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THE MASTER'S WARDROBE might be a fitting title to give to a closet or chest of drawers where altar linens and altar vestments would be gathered for shipment, in time, to the far flung missions of the American Jesuits. Hardly one of these zealous apostles but has a need for more and more altar equipment.

If only on their missionary expeditions, on foot, in small boats, by dog-team or bicycle, they could be spared the physical exertion that the carrying of such equipment means! They would be eased in body and mind by the thought that all or nearly all that they need for Mass is already waiting for them at their destinations. Now, however, on most of their missionary trips, vestments and linens, yes, at times even the altar must form part of their luggage.

You, dear reader, may not be able to give money. But perhaps you could put something in **The Master's Wardrobe!** Some friend of yours may be handy with the needle. She might sew for the Master. Or again, your money offering may seem too small and of little value. But pennies make dollars, and with many pennies from many donors the custodian of the **Wardrobe** will be enabled to purchase what should go into it. In a word, everybody can help fill **The Master's Wardrobe.** Will you? Just send what you have to put in **The Wardrobe** to one of the Fathers whose names appear on this page. Tell him your gift is for **THE MASTER'S WARDROBE.**

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.

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.

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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*Altar equipment from **The Master's Wardrobe** in British Honduras*

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.

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 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 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.

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

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



Marie Jumping-Eagle, of the Sioux Indian Tribe, Pine Ridge, South Dakota, dressed in the ancient beaded finery of her people. She took part in an Indian play directed by the Franciscan Sisters of the Catholic School of Holy Rosary Mission which is in charge of the Jesuits of the Missouri Province.

Boots and Saddles

Albert R.
O'Hara, S.J.

"HSUCHOWFU!" called the Chinese porter. "Come on, here's our station," said I to my three companions. Here before me lay the city where ancient Chinese monarchs had halted their colorful caravans to tarry a few peaceful days on their regal tours; in recent times this same city had been crossed and recrossed by the merciless hoof-beat of civil war's cruel hordes.

As we bumped along in *rickshas* over the rocky street, I thought to myself, "At last, there is the genuine China, concentrated and certified. Shanghai reeked of Europe and America, while its China is watered down by western civilization." Barking dogs, squealing pigs, and screaming children scurried from the path of our *rickshas*. As we pulled up before the great iron gates of the church enclosure, the cheery voice of Father Lafleche, S.J., gave us a hearty welcome. As we had spent about six months at Zi-ka-wei studying Mandarin, we wanted to get out where we could practice a bit of speaking with the Chinese themselves. As Hsuehowfu is the central house of this mission district, no place could have been better suited to our purpose.

It was a house whose hospitality reminded one of that of the ranchos of early California days. For example, toward the end of a morning of hard study, the peaceful quiet of the house would be shattered by the cry, "Kai men! Kai men! Shen fu lai la!" ("Open the gate! Open the gate! The priest has come!") Through the open portal trotted two dusty horsemen. It was Father Delbeck, S.J., with his Chinese helper. A happy group of missionaries gathered to welcome the guest and see that he was well cared for. "Boots and saddles!" said the Father ruefully as he threw the two into the corner. "I came seventy-five *li* today, and I must return tomorrow. It's beginning to tell on me." Before returning to his mission he extended an invitation to Mr. O'Farrell, S.J., and me to visit his district, but it was all of two months before we were able to make the trip.

"BOOTS and saddles," thought I, as I beheld the two mules and a little Chinese pony ready for Mr. O'Farrell, the guide and myself. A swing up into the saddle, a touch of the quirt, and away we headed for Ma Ching, Father Delbeck's mission. We followed the brown ribbon of clay and sand that rolled through the swaying fields of green wheat. Every inch of land is cultivated, as the soil must supply food and life for China's millions, and there is not an acre to spare. In and out of little mud villages we wound our way, and then suddenly found ourselves on the step descending into a great cut in the fertile plains. I looked ques-



With a Chinese companion, the missionary starts on a long jaunt through the rural districts of his mission.

tioningly at the guide. Yes, it was the old bed of China's unruly child, the Yellow River. A few *li* more and the bell towers of Ma Ching rose dark against the horizon like silent sentinels.

A few cheery words of greeting exchanged, the dust washed off, and we eased ourselves luxuriously into a chair before a simple country meal.

"NOT too well?" I queried as I looked closely at Father Delbeck.

"No," he replied. "It was about a month ago that I made five trips in one week. But one of them was worth it," he said, and his eyes commenced to glow. "It was this way. A Christian came in from another village with a message that a dying man wanted a priest. 'Is he a Christian?' 'No.' 'How far is it?' 'About forty-five *li*.' Should I go? 'He wants you,' urged the man. 'All right, I'll go.' Boots and saddles once more. The sun was waxing stronger and I was growing weaker when the village finally came into sight. A mud hut housed the squalid bunk on which the dying man had been placed. A shell of a being from whom the shadows of sense and time were stealthily stealing away. 'The priest! The priest!' he cried. 'I have had some instruction when I was a young soldier at Shanghai, and I know that your God is the true One, but I failed to become a Christian. Quick, baptize me before I die! Nothing else will comfort me or brave me for death.' After a few questions on Catholic doctrine I decided to baptize him, but made him promise that if he recovered he would receive further instruction. The Baptism seemed to give him a new grip on life, for he not only recovered, but is coming here now for instruction.

"Now go ahead and drink your coffee, or it will be cold before I finish this story. Just a few days ago, in came the old soldier and said to me, 'Father, my cousin is dying. Please go and baptize her.' 'But she has had no instruction.' 'I have given her some,' he replied. 'Now she wants to be a Christian. Please hurry!' So away I went, and this time I had to act quickly, but the cleansing waters of Baptism sent forth a pure soul with her last breath."

Padre José

James I.

McEnaney, S.J.



FEW years ago, these pages carried the picture of Father Joseph Arthuis, Jesuit missionary, laboring in the West, who was then celebrating his diamond jubilee in the Society of Jesus. On August 29, 1934, Father celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his arrival in America from France, to labor in what was then the Colorado-New Mexico Mission. On December 21, 1934, Father Arthuis peacefully expired at the Rectory of San Felipe, Old Albuquerque, New Mexico, comforted with all the sacraments of the Church, burdened down with the labors and merits of eighty years. I say burdened down, for Father had accomplished a stupendous amount of work during his long and holy life.

One of the works which always brought joy to Father's heart upon recall, was the erection of the Church of San Ignacio, Albuquerque. And were it not for the indomitable zeal and tireless energy of "Padre José," as he was affectionately called by all who knew him in the last years of his life and during his years of labor amongst the Mexican people in the Mission, the building of this church might never have been attempted.

IT was indeed a pleasure to hear Padre recount his many experiences in the building of the church. First of all, Martinez Town, where the church is situated, was, in those days a rendezvous for the worst criminals of every type, where the very name of God was held in abhorrence and used only in blasphemy. When Padre José first went there, no church of any kind existed, although an old cemetery remained, which had long since been in disuse and was overgrown with briars and weeds. Filled with tin cans and rubbish, it more resembled a dumping lot than a Catholic cemetery. As Father describes his feelings at the sight, "There came over me a terrible nausea to see this place, once so sacred, now profaned, covered with junk and strewn with the decaying carcasses of dead cattle and dogs, from which there arose foul-smelling and unhealthy odors. I determined then and there to restore it to its former glory and to build a church on the site to give praise to God because of this desecration, and to atone for the wickedness of the bad people of the town, who refused to allow religious services to be held in the vicinity."



