada, but this article showed me just how little I did know and thus whetted my desire to learn more. In the quest for information I have not been entirely unsuccessful.

Father Anne de Nouë came out to Canada in 1626, and almost immediately accompanied St. John de Brebeuf to the Huron Missions. But an indifferent memory disabled him from mastering the Huron language. He had to abandon the field of his choice and henceforth, save for a short period when the French were forced to leave the country, he devoted himself to the spiritual charge of the French settlers and traders and the Indians around the forts in reach of an interpreter. For some twenty years, Father de Nouë spent himself for the welfare of his little flock. It was an humble, obscure and arduous apostolate, but the good Father spared no labor, shirked no hardship, however lowly, to which duty or obedience called him. It was his charity that at life's close showed Father de Nouë in heroic mold.

ON January 30, 1646, Father de Nouë left Three Rivers to go to a fort built by the French at the mouth of the River Richelieu, where he was to say Mass and hear confessions. The old missionary was accompanied by two

soldiers and a Huron guide. The little group snowshoed their way along the highway of the ice-covered St. Lawrence, at that time blanketed in two or three feet of snow. During the first day the party tramped some eighteen miles, and the soldiers, unused to such traveling, were, at the end of the day, hardly able to put one foot ahead of the other. They made their camp in the forest on the shore of the broad St. Lawrence, built their fire and lay down to sleep. Two hours after midnight, Father de Nouë awoke. It was a beautiful scene that met his eyes. The moon shone brilliantly, as only a Winter moon can, over the vast white expanse of the frozen river, and the fir trees of the bordering forests were sparkingly heavy with Winter's burden. Yet not of the beautiful scene was the good Father thinking, but rather, how hard it would be for his companions, weary and worn, to drag their sleds over the heavy snow. A kindly thought coursed through the mind of

Father de Nouë that he might lighten the burden of his companions by going in advance to Fort Richelieu and sending back others to aid them. He knew the way well, for many a time had he tramped thereon. He directed the soldiers and the Huron to follow the next morning in his footsteps, and, not doubt-

ing his ability to reach the fort before nightfall, left behind him his blanket, flint and steel. For provision he put a small piece of bread and some few dried prunes in his pocket. In his hand he

carried his rosary.

Before dawn the weather had changed; the traveler was overtaken by a blinding storm. He lost his way, wandering far (Turn to page 79)

*A wayside shrine of today in the land where Father Anne de Nouë, S.J., labored for the souls of Indian and White.*



# Guadalupe Mission *Carmelo Tranchese, S.J.*



THE great means to fight ignorance and superstition is the school. Large schools, good schools, have always been the most efficacious weapon in the hands of the Church. The unbiased student of Church History finds plenty of evidence of this down through the centuries. It gives the lie to some of those soap-box orators who revel in throwing mud at the Church for having neglected the education of the people. I wish the ex-Minister of Education in Mexico, Mr. Bassols, (of a Catholic family, and himself educated in a seminary) would read this and think it over. Nowadays, there is hardly any proclamation from the Educational Department in Mexico which does not blame the Church for having kept the Mexican people in the darkness of ignorance. Any one even superficially acquainted with Mexican history knows that ever since the beginning of the Spanish regime in Mexico it was the aim of the Church to establish schools for the education of the people. Bishop Zumarraga and his Fathers were the first to open public free schools in Mexico, and it is recorded that the schools were so crowded that the Padres had to give up their kitchens (which were not used, as the Indians brought enough food for them) to be converted into schools. Let me cite in passing, the fact that long before any of the big American colleges were in existence, the Imperial College was functioning in the city of Mexico. At that time also, Brother Pedro de Gante, another Franciscan, opened a wonderful school for arts and industries, in which the Indians learned tailoring, carpentry, painting, etc.

**B**UT why, then, is there such ignorance among some of the Mexicans? Because the Catholic Church in Mexico has so long had to labor under difficulties. It is not my aim to go into a discussion just now, but from the history of Mexico we can draw this conclusion: the Catholic Church has done marvels for those people, and that in spite of the difficulties She was laboring under. I remember having read that the Franciscans were accused at the Spanish Court for having given too much instruction and protection to the Indians, and the great Las Casas had to defend himself and the Indians before the Court of Spain.

But since the "emancipation" of Mexico, the people have fared even worse at the hands of the revolutionists.

Catholic schools and colleges were hindered in their work, first quietly, then openly. Thus education could never reach the people in its full force; it was a kind of sporadic teaching imparted here and there according to the circumstances and the whim of the Governors of the various States of the Republic. Those who could not afford it even went to Europe or the United States to finish their studies. The problem, however, was harder for the poor and the middle classes. These had to be satisfied with the godless Government teachings, or have no instruction at all.

## THE CRY OF THE SHEEP

LaVerne Wilhelm, S.J.

God, send us hands  
To break us Bread,—  
We are lost sheep  
And hunger to be fed.  
As many as the sands  
And ready to be shorn,  
All shepherdless we roam;  
And mercilessly torn,  
We bleed upon the hills.  
Astray and lost, we seek  
Where Living Waters flow,  
And thousands weak  
From thirsting, ere they know  
Your clovered Pastures, fall  
Upon the hills with none  
To hear the bleating call!  
God, guide our feet  
Full weary of the search—  
God, send us shepherds,  
The Shepherds of Your Church.

the Church are superstitious, yet they know they need them. Poor people! Their superstition after all is nothing else but a desire to satisfy the cravings of their hearts, in a manner that will appeal to their senses also.

**F**ROM this one can easily see the need of instruction. Guadalupe, our Mexican Mission here in San Antonio, Texas, has a frame school some thirty years old. When this Mission was started, this was a very pretentious school: two stories high, four rooms on each floor, tin-shingle roof, and a big cross on the top. But now! If age tells on people, it tells much more on frame buildings. The stairs creak, the window frames are coming to pieces, the rooms are dingy and gloomy. Somebody looking at this school remarked that "there must still be some good people in San Antonio, if they send their children to a school like that."

Our school still retains the old time dignity; it reminds one of those old European noblemen who have

**S**OME people are all sympathy for the poor Mexicans, other are almost mad at them for not doing this and for doing that. Now let us understand their psychological situation. A people naturally good-natured, loving their religion, enthusiastic over the beautiful ceremonies of the Church, trained in their homes to love and respect the Church and her priests, is constantly and officially led to the contrary. The Church is hated, is thought of wrongly and even outrageously in public and in private. What can the results be in simple souls? The results are a terrible confusion. They are told that the priest is a parasite and a public enemy, but still the people feel that they need the priest; they hear that whatever the Church teaches is a lie, yet they know that that teaching is beautiful and consoling; they hear that the sacraments and the ceremonies of

lost everything except their pretensions and their dignified looks. When the school was built, it accommodated over five hundred children. Later, hard times, the rapid building of public schools and their giving free books, persuaded the parents to withdraw their children from Guadalupe. Hence it was that the year we arrived here there were only seventy-five children in the school, and the former Pastor recommended that I close the school because it was a losing proposition.

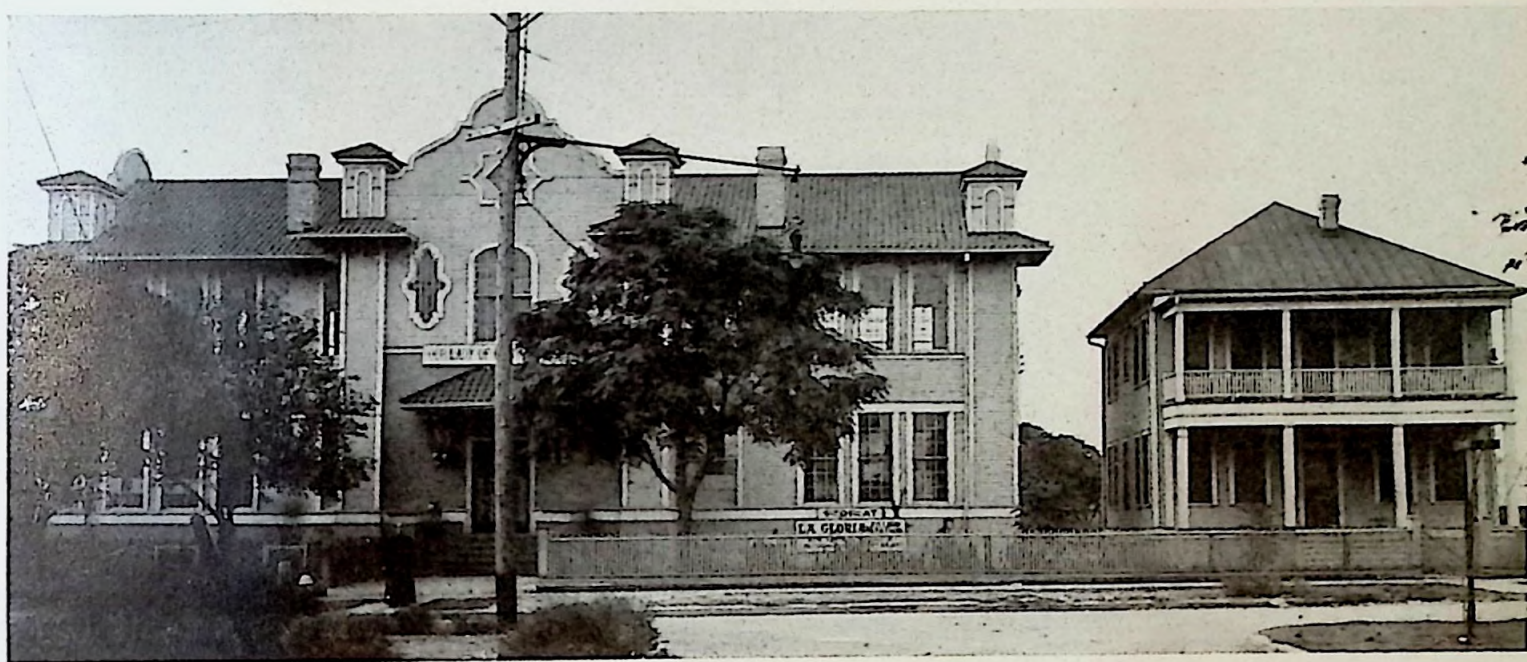
**T**O close the school was the last thought in my mind. To close the school meant more loss to the Church. Willy-nilly, we must admit that the lack of a parochial school means a great loss to the parish and to the Church.

There is a big public school next to us. When we go by, the children seem almost to be ashamed of us; and they are mostly Mexicans. Seldom do they come to church, and when they are obliged to approach us, they do so in a kind of shy way; they do not feel at home. Needless to say, some of these public school children become Protestants. How is

that possible? It is done in this way. There is some Protestant church worker who goes into the public school and invites the pupils to attend a Boy Scout meeting which is going to be held at the Protestant church, Baptist or Methodist, as the case may be. There is to be no religious exercise: all Scouting. Then the pupils are invited to attend a reading from the Bible. Then they are given some nice little talks. And by the time the whole affair is over, the boys are regular attendants at the Protestant services. Or, some other worker organizes a team of some kind. The team meets, —and under Protestant auspices. And so on. On March 23, a fine Catholic young man was solemnly baptized in the Methodist church. They tell me that this boy had been a very fervent Catholic. But he had the misfortune of joining some kind of team, and the team pulled him into the Protestant church.

**K**NOWING how dangerous it was to let these Mexican children take care of their Faith in the public schools, we decided to keep our school open at any cost or sacrifice. Therefore, we managed to salvage four rooms, asked the good Sisters of Charity of the Incarnate Word to continue the teaching and to keep alive the Faith of these little ones. They willingly accepted. Then we found out that from the two hundred pupils we could not collect enough money to pay the Sisters.

The Reverend Mother Provincial was not discouraged when I told her the bad news. She was willing to accept eighty dollars for five Sisters; think of it! eighty dollars for five teachers, that makes sixteen dollars for each Sister; enough to starve on. Even this was found an enormous sum to raise. But this time I had not the courage of meeting the Reverend Mother Provincial again. So we had to take other steps. We had, during the past year, and we have, this year, some kind of entertainment every Sunday, at which we make from one dollar and ninety cents to six or seven dollars. This and some extra collections and the sale of rosaries and other religious articles make up the balance. In this way we have succeeded in keeping our little school open for two



*"When this Mission was started, this was a very pretentious school . . . but now the stairs creak, the window frames are coming to pieces, the rooms are dingy and gloomy."*

years, and we hope to keep it open as long as the good Lord leaves us here.

This school, kept at the cost of so many sacrifices, is really our hope and a source of untold good. Mexicans like the Sisters, although some of them may object to priests. They prefer the Sisters' school for their little ones, especially for their girls. Mexicans hate mixed education; they want their boys and girls in separate schools. We cannot afford that, but they know that the Sisters will see to the modesty of their girls. This, by the way, will tell how well prepared they are for the new program of the Mexican Government which is ordering indecency to be taught in the public schools.

**O**UR classes go as far as the seventh grade. Besides the ordinary branches, the Sisters teach the children singing, drawing and other useful arts. We, working amongst these poor people, have tremendous competition from the Protestants. Their activity is simply astounding. There is a Protestant church of some kind at almost every other corner: Baptist, Evangelical, Latter Day Saints, Methodist, Spiritualist, etc. The Methodists have a nice Community Center, where the Mexican children are invited to go, and where they teach them sewing, music and Bible reading. Last year we had a nice little girl at one Catechism Class. But I noticed that twice a week this girl was (Turn to page 79)

# Dinner is Served!

Edgar Dowd, S.J.