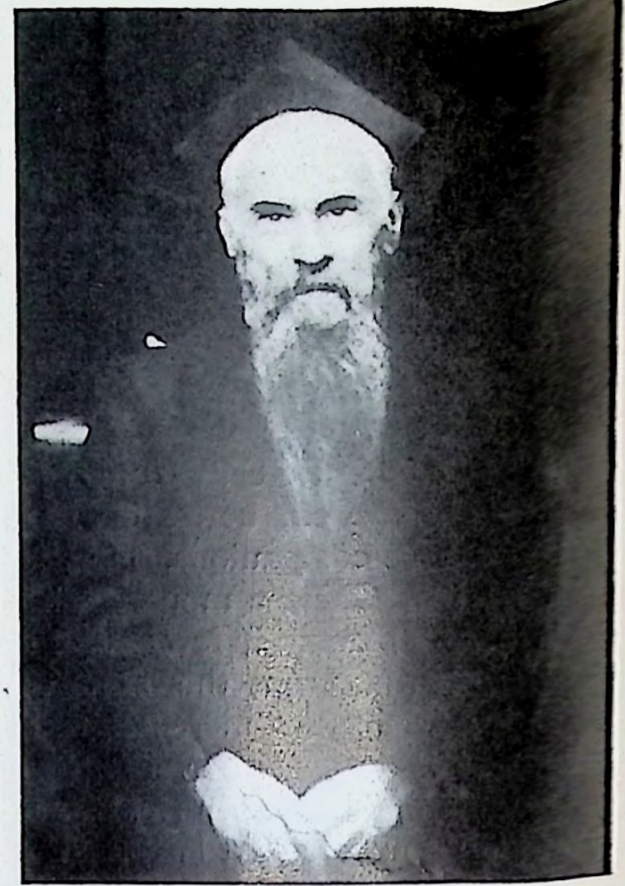
WITH characteristic energy, Padre José began the work of reformation. Mass was said on Sunday in a private home or in an abandoned hall, and the first beginnings of the future parish were made. After Mass and during the week, Padre led the people in the work of clearing the cemetery. The refuse was removed, the broken fences repaired, roads made up the steep hillside, where a grotto of Our Lady of Lourdes was placed on one side and a shrine to the Virgin of Guadalupe on the other. Large stones had to be brought from afar and carried to the top of the hill. In this work the people, young and old, and even the children labored with all the enthusiasm of their age, thus making the work light. Incidentally, their sharing in the work also gave them a praiseworthy feeling of ownership in the new church.

During the month of May, devotions to the Blessed Virgin were held each day, with Padre preaching from the hillside. He says that he often felt like the Divine Master during those outdoor sermons. He describes the first procession to be held in public. "We all filed out from Mass and began to march in procession through the public street to the top of the hill, I leading the group. The bad element of the town were determined that the procession should not be permitted to pass, and a group of them in a carriage with horses came down the middle of the street where we were having our first procession. I walked imperturbably on, leading the procession.

When they saw how determined I was, they stopped the horses. If they hadn't, I would have jumped onto the neck of one of the horses, vested as I was in cassock and surplice, and turned the carriage in another direction. After that they no longer troubled us."

(Turn to page 107)

Father Joseph Arthuis, S.J., when he celebrated his diamond jubilee in the Society of Jesus.



"Today, San Ignacio is one of the beauty spots of the city of Albuquerque. Built high up on the hillside, it overlooks the city and turns its back into the mesa land."

TRAINING AT ALPHA

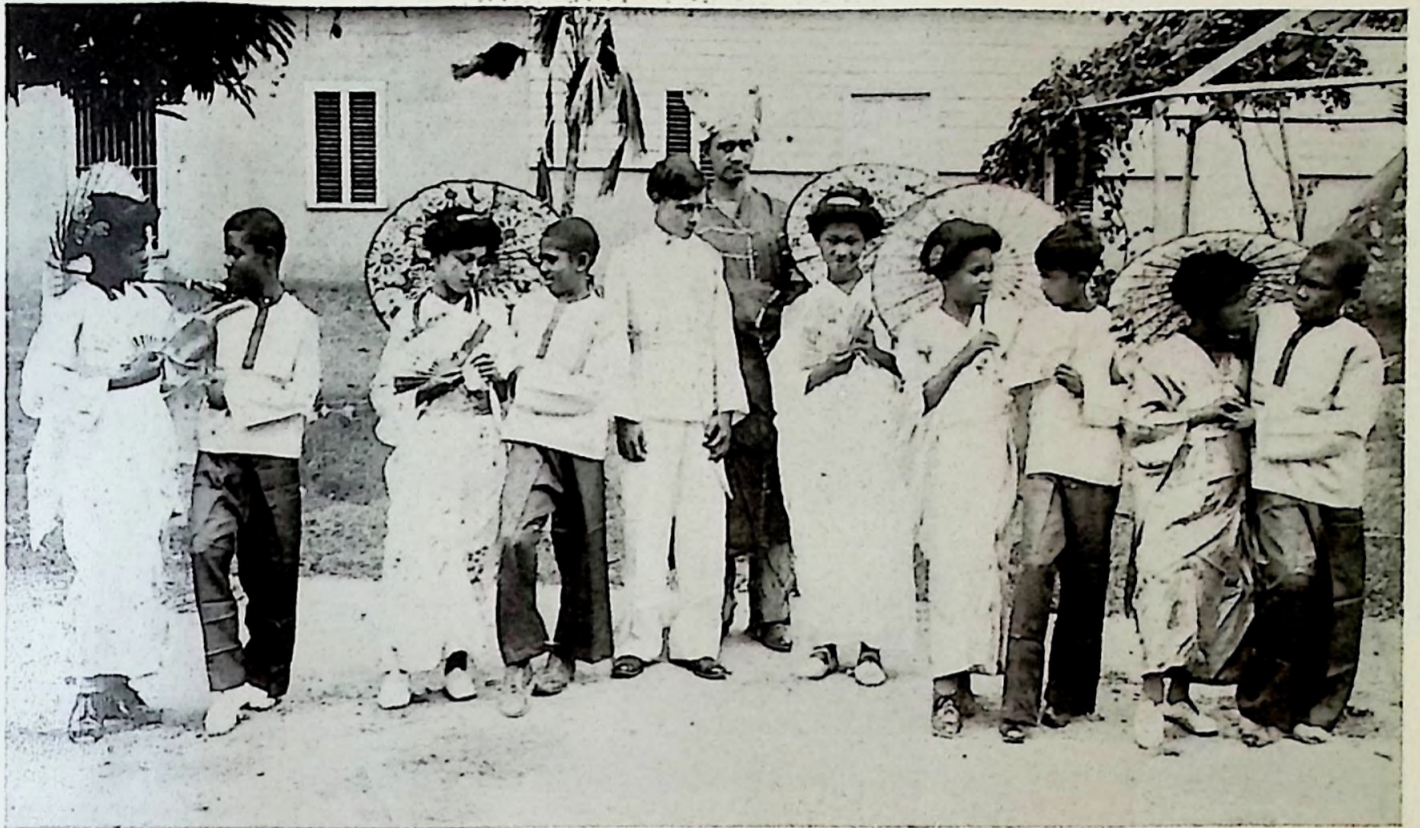
Andrew B.
Ochs, S.J.



T. JOHN CHRYSOTOM it was who so wisely said,

"What greater work is there than training the mind and forming the habits of the young?"

If there is one man who realizes the truth of this statement, who has put it into practice, it is Father Joseph Krim, S.J., the present Chaplain of Alpha Industrial School, Kingston, Jamaica, B. W. I. Faced with the problem of training the minds and forming the habits of over two hundred boys, a tremendous responsibility, his task is not an easy one. Not easy, for we know that where homes are lacking, there also the religious and moral education of the child suffers. Consider then some two hundred or more boys, many of whom never had homes, some whose recollections of home are very vague, place them at Alpha to be cared for by the Sisters, to mingle together regardless of color and creed, to eat in one large dining room, to sleep in a large dormitory, to play in the same yard, and you have a very good idea of the type of boy whom Father must train. And yet, despite the lack of home training, despite the lack of first class school equipment, despite the difficulties arising from a climate which at one time boasts of terrifically hot suns, at another time of earthquakes and hurricanes, the progress shown by these youngsters is remarkable and in many instances almost unbelievable. Much has already been written about their work as tailors and carpenters. Their achievements on the athletic field have also won praise, and not so long ago their work along the Boy Scout line was highly commended. Yet, who has not heard of the famous Alpha Band and the fine Alpha Boys' Choir, two organizations playing no little part in their training?



The cast of the Operetta Princess Chrysanthemum, acted by the boys of Alpha under the direction of Father Joseph Krim, S.J.

FIRST became acquainted with the workings of the Alpha Band, December 26, 1933. The occasion was a Garden Party held at Winchester Park in aid of the Cathedral Fund. Just imagine the day after Christmas dawning snowless with a terrifically hot sun looking down upon a large field dotted here and there with beautifully decorated palm stalls. Note the small wooden bandstand, erected within the center of these stalls, with some thirty youngsters seated upon it. Dressed in neat white caps, white coats, crossed by red sashes, and dark

long trousers, they present a very striking picture as they expectantly await the signal to commence. A raising of the leader's stick, a moment's silence, followed by the crash of the drums, and the Alpha Band is in action.

NOW, Alpha not only has its famous Band, but what is more, a very fine Choir which may be heard frequently in the Cathedral at various services and during many processions. What training will do for such a group of boys, Father Krim made manifest about a year and a half ago. Knowing the abilities of his boys, yet at the same time realizing how laborious and tedious an undertaking it would be, he decided to produce the Operetta, "Princess Chrysanthemum." For months Father trained these youngsters for the coming presentation, now instructing them individually, now as a group, one day emphasizing the speaking, another day, the singing. To Miss Teresa Richards, a teacher and most zealous worker for Alpha, he entrusted the task of training the boys to dance. After long practice, with an array of gay and colorful costumes made by the Sisters of Alpha, on the night of May 17, 1933, the public had presented to them the Operetta, "Princess Chrysanthemum." So well did these youngsters interpret their parts that the audience could not help but grow sad at the kidnapping of the Princess by Saucer-Eyes, the Wizard Cat, could not help but rejoice in the triumph of Prince So-Tru who, aided by Fairy Moonbeam, rescued the Princess and married her. As for the man behind the scenes, Father Krim himself, whose continual guidance and encouragement was responsible for the Operetta's success, he prefers to remain silent yet happy in the thought that his efforts to train the minds and form good habits in these boys are successful.

Belize Progress

ON Sunday, January 27, was blessed and laid the corner stone of the new St. Catherine's Convent and Academy in Belize, British Honduras. During the hurricane of September 10, 1931, all the buildings of the Sisters of Mercy except a part of the main building were entirely destroyed. A temporary frame building was erected within a short time in order to provide a residence for the Sisters, and the part of the main building remaining was sufficiently restored to provide classrooms for a limited number of day scholars.

Only recently did it become possible to go ahead with the erection of a reinforced concrete building, which it is hoped may be a secure refuge against all the winds that may blow from off the Caribbean Sea. Unfortunately, however, owing to a lack of money, only about half of the building that has been decided upon can be erected at present. Even to erect this part the Sisters will have to incur a debt which might appear trivial to a Religious house in the States, but which will be a heavy burden for the Sisters of Mercy in Belize.

ST. CATHERINE'S ACADEMY has drawn students not only from Belize and the Colony of British Honduras, but also from the neighboring republics, especially Guatemala and Spanish Honduras. Recently, applications have come from Mexico from Catholic parents wishing to send their daughters to the Sisters in Belize, where they may receive a Christian education. The Sisters of Mercy have been in Belize for fifty-two years, the first group of Sisters having come from the convent in New Orleans, to which convent the Belize Sisters remained subject until 1912, when St. Catherine's became an independent Community. In 1931, the Community was admitted to the Union of the Sisters of Mercy in the United States and attached to the Province of Providence, Rhode Island.

In his address at the laying of the corner stone, the Most Reverend Joseph A. Murphy, S.J., Vicar Apos-



His Excellency, Allan C. M. Burns, Esq., C.M.G., the Catholic Governor of British Honduras.

tolic of Belize, paid a glowing tribute to the Sisters for the great amount of excellent work that they have accomplished in Belize in spite of many difficulties and obstacles. Their lives have been lives of sacrifice and hardship. After nearly fifty years, all the work of years was crushed to the ground in a short half hour; no it was only material things that were destroyed. The good accomplished in the hearts of thousands still lived on.

LA TE in 1934, preparations were made for the new building. On Sunday, January 27, a large crowd of their school children, former school children, friends, members of the local Jesuit Community and Government officials assembled to assist at the laying of the corner stone. The stone was blessed by Bishop Murphy and then it was put in place by His Excellency, Allan C. M. Burns, Esq., C.M.G., the Catholic Governor of British Honduras. This was indeed an important day for the Church in Belize and the Colony, for the value of

St. Catherine's Convent and Academy can hardly be overestimated. While with the completion of the part of the building now started, some boarders can be received, still much that is so necessary for an efficient boarding school will be lacking.



His Excellency, Most Rev. Joseph A. Murphy, S.J., Vicar Apostolic of Belize, and Jesuits of the British Honduras Mission, at the laying of the corner stone of St. Catherine's Convent. At the Bishop's left is Very Rev. Marvin M. O'Connor, S.J., Superior of the Mission.

Cococo-Medicine Man

Timothy J.
Dwyer, S.J.

“COME in!” It was the voice of Cococo, the redoubtable medicine man of Sagamok (pronounced Smoke) whom I had come to investigate. To enter apologetically would have been fatal. I strode in as if this were a familiar place and these people my greatest friends. In the corner, with a very dark look on his prophetic countenance, sat a very old man. That, I decided, was the medicine man of Sagamok Indian Reserve, Ontario. I asked no questions, but bowed very low before him and expressed my delight at meeting such a famous man. I “pumped” his hand up and down in as jovial a manner as the occasion and the coldness in the atmosphere would allow. Cococo glowered at me in mingled astonishment and outraged dignity. I went through the same “pumping” ceremony with all the rest and then sat down with as cheerful a look as I could muster. The granddaughter of the dignitary was the first to speak.

“We are very much surprised that you come here,” said she, and they all grunted assent.

I IMMEDIATELY expressed no less surprise that they should have been so little visited and appreciated. Before further protest I distributed candies to the ladies and tobacco to the gentlemen of the party. At least that is what I started out to do, but the gentlemen looked meaningfully at the candy and confessed by their very look that a sweet tooth was as much a masculine failing as of the fair sex, while the ladies made a determined attack on the tobacco. Resignedly I put forth the white flag and surrendered stores.

The same determined lady returned immediately to the attack.

“We are very surprised to see you here. Priests are not welcome here.”

This time it was surely definite, and were it in a less civilized age, I would have thought of retiring, perhaps, to safer quarters. I had noticed, however, that one of the younger men had been discreetly enjoying the whole affair. I drew out my notebook and began solemnly to ask him questions. Who was the lady on the right, who the gentleman on the left, etc.

“What are you writing in that book?” demanded the



The old way of life among Canadian Indians. They are smoking the moose, deer and bear taken in the previous day's hunt.

charming lady who evidently had no idea of letting me alone.

“I am writing,” said I calmly, “the names of all here so that in future when I hear your names mentioned I may say, ‘Oh yes, they are friends of mine.’”

“Priests have no business here,” she said. “Most priests are afraid to come here. Cococo is our medicine man and he is very powerful. He knows many things. He can drive devils away.”

“Yes,” I said. “He knows many things. He knows what an Irishman is, for example, and he knows that they are afraid of nothing. Isn’t that right, Cococo?”

His answer was long in coming.

“Irish . . . huh . . . afraid of nothing . . . true!”

And he began to laugh softly to himself.

“I am not even afraid of the devil,” said I.

Then the old man nodded at his wife with a meaningful smile and pointed to one of the young men who seemed to be in a most melancholy mood.

“My grandson suffers from a devil in the head,” said he, “perhaps you will succeed where I have failed?”

“I shall do my best,” I said, and I gave the usual treatment: the unfailing aspirin and a good dose of salts.

THE unpleasant task of administering the salts over, I left with a promise to return on the morrow. Next day I found my way again to the house. The grandson of the house looked in much better spirits, the ladies were in a considerably more cheerful mood, while the inscrutable Cococo appeared even more mysterious.

“You have done well,” he said. “You are not really afraid of the devil. These others do not see that, but I do.”

“You will come again,” he said, “and we will talk of many things.”

Sunset and the Stars



FATHER VAN RENSSELAER, famous Jesuit of a famous family, first pointed out to Thomas Grant, S.J., the trail's initial blaze—a cross, which all missionaries must appreciate in order to pioneer successfully into a region of souls. Thomas, then a young man of twenty-two, heard the priest's words, recognized the severe trail-mark, and allowed his eyes and heart to follow the course of the westerly sun, visualizing, as did the Forty-niners, an empire. But not an empire of prosperous cities and thriving homes, an empire constructed of steel and wood and perishable things. Rather, his eyes saw edifices rafted with prayer, riveted with mortification, and erected in the hearts of the Indians.

And so he left the verdant shore of Maryland, and followed the missionary trail for forty years. For forty years, excepting the years spent in the Jesuit houses of study, Father Grant's trail has led from one Indian mission to another, until it broke into the clear, on the twentieth of January, at Billings, Montana.

Father Charles L. Owens, S.J., who a week previously had given Father Grant a blood transfusion, had just completed the Prayers for the Dying, when Sister Paula arose from her knees; closed the eyes of the old missionary. And faithful Sister Victoria, who had often witnessed the work of Death, knew that the old missionary's trail had left the bleak Crow country, and now wound beyond the sunset and the stars, into the Land of his Dreams.