**B**RILLIANTLY unaware of mystic vitamins, balanced diets, and all else of modern cuisine which militates against innocent prandial enjoyment, Lucy Feather-in-the-Ear, with the Great Plains of the Northwest for her kitchenette and two chunky rocks for her electric range, kindles a fire, sufficient to heat a lone kettle of water.

The small fire aflame, Lucy F. I. T. E. (a non-fictitious name) casts about to find the haunch of venison which her husband and several other braves have bagged. Whetting a hunting knife on one of the rocks, Mrs. F. I. T. E. quickly and skillfully separates pelt from deer. The men offer no aid, as their vocation in life is to hunt, bring home the meat, toss it upon the ground, and then lie around in the shade of the tepee until the members of the distaff gender have prepared the game and cooked the meals.

The hide removed, the meat is carved into several five or six pound roasts; these are dropped into the pot, now slightly peppered with soot and unfortunate deer-flies and ants that didn't make the shore. The boil into insipidness begins. Undoubtedly, it would be regally palatable, fried, but custom, tradition, habit, and appetite demand that the dinner either be boiled or hung to dry on a line like a Monday's disclosure of cleansed apparel.

**A**N hour passes. Mrs. F. I. T. E. has kept the fire well fed with dry pine boughs. Prodding the venison with a forked twig, she has kept close tab on the dinner. Conscientiously satisfied, Lucy announces that "Dinner is served!" Served right on the table of Mother Earth, equipped with a tablecloth and napkins of rye-grass, dandelions or turkey-grass, depending on the locality.

The braves or bucks, slouch to the spot, and pot. The cafeteria school of thought and action is followed, with the exception of the tandem formation ritual. For as Mr. Feather-in-the-Ear plunges his hand into the pot, two, or perhaps three other hands are likewise endeavoring to hammer-lock a select chunk of deer meat. In a trice, as might well be imagined, the entire contents are profusely fingerprinted. Incidentally, when the menu reads, "Dog Special," the competition is sterner, especially until the highly prized head is head-locked.

Expert manual and dental assistance realize prompt removal of the fat and lean. But at this stage, the natives do not discard the remnants, as we on informal occasions lay aside chicken bones. Why, it is dessert time!



"Mrs. F. I. T. E. has kept the fire well fed with dry pine boughs. Prodding the venison with a forked twig, she has kept close tab on the dinner."

What Indian, for instance, would even dream of forgetting the choice marrow! This is a delicious tidbit which if cooked properly may be obtained successfully by an efficient application of the principles of the siphon proximate to the lingual area.

Dinner finished, the debris tossed away quite simply into the nearest clump of bushes, it is time for *café-noire*. If, however, the *noire* part is absent, the men approach the edge of a creek or a lake, assume an alligator posture, and the rest may be easily imagined.

Of course, this is only dinner, not an entire bill of fare. One might call this a "roast beef, medium" affair suitable for a trek. But the Indians have many other items listed on the great menu of Nature. Camas, a small bulbous herb, is highly desirable and nourishing. Its stem resembles a ramrod flowering a couple of blue peanuts. The bulb, the edible portion, looks like a small onion, and tastes like a small onion coated with sugar. Almost every tribe has its "camas prairie," and today that name designates towns founded there. Then there are berries, especially huckleberries and strawberries also the soft pulp of trees.

**N**OW, though this picture is certainly primitive anent the menu, it is quite ordinary regarding the etiquette. Quantity and quality may vary, but plates cutlery (except bowie-knives), napkins, etc., are frowned upon in the better circles of primal Indian society.

Our Indian missionaries are quite familiar with scenes of this one-pot caliber. Father Ambrose Sullivan, S.J. was once a breakfast guest. It was served in courses the first, a cup of black coffee; the second, a raw onion. That in itself was distressing enough, but what was worse, he was expected to eat it, for to refuse proffered hospitality is to insult an Indian host. Dried meat, and bacon sporting a frock of green, velvety mold, are other tidbits. Anything of smaller dimensions is just "cara way seed, that's all . . ." Father (Turn to page 79)

# "How's the Pickny?"

James J. Becker, S.J.

"HOW'S the pickny?" In my rounds through the town, I make this inquiry wherever I see a dark little infant nestling in its mother's arms or cradled in a soap box. Being a member of the Child Welfare Association as well as a missionary, I must be interested in the welfare of young Jamaica, both temporal and spiritual. My chief interest, of course, is in the latter. Montego Bay, B. W. I., is in Noble St. James, the parish that must blush at the highest rate of infant mortality according to statistics. And charity demands that the missionary in these parts must often walk the highways and byways in search of the ailing pickny that its little soul may be won for Heaven.

Apart from walking in the hot sun, this work of the ministry is comparatively easy and there is much consolation in its performance. Take, for example, the task of instructing adults of the poor and illiterate class. This is a difficult and trying duty. After much teaching, they will often persist in asserting that there are three Gods; that the Holy Ghost became man; that Adam committed venial sin; and many such things, so that endless repetition combined with boundless patience can alone dispel the clouds of ignorance. It is different, however, with the little black pickny, soon to breathe forth its little white soul. No instruction, no ceremonies, just the pouring of a little water with the saving words, and another precious soul, fast traveling the way to mere natural beatitude, is put upon the sure path to Heaven.

"How's the pickny?" I ask the question so often. And whether the answer is: "Hardy, Sir," or "Ailing, Sir," I continue with an oft repeated formula. "If the pickny



*Sitting in for a cerebral shampoo at Montego Bay, B. W. I., in the parish of Noble St. James, "that must blush at the highest rate of infant mortality according to statistics."*

get very sick, or if you know of any very sick pickny, you send to call Father. Then Father come and baptize the sick pickny, and if him die, Father bury him in the Roman cemetery." This is a big inducement. The pauper ground must be avoided if possible. This word has reached many in the town and the calls are not infrequent.

Generally, a midwife, not a doctor, stands by and assists when young Jamaica comes into the world, and in days gone by I dare say his fight for life was much handicapped by the lack of skill in this attendant. The laws are more strict in the matter now, but the profession still has some decrepit adherents who learned their art like the village blacksmith learned his trade. Not long ago I asked one of these if she had a certificate for her practice. She assured me that she had, and produced a blank application form for admission to the course of midwifery in the training school. I advised her to give up the practice and take in washing.

**SUPERSTITION** sometimes makes its appearance. Here is a pickny with a blue cross on his forehead, hands and feet. The mother tells me that is to keep off the evil eye. More sensible is the practice of placing an open bible at the baby's head. A nutmeg tied about the pickny's neck may have some medicinal value, but I rather think it is a charm. I recall a dead pickny lying in state with a dish of sliced limes on his chest to keep him from swelling.

Often after one of these calls I have scarcely reached home when a messenger arrives with the word: "Fadder, the pickny him dead." The Inspector of Poor will furnish a "box," as the (Turn to page 79)

*Every yard has its pickny to brighten with its antics the life of Jamaica's poor.*



# Black Sheep and Others

James F. Kearney, S.J.



It is not surprising, and we make no apologies for it, that among our half a thousand Chinese Christians there are some sheep of ebony hue. I shall mention no real names, but if you, Lee Zing-zah, or you, Tsang Wen-pao, or especially you, Wang Te-ming, ever learn to read what is said about you here, know that it is meant to bring you back to the fold.

Lee Zing-zah, baptized as a babe, at the age of thirty-five has not yet made his First Communion, knows scarcely any catechism, on Sunday morning sells Chinese newspapers. His wife is dead, God rest her; one of his two children is baptized, the other, about twelve, is not. Whenever we visit Lee Zing-zah, he receives us graciously, his split lip breaks into a smile, and he promises volubly to come to Mass next Sunday, to send his children to catechism, to have his daughter baptized as soon as possible. But these are only promises. Rumor has it that he intends to sell his daughter when she is a little older, and that is why he sees no reason for having her baptized. I do not know what to do with you, Lee Zing-zah. Prayer alone can make you realize your obligations. I'm asking thousands of readers to pray for you.

**T**SANG WEN-PAO is a coolie who had to go to prison last year because he borrowed ten dollars from an Indian and couldn't pay back forty. It seems that some of the Indian money lenders here get their illiterate victims to put finger prints on a receipt before receiving any money. The sum borrowed is then multiplied by three or four for interest, and entered over the man's "signature." After that it seems there is no legal escape for the poor coolie. Our Catholic Action group, headed by Dr. Woo, who although a professor in a big university does not consider it beneath him to help the poor, succeeded in getting Tsang Wen-pao out of prison. However, much to the disgust of his benefactors, he took their assistance for granted and Sunday after Sunday failed to show up at Mass. Last month his wife lay dying. I was sent for to administer the last sacraments. Tsang Wen-pao said he had no money to get a doctor. It was not right to see a poor old woman, mother of one of our little students, die of neglect. I called in a doctor; the wife recovered; but Tsang Wen-pao has not yet become a faithful attendant at Sunday Mass. His little son, though, is no black sheep. He is serious, gentle as a lamb, comes often on week



*The lad in white is the son of Tsang Wen-pao. Father Kearney says he is a "white lamb."*

days to serve Mass. Sheep, even the darker kind, like to follow a leader. Perhaps this child may gradually lead his parents back to their duties.

**N**OW for Wang Te-ming, who ekes out a miserable existence by selling strange, exotic Chinese candies about the town. He houses a son of thirteen Summers, a portly wife, and his own fat person in a wretched straw hut, more uninviting than a stable. He has all the poverty that makes for blessedness; yet he is a black sheep. His marriage was not performed in the Church. Mrs. Wang was baptized years ago, he says, but never instructed. She does not see the need of instruction and calmly refrains from coming to the church to get the marriage properly blessed. The thirteen-year old boy has not made his First Communion, and does not want to make his First Communion. He will not come to Mass, and he will not study his catechism. Yet there is no doubt about it, Wang Te-ming has the Faith. Last year he used to leave his basket of candies and tiny fruit at the door of the church on Sunday, enter, genuflect devoutly, kneel for an instant to make the Sign of the Cross, genuflect, rise and skip gaily out to do business. That was Wang's method of keeping holy the Sabbath Day.

"I have no time to hear Mass," he protested. "Besides, the Father preaches in Shanghai Chinese; I come from the North."

I hope the Lord caught his viewpoint. Came the Chinese New Year, and all the leading merchants, Wang among them, took a three-days' holiday. Better Christians than he excused themselves from at least part of the three-day mission given in the chapel, but old Wang didn't miss an exercise. There he sat in the front pew and actually wept copious tears for his sins while the Father preached on in the language of Shanghai. But—he did not get his marriage regulated.

Next I tried to bribe him with a gift of old clothes which he sorely needed. He accepted the garments, was profuse in his gratitude, but the most persistent visiting on the part of our catechist for the purpose of instructing the wife in the bare (Turn to page 82)

# A Catholic School for Moros



Father Joaquim Lim, S.J., with pupils of the Campo Islam School, a school for the Moros under Catholic auspices, made possible by His Excellency, Bishop Luis Del Rosario, S.J., assisted by Attorney Lorenzo, a most faithful mission ally.

## Eugene J. O'Keefe, S.J.

**L**IKE the remembered cool, fresh breezes of evening that blow in from the far-off Sulu Sea, comes the news from Father Joaquim Lim, S.J., that a school for the Moros under Catholic auspices has been started in Zamboanga, P. I. The school is known as the Campo Islam School and has been made possible through the love and generosity of Bishop Luis Del Rosario, newly appointed Jesuit Bishop of Zamboanga, who was aided in the work by Attorney Lorenzo.

The school numbers on its roll the names of one hundred boys and girls, and Father Lim expresses the hope that some of these at least may be won to the Catholic Faith. Already, he writes, the children have ceased to look upon the Padre as a terrible *Asuang* (Evil spirit).

One need not be long in Zamboanga to know that the Moro forms a most colorful part of the population of that beautiful town. One need be there even less time to know that the Moro by religion is Mohammedan. The red fez of the Moro may be seen everywhere; now and then one sees the white fez and loosely flowing robes worn by a Mohammedan who has made the pilgrimage to Mecca.

Here in Zamboanga lives this community of Moros, surrounded by Christians on every side (Zamboanga is ninety-five per cent Catholic). They come as mute gazers to the various demonstrations of Catholic Faith;

they look with steady, unbending eyes at the Blessed Sacrament when it is carried through the Zamboanga streets; they look at the huge crowds that gather to pay respect to the *Virgen del Pilar*, to the Risen Savior, to the new-born King. Yet in the midst of all these magnificent demonstrations of Faith on the part of the Catholics, the Moros have remained aloof and apart, content with: "There is no God but Allah; and his Prophet is Mohammed."