IN New York City, on September 2, 1870, Thomas was born. He had no remembrances of his parents, who died when he was yet a child. Never could he recall the warmth of a mother's loving arms; never, glowing with pride, could he tell about his "dad." At the age of seven, he attended Westminster, Carroll County, Maryland; and remained for a year under the care of the Doyle family. Then he was adopted by a family called Baily, and taken to Saint Inigoes, in St. Mary's County, southeastern Maryland. Here he received his first Holy Communion from the hands of the Jesuit Fathers, and the sacrament of Confirmation from Cardinal Gibbons; and here, too, the current of high conquest surged in his blood as he heard the words of Father Van Rensselaer: "Go west, my son. There is need for priests, men

Edgar
Dowd, S.J.



Father Thomas Grant, S.J., in his last months when the dread cancer was eating away his life.

strong of body and soul, among the Indians beyond the Mississippi."

And so he came west, petitioned admittance into the Society of Jesus, in 1889; spent three years of study at Gonzaga, Spokane, and in 1892, was admitted by Father Cataldo, entering the novitiate at DeSmet, Idaho, on the fourth of July of that year.

AFTER his novitiate, 1894, his missionary career began at Lame Deer, Montana, on the Northern Cheyenne Reservation. Here he and Father van der Velden, S.J., swayed that fierce tribe from war, and by doing this endangered their own lives. Land-thieving settlers, who wished war as an excuse to seize Indian land, believed the two Jesuits and the Cheyennes altogether too friendly. However, the squatters, including cowboys, desperadoes, etc., hesitated to slay the only person within a radius of seventy-five miles who had a knowledge of medicine. Then, during the same year, 1894, Father Grant's trail almost came to a premature end. En route from Lame Deer to Crow Agency, he lost his way in that vast labyrinth of coulees, only a lemon and an onion saving him from excessive hunger. After two days and a night in the hills, he came upon a farmhouse, where he received directions and refreshments.

In '97, atop a wagon of hides and other mission products, he lumbered into Billings, then a one-street cowboy (Turn to page 107)



Crow Indians building St. Charles Mission, (Father Grant's favorite) at Pryor, Montana, seventy-five miles from Billings.

Fancy and Fact in Agusan

Augustin J.

Consunji, S.J.



FANCY first. As we enter the calm Butuan Bay, our gaze will fall upon the beautiful Agusan River that

flows into the Bay after a zigzag cruise through the heart of the Province. Of old, the waters of this river were so crystal clear that the slightest gill breathing animals could be easily descried with naked eye. Unimaginable sizes of man-eating *buayas* (crocodiles), lashing furiously, sped after their prey and provided thrilling entertainment for the inhabitants of Agusan, while on the other hand, the tranquillity of the town was disturbed by the weekly toll of not less than one human victim. After the Catholic missionaries had come, the newly converted pagans argued: "Our new-found God will now cleanse our river from man-eating *buayas*, if we have recourse to Him." And so they did, as the following incident will show.

One day just as the sun was sinking into the western horizon, a man, sad and pensive, sat at the end of his *baroto* (canoe) while it kept on dancing over the tiny waves as it glided rapidly down the river. He was still far from the *barrio* country where his wife and children were eagerly scanning the river for his approach. In the light of the moon he could descry crocodiles floating like logs, and the fear that he might not be able to reach his home safely seized him. Yet all the while he prayed and prayed. He was now nearing his destination and could distinctly see the village lights of the *barrio*. Once more he raised his head to give thanks to Almighty God, and just as he was about to finish his prayer, behold an angelic form appeared before him. Was it phantasy or an Angel? Involuntarily he paddled his canoe faster and faster until he finally beached it on the *barrio* sands. Unable to control himself, he shouted and shouted to his neighbors, until they gathered round him on the shore just in time to see the apparition chasing the crocodiles down the river and out into the waters of the Bay. To this day, the people believe that their Patron Saint thus interceded with God to deliver them from their mortal enemies, the *buayas*, and from that day until this, no year has passed without a pompous celebration in honor of Santa Ana.

WHILE the foregoing may be labeled as a product of fancy, still, there is no fancy about the following facts and figures descriptive of my new status in



Where Father Consunji, S.J., stakes his claim. The only permanent Catholic rectory from Aparri to Jolo, which is constructed merely of nipa material.

Cabadbaran, Agusan. Allow me to list the salient facts as follows: (1) This is the episcopal see of the Aglipayans (schismatics of the Philippine Independent Church) for the whole of Mindanao. There are two *pari-pari* presiding here, and one who answers to the name of "Bishop." A *pari-pari* is a fake priest. (2) This is the only town in the whole of the island of Mindanao whose town president is a Protestant. He is a product of the virulently anti-Catholic Silliman Institute in Dumaguete. At his installation, the introduction was given by a Protestant Minister and the *kiosko* of the town plaza was inaugurated with Protestant services or *culto*. (3) "You will be a social outcast!" is the threat hurled at those renegade Catholics who desire to return to the Faith of their fathers. (4) The Catholic Church at Cabadbaran has been burned down three times by the schismatics. (5) Father Nebot was stoned here for forty nights in succession. (6) Father Espana was obliged to carry a gun for self-protection. (7) This is the only Catholic Rectory, with a permanent missionary, from Aparri to Jolo, which is constructed merely of nipa material. (8) The Aglipayan *convento* here is the best in the whole of Mindanao, built of strong materials and respectable in every way—materially. (9) Ninety per cent of the students of the High School of Butuan, capital of the Province, come from this town. (10) Our Redeemer's School is the only Catholic school dedicated to the commemoration of the death of Our Savior on Calvary. It has an enrollment of two hundred and sixty children. The building is only one-third finished. (11) This is the only town, as far as I can recall, where I have been insulted gratuitously while riding in a bus,—without the least provocation given on my part. Yet all these unfavorable circumstances, by the grace of God, merely stimulate me to greater work, work that by the same grace of God, I sincerely pray will one day bring fruit a hundredfold.



FROM MANY QUARTERS



HERE AND THERE AROUND THE MISSION WORLD

Feeding the Hungry Fifty-five tons of bread, representing an outlay of five thousand dollars (one thousand pounds), were distributed by Catholic missionaries among the poor people of the Archdiocese of Rhodes during 1934. Soup was distributed to 105,000 persons during the same period. Schismatics, Moslems, Jews and Catholics were aided by the missionaries.

The Little Sisters of the Poor at Shanghai It was in keeping with the humble spirit of the Little Sisters of the Poor that the thirtieth anniversary of their coming to Shanghai passed without celebrations, for in the lives of these devoted ladies, milestones are erected only in Heaven; their earthly existence is too full of toil in behalf of their charges to permit any time for festivities, however brief. The rule of their Order decrees that their poor must be fed even before themselves.

Most of what they receive is obtained by begging. Occasionally, gifts are received through other channels, as, for instance, in the recent case of a prominent non-Catholic who before his death requested that money be sent to the Little Sisters in lieu of flowers.

Spanish Jesuits of Hiroshima The Spanish Jesuits of the Toledo Province have assumed direction over the missions in the western part of the Vicariate Apostolic of Hiroshima which is in charge of the German Jesuits of the Cologne Province and of which Bishop John Ross, S.J., is the Vicar Apostolic. Recently, general statistics for the Japanese have been prepared by Rev. P. C. Oertle of the Society of the Divine Word missionaries. There are now 250,747 Catholics in the Japanese Empire, 103,271 being in Japan proper, and 147,476 in Korea, Formosa and the mandated islands of the Pacific. There were 7,284 adult Baptisms during the year, and a net increase of 9,232 Catholics was registered.

St. Mary's Hospital, Shanghai Enlargement of St. Mary's Hospital, Shanghai, a new four-story building which has been constructed as an exten-

sion, was inaugurated January 5. With three hundred more beds in the new wing, St. Mary's now has a total of seven hundred beds, and holds first place among the large hospitals of Shanghai.

A special clinic for diseases of the eyes and another for child-hygiene, a first aid station and a general dispensary are on the ground floor of the new section. The building is up to date in equipment and has large airy and well lighted wards and spacious sun porches.

St. Mary's Hospital was founded in 1908 by Bishop Prosper Paris, S.J., Vicar Apostolic of Nanking. The Faculty of Medicine of the Aurora University, the Jesuit institution of higher learning in the Chinese metropolis, is in charge of the medical and surgical attendance at the hospital. The Daughters of Charity assist the doctors and supervise the nursing. There is a training school for nurses connected with the institution.

During the past twelve months, 5,869 patients have received treatment in the hospital, and more than 40,000 cases have been handled at the clinics. More than one half of all the beds at St. Mary's Hospital are reserved for needy persons who are unable to pay.

Catholic Action Lectures in Tuticorin

Catholic Action which were given at Tuticorin during Catholic Action Week, inaugurated December 26 by Bishop Francis T. Roche, S.J., Bishop of Tuticorin. The lectures were given by Rev. Jerome De Souza, S.J., Headmaster and Professor of English at St. Joseph's College, Trichinopoly.

As Others See Us

On the occasion of an entertainment given by the Franciscan Missionaries of Mary, who are in charge of the Rangoon Leper Asylum, the correspondent of the *Rangoon Gazette*, describing the affair writes: "The patients themselves had made all the dresses, devised and painted the scenery, and did the entire producing of a well-acted Burmese play. We laughed and applauded, and sure I am that there were not a few throats in which a 'lump,' time-

honored expression to indicate swallowed tears, made itself felt.

"And finally we saw a little company of white-robed nuns. These are they who have given their whole life and service to the succor of lepers; who, not counting the cost, dress their wounds daily; who, by their own strong, selfless faith, give them constant cheer and encouragement.

"A sturdy little band they are. No look of exhausted, emotionalized religious fervor here; no atmosphere of slightly superior spirituality which can cause the outsider to shrink under a sense of carnal unworthiness. On the contrary, the gayest of welcomes, the friendliest of interest, and a sense of being considered not a whit inferior to themselves, this was the entirely convincing impression conveyed in their presence.

"And the still stronger conviction came to me: 'How happy they are.' How happy . . .

"They never go home to see their friends in far away beautiful France: they have put all that behind them, and I do not think that they can ever allow themselves the luxury even of thinking about it; and they never want to take a holiday, it would seem. And—they are happy.

"I went home with a strange ache of envy in my heart, realizing that here, in this quiet by-way of a busy town, in a world worse than worldly, as it may sometimes seem to some of us, they walk, the Whiterobed . . . already in the Gardens of the Blest."

Converting the Sinner

Leopards' knuckles, tigers' claws, rings, and other charms were among the tools of witchcraft handed over by Swetona, ninety-year-old witch doctor of Bechuanaland, who was received into the Church and baptized September 30, after publicly abjuring his practices and asking pardon of all whom he may have deluded. For years the old wizard was one of the main obstacles in the way of missionary endeavor in that district. The Oblates of Mary Immaculate, the missionaries in charge, say that his conversion is unmistakably sincere. He spends much time in prayer and approaches the sacraments regularly. May he be the occasion of leading others to the Faith.

Germans in Jamaica *Joseph LeRoy, S.J.*

JAMAICA is a beautiful island in the Caribbean, inhabited mostly by Negroes, a goodly number of Chinese, some East Indians, and a very small proportion of Whites. Among the White population is an isolated colony of German descent who dwell in the valley of Westmoreland. How these Germans got there is an interesting story, especially since they are celebrating the centenary of their arrival this year.



The grandsons and granddaughters of the flaxen-haired, ruddy-cheeked, blue-eyed settlers of Seafordtown.

Around the year 1834, efforts were made to colonize the island, and petitions were sent out to that effect. Somehow or other, the word reached the Province of Hanover, Germany, and the idea of migrating to the alluring Island of Jamaica, under tropical skies, fascinated many of the Hanoverians. Arrangements were made through Lord Seaford, and the German "Mayflower" set sail for the Isle of Woods and Water. After the usual hardships of a trans-atlantic voyage in a wooden ship, the good German "Pilgrims" landed in Jamaica and were assigned a portion of land in a fertile valley in the Parish of Westmoreland. The place was called "Seafordtown" in honor of Lord Seaford. So, Seafordtown was the first White colony of any size in Jamaica after the departure of the Spaniards, and the members, with their usual German pertinacity and determination, set to work to till the soil and develop their settlement.

TODAY, the descendants of the settlers are distinctively Catholic. They have their own beautiful stone chapel, a commodious school taught by the Sisters, and an energetic pastor, Father Francis Kempel, S.J., an American of German ancestry. But the Germans were not all Catholics originally, and that is why the story is interesting. The majority were staunch Lutherans, and the small minority were staunch Catholics. And those were the days when "Blackrobes" were scarce in Jamaica, when the other end of the island had not been visited by missionaries. So, like the early American Indians, they sent a petition that a priest be sent to teach them the word of God; and one came in the person of Father Dupeyron. He first administered the Sacrament of Baptism there in the year 1839. For the next thirty years the place was regularly visited, at first by Father Dupeyron, and later by Father Sydney Woollett, an Englishman. In the year 1873, Father Loontjens, a Belgian, came from British Honduras and was appointed to take care of the missions in Westmoreland

and St. Elizabeth. He built and dedicated a chapel to the Sacred Heart, and opened a school. After some years, Father Loontjens was succeeded by Father Tauer, an Austrian, a man full of zeal for the spread of Christ's Kingdom. He did remarkable pioneer work in the western section of the island until 1886, when he was recalled to Europe. After this, the mission was without a regular pastor for about seven years until in May, 1894, Father Andrew Rapp, one of the first Americans, arrived in Jamaica and was assigned to all the western missions. The labors and hardships of Father Rapp are a story in themselves.

IN the Summer of 1909, Father James McDermott, S.J., who is at present stationed at St. Peter's College, Jersey City, N. J., took charge, and besides the spiritual care of his flock, occupied himself with repairs in the buildings which after a quarter of a century were not in the best condition. But then, what happened? The following year brought a hurricane that wrecked everything. Father Joseph Williams next appears on the scene, and a beautiful new stone church appears amidst the ruins. Situated on the summit of a hill in the center of a great valley, the Church of the Sacred Heart stands as a witness of the Faith of the German settlers in Westmoreland.

After a hundred years, the Germans in Jamaica have just reason to be proud, and as the grandsons and granddaughters of the early settlers sit and listen to "Massa" Will, one of the old-timers, tell the tale of former days, may they learn to appreciate the love and fidelity of the shepherds of Christ who have labored among them. As they retain the habits of their ancestors, so may they retain and grow in their love of the Faith that was brought to them. Congratulations and blessings on the flaxen-haired, ruddy-cheeked, blue-eyed sons and daughters of Seafordtown! The address of their Pastor is as follows: Father Francis Kempel, S.J., Lamb's River P. O., Jamaica, B. W. I.



Santal woman preparing the "welcome bowl" for the visitor.

IN your recent letter you asked me one hundred and one questions about the Santals of my section of Patna Mission, India,—how they act, what they talk about, what I eat, where I sleep in a village, what I do when I am not preaching, as you call it, and I know not how many other questions.

Do not think that I put up at the village inn, at the sign of the Three-Legged Horse. There simply is no inn. A Santal village is a place where the people of that village live, and eat, and sleep, and have their being. Visitors are visitors and are taken care of by the visited.

Therefore, number one, I put up at the house of anyone who will put up with me. If there is a Catho-

"There Simply

lic family in the village I stay there, or at the headman's house, elsewhere.

Do not imagine, either, that when I arrive at my host's domicile, a liveried servant takes me in tow, passes me on to the major-domo, who sees that I get to my room where a warm bath is awaiting me. After having removed the stains of travel, as they say, I am not taken to my host who sets up the drinks while son Harold twiddles the dial of the radio receiver, or sister Suzie entertains us at the piano. Such trappings belong to another civilization where people choose to burden themselves with a multitude of unnecessary things called necessities.

MY Mass box, food box, and blankets are deposited in a corner of the verandah, or may be taken inside the house. I prefer them to remain outside, as, under ordinary circumstances, free ingress to the host's house is a privilege not to be used too freely.

Harold and his younger brother, or his grandfather, have brought home the goats and cattle, and have put them into the pens. Suzie, along with other Suzies from the same village, has marched down to the river, a block or more away, with one water pot balanced on her head and another resting on her hip.

Mother is busy with the fire and the cooking. This latter is performed over a stove made of mud, about two feet long, by one foot wide and one foot high. It has room for two vessels. The wood is fed from beneath, through an opening that communicates with both fireplaces. There is no chimney, so the smoke finds its way into the room, and what does not get into the eyes of the inmates, filters out through the door or the roof tiles. There is no window.

My servant cleans my dishes and sets them down beside the cooking. Meanwhile I am out in the courtyard, usually surrounded by all the children in the neighborhood and most of the grown-ups who have come to see what it is all about. Of course, I do not object to the presence of the crowd. That is just what I want, to meet the people.

IT is evening. My lantern illumines the small court which may be likened to the atrium of a Roman house. Depending on the season of the year there will be a million, more or less, bugs and moths around the lantern. My catechist and I take advantage of the curiosity of the crowd. They came to see and they remain to listen.