**A**S yet, the Catholic Church in Zamboanga can count no Moros among the Faithful. This is not so difficult to understand when one considers that in the Moro creed itself, the followers of Mohammed are denied the liberty to make a free, unprejudiced examination of another belief; when one realizes the Moro's disdain and utter contempt for all creeds other than his own. In a word, they are satisfied that they have a real religion and if any of the followers should doubt it, there is the terrible law of apostasy which, in principle at least, declares the death penalty for all who renounce Islam. Missionaries will tell you that the religion of the Moro is a masterpiece of psychological adaptation for poor, broken-down human nature. It has found a means of satisfying at the same time the most sublime aspirations, and the most fiery, lawless instincts in man. On one side, it has absolute belief in one God, prayers and penances, precepts of social conduct and generosity, and on the other, it holds a field wide open to the most violent passions of human nature— (Turn to page 82)



# FROM MARY KNOLL



## FIDES MISSION NEWS

### The Future of Catholicity in India

Mr. George Joseph, friend and former co-worker of Gandhi, finds reason for being uneasy about the future of Christianity in India. "Of eleven Indian provinces," he says "four will be governed by Moslems and seven by Hindus. The Moslems, furthermore, are certain of obtaining justice in the Hindu ruled territories, because there are Hindu minorities in the Moslem provinces of which they can make use as hostages. But Christians," he continues, "have no such means of control by which they may bring pressure to bear in case of need, and they run the risk of finding themselves between two groups, Hindus and Moslems, neither of which has any desire to share its power with the minorities. The solution," says Mr. Joseph, "would be to have a larger number of Christian deputies in the assemblies."

### "The Man of Sorrows"

A Passion Play, "The Man of Sorrows," planned on the lines of the famous play at Oberammergau, with a cast of 287 actors, a choir of 198 voices, and an orchestra of 48 pieces, was staged at Bombay, October 10 to 18. It was estimated that more than twenty thousand persons witnessed the performances. The Jesuit Fathers of Bombay and Karachi, assisted by a group of lay assistants, were responsible for the successful production of the play.

### General Chiang Kai-Shek Entertains Missionaries

The Scheut Fathers of the Catholic Mission of Suiyuan were guests of General Chiang Kai-Shek, Commander-in-Chief of the Chinese land, sea and air forces, at a tea given by the *Generalissimo* in their honor, November 7, the day after his arrival in the Blue City. He congratulated the missionaries on their disinterested labors for the Chinese people, urged them to collaborate with him in every way possible to restore normal conditions in the country, and urged them to express their opinion of his reforms. He had been formally welcomed by the Scheut Fathers the previous day at the hospital in Suiyuan.

### With the Lepers of Molokai

According to Father Hugh Craig, Maryknoll priest, the most inspiring feature about the Island of Molokai is the parish priest, Father Peter, a man of broad culture and an accomplished musician. A patient who did not like priests came to Molokai. Father Peter tried in various ways to gain the man's friendship, but was refused always with abuses, curses and insults. One day, the priest went to the bedside of the man, looked at him with a smile for a moment and then bending down embraced the leper and kissed him on both cheeks. The man immediately asked to become a Catholic and later was baptized.

### Conditions in Japan

Reverend Sauveur Candau, Rector of St. Francis Xavier Seminary, Tokio, has been named Master of Conferences at the Waseda Free University, Tokio. His duty will be to give a weekly conference on Catholicism to the young people of the French Literature class, since, as Professor Yama No Uchi explained to the students when he presented Father Candau, "it is impossible to study French Literature if one is unacquainted with Catholicism." At the request of Mr. Adatchi, prominent member of the Diet, Father Candau lectured on "Catholicism and Patriotism" on Armistice Day at the famous Temple of the Eight Saints, built by Mr. Adatchi.

### Manchukuo's Model Village

Hsiaopachiatze (The eight little houses), a village twenty miles from Hsinking, the capitol of Manchukuo, established thirty years ago by eight emigrant families from Shantung, has been held up by the Manchukuo authorities as a model for all the Empire. The town today has several hundred houses and a population of two thousand. The people gather every morning for Mass in the village chapel and assemble again at dusk to chant their evening prayers. The town is enclosed by a wall and has its own little garrison which in recent years has successfully resisted several bandit raids. How different from the pictures of war-ridden Manchukuo, of which alone the daily press takes notice.

### In the Fiji Islands

Josefo Dau, native lay assistant of the Marist missionaries of the Fiji Islands, who for twenty years has been manager of the mission launch, *Santo Mikaele*, which carries the missionaries from island to island in their visits about this ocean diocese, has been honored by the Holy Father with the medal, *Pro Ecclesia et Pontifice*, for faithful service and for several acts of heroism. Quick witted and courageous, he has saved several missionaries from drowning.

### The Belgian Congo

Available statistics released by the Apostolic Delegation of Leopoldville, whose jurisdiction extends over the missions of the Belgian Congo and the Belgian mandated territory of Ruanda and Urundi, reveal that in this area there were 121,109 adult conversions during the twelve month period from June, 1933, to June, 1934, that the net increase of Catholics was 151,061, and that the Catholic population is now 1,232,018. There are besides, more than 1,000,000 natives preparing for Baptism. Seminaries number 24; native seminarists, 1,205; elementary schools, 8,152, with 440,816 pupils; middle schools number 15, with 848 students; normal schools 27, with 1,558 students; there are 9,275 native teachers; 347 hospitals and dispensaries, which have treated during the year, 5,170,688; there are 26 leper asylums, with 544 lepers under mission care; churches number 391 and chapels 11,101. The spiritual labors resulted in 19,668,104 Communion, 24,203 marriages, 121,109 adult Baptisms, 71,916 infant Baptisms and 59,742 Baptisms at the point of death. During the year, the mission personnel increased by 905 and the number of young men studying for the priesthood shows a gain of 261.

### Japanese Social Service Film

A film has just been prepared by the St. Vincent de Paul conference of Miyazaki in Japan, illustrating what is being done for the poor and for orphans of the Catholic Home in that city. Newspapermen were invited to a pre-view of the film, which attracted large audiences of Christians and non-Christians.

# Stamping for Souls

Joseph H.  
Fichter, S.J.

**O**N a Winter's night just fifteen years ago, when freezing blasts were whirling down the boulevards and alleys of Saint Louis, when the very rafters of the sturdy brick buildings of Saint Louis University seemed to protest the wind and cold, a group of Jesuit Scholastics sat in earnest discussion in the theologians' recreation room. The theme of their talk was the mission work of their Jesuit brethren in the tropics.

It required little discussion on the part of these seminarians, many of whom had close friends among the Jesuit foreign legionaries, to agree that missionaries, whether in the tropical or the frigid zone, were ever in need of help and that "something ought to be done." Being philosophers, they soon concluded that even a little help was better than no help, and being practical young Americans, they soon decided upon a plan that would result in something being done. Their decision resulted in the beginnings of the Mission Stamp Bureau of Saint Louis University.

Its beginnings were modest enough, but through the fostering care of Father Westropp, Jesuit missionary in India, and the unflagging zeal of the Jesuit Scholastics, it has justified its existence in very many ways. The start was made with two fair-sized stamp albums, containing some valuable specimens, and by the end of the first year more than a hundred pounds of select stamps were gathered, sorted and shipped to Father Westropp. This was done without consulting him, and his immediate reaction was to send the package back to St. Louis, with the sound advice to sell these stamps in America and send the money to India. At the same time he sent vast quantities of stamps from all Asiatic and European countries, and in the course of the next year or so, put the St. Louis office in contact with similar offices, working for Father Westropp, in Germany, England, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa and Japan. His was an international organization, and the St. Louis University Bureau was one of several in the U. S. A.

**T**HUS was born an activity that is enjoying ever-growing popularity among the Jesuit students at the University, and is earning the thanks and prayers of Jesuit missionaries in far places. The Mission Stamp Bureau is attempting to make its fifteenth birthday a memorable one for the needy missions. From its inception the Bureau was destined to success, and the story of its yearly increase in sales and intake of stamps reads like a boy's "risen-from-the-ranks" fable. The net profit of each month is tabulated and that of the corresponding month of last year is marked beside it. Thus far



*The Stamp Bureau funds purchased this "missionary bicycle" for John C. Ruoff, S.J., of St. John's College, Belize, British Honduras.*

this year, approximately two hundred and fifty dollars has been averaged monthly, a gain of about seven per cent over last year. All is sent to the missions of the Society of Jesus in Honduras, Patna, Baghdad, Dakota, Wyoming, etc., and the letters of acknowledgment show how greatly appreciated is this base of supply.

Aside from the yearly financial success, the growth of the bureau itself is worthy of notice. From a chest of drawers it has risen to a fully equipped office. Two spacious rooms are now the headquarters, specially built tables contain tills for almost every kind of stamp; there are neatly arranged cabinets and drawers in which are stored the saleable stock, and large canvas bags in which are deposited the torn, soiled or otherwise useless stamps.

The stamps come in from all parts of the city and state, and many are received from distant parts of the country. Mission friends have generously responded to the notices published from time to time in the pages of *JESUIT MISSIONS*, *Jesuit Bulletin*, and other periodicals. A never failing source of supply is had through the goodness of schools and academies where the Nuns encourage their youngsters to gather and save old stamps. Many of the local commercial houses have likewise offered their cooperation. Business offices where thousands of stamps were formerly thrown away, now direct them into the stream that pours into the office of the Mission Stamp Bureau.

**E**VER and anon, interested friends send in the query, "Just what do you do with old stamps?" One good lady wanted to know whether it is true, "that you make wall paper from them." And the classic remark was made by a little girl of grade school age who made her mother authority for the statement that "the Jesuits use the stamps to buy Chinese babies from people who don't want them anymore," and who (Turn to page 82)

# Khrist Raja High School

**D**IAMONDS do not sparkle until they are shaped and then, of course, they owe their lustre to their many-sidedness. Many-sidedness is undoubtedly the characteristic of Khrist Raja High School and its work in Patna, India. From the start its facets have been many and clean-cut. A Government-recognized high school, a training school for Catholics towards teacher, catechist and professional careers, a junior seminary, a mission to non-Christian youth, at times a catechumenate, mother of village schools and, by necessity, dispensing hospital to the plague-ridden countryside.

Where the Church goes she educates. Bettiah's two thousand Catholics, like others, have their needs and aspirations for higher education. Their need, in fact, is greater than the average because of their circumstances; they are a tiny group in competition with engulfing pagan millions; yet being heirs to the one adequate human culture, they have a right and a duty to influence and enlighten the surrounding millions of their fellow countrymen. If ever there was application for the Gospel injunction against hiding one's light under a bushel, it must surely be here in the case of India's Christians. But the light which should radiate from Bettiah's sons is certainly neither innate nor infused. It has to be instilled. Out they come to Khrist Raja, these youths of Bettiah, to acquire a deeper knowledge of their Faith, a readier voice to defend it, and somewhat more than incidentally, to get a schooling which will fit them for such positions of influence as may come within their reach.

**T**HE aspiration to a training which will fit them for desk work is now common among Indian youth, so common that it is said to result in top-heavy education, too much higher schooling with too little common schooling. An oversupply of B. As. in a population whose signature is still a thumbprint. But Khrist Raja's educational work is safeguarded against these alleged defects. As mother of village schools, her program inverts the top-heavy bogey. She seeks to train every worth while lad who may have the ability to become a primary school teacher. This field is not over-crowded with suitable ap-

plicants; it is rather fallow. There is here room and crying for every capable and willing youth in the Mission. With fact foremost in mind, Khrist Raja encourages and assists Bettiah's boys to enter high school, hoping that some of them become worthy Christian teachers in the ten or a dozen village schools which she has established around her and in the hundreds and more which will surely have to be established before Christ the King is adequately made known in these parts.