My clothes are wet with perspiration. My shoes are soaked from wading through the creeks or walking through wet grass. I would give anything to be able to put on dry clothing, but often that is out of the question. Privacy! One American humorist in speaking of privacy said he had as much privacy as a gold fish in a bowl. Sometimes I have envied that goldfish.

It is not that these people are unkind or inhospitable. They themselves wear no shoes. Hence the discomfort of wet footwear is unknown to them. Most of them have only one outfit of clothing to their name. When that gets wet they either sit in front of the fire till it gets dry, or they put on a piece of old rag while the other garment is drying. Usually, there is only one room in the house, so even if I



Cleanliness is one of the sterling virtues of the Santals among whom the American Jesuits of Patna Mission are working.

no Inn” Charles P. Miller, S.J.

ask leave to go inside to change my clothing, all the women folks have to be ousted.

After a while my host announces dinner. There is no stately butler to sound the dinner gong. Instead, one of the women of the house brings a *lota* (small brass vessel) full of water, places it in front of the guest and departs without saying a word. Taking the vessel, you go to one corner of the yard and wash your fingers and rinse your mouth. Then you return to the scene of action. The table is quickly laid. A rope bed is cleared of its contents, usually several babies, and set before me. A table cloth is unnecessary. Dessert spoons, fish knives, butter knives, etc.,—no such artillery will be parked on either side of the plate. Rice and *dhal*, perhaps some potatoes or onions, or some other vegetable; perhaps a chicken or pigeon,—even a missionary has his lucky days—and another *lota* full of tea so hot and strong that even the Old Nick would hesitate to stir it with his finger.

TIS strange but true that, though my food box is supposed to be equipped with knife, fork, large and small spoon, these adjuncts of civilization are seldom to be found when wanted. Sometimes all four are on leave, or one or the other may be present. I offer no explanation of this, I merely state the fact. And I might add that my servant is never at a loss for a satisfactory explanation and an unsatisfactory substitute for the missing articles of furniture.

I recall one particular occasion when all four were A. W. L. My servant set the food before me. There was *dhal*, rice, and a pigeon. On one *secoua* leaf was salt and on another sugar. In the dim lantern light I could not distinguish one from the other. “Which is which?” I asked. He answered by taking some salt in his hand and giving my food a liberal aspersion.

“Did we forget to put the spoons and knife and fork into the box?” I queried. A Hindu servant expects his master to use the imperative, and he does not mind if a reprehension is mixed with explosives, but a Santal has all the independence of a man of the forest, and it would be high treason to reprehend him in public. So I left the imperative in the grammar, the explosives in the vocabulary, and asked my question in such a way as to suggest an excuse if one were needed.

“No sir, we did not forget them,” came the reply.

“Are they here, then?” I asked.

“No sir, they are not here. We left them at Kaskom. You said we would return there tomorrow and that there was no need of carrying extra baggage.”

“True, true,” I said, “the way is long and the pack is heavy.”

Now Kaskom was only seven miles away. But seven or seventy, I had said nothing about leaving two spoons, a knife and a fork at Kaskom in order to lighten our pack.

SO there I sat, a good appetite inside of me and a good meal outside of me, but sans fork, sans spoon, sans knife. My host came to the rescue by dexterously folding a *secoua* leaf, pinning it with small splinters of bamboo and thus improvising a spoon. I used this spoon to eat the rice and *dhal*, and my fingers helped me to

“Suzie, along with other Suzies from the same village, has marched down to the river, a block or more away, with one pot balanced on her head and another resting on her hip.”



Spinning is not a lost art among the Santal women of Father Miller's Mission.

disjoint the pigeon. Several young ladies were standing opposite me. They watched me for a while in silence, and then one said in an undertone: “So that is the way they eat!” I had a notion to tell her: “Yes, that is the way they eat when their Santal servant leaves the prandial armory seven miles away.” Silence is golden, when you are talking to a Santal woman, so I held my peace though I realized that the reputation of the whole European civilization hung in the balance. (To be continued)



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Stay out of Mexico!

WE heartily recommend the use of every fair and legitimate means to bring our Government to a consciousness of its duty in the present Mexican situation. We suggest a continued spread of the spirit of protest as recently witnessed in Philadelphia where thirty-five thousand people met under the leadership of His Eminence, Cardinal Dougherty; as previously initiated and nobly continued in the Baltimore Archdiocese by His Excellency, Archbishop Curley; as vigorously sponsored by the Knights of Columbus; as heartily taken up in various dioceses throughout the country. We stand foursquare behind a constant appeal to our Congressmen at Washington to take legitimate vigorous steps to clarify and put on a true American basis—a basis, therefore, which is Christian—our relationship with Mexico.

We approve and second the boycott of Mexican goods as advocated by the *Brooklyn Tablet*, and we endorse fully a recent campaign of the *Queen's Work* of St. Louis. As this latter campaign has just been launched, we quote in full the leaflet which is being spread broadcast.

"Lovers of Liberty . . . Stay out of Mexico! The present corrupt, tyrannous, bloodthirsty government of Mexico is trying to draw American tourists into Mexico. Why? Because American tourists are one of Mexico's largest 'industries.' American tourists bring millions of American dollars to enrich the party in power.

"But do American tourists know that the government and party in control of Mexico violates all that America loves and reveres?

1. A small minority of ruthless tyrants keeps the great majority of Mexicans in subjection by armed forces, injustice, trickery.

2. They permit only one political party in Mexico. Hence there are no free elections. The voters must vote for the tyrants in power or not vote at all. That party

controls nationwide graft that has made its leaders multi-millionaires.

3. They have adopted the worst principles of Soviet Russia.

4. They flagrantly disregard human rights. Parents are forced to send their children to communistic, atheistic schools. Property is ruthlessly confiscated. Only the party in power has any rights.

5. They have time and again flouted and disregarded American rights.

6. They make war on all religion, Catholic, Protestant, Jewish; have driven God from the land, and make the practice and preaching of religion a crime punishable by death, exile or confiscation.

7. They have shot and still shoot down all opponents. They have martyred hundreds of priests and nuns and thousands of peasants.

8. They have frequently endangered the lives of tourists by widespread terrorism which included armed attacks on places where tourists were visiting.

9. The country seethes with discontent and rebellion against this tyranny.

"Lovers of Liberty . . . Stay out of Mexico!"

Our heartfelt sympathy goes out to the honest millions of Mexican people, and we desire to leave nothing undone that will help them fairly to be rid of their godless rulers and will place in their stead men who reverence and adore God, and therefore will take their responsibility in government as a sacred trust that demands a high regard for rights, Divine and human, supernatural and natural.

The Catholic American Negro

THE "Annual Report of the Secretary of the Commission for the Catholic Missions among the Colored People and the Indians" points out some rather consoling features of the mission work among our Colored people in the United States. What the Report has to say on the Indian situation will be reserved for later comment. Well-merited praise is given to the priests and Sisters who have battled for the cause of the Negro through the critical years of the depression. True it is that only a beginning has been made when we consider that out of a population of twelve million Negroes, only 238,894 are Catholics. Yet the record of the past five years is heartening. During these five years, twenty-three additional churches have been built and almost the same number of new, distinct mission parishes have been created. The number of priests engaged exclusively in work among Negroes has risen from 208 to 243. Ten new schools have been opened, and the attendance of Negro pupils in Catholic schools has increased slightly, about five per cent on the average. Especially heartening is the reported figure of nineteen thousand conversions during five years. "To see the significance of this," says the Report, "it should be observed that the total number of converts to the Church in the entire country, including the Negro converts, is about forty thousand annually. This contrast shows the intensity of the zeal of priests and Sisters in spreading the Faith among the Negroes as well as the success of their efforts.