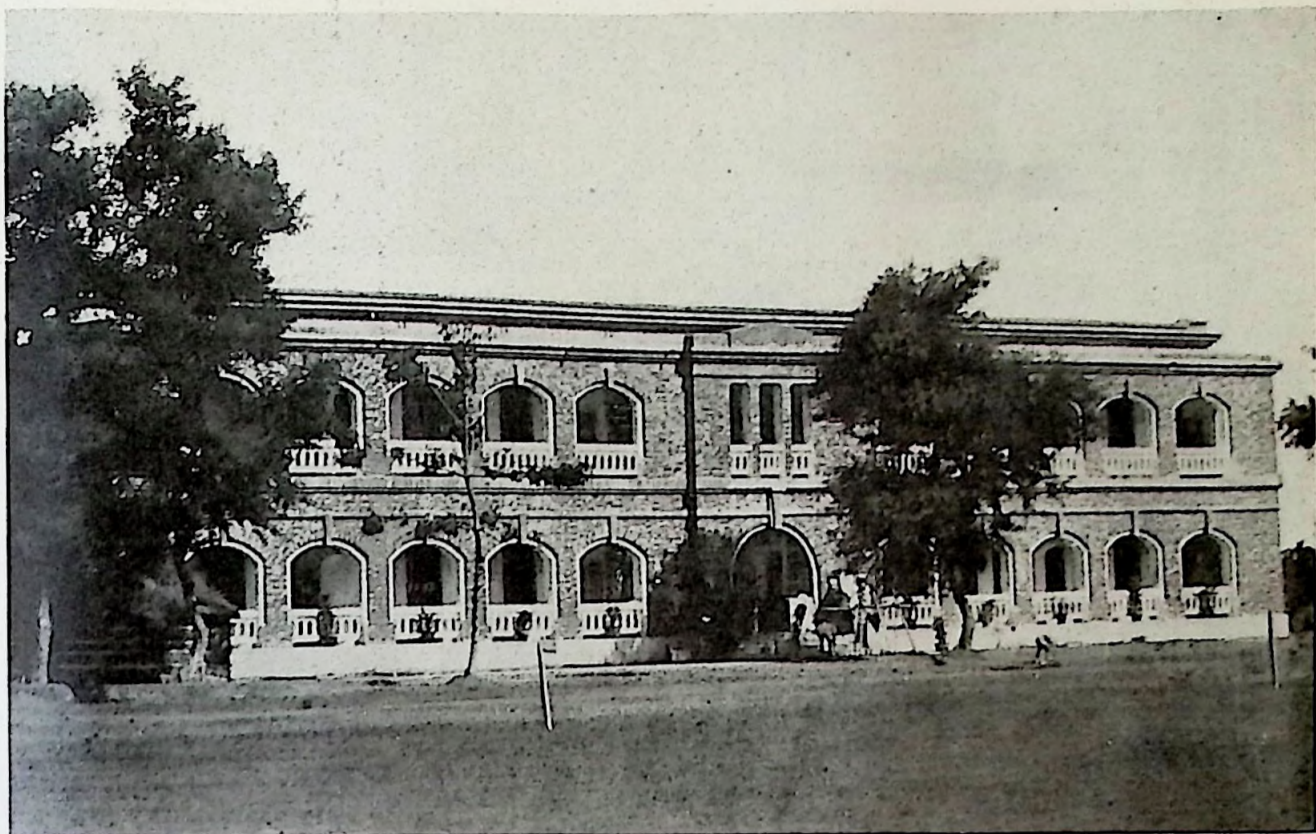
**M**OHAMMEDAN and Hindu boys also, feel at home in Khrist Raja. The latter especially often noticeably acquire a cheerfulness and polite jollity of manner and face not specially characteristic of caste mark queues. Their attitude is often that of a person who has unexpectedly found himself among friends. India respects the white man, gladly seeks his education, observes towards him in all matters the polite formalities of life; but it has rarely if ever dealt with him on brotherly terms. This is a new and manifestly happy relation which the non-Christian lads of Bettiah encourage for the first time in the "big brother" system of tutelage which, as in other Jesuit schools, prevails, at Khrist Raja. Democracy as imported from the Middle West may add further ease to comradeship. The older boys know their teacher as a family friend. He may have coached them on a winning football team or at least, taught them sportsmanship in defeat. It may be that he has helped them solve the problem of their school fees; and consequently, when they sit with him in religion class they have not the least fear of being proselytized, perverted, or converted or dragooned into any undue change of belief. On the other hand they are equally sure that he is going to tell them the whole straightforward case for Christianity, unvarnished and undiluted from the Fall of Adam to the General Judgment; not prima facie a challenge to their assent, but rather a tribute to the honest human intellect's right for truth—the whole truth. The school prospectus told them they were going to hear it; the cornerstone motto, "*Veritati*" promises the same thing, so there is just occasion for a strain on the usual friendship when the truth is presented. Many a biblical statement is politely challenged and contested. Daily, also, some favorite Hindu fetish of a couple of thousand years' honorable standing comes up for review. "But, that passage of Scripture just read teaches that Baptism is necessary for salvation; what about Abraham who wasn't b-



tized?" "Father, the Commandment says, 'Thou shalt not kill'; therefore, it is a sin to kill animals." "How do you know a cow has no intellect?" And so on. The Mission has not yet discovered a more happy way of reaching India's young thoughtfulness than are these daily round tables at Khrist Raja. No one, of course, must conclude from the general friendship of Christian master and pagan pupil that any missionary school can be conducted with the harmony of a symphony orchestra. The truth must always rouse opposition from some quarter or other. Discordant notes are heard about as regularly as thunderstorms. But happily, earthquakes, physical or figurative, have so far only on occasion shaken the school.

Whatever be the lustre of the other sides of many-sided Khrist Raja, there is one facet whose glint is constant at any angle. It is the group of Santal boys. Allowing that the Mission is enthusiastic over its first notable achievement, the first fruits God has enabled it to offer Him, this mention of the sturdy Santal lads who form the bulk of the boarding students at Khrist Raja will endeavor to be brief and modest.

THE Santal Mission was fortunate for two reasons in having Khrist Raja to receive its more promising boys. The hope of a schooling had been about the only natural attraction which had any bearing on the early Santal conversions. Bhagalpur's primary school, generously and heroically opened to all comers, was the first fulfillment of that hope. Distant Khrist Raja High School became the summit of the prize awaiting those Santal lads who could prove their intellectual worth. In the secluded valleys of Santal land, "Khrist Raja" therefore became a name spoken with awe,—the first Yale-Harvard to enter the vision and the reach of these worthy children of nature. They had been intellectually great somewhere in their forgotten history. This is proved by what remains of the incomparably systematized and supple Santali language, "the ruined pillars of a great architecture," the missionaries' Grammar calls it. In that ancient culture there must have been moral grandeur also, to leave them their present legacy of fine honesty, self-re-



*The Hostel (Dormitory) Building of Khrist Raja. Like the other buildings, it too is a gift.*

spect and manliness. When the missionaries went among them, this people felt an easy affinity towards the Faith which offered them both moral and intellectual regeneration. Khrist Raja became a new star on their changing horizon.

From the missionaries' standpoint there was need of a high school in which to prepare missionary helpers and catechists, in which to broaden the Faith of the rising generation of new Catholics and to foster and preserve, when it would appear, the first Santal vocation to the priesthood.

Out of these circumstances, Khrist Raja got her Santal group, many of her brightest students and strongest athletes and her broadest smiles. Two hundred miles from the south come the James Morandis, Nathaniel Hembroms and Francis Tudus, with their clever arrows and bows and slings and flutes stowed carefully in the bottom of tin travel boxes. When they return home again along with these cherished implements of an adventurous boyhood, they will take most of the Santal's distinctions—Firsts in Latin, Firsts in English, Firsts in Religion. They have benefitted by Khrist Raja and the school has been better for their presence. Its students have been roused by the brisk competition of the Santals for leadership in studies and sports. The non-Christian boys have had their impressive object lessons of conversion to the Faith and its happy results. Catholic boys and faculty have had the edification of deep piety and earnest cultivation of religious practices which the Santal boys so promptly learn to love.

THE Junior Seminary or Apostolic School of Patna Mission is like your money in the bank—small in quantity and requiring to be kept in a safe place. The Apostolics have been a part of Khrist Raja from its inception. The Diocese has as yet nothing else in the nature of a seminary, and these boys are its prospects for a future native clergy. They are retained at the School as boarders, but are not in any way distinct from the rest of the student body. It is not an undue compliment to Khrist Raja to point out that its general routine atmosphere has always been judged wholesome enough to nurture the future seminarians of the Mission. No doubt, their presence contributes, in turn, a good service to the School. Their aim, of course, and the lofty (Turn to page 84)

*Khrist Raja, gift of an unknown American benefactress. Left to right: Faculty Residence, Chapel, High School. Covered walks join the three. The Hostel Building (Dormitory) is about fifty yards behind the Chapel. It is shown in the picture at the top of the page.*

# JESUIT MISSIONS

A MAGAZINE OF APOSTOLIC ENDEAVOR

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## Novena of Grace—March 4 to 12

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER is Patron of the Missions for the whole Church. The spirit of the Saint lives in every missionary today as a source of courage and strength, spurring him on to do and dare for Christ. All missionaries, both those in field afar and those at home,—and among these we number all our Readers—will wish to join in the Novena to the great Saint. The Novena is made in accordance with the directions of Father Marcellus Mastrilli, who, when at the point of death, was cured through the intercession of St. Francis Xavier, and afterward died a martyr in Japan in 1637.

The wonderful favors, both spiritual and temporal, which have been obtained by this Novena, have caused it to become known as the Novena of Grace. It is celebrated in many churches in all parts of the world from March 4 to March 12, the anniversary of the canonization of St. Francis Xavier. It may, however, be made at other times also.

### Prayer to St. Francis Xavier

Most lovable and loving St. Francis Xavier, in union with thee I adore the Divine Majesty. The remembrance of the favors with which God blessed thee during life and of thy glory after death, fills me with joy; and I unite with thee in offering to Him my humble tribute of thanksgiving and of praise. I implore thee to secure for me, through thy powerful intercession, the inestimable blessing of living and dying in the state of grace. I also beseech thee to obtain the favor I ask in this Novena (*make some petition*). But if what I ask is not for the glory of God, or for the good of my soul, do thou obtain for me what is most conducive for both. Amen. (Our Father, Hail Mary, Glory be.)

V. Pray for us, Francis Xavier.

R. That we may be made worthy of the promises of Christ.

### LET US PRAY

O God, who didst vouchsafe by the preaching and miracles of St. Francis Xavier, to join unto Thy Church the nations of the Indies, grant, we beseech Thee, that we who reverence his glorious merits may also imitate his example, through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

### Xavier's Prayer for Unbelievers

Eternal God, Creator of all things, remember that the souls of unbelievers have been created by Thee, and formed to Thy own image and likeness. Behold, O Lord, how to Thy dishonor hell is being filled with these very souls. Remember that Jesus Christ, Thy only Son, for their salvation suffered a most cruel death. Do not permit, O Lord, I beseech Thee, that Thy Divine Son be any longer despised by unbelievers; but rather, being appeased by the prayers of Thy Saints and of the Church, the most holy Spouse of Thy Son, vouchsafe to be mindful of Thy mercy; and forgetting their idolatry and unbelief, bring them to know Him, whom Thou didst send, Jesus Christ, Thy Son, our Lord, who is our health, life and resurrection, through whom we have been redeemed and saved, to whom be all glory forever. Amen.

### LET US PRAY

O Lord, Jesus Christ, love of my heart, by Thy holy Cross and by the Five Wounds which Thy love has inflicted on Thee, help Thy servants whom Thou hast redeemed with Thy most precious Blood. Amen

*By a grant of Pope Pius X on March 23, 1904, confirmed by Pope Pius XI on January 4, 1929, all who make the Novena of Grace either publicly or privately may gain*

1. An Indulgence of 300 days, on each day of the Novena; and
2. A Plenary Indulgence, upon completion of the Novena, under the usual conditions of Confession, Holy Communion, and prayer for the intentions of the Holy Father.

*To gain these Indulgences, one must devoutly and with contrite heart recite, either publicly or privately, the prayer "Most lovable and loving" with one "Our Father," "Hail Mary" and "Glory be, etc.;" if the Novena exercise be held in a church or public oratory, it suffices to be present at the recitation of the prayer.*

*N.B. If the usual prayer be not available, one may say instead "Our Father," "Hail Mary," and "Glory be, etc." five times.*

## Souls for the King

LENT, with its special attention focussed on the Suffering Christ, makes us realize the value the Savior of the world placed on souls. By His Passion and Death, He revealed the price He set upon immortal souls. The more we realize this through prayerful study, the more shall we learn to view the world through the missionary eyes of Christ. Souls the world over will rouse our sympathy and assistance, and chief among these will be the millions who have not yet come to know the love of Christ Crucified. Well may we put to ourselves the question: How, *practically*, is my Lent this year going to produce a wider interest in souls, in the souls of millions in mission lands? Will there be prayer for the missions, mortifications—little penances—for the missions, little sums accumulated through abstaining from sweets and smokes and the movies and favorite fiction magazines?

# The Mission Intention

The Armenians and Assyrians

**B**ETWEEN the Caspian Sea and the Black Sea, to the south of the Caucasus, Mount Ararat, where the Ark of Noe probably reposed, lifts its head and looks down upon a high plateau, which from the days of Herodotus was known as the land of the Armenians. It was the unique and signal glory of Armenia to be the first Christian nation. Unfortunately, at the beginning of the sixth century, they fell into the Monophysite heresy, which held that there was but one nature in Christ, and not until the twelfth century did they return in any great numbers to the bosom of the Church. Under the Turks, their life has been one unmitigated round of slavery. Overtaxed and restricted in a thousand ways, they had the further shame of seeing their daughters taken off to Turkish harems and their children educated in the tenets of Islam to be used later as Turkish Janisseries. Under the Red Sultan, Abdul-Hamid, 200,000 Armenians were massacred; in 1909, 20,000 more, and in 1915, on the occasion of their justifiable revolt at Van, which is situated in the extreme eastern part of Turkey, organized massacres took place, which culminated in the most inhuman policy of destruction known to modern times. In the post war massacres, eight bishops were slain, together with 107 priests and 45 Religious. In 1928, the seat of the Patriarchate was shifted from Constantinople to Beirut. The Armenian mission of the Jesuits, organized in 1922, saw signal service in the interest of the refugees and greatly aided the work of the hierarchy. Today, there are 2,500,000 Armenians of whom some 60,000 are in Constantinople and 1,730,000 under Soviet rule.

The name, Assyria, brings to the reader memories of forgotten grandeur such as was that of Greece and Rome, of Babylon and Ninive. Under Sapor, King of the Persians, they gave 200,000 martyrs to the Church. Unhappily, they were victimized by the followers of Nestorius into professing that Mary was not the Mother of God. Today, there are in Iraq 35,000 Assyrian Nestorians and 50,000 Chaldean Catholics. May the Virgin Mother of God, degraded by the doctrine of Nestorius, yet by a happy inconsistency still honored in their liturgy, obtain for these remnants of two most ancient Christian Churches the grace of a return to unity with the one, true Church of Christ.

*During his pastoral visitation, His Excellency, Bishop James T. G. Hayes, S.J., made a twenty-two days' trip up this river and confirmed many fishermen living in these floating houses.*



# The Mass of the Missions

Doxology and Little Elevation

It is through the merits of the sacred Host, resting now upon the corporal, that God sanctifies, vivifies, blesses and gives to man all good things. By these words is understood especially the sanctification of the bread and wine at the Offertory, the vivification of the same at the Consecration, and their benediction after the mystery of transubstantiation.

"Through Him," therefore, that is, through Love's Victim in the sacred Host, "and with Him and in Him is to Thee, God the Father Almighty, in the unity of the Holy Ghost, all honor and glory forever and forever." As he recites this beautiful doxology, this hymn of praise, the priest traces three crosses above the chalice, to commemorate the triple mention of the Son whose Body and Blood are now contained therein. Two additional crosses are next traced between the chalice and the breast of the celebrant, in honor of the Father and the Holy Ghost. These are made outside the chalice, because, since neither the Father nor the Holy Ghost became incarnate, neither has any flesh or blood within the Holy Grail. At the words, "All honor and glory," holding the chalice in his left hand and the host in his right, he raises both slightly off the altar, in this way symbolizing the glory which day by day ascends to God from the sacrificial gifts upon the altar, not only from the physical transubstantiation of the bread and wine, but also from that spiritual transubstantiation of the spirits of the priest and of the faithful into the likeness of the sacrificial spirit of their Lord. This little elevation was originally the only elevation in the Mass. It closes the Canon of the Consecration.

**The Our Father** From the days of the Apostles the Church has inserted the Prayer of Our Lord as a transition between the Canon of the Consecration and the Canon of the Communion. Of the three principal parts of the Mass, the Offertory, the Consecration and the Communion, only the Communion now remains, in which the Body and Blood of the Lamb appears as a sacrifice and a food offering.

# Appreciation Appreciated



These tiny tots of China manifest to us all that they appreciate what our subscribers have done for them through JESUIT MISSIONS.

Our subscribers show their appreciation of JESUIT MISSIONS, as was seen from comments received and published last month, and still others cited below:

*"I would not miss renewing my subscription to JESUIT MISSIONS. . . . It gives new courage and faith to Catholics to read of such devotion and sacrifice on the part of our missionaries and makes us ashamed at times of our lack of piety and resignation."*

*"I like JESUIT MISSIONS. The stories hold such absorbing interest, they give a good insight to peoples and activities of other countries and how our good priests put self aside and cheerfully answer the Father's call to 'bring in other sheep of His fold.'"*

*"I look forward to the day my copy arrives with childish eagerness. I can't lay it down till every word is read."*

The Editors, too, appreciate the splendid cooperation that is given them by the subscribers and readers of JESUIT MISSIONS. Will you, dear reader, help to further that cooperation

by renewing your subscription to JESUIT MISSIONS—by subscribing to JESUIT MISSIONS for a friend—by subscribing if you are only a reader but non-subscriber?

(Find a subscription blank on the back cover)



# A FIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUITS

## CEYLON

Father Alphonsus Mary Evrard, S.J., just completing his seventy-fifth year, died at St. Michael's College, Batticaloa, Ceylon, on November 16. He was one of the three pioneers who volunteered for the Trincomali Mission in September, 1895, and from that time until his death, he was the champion of the Tamils. Always he showed himself an indefatigable priest of God. His body was interred far from his native city of St. Omer, France, but more honor could hardly have been shown him there than was given him by his beloved natives in Ceylon. May his zeal for God's Kingdom descend upon all who come after him in Ceylon!

\* \* \*

At St. Michael's College at Batticaloa, John J. O'Connor, S.J., and John W. Lange, S.J., of the New Orleans Province, are finding themselves extremely busy but also much fascinated by the boys of Ceylon. Mr. Lange describes the game of *Puleyarkattai*.

"Swock! A well-aimed tennis ball, hurled by a lusty Tamil arm strikes home! And down goes the elephant-god of the Hindus. Then it's run for your life! Those on the side of the pitcher who keeled *Puleyar* over, must try to prevent the other side from restoring him to his pedestal; and they in turn must brave the risk of taking a resounding clip on some soft spot or member—or else bide their time until a wild throw leaves the coast clear for some to run in and stack up the scattered blocks that were *Puleyar*. Eventually, they succeed, and the triumphant clapping of hands announces that the idol is restored to its throne. The firing begins again—from a distance of some seventy feet—and perhaps this time it will be the other side who dethrone the unfortunate elephant-god, and have their chance to repay the blows received in his interests.

But, whoa! a brick-bat in the bouquet! The small boys over there on the other side of the compound cannot find a tennis ball. Never mind! A cricket ball will do! On with the game! The worried Prefect dashes across, expropriates the deadly pellet, and staves off compound fracture from some Tamil skulls.

"Only in one place is this thrilling game of *Puleyarkattai* played. Devout Hindus would lift horrified palms to the offended heavens in protest, did they but know what goes on within the closed precincts of the school compound. The Hindus take the elephant-god seriously. Here is an instance of it.

"The need of rain was being greatly felt in *Puleyar's* section. Something would have to be done to secure a rainfall. So, one bright morning, accompanied, announced and proclaimed by the piercing notes of the shrill musette and the peculiar thumping of the tom-tom that is characteristic of Ceylon, amidst much pomp and display, *Puleyar* was borne through the streets, and by the fields, in order that he might see for himself and appreciate how badly rain was needed. And within forty hours, it rained. '*Post hoc, ergo propter hoc?*' But the Hindus are devotees, not logicians.

"Parallel to the material dethronement of a make-believe idol, we could recount stories of the dethronement of spiritualized pachyderms in pagan hearts. It is a thing that happens ever so often. The missile that effects the downfall is Divine Grace, the arm that throws it is that of the missionary."



Young Martin Thunder Hawk holds in his pony long enough to pose for a picture with Father Leo C. Cunningham, S.J., tireless missionary among the Sioux Indians of Our Lady of Lourdes Mission, Porcupine, South Dakota, a mission station attended from the general headquarters at Holy Rosary, Pine Ridge, South Dakota.

## AMERICAN INDIANS

Father Aloysius G. Willebrand, S.J., writes from St. Andrew's Mission, Oregon:

"Again it is my privilege to write a few words from the field of my missionary efforts. But how different from any of my previous attempts! It is not now from the tundra and snows, and igloos of the North, but from the farms, prairie, and tepees of the West. I am now a missionary among Indians instead of among Eskimos. There has been an unexpected and long sea voyage, and now I find myself among the Umatilla Indians, at St. Andrew's, ten miles east of Pendleton.

"At first it was hard to reconcile myself to the change, but now after two months, I can say that I am in a field where there is as much to be done as at any place where I have been in Alaska, although it lacks some of the romance and poetry of the North.

"The Indians are the remnants of the three once powerful tribes, Cayuse, Umatilla and Nez Perce. Much splendid work has been done in the past by such men as Conrardy, Grassi and Cataldo. The people are good Catholics. On Sundays they come in good numbers to our mission church.

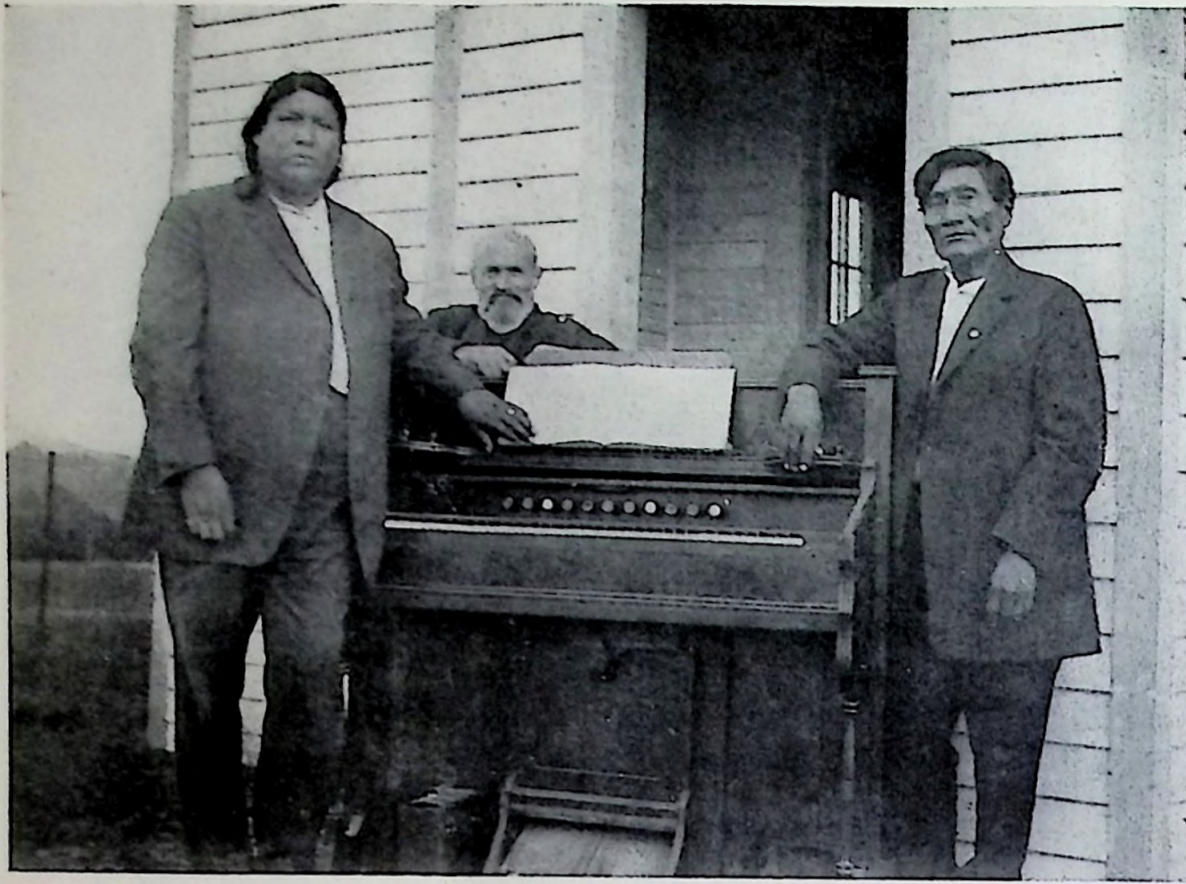
"I have been out and seen some of them in their homes. Most of them have fairly good houses. Some are engaged in farming. They practice many Indian arts. They gather berries and roots like the Indians of old. The Blue Mountains furnish a hunting ground where they catch many deer and elk. They are very nice good people.

"We have here a nice little mission school. Six Sisters of St. Francis do the teaching, and the school is one of the best I have seen. Our mission is as poor and as much in need of help as any I have seen.

"Christmas is near at hand. The good Sisters and others are working very hard to make the day a happy one, and with almost nothing, for hardly any boxes have come in. The little ones certainly look forward to the feast. Many of our Catholic people will come to the mission for the great day."

\* \* \*

Father Louis J. Goll, S.J., a veteran of many years in the Sioux country, writes from St. Francis Mission:



Father Placidus F. Sialm, S.J. (center), apostle of the Sioux Indians of the Pine Ridge Reservation of South Dakota, introduces his giant organist, John Lone Goose, who tips the scale at four hundred pounds, but touches the organ keys with the delicacy of a virtuoso.

"Our Rosebud Indians were always pretty well scattered, and so we had to build thirty chapels to accommodate the different groups, but now, these Indian communities have been thinned out because of the plague of grasshoppers and last Summer's drought. There are Indian camps and groups of families moving about Indian fashion here and there, and some of these are engaged in building dams and roads. Under such circumstances it becomes almost impossible to tend to the spiritual needs of the dispersed flock. The various relief agencies give food—little enough—to human beings, but the poor animals have no feed. I am afraid that before the Spring growth of grass, we shall have lost about half the cattle in this country. May Heaven be merciful at least in Spring and send us plenty of rain!

"The troubles caused by Nature were not enough, it seems, so Congress goes and passes, as one of its last measures in June, the Wheeler-Howard Bill. Optimism, pessimism, misunderstanding, fishing in troubled waters, and here and there one individual who realizes the import of the whole situation! For over a year now, meeting after meeting is being held in every valley for purposes of discussion and organization. Men who have nothing to lose, even if not much to gain, are working hard to get a job under the new dispensation. Men of thought realize that no good can come from the Indian's frequent absence from home. Still, even men of thought, by staying away from the meetings, leave the decision of tremendous questions in the hands of the worthless groups. They know that official Wash-

ington has spoken, and they have heard that they may go back to the blanket, if they wish to do so. A minority of five per cent stand for the old customs. These are not the old-timers, but the young new-pagans. The situation seems to be a parallel to Hitler with his Nordic culture."

#### CHINA

Late news gives some further information on Sacred Heart Parish in Shanghai, where Father John Lennon, S.J., and Brother James E. Finnegan, S.J., are stationed:

"The territory of Sacred Heart parish is wide and borders on the riverfront. There are a lot of poor people—very deserving poor—to be taken care of. The St. Vincent de Paul Conference of the parish cares for the foreigners, and St. Joseph's Benevolent Society for the Chinese; and both do wonderful work to alleviate distress.