The Mission Intention

The Isles of the Pacific

ON June 8, 1833, the first Vicariate Apostolic was erected in the Isles of the Pacific, and shortly afterwards the first three pioneering missionaries appeared in the Gambier group. It is entirely appropriate that in memory of this first centenary of evangelization, His Holiness should recommend as a Mission Intention those who are now laboring in these isles of the ocean, hoping that soon the prophecy of Sophonias may be fulfilled: "And they shall adore Him every man from his own place, all the islands of the Gentiles." (Sophonias ii, 11.) The islands of the Pacific to which we refer include all that island world which geographers chart as Polynesia, all the isles of the Central Pacific between thirty degrees north and forty-seven degrees south latitude; Melanesia, all the isles northeast of Australia; Micronesia, which includes the Marianas, Caroline, Marshall and other islands east of the Philippines. Approximately fifteen hundred in number, these islands harbor a population of 2,000,000 inhabitants of whom, according to the most recent available statistics, there were only 353,524 Catholics, divided into 17 Vicariates Apostolic, and 1 Prefecture Apostolic. There are 498 missionaries, 393 Brothers, 1,029 Sisters and 2,290 catechists. Geographic conditions, discouraging distances and difficulties of communication offer unique obstacles to the propagation of the Faith. For example, the Jesuit Mission of Micronesia, by itself alone, covers water ways equal in expanse to the Mediterranean, but is populated by only 50,000 islanders. Protestant rivalry, which in the beginning was both violently intense and unscrupulous in its methods, is now more discreet, though still active. Registered in the various Protestant missions are a half a million adherents. On February 9, 1567, Alvaro de Mendana, disembarked on the Isle of Isabela in the Solomon group. Four Franciscan Fathers accompanied him and celebrated the first Mass in that ocean territory. Six months later the expedition quit the archipelago, taking with them four natives, who, on their arrival at Peru, were baptized. These were the first Christians of Oceania. From that time until today, missionaries have been recruited mainly from the Religious Orders and Congregations, and in spite of forced isolation, unhealthy climate, fever-ridden territory, in spite of discouraging natural phenomena, such as frequent cyclones and earthquakes, in spite of the difficulty of dialect and language, these apostolic men and women of God have now firmly entrenched the Cross of Christ in what was once the stronghold of paganism and infidelity. Through the merits of the early Jesuit Martyrs in the Mariana and Caroline Islands, may we hope for the speedy conversion of these islands of the Gentiles: Hawaii, Marquesas Islands, Tahiti, Cook, Central Oceania, Samoa, Fiji, New Caledonia, New Hebrides, Southern and Northern Solomon, Central and Eastern New Guinea, Papua, New Brittany, Gilbert, the Mariana, Marshall and Caroline group and the Island of Guam. These waterways cover one-third of the surface of the globe.

Father Francis G. Kempel, S.J., and two typical natives from his mission station of Revival, Jamaica, B. W. I.

The Mass of the Missions

The Our Father
(Continued)

It must be remembered that the Body and Blood of the Lamb have been immolated not only for a sacrifice, but also for a food offering. It is this that Christ Himself intended when He said of His Body: "Take ye and eat," and of His Blood: "Drink ye all of this," and this Saint Paul emphasized when he taught: "The chalice of benediction which we bless, is it not the communion of the Blood of Christ, and the bread which we break, is it not the partaking of the Body of the Lord?" (1 Cor. x, 16.) Indeed, it is especially for this Bread even more so than for the bread of the grain that we ask in the fourth petition of the Our Father. The seven petitions of this prayer summarize for mankind the sum total and proper order of life's desires.

1. First, last and forever,—the glory of God: "Our Father . . . hallowed be Thy Name."
2. A part in God's Glory: "Thy Kingdom come" to us.
3. Grace to obtain this fellowship in glory: "Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven."
4. The very source of this grace: "Give us this day our daily bread."
5. Removal of all obstacles to glory: "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive . . . us."
6. Victory in trial: "Lead us not into temptation."
7. Freedom even from the temporal effects of sin: "Deliver us from evil."

In the words of the ensuing prayer: "From all evils, past, present and to come," granting in their stead peace in our days and security from all disturbance, always through the merits of the Lamb That even while the priest prays is waiting patiently to be lifted up and placed upon the paten, the paten which the priest now kisses in public token of his love for this new sepulchre of Christ's Body.

Breaking of the Host

The priest now lifts the Sacred Host and, breaking It into two equal parts, deposits the half within his right hand upon the paten of gold.



*Lives of great men all remind us,
We can make our lives sublime.*



*St. Ignatius and St. Francis Xavier
Two Great Men*

Unfortunately too often we do not know the truly great. Many of those whom the world calls great are hardly more than shadows which vanish when the light of their lives go out.

Great men are those who in life really accomplish something. They work for the good and well-being of others. Their accomplishments are not selfish. Material and temporal reward often is not their lot, nor do they seek the credit of a great name such as the world might give them.

Great men are hidden in life to live after death. They survive in their deeds which redound to their eternal glory and work for the betterment of mankind. When they are gone, if not before, we are reminded that we, too, can make our lives sublime.

But why wait till they die to know them? Great men there are today if we will but seek them out. Find them we can if we know where to look for them. There is an army of them in the foreign missions. Imitation of them is possible if we will but make the sacrifice which that imitation calls for.

Do you want to know today's great men?

Do you want to help others make their lives sublime?

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

(Find a subscription blank on the inside back cover)

AFIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUITS



PATNA, INDIA

Father Francis M. Brown, S.J., who is stationed at Chuhari, has been so busy with bricks, plans and rebuilding—since the earthquake—that he hasn't had time to send lengthy accounts. In acknowledging a gift sent to him he says:

"You may be sure that I do not forget those kind souls who send me help. I must try to let people know that we are rebuilding, and even in India, rebuilding costs money. How we need our church here in Chuhari! I have not been able to have a Solemn High Mass since the earthquake. We have not been able to tell the whole community the same thing at the same time because it is impossible to crowd them all into the study hall, eighteen feet by thirty-eight. There are one hundred boys, more girls, and two hundred and fifty villagers. Anyhow, I hope we do not have another earthquake, and I hope you never have one."

* * *

Father Walter E. Marquard, S.J., Pastor of the Catholic church at Bettiah, has a busy program which in some respects is not unlike the parish work in the States. However, over and above the poverty of his people, he has problems which an American Pastor does not know. Father writes:

"Since the quake we've had plenty of plague and cholera. The plague was a new experience. It started in just after the quake, let up for a couple of months in the end of the hot season, and started in again with the cold weather. It isn't much more thrilling than the flu, except that the victims are a little more sure to die. Only two of my Christians have died of it this season. The people have fled from most of the other sections of town. The first sign of plague is that rats are dying. They fall out of the ceiling, or wherever they are, dance a little jig, and fall over dead. That means that there's a plague in that house. From the rats it gets to man by fleas from the dead rat.

"We had all our school boys inoculated against plague. So that people wouldn't say I was a martyr to my own stupidity in case it got me, I took the inoculation too. I don't know whether the plague could be worse.

"I should be giving grass and bamboos to some of my pagan tenants. They are moving out from the edges of the Christian quarters, because rats are falling. But if I give to one, it will mean a perfect deluge of petitions, and my nerves aren't what they used to be.

"As it is, I had heaps of old broken bricks from the quake piled all over the place until recently. Then, in a generous moment, I allowed one poor woman to take a few cartloads. Since then, those piles are melting away. But they all need them, badly. The heart-breaking job is to decide who needs them most. And my people are poor, many of them desperately poor. It's that fact that makes my job somewhat hard. They may not be saints either, but I love them, and would hold them up against any parish of equal size in the States or anywhere. Nor would I trade them for all the Santals in Patna Mission."

* * *

Father Edward J. O'Leary, S.J., who is Assistant Pastor of the Catholic church at Bettiah, tells us that one of his important works is in the school.

"We have five hundred and twenty-five boys in the Middle School here. Baby classes and first class are being taught now by the Bahins (native Sisters) of the Sacred Heart. This is something new since January 2, 1935. The remaining classes—second to sixth—have two sections each. The seventh class is the highest and has only one section. In these classes the Masters (lay teachers) do the teaching. The Bahins care for two hundred and twenty-five boys, and the remaining three hundred are divided among the other classes. In December, twenty-six of our seventh class boys sat for the Government Examination. Twenty-five passed—one of the boys was first in the entire district. This is the second year in succession that we have won first place. In fact, four times in the last five years this school has been first. Twenty-two of last year's class are now in the first year high school at Khrist Raja."

CEYLON

That John J. O'Connor, S.J., and John W. Lange, S. J., of the New Orleans Province of the Society of Jesus, have had a busy time of it since they reached St. Michael's College, Batticaloa, Ceylon, last Fall, is evident from a letter received from Mr. O'Connor.

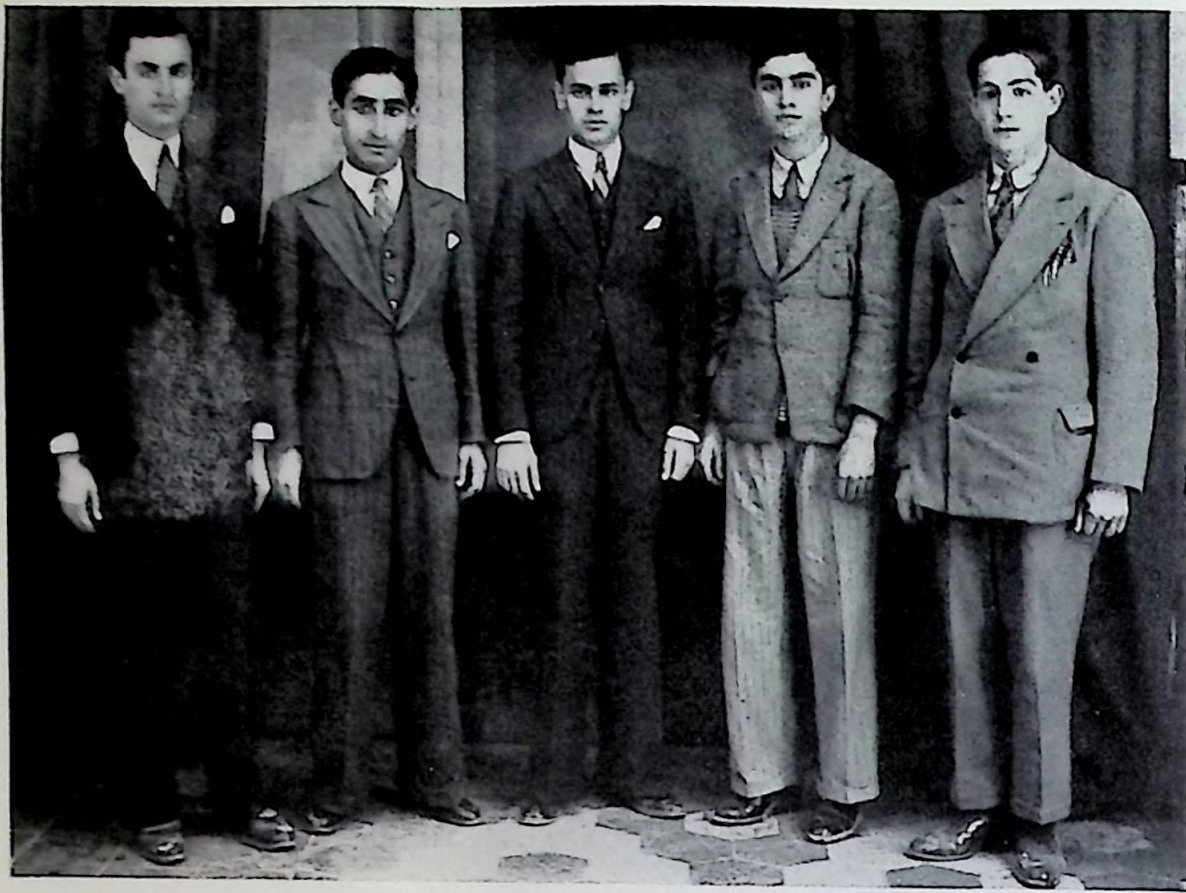
Since landing, there has been no let-up, especially for the prefect of the boys, who follows the boys from sunrise at 5:00 A. M., until well after 9:30 P. M. Even preparation of classes is a hard task, but there is the novelty of dealing with pounds, shillings, pence, farthings, rupees and cents, as well as Indian and French money—all of which feature in our mathematics classes. Then there are trigonometry, geometry, algebra and English that just consumes every moment that can be spared. Moreover, there are picnics, special features, religious ceremonies and preparations of plays (and we have had half a dozen since landing, including one on Father Pro, well played by the Sodalists and Crusaders, both active, lively organizations here). If we could have more than eighteen hours for work, things might be more efficiently and agreeably accomplished. However, it is all wonderful work and we are striving to put our best energies into it.

"During the Senior retreat, which began on the night of December 14, a strict silence was observed by the boys, and we feel that wonderful fruit was accomplished by the retreat."

IRAQ

From Baghdad College, Iraq, Father Frank Sarjeant, S.J., writes:

"During the month of December the play was the thing. As it was in Arabic, it was coached by Father Rahmani, a native priest who teaches Arabic to our boys. It was written by another native, Monsignor Rahnima. Baghdad is still singing the praises of our boys. Despite its success, there were a few mishaps. One day we were ready to start when we discovered that the bugle to be used in the first act had been left at home by one of the players! That cost the audience a half an hour. Another day we arrived at a dramatic point when a live pigeon was to be freed from its cage, only to find that the pigeon had already escaped. Twice the electricity failed us, but fortunately, it happened both times at the end of an act! By the way, are there any good unemployed electricians over there? We searched the whole city for a box of make-up and could find nothing more than some powder and a lip stick; but our actors



The Sodality Council of Baghdad College, Iraq. Left to right: Noel Joseph, Lewis Abdulahad, Marcel Demarci, Abboudi Talia and Albert Labbagh.

must have used the right kind of soap, for they looked all right under the lights. When those things happened we did not have any Murads to light, so we just laughed.

"After the play, five boys went out from Baghdad College with a purse in their hands. They were the Sodality Council, under whose auspices the play was given, and they were on their way to distribute the proceeds, or rather half of the proceeds, to the poor of Baghdad. The other half was to go to the Propagation of the Faith. Thus did some of the future leaders of this play go about, mindful of the great lesson that the whole world was to celebrate two days later on Christmas Day, the lesson of love."

CHINA

From Gonzaga College, Shanghai, China, Albert O'Hara, S.J., writes:

"Now just a few words about a little incident that occurred here and which perhaps has not yet been printed in the United States. Father W. Coleman Nevils, S.J., President of Georgetown University visited here after attending the International Red Cross Meeting in Japan where he represented America. As he entered the hall where our student body was gathered to meet him, an improvised Glee Club of Chinese boys sang the Georgetown song. Charles Chang, a recent convert of our Senior Middle School, gave the address of welcome in faultless English. He was followed by a Chinese youngster from the Junior Middle School who spoke in Chinese. Father Nevils was given an English translation of the speech so he could follow it. All the Chinese smiled when the little fellow very seriously said: 'Now I shall speak slowly and distinctly and I know the

Father will understand me.' Father Nevils then addressed the students and told them what a thrill he felt as he recognized the Georgetown song as he entered the hall. He went on to tell them that they are like members of a great world-wide family, i.e., the students of Jesuit schools, and he promised to carry their good wishes back to Georgetown's students."

* * *

"December 26 brought together all California Jesuits stationed in Shanghai. After a reunion dinner we were having a little chat when a Chinese rushed in calling that the school chapel was on fire. We rushed down to find the crib in flames. Two buckets of water calmed the flames enough to carry the crib outside, and scarcely any other damage was done. The crib was entirely ruined. The Chinese Christians, to whom the crib has come to mean a great deal, immediately sought another crib. A small temporary one was fixed up in place of the old one. Midnight Mass found all tickets given out and many people still asking for them. One half of the church was filled with Chinese and one-half with foreigners.

* * *

"Thomas Phillips, S.J., and Francis Rouleau, S.J., will receive the subdiaconate and diaconate about the first week in February and will be ordained this June."

* * *

From Wuhu-Anhwei, China, where he is making his year of Terianship, Father Charles Simons, S.J., writes:

"You may be wondering if there is any further news of the Communist captive, Father Dositeo Lopez. There has been absolutely none for a long time, despite repeated efforts to obtain

some. Father Lopez was last seen, still alive, en route with the Red Army when they decamped for Se-choan Province. Se-choan is way to the interior, on the borders of Tibet, and somewhat without the actual pale of Nanking Government influence. With a broken leg, Father Lopez was being carried, as hoped for precious barta, should he live. That he was being carried—such a consideration is not at all surprising. The armies, and more so the Reds, commandeer any and all able-bodied men they encounter and may need, in order to carry their baggage, etc. The poor fellows have no alternative. Even borne on a stretcher, it is difficult to see how the Father could bear that journey of weeks—considering his condition and the exposure and the haphazard food."

BRITISH HONDURAS

Father Quirinus P. Leonard, S.J., writes from Cayo, British Honduras:

"On Christmas I said two Masses at midnight in Santa Helena, which is just on the other side of the river from Cayo, and then in the morning took my new mission boat, 'San Ignacio,' and went down to Duck Run. This was the first time the people of Duck Run ever had Mass there on Christmas, and they were very grateful. The day was very rainy, and as the roads at this time of the year are simply impassable, such a trip would have been out of the question without a boat. The little 'San Ignacio' is quite suitable for travel in the upper reaches of the Belize River, where most of my stations lie. Traveling in it will be more convenient than on horseback at any time of the year, but during the rainy season it is the only way possible. The boat is not yet paid for, and I am trying to build up a fund to cover it. For this I have to rely mostly on outside sources. Business has picked up a 'wee' bit here, but the people are still very, very poor. For instance, our Christmas morning collection here in Cayo was exactly