"Some of the finest and most practical Catholics of Shanghai are in the parish, as appears from the large number of confessions and Communions each week, and from the attendance at Mass on Sundays and week-days. The crowds fill the church at seven and eight on Sunday mornings, and receive in large numbers.

"It is a noisy part of the city, and smoky with its factories and warehouses. Not infrequently it is rather smelly also. But a three minute walk brings one to the Whangpoo waterfront with its craft busily and noisily making their way up and down, back and forth, crisscross and in every other conceivable direction.

"There are lots of children to care

for and train up for the service of the Master. The Marist Brothers in St. Francis Xavier's College just across the street help in training the boys; and the Helpers of the Holy Souls and the Sisters of Loretto have the schools for the girls."

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

In the last issue of JESUIT MISSIONS we inserted an account of the labors and death of the Very Rev. Charles F. Arnold, S.J. former Superior of the Jamaica Mission entrusted to the members of the Province of New England.

An example of Father Arnold's thoughtfulness of the Fathers under his charge is contained in his last letter to JESUIT MISSIONS which is printed here:

"The ex-Filipino, Father Stephen Shea, S.J., just out after his fourth year of Theology is, in modern parlance, Dean of men, and, of course, Professor and Dean of the native Sisters. Father John J. Williams, S.J., who was here as a Scholastic, now sits in the Editor's chair for *Catholic Opinion* and tries to run the Spanish department in the College without a revolution. Father Frederick L. Berigan, S.J., is in charge of Holy Family parish and the island prison. It is hard to keep him out of jail. Father Henry P. Wennerberg, S.J., is Pastor of Holy Rosary and Chaplain of the Lunatic Asylum. I only mention the main occupations of these men, but believe me, the side jobs are 'just lovely.' Ask the men. Otherwise, Winchester Park is much the same as last year.

"Now for the country or bush. Father Oliver Skelly, S.J., has reluctantly gone for a three months' rest to Brooklyn, N. Y. He longs to be back in Port Antonio and his three out missions. Believe it or not, Winchester Park looks after his work. A side job for us, but really a big man's job, usually Father Jeremiah O'Keefe's. Father William F. McHale, S.J., has established new headquarters at Morant Bay, once an out-station of Holy Rosary in Kingston. There he has a new church and an old dilapidated rectory. This latter is just now undergoing a thorough rejuvenation. Father Francis J. Kelly, S.J., is busily engaged in staging a new Christmas play written, by the way, by himself. Some day we may have the pleasure of reading it. This is the fourth or fifth venture on the stage with his children and young folks, always with success. Father Joseph F. Ford, S.J., has lost half of his mission field and is now stationed at Mandeville where he has a parish with a Mercy Convent attached and four out missions. Father James J. Dolan, S.J., here as a Scholastic, resides at Linstead, replacing Father Ford. He has four out missions. A big job for a new man, but Father James is a big man. Father

Frederick J. Donovan, S.J., has Above Rocks and six out missions, five of them with Government schools. Today, Saturday, November 17, he left in mid-afternoon to reach his mission for Sunday. We have had heavy rains. At six-thirty, Father Fred was back at Winchester Park, the roads having been blocked by landslides. Sunday morning he tried again to reach the mission, but had to return, feeling better, however, for having tried. Father Jeremiah O'Keefe, present pinch-hitter for Father Skelly at Port Antonio, had sent a telegram earlier in the day: 'Unable to get to May River, roads bad.' Father Charles Eberle, S.J., is Pastor at High Gate, has eight stations to cover with three private schools run by the Alleghany Sisters. Father Raymond R. Sullivan, S.J., has altogether too much territory for one man. At Alpha he has a new rectory and convent, but no curate and no Sisters in sight. At Montego Bay, Father James J. Becker, S.J., 'Dean of Cornwall,' as he styles himself, has a hard job getting Fathers Francis G. Kempel, S.J., and James M. Harney, S.J., to restrain themselves, and a bigger job as Procurator of his missions. Father Francis Kempel, S.J., has three monuments at Seaford Town (Father Becker keeps looking for the 'Town'), a school, a convent and a rectory. He is coming to an end of his building activities. Father James M. Harney, S.J., lately dedicated a new teachers' cottage. The old one was blown down by a hurricane a year ago. He would like to call it a convent, if Sisters were in sight. Father George McDonald, S.J., is building a new church and gathering the shekels. His living quarters consist of a desk and a bed in one room. Father Edward J. Whalen, S.J., is out in his new rectory and is scratching his head over his financial account.

"We have applied to the Government for a grant for St. George's College. Without science we can only get a half grant. So we are starting a chemistry course. That is, Father John Blatchford, S.J., is. He is buying and begging. Father Sullivan, S.J., at Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass., has not turned a deaf ear to his begging. God bless Father Sullivan. After this imaginary visitation, I am back in Winchester Park in the bosom of a happy Community.

"To conclude, Father Thomas McLaughlin from his double office of Minister and Procurator, Father John Shea from the Bishop's Residence across North Street, Father Leo Butler from Head Master's office, Father Joseph Countie from the Chair of Virgil, Father John Moriarty from the exalted chair of English History, Father John Blatchford from his foetal chemistry laboratory, Father Joseph Krim from his old boys, operettas, and Christmas Garden Party, Scholastics

and Brothers from their quarters, all send their heartiest greetings and howdies to JESUIT MISSIONS and to all their friends and folks."

### PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

Father Alfred F. Kienle, S.J., of the Church of Mount Carmel, Talisayan, Oriental Misamis, Mindanao, P. I., writes:

"Everybody knows the important part played by cats, large and small, in the Tropics. Be it ever so humble, there's not a house that will not be pestered with rats and mice if there are no resident cats. Our best cat fell off the roof while chasing a rat one night, and broke its neck and so did the rat. One week elapsed before we could get another cat, and, in the meantime, there were foot races every night, and while they must have been interesting for the contestants, they were certainly annoying to those of us who lived on the floor below and who were entitled to some sleep.

"But where, I ask you, will you find cats like mine? Every night when I visit the church, four of them march in procession with me, and remain at my side until I have finished my night prayers. After that, they lead me straight to the cupboard and expect something to eat. Now you have guessed their reason for attending church; but after all, they are only cats, and so I give them a little snack, knowing full well that they will not patrol very well unless they are a bit hungry. One of the cats, however, who was brought up in a Protestant home, never enters the church, but just waits for us at the door. Can you beat that?

"Here is something more pious. On

the feast of Christ the King, we had seven hundred and five Holy Communions in this village, more than three hundred of whom were of men. Just what per cent increase that is over the ninety-seven that we had six years ago, I leave to the angels to figure out. I had hoped for an even thousand, but the weather was against me."

\* \* \*

Father John A. Pollock, S.J., of the Immaculate Conception Church, Jasaan, Balingasag, Misamis Oriental, Mindanao, P. I., writes:

"Many thanks for the check for gift and Mass intentions which just came yesterday, waiting to greet me on my descent from a round of the mountain stations. It was real mission work, but most consoling to see the fruit of a little labor. In the old days the mountains were visited only during the dry season. Of course, the people live there during the rainy season, too, besides the short dry season. And the *comerciantes* go up to do business in the rainy season. So why not we?

"Hence, I have been going all the year round, rain or shine, mud or no mud. At first there was no response, it was so unusual to see the Padre outside of *fiesta* time. Now we are getting lots of Communions, and the Padre seems none the worse for the journey,—all the mud comes off eventually, and one's clothes dry out!"

\* \* \*

At noon on January 20, Father Jeremiah M. Prendergast, S.J., died suddenly in the vestry of the Church of the Nativity, 44 Second Avenue, New York City. Father Prendergast had just celebrated Mass, during which he was almost overcome with a fainting spell and had to be assisted to the



His Excellency, Bishop James T. G. Hayes, S.J., Bishop of Cagayan, Mindanao, P. I., and his Consultors. Standing, left to right: Fathers Andrew A. Hofmann, S.J., James G. Daly, S.J., Vincent I. Kennally, S.J., George J. Kirchgessner, S.J. Seated, left to right: Fathers Joseph L. Lucas, S.J., David A. Daly, S.J.

end of the service. A Jesuit of many and noble parts, his death will be a distinct loss, not only to the Province of Maryland-New York, but also to the host of personal friends, both in this country and on the mission field, to whom he had endeared himself by the imperturbable optimism of his truly priestly heart. Father Prendergast was born on August 2, 1868, in Le Sueur, Minnesota, and was graduated from Georgetown University in 1889. After studying in Rome and Louvain, Belgium, he was ordained to the secular priesthood by Bishop Cotter of St. Paul in 1894. Four years later, on July 30, 1898, he entered the Society of Jesus at Frederick, Maryland. After teaching at St. Francis Xavier's and Brooklyn College, Father Prendergast sailed for mission work in the Philippines where he was stationed at the Ateneo de Manila from 1920 until 1927, and on the Island of Mindanao, from 1927 until he was assigned to the Church of the Nativity in 1933. Father Prendergast was a nephew of the late Archbishop John Ireland of St. Paul, and had the distinction of being the first secular priest to enter Oxford since the Reformation.

#### PATNA, INDIA

Father James A. Creane, S.J., wrote before the holidays:

"Christmas is in the offing. Last year we had our Christmas celebration at Bachha. This year we shall in all probability hold forth at St. Mary's Mission, Rajgaon, where our new establishment is located. We have already about two hundred boy boarders and one hundred and thirty girls. Both schools are growing so fast that we shall soon be in urgent need of another big boarding school to take care of the ever increasing number of Catholic children.

"I had hoped to make another complete circuit of my mission before Christmas and baptize a large number of catechumens scattered all along the line of march. But a recent letter from Very Rev. Father Superior, summoning me to Bettiah for a mission meeting there, will partially at least frustrate my plans.

\* \* \*

"On my last trip around I had one hundred and one Baptisms. A hasty review of that tour would be of interest, but as the mail is leaving early in the morning, and as it is time for this old tramp to be hitting the hay, I shall have to defer that account to some more propitious time. Suffice it to say now that among the baptized some six castes were represented and that I devoted much of my time to preaching and talking to Hindus and Mohammedans. The experience was both enlightening and encouraging. 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. Today a Rajput, a member of a rather high Hindu caste, brought his little brother and son and put them in our school. He has been pestering me for Baptism for the past couple of months, but as I was (and still am) a bit sceptical about his motives, he did not get it."

\* \* \*

Paul Joehl, S.J., of Khrist Raja High School, Bettiah, writes:

"You might be interested in knowing just how we celebrated the feast of Christ the King here. Well, our



Two little lads from school are we: pupils of Baghdad College, Iraq, which is staffed by Jesuits from the following Provinces of the American Assistency: New England, Maryland-New York, Chicago, Missouri and California.

good Rector, Father Aloysius Pettit, with foresight and a tender solicitude to the wishes of Christ the King, proposed a plan whereby all the boys (Christian) were to prepare themselves in a fitting manner for the big day. Prayers, study, voluntary work offered up for His honor, and especially hearty cooperation of all in helping to decorate and beautify His House as well as possible were the outcome of his suggestions and advice. This morning after Solemn High Mass (at which your humble servant was Master of Ceremonies) there was Exposition of the Most Blessed Sacrament up to twelve o'clock. All during the morning, groups of boys were to be seen coming in to adore and praise and glorify our King and Leader, in the spirit of the Introit: *Ipsi gloria et imperium in saecula saeculorum*. Class after class took their turn, and the Sacred Heart must have been delighted at their loyalty and devotion. Songs in Hindi, Santali and Latin; the Rosary and other prayers for the spread of His Kingdom here in India were offered up. This afternoon we are going to the Corpus Christi procession which Father Walter Marquard, Pastor of the Bettiah church, will conduct. Our Khrist Raja boys, under the leadership of Edmund V. Gallagher, have erected an outdoor altar which will no doubt be the pride of Bettiah and a worthy tribute to Christ the King. Elaborate plans and preparations were under way for over a week for this altar. Perhaps I shall get a picture of it later."



In Patna Mission, India, where, at Fakirana, near Bettiah, the European Sisters care for the Indian orphans.

## A BLACKROBE OF CHRIST (Continued from page 61)

out on the river, and when day appeared, could see nothing but the snow at his feet and the millions of falling flakes that compassed him on every side. Still, indomitable as ever, he toiled on, hither and thither, at times all unknowingly circling and doubling back on his tracks.

The others in the party, not without their own troubles, finally reached the fort in safety, but to their consternation, Father de Nouë was not there. Search parties were sent in all directions, but not until February 2 was he found. On that day, a convert Indian by the name of Charles took up the search, and guided by the slight depressions in the snow which had fallen in the wanderer's tracks, the quick-eyed savage traced him through all his aimless circlings, following to about four leagues beyond the fort. The good Father had passed near by and never knew it—perhaps weakness had dimmed his sight. They found him, head bare, eyes open and turned upwards, his hands clasped in prayer on his breast. His body was leaning somewhat forward, resting against a bank of snow before him, and was frozen to the hardness of granite. Thus, in act of kindness and charity, died Father Anne de Nouë—a pioneer priest of Canada.

## GUADALUPE MISSION

(Continued from page 63)

missing. I inquired, and found out that on those days the little one went to the "Center" to the sewing class. I talked to her mother about it. She said that the little girl was very much liked over there, and that because she was so bright, they had her read the Bible to other girls. I told her that she should not go, but I believe I did not make much impression on her.

Then there is the "gift" proposition. As these Mexicans are so very poor, any little thing will win them over. When I arrived here, I was asked by several poor women to give them a "recommendation" to some Protestant institution, that they might get some coal for the Winter. In that "recommendation" I was supposed to state the name

of the applicant and that he or she was a member of our Church. Was that to show they were "Catholic converts" to their church? Maybe,—who knows? As may be seen, the life of a missionary here is not a life of pleasure. But we shall carry on, for like St. Paul, we, too, can say: "I can do all things in Him Who strengtheneth me."

## DINNER IS SERVED!

(Continued from page 64)

Alexander Diomedi, S.J., in his "Sketches of Modern Indian Life," (1878) writes apropos of our point: "By the way, would you like to know what my fare was? It was very wholesome. First we melted some snow in our kettle and then poured into it a couple of handfuls of flour; this we stirred quickly and when it had boiled and thickened a little, we poured the contents into two tin dishes and cheerfully swallowed it. We acquired such proficiency in this manner of cooking that after the snow had melted, it took but a few minutes to prepare our meal. The same bill of fare served for breakfast, dinner and supper."

NOWADAYS among the old, full-blooded Indians, things culinary are in *statu quo*; but among the younger generation and the half-breeds, thanks to convent training, cooking and serving are nearly fine arts. Of course, this is certainly no rainbow assertion glorifying each and every convent-trained girl, and intimating that she has the utmost of finesse required to bake masticable biscuits. But the work of the Sisters of Providence, of the Ursuline Nuns, and of all the other Congregations devoted to the spiritual uplift and material refinement of the Indians is profound and enduring and priceless.

Nearly every Mission has its school for girls, as well as one for boys. The task of training these Indian pupils in the way of civilization was difficult and repugnant; difficult, because of the savage, inconstant, lazy strain in the natives; repugnant, because of the sordidness and slovenliness characteristic of many tribes. Training means discipline; and the roaming, idle,

curious Indian constitutes a bundle of opposing forces to restraint, order and precision. Reared in the a la pot atmosphere, accustomed to regard dirt as a property or a *sine qua non* of healthy existence, these Indian girls were a painful contrast to the refined, immaculate, neat Sisters who conduct these schools. Undoubtedly, myriad of times these Nuns had to look upon the Crucifix, envision the price of souls, and then, strengthened, plunge once more into the labor of teaching the girls to pattern their lives after Mary, our model of maidenhood and of motherhood.

## "HOW'S THE PICKNY?"

(Continued from page 65)

coffin is often called, and pay for the digging of the grave in very needy cases. Very often a relative or friend can be found with enough skill to fashion a coffin from the box donated by the nearest grocery store, while dye wood to the value of a penny will give it a mahogany finish. I do not ask a fee for the grave in these cases. A free grave is another inducement for calling Father to the sick picknies, and I have the satisfaction of knowing that there are many little angels, black or white, I do not know, who in return for the gift of Baptism will pray very hard that zealous friends of the missions will send help for all my needs.

When the time for the burial comes I drive to the yard of the deceased holy innocent and read the prayers for departed infants with as much show and solemnity as possible, so that all the people in the neighborhood will know what is happening and spread the word: "When Fadder baptize a sick pickny and him die, Fadder come and read over him and take the box to the cemetery in his own motor car." This is a further inducement for calling Father to the sick picknies. When the prayers are said and the little top has been nailed down and adorned with a single meager wreath, the coffin is placed in the back of the car, and all the remaining space is crowded with mourners for the one-car procession to the cemetery where the departed pickny will be laid to rest.

# My San Jose Trip

Quirinus P.

Leonard, S.J.



IN this, the concluding article of my series on a mission trip through the bush of British Honduras to my station among the Maya Indians of San Jose, I want to recount the happenings on the feast of Saint Joseph. This day marked the end of the big Novena. At 5:00 A.M., the band played a few pieces at the door of the church and then blew around the village to the accompaniment of *tonadores* (home-made firecrackers) from various quarters. When the *matadores* had been thus awakened, the squeals of the pigs soon synchronized with the concluding notes of the band as the *chuchos* were slaughtered to make a San Jose holiday. High Mass was celebrated at 7:30 with the children doing the singing. By 9 o'clock, groups of men, with brooms made of the branches of trees, were sweeping the path along which the procession was to wend its way in the afternoon; others were making arches of palm leaves, or decorating and cleaning up in their primitive way. A Baptism party which had been scheduled for 10 o'clock arrived at 11.

At 3:30 P.M., it began to drizzle, and it looked as if the arches and other decorations might have been put up in vain. The first *repique*, (joyous bell) was rung at 3:15, but it was 5:30 before the procession actually got under way. The band proceeded to one of the houses where the women dancers had assembled, and conducted them to the church with music. Such a display of gay dresses and gold ornaments I was unprepared to see—the ornaments are hang-overs from better times. Here the procession was formed. First came the Cross, followed by the servers and myself. Behind us, four men carried the small statue of San Jose on a nicely decorated table, to which two carrying poles had been attached. Behind this followed the children, dancers, band and the general mob, all glistening in their new clothes and jewelry, and carrying lighted candles in their hands. We circled the entire village, band playing, women and children singing,—all mostly general disorder. At each arch the band paused, I recited a *Salve*, and a *salve* of one of the home-made canon crackers was given. Over dirt, stones and creeks, through back-yards and under clothes-lines we went. As one man later remarked: "In these processions they make both ends meet; the band brings up the rear—way to the front!"

AT the close of the procession some prayers were recited to San Jose, patron and protector of the universal Church, followed by Benediction with the Blessed Sacrament. If the church were only packed like



"Of course, Father, we Maya lassies of San Jose will be happy to pose for you and the friends of JESUIT MISSIONS."

this for Sunday Masses! It was really a fine sight to see so many gayly dressed Mayas, displaying an abundance of their much loved jewelry, each holding a lighted candle that shed a glow of brilliance upon their swarthy countenances, kneeling before me to receive the blessing of their Lord.

Shortly afterwards the crowd began to gather in the plaza and in the *casita*, but it was almost 9 o'clock before the dancing actually started. Good sized groups also came from the *bocadier* and Sierra de Agua. Among them was the Corporal from Orange Walk and a policeman from Hill Bank to keep order, for in the days when money was plentiful, much trouble resulted from these *fiestas*. And then it rained! All night long it rained, and as it rained the people continued the repetitions of the *meztizias* and *zapatiadas* till 4:00 A.M. As usual, I had my hammock swung in the sacristy of the church, and between dances I was able to get a little sleep.

On the following day I tried to fulfill my promise of paying a visit to Sierra de Agua, but it was impossible. The road was full of water, the Manager of the Company had stopped all logging operations and forbidden anyone to travel over the truck pass. Dancing commenced again at noon, and I would like to have taken pictures of the *bailadores*, but the day was too rainy. The next day I again attempted to set out for Sierra de Agua, but the weather and the condition of the road would not permit it. So I decided to start for Cayo the following morning.

I AROSE at 4, packed what I could, said Mass, had a bite to eat and was in the saddle shortly after 7. My guide was a man who had been married a few days previously. The teacher and school children accompanied us for about a quarter of a mile, singing songs and bidding us farewell, and as we passed through the village, the Maya men and women left their thatched-roofed huts to bid us a hearty "*Hasta otra vez!*"

By 11 o'clock, we reached the (Turn to page 84)

# Flood in Okayama *Rt. Rev. John Ross, S. J.*

**S**TRANGE, passing strange. The whole city in indescribable turmoil. Water, water and nothing but water. And water not ankle-deep, not knee-deep, no, in many places water up to the second floor. The streets were turned into regular rivers with a strong current, carrying along all sorts of things that were not quite solidly fixed. And what is fixed in a Japanese house?



*On September 21, 1934, the streets of Okayama, Japan, were turned into rivers whose waters reached the second floor of many dwellings.*

Not even the floors themselves. They consist of *tatami*, strawmats some two inches thick and put on a very slight flooring of thin planks, a foot or so above the ground. Foundations there are next to none; hence fancy the havoc wrought by a typhoon that beat all past records for fury and velocity and by a flood such as even the oldest inhabitants had never witnessed before.

In an incredibly short time the Asahigawa, the river that traverses the city, swelled to the very brink of the dikes and in places even overflowed them. But even so, the enormous volumes of water flooding the lower lying fields might have been kept under control. All was lost, however, when the dikes burst in two places in the city itself. With irresistible power, immeasurable quantities of water rushed through the breaches, turning the whole locality into a mass of debris. With appalling swiftness the water rose higher and higher, even to the second floor of the houses, not a few of which collapsed under the terrible onrush.

**A**ND in the midst of it all a conflagration! Water all around, and yet no possibility to fight the fire. A man fled for life from one of the neighboring houses, a child on his back. The child slipped down, was washed away by the current and could not be found again in the swirling waters.

Pioneers were called in and came in pontoons to rescue the people from the upper floors of the inundated houses. One of the solid masonry pillars of the railway bridge was knocked out of position by the heavy timber and trees that came rushing down from the upper reaches. The next bridge, a wooden structure, was smashed to pieces like matchwork. For a couple of hundred yards the railway embankment just outside the city was washed away, whilst further east an express train going full speed was blown over.

And now comes the strange part of it. In the midst of all these horrors, the main portion of the church compound was as calm and peaceable as ever. In front and at the back the waters were rushing past, and there was the church, the adjacent novitiate of the Japanese Sisters and a few neighboring houses, battered indeed by the typhoon, but untouched by the flood.

And so was the school of the Sisters of Notre Dame, about a mile away. I had managed to get there in time for Mass just before the hurricane had reached its height, drenched indeed and with my umbrella in shreds.

During Mass the storm came on in full force and raged with unabated fury for an hour or so. No school, of course, that day. But when night fell, up to about a thousand shelterless people took refuge in the classrooms and spent the night, not indeed in comfort, but at least with a roof overhead and a dry spot underneath.

Meanwhile, the tide had turned. In the afternoon the flood had come to a standstill, and soon began to fall.

**R**ELIEF work set in at once, and our Japanese Sisters took more than their share in it. It was a fine opportunity for them to give proof of the practical love of their neighbor, whoever he be, which they have written on their banner. And although their resources were very slender, yet they gave themselves unsparingly to the work of visiting the sufferers in the soaked and dismantled houses, comforting them and relieving at least their most pressing needs.

The Mission spared, when all around was flooded! May the symbolism of it come home to the pagan world in which we live, and may they recognize that the Catholic Church is a haven of refuge and an island of peace in the midst of the raging storms and the swirling waters of this world of ours, even as the church of Okayama was in the storm of September 21, 1934.

## BLACK SHEEP AND OTHERS

(Continued from page 66)

fundamentals met with hopeless failure. Much less could we get him and his wife together at the church. If asked when he was ever going to get properly married, he answered invariably: "I have no time."

AFTER that, for a long while we paid no attention to him. He resented that. An old fish, I suppose, takes delight in being tempted; he feels confident he can escape any angler's wiles. One day last Spring, Brother Finnegan was working in the garden near the street. I saw old Wang passing along, basket in hand. He espied the Brother, and doubtless to make amends for not giving up his life of sin, he tried to give him a piece of candy. Brother Finnegan did not know Wang Te-ming, so refused the gift, much to the old fellow's dismay.

Then he tried a new line of tactics. His visits to the church became daily and longer. He managed this by rising earlier and coming to the chapel at five o'clock in the morning. For a whole week we could hear him shouting out his morning offerings at the top of his voice to attract the Lord's attention—or ours. Since that did not impress us, he stopped it. Every time I meet him I remind him gently of his marriage problem.

"I have no time," he answers amiably, and then offers me one of his choicest morsels for nothing. In other words, Wang is willing to do anything for the Church except be married in it. But wait till the Chinese New Year rolls round again, old Wang. We are laying snares for you; when we get you to the mission this time, you will not be able to say, "I have no time." The only words we'll take from you and Mrs. Wang then are the words, "I will!" You'll be back in the fold for good then, and the Pastor can look for other lost ones.

## A CATHOLIC SCHOOL FOR MOROS

(Continued from page 67)

to sensuality, human ambition and man's fighting instinct.

In view of all this the question might well be asked, can the Moro be converted to Christianity; to Christianity with its strict moral code which teaches that a man may have but one wife at a time and not as many as he can support; to Christianity which teaches that man must love his neighbors and not look upon them as "infidel dogs"; to Christianity which gives an abstract idea of an eternal happiness in Heaven for those who deserve it and not a Paradise of sensual delights which the Moro looks forward to; to Christianity which tells us to forgive our enemies and those who wrong us and not that "revenge is sweet" and "blood must be paid for by blood"? This question has been asked many times before, but the answer cannot yet be given, for as long as that cry of a dying God, "I thirst," echoes in the ears of a missionary in Moroland, there will remain hope. The results thus far have been nil, but the Foreign Legion of Christ is still in the field.

Who knows but that this little Moro school, set in the coconut groves of far-off Zamboanga, might make the beginning? Who knows but that this fearless, fighting tribe under the leadership of little children might be started on the long, sacrificing march from the Crescent to the Cross of Christ?

## STAMPING FOR SOULS

(Continued from page 69)

then naively wished to know "how many stamps does it take to buy a Chinese baby?" I see the shattering of some fond illusions regarding the romance of stamp disposal, but the truth is that the Mission Stamp Bureau at St. Louis University is nothing more than a clearing house for fans of philately. The great quantities of stamps coming in yearly contain many valuable issues, and frequently they turn up specimens that are rare enough to gladden the heart of any collector. These stamps are sold to the many collectors who have come to know the Bureau as a steady market for their purchases.

It is in the work of separating the valuable from the worthless stamps, in classifying and arrang-

ing the special issues of "commemoratives," the numerous foreign issues, etc., that the Jesuit seminarians play their part during the recreation period of almost any school day. After one has been spending class and study hours in sorting and unravelling the intricacies of philosophy, this work of sorting stamps seems to him a real recreation. Deftness is quickly acquired, and while fingers are moving rapidly through the stamp piles, discussions of every nature take place around the table. Philosophical questions, problems of literature and history, science and art, are thrashed out as though they were taking place in the lecture hall. And, of course, there is no end of jollity as the tension of study is broken during these periods of recreation. That indeed is the reason for recreation, and as a result no other room is as popular as the sorting room.

ANOTHER point that gives rise to many questions from friends of the missions is found in the doubt as to what kinds of stamps are worth saving. The answer is: if in doubt or if there is no time to separate the worthless from the valuable, send them all in. As a general rule it can be said that torn stamps, those punched or heavily smeared, cannot be sold, neither can those from which the perforation has been removed. The second lowest grade consists of stamps that have a low market value because they are so common: the one-cent green Franklin, the two-cent red Washington, the three-cent purple Stuart Washington. In the more valuable stamps there are some general classifications: all foreign stamps; precancelled of any denomination, i.e., stamps bearing the name of a city or town; commemoratives, i.e., any stamp with a date printed on it; any and all denominations of special issues; higher denominations of ordinary U. S. stamps. But remember: if in doubt, send them all in.

The fact that the Stamp Bureau is able to fill most of the ordinary demands of collectors is surely of interest to the stamp fans among

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# BOOK REVIEWS

**Saga of Saints.** By Sigrid Undset. Longmans, Green & Company, New York, N. Y. Price \$2.50.

A grand opera of the Catholic heroes and heroines who first began to tread the stage of Scandinavia in the days of the Vikings and who today bid fair to win their countrymen to the praise, reverence and service of the "White Christ." A succinct appraisal of this hoped for "Second Spring" is to be found in the February Mission Intention on p. 45. The Saga of the Saints is an unforgettable dramatic narrative of adventure legends bolstered up by data whose historicity has been the object of the author's earnest study. Against a background of Icelandic Sagas, of pagan rites, of infanticide and of Viking inhumanity to man, we gaze on Olav Haraldsson "Norway's King to all Eternity," winning to the Faith heathen districts where the people still worshipped devils with blood offerings in their dim groves, while they mumbled crazy magic words, and at home worshipped the spirits of their forefathers. We ride the waves in exile with Queen Sunniva, who forfeited her kingdom to be the Bride of Christ. We read the story of St. Thorfinn, of St. Hallvard and of St. Magnus, "Earl of the Orkney's," where life is that of enmity or friendship among kinsmen. And as we read, lodestones of thought are upturned in every chapter, such as the author's reflections on pagan mythology past and present; "Since God became Man, all human attempts to create gods in the image of man or mankind in the image of God, have appeared comically prosaic, doomed to signal failure," and her practical definition of saints as "men and women who have resisted the temptation of asking themselves how cheaply they can slip out of this or that obligation to God without endangering their ultimate chances of His mercy when they die." The book is not mere literature. The soul of Sigrid Undset is too spiritually attuned to the heart of God not to plead the cause of God at every opportunity. Hence we have a literary apologia no less literary for its apologetic content and even more effective for its literary expression. The author not only deflates Protestantism's fairy tales of the Church's desire for temporal power, but pricks its inflated delusions of grandeur, which were so evident in the Protestant mentality of the last century, according to which, those who held the right religion would certainly receive material benefits on this earth, and material success was a sure sign of the right religion. Lutheranism became the state religion of Norway in 1537. Lest the grotesque conception of Catholicism which even today is held by these Lutheran countries,

should bias the non-Catholic reader, this artist in words paints in a series of idylls of the Faith whose sheer beauty will offset the drab cartoons of Protestant prejudice and by their sweet logic lead the reader to exclaim in the words of the prayer composed by Fr. Karl Schilling "Good Jesus, I . . . pray Thee . . . by Thy Precious Blood which Thou hast shed for the whole world, to look in mercy on the Scandinavian peoples."

**The Book of Saints.** Compiled by the Benedictine Monks of St. Augustine's Abbey, Ramsgate. The Macmillan Company, New York, N. Y. Price \$3.00.

A valuable catalogue of essential biographical data concerning the Saints of the Roman Martyrology and all others generally known, at least by name, especially those who have given place names to towns or villages in the British Isles. It is a tabloid edition of the *Acta Sanctorum* of the Bollandist Fathers, and will enable one to identify our Catholic Saints according to the conventional liturgical classification for male Saints as Apostles, Martyrs, Bishops, Confessors (Saints who were neither Bishops nor Martyrs) and for female Saints as Martyrs, Virgins, Widows, Penitents, etc. The Preface is an instructive explanation of the process of Beatification and Canonization, and will stimulate Catholics to rely more frequently upon the intercession of that "great multitude which no man can number."

**Buddhist Practice of Concentration.** Followers of Buddha. Price fifty cents. **Principle and Practice of Mahayana Buddhism.** Price \$1.00. **Buddha, Truth and Brotherhood.** Price \$1.00. **Self-Realization of Noble Wisdom.** Price \$1.00. Published by Dwight Goddard.

In answer to our request for review copies of the foregoing titles, the publisher, Mr. Dwight Goddard wrote: "You will notice that we are very friendly towards the teachings and practice of Jesus and St. Francis. Indeed, we look to them as our Masters in exactly the same way we look to Shakya-Muni." This note prepares one for the contents which do not fail Mr. Goddard's description. He then continues: "Of course, I do not expect that you will approve of all our ideas, but we will appreciate it if you will give us credit for sincerity of spirit and truthfulness of motive." No reader will find occasion to doubt the sincerity of the author's motives, yet there is no Catholic who may happen, with permission, understood, to read these books,

who will not feel a deep-seated pity that the followers of the nebulous metaphysics of Buddha should know so little of the God who created them and redeemed them and would sanctify them if they only would.

**The New Review.** Macmillan & Co., Ltd., Calcutta, India. Price Re. 1 or 2s.

A cordial welcome is herewith extended to "The New Review," featuring India and published monthly in Calcutta. It is the most recent addition to the international group of Catholic journals conducted by the Society of Jesus. "God's Glory" is the pith of the opening editorial in which Catholic theology is wedded to a glowing diction, punctuated at times with Hindu nomenclature, a concession we presume that will be of real value to the Hindu reader. In "India's Gifts" Father Martindale, S.J., reconciles the mind of India with the European mind through contact with that Catholic mind, in which, "all departmental minds, so to call them, can meet." Most timely was "The Meaning of Mahatma Gandhi" by M. Ruthnaswamy, wherein is traced the evolution of the Hindu sense of renunciation into the philosophy and practice of Satyagraha or self immolation for the faults of others: a doctrine which has now developed into the creed of Civil Disobedience. Also featured are a poem on Fra Angelico, "Thoughts about Newman," "An Economic Council for India," "A Marriage Episode," "The Jesuits in Afghanistan," an historical study by H. Heras, S.J., "Italy Revisited," a pointed literary review by Father Paul Dent, S.J., of the short stories, novels and drama of India's Prem Chand and a "Malabar Chronicle" and Book Reviews. Variety makes this initial issue most readable and a hopeful promise for the future which JESUIT MISSIONS prays may be "*Ad multos annos!*"

**Christ and His Church.** By Daniel A. Lord, S.J. The Queen's Work, St. Louis, Mo. Price ten cents.

How Christ goes abroad throughout the world, doing good in and by His Church, with which He is united in the Mystical Body.

**A Rosary Project.** By Caroline M. Bouwhuis and Mary Galmbacher. The Queen's Work, St. Louis, Mo. Price ten cents.

A most practical pedagogical project whose aims are to teach the correct way to say the Rosary; to give the student an intelligent understanding of the same; to foster devotion to Mary; and to become acquainted with Catholic terminology.

**STAMPING FOR SOULS**  
(Continued from page 82)

readers of JESUIT MISSIONS. In making known their particular wants they have a unique chance of helping the missions and at the same time of filling some of the vacant spaces in their albums. A stock of assorted stamps so large as the one kept in the stamp room is certain to contain many of the specimens looked for in collections of all kinds. Whether you are making a series of saints or explorers, ships or mountains, presidents or emperors, or any kind whatsoever, there is the possibility that the missing ones can be obtained for you at short order.

(Since the beginning of the Mission Stamp Bureau of St. Louis University, St. Louis, Mo., the following bureaus in Jesuit houses of study, have taken up stamp work for the missions. These and the St. Louis Bureau are all recommended to the readers of JESUIT MISSIONS: Mission Stamp Exchange, Woodstock College, Woodstock, Md.; Mission Stamp Exchange, Weston College, Weston, Mass.; The Missionary Society, Mt. St. Michael's, Spokane, Washington; Jesuit Seminary of Philosophy, 403 Wellington St., West, Toronto, Canada; Patna Mission Stamp Mart, West Baden College, West Baden, Indiana.—Editor.)

**KHRIST RAJA  
HIGH SCHOOL**  
(Continued from page 71)

ambition of their young lives is known to their companions. The other Christian boys have daily before their eyes an inspiration to the same generosity, or at least to the virtues it entails, and the pagan lads have the rare grace of witnessing the Christian Counsels at work upon their own classmates. From the Apostolic School of Khrist Raja six young men are now in seminaries; two in training for the vocation of Jesuit Brothers, and four in actual preparation for the priesthood.

A mention was made, at the outset, of another of the school's activities not normally associated with the work of educating, namely, medicine. Khrist Raja is not a medical dispensary and has no charter to labor as a good Samaritan for the populous countryside. However, neither had the good Samaritan an ambulance license; necessity caught him. He was compelled by the distress of his neighbor and the

fundamental charity to turn his equipage into a stretcher-bearer for an emergency. In India, emergencies seem more or less chronic. If it isn't plague and cholera, it's plague or cholera. Earthquakes are not annual, it is hoped, but cholera is; and the necessity it creates for medical aid is hard to resist. What then is to be said of the opportunity for spiritual aid which it creates! This side of Khrist Raja's many-sided activity is small in comparison with the need which surrounds it; yet it is rather large, if not too large, for the after-hour diversion of the teaching Scholastics. Father Garesche's medical mission supplies have found their way into a thousand lowly straw cabins whose fortune it is to lie within a calling radius of the school.

Multiple service to the Mission is seemingly Khrist Raja's vocation. Patna's first American missionaries ambitioned that for it when they laid the plans. Its unknown founder hoped for the same when in a great act of lowly charity she sacrificed so much for its construction.

New stationery recently issued from the Principal's office. The old letterhead "Khrist Raja High School," was slightly changed. It has been shortened to "Khrist Raja." Said Father Pettit, the Principal, "A short address is a convenience, and besides, Khrist Raja is rather more than a high school."

**MY SAN JOSE TRIP**  
(Continued from page 80)

village of Yalbach, but as no one is living there any more, we pushed on and stopped at another deserted village three hours later, long enough to refresh ourselves with a little bread, sardines and water from the creek. Shortly after, we were on the road again; my guide felt sick and had to dismount. As I was feeling a bit stiff by this time, I also got off my horse and walked for a few miles. We forded the Belize River at Duck Run just as the sun was setting. A short, fast ride of about half an hour brought us to Santa Helena, where we again forded the River and rode into Cayo just as the town clock struck the hour of seven.

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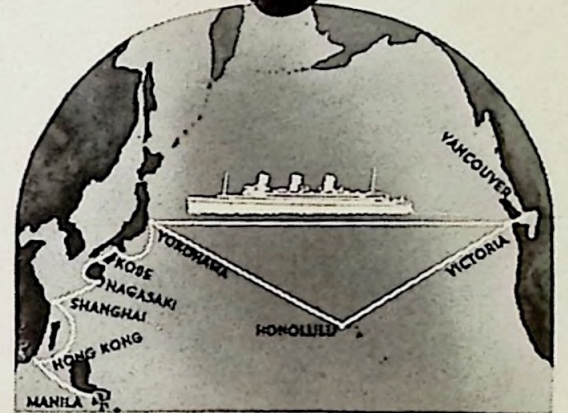
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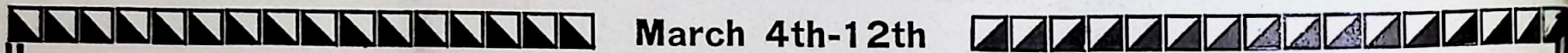
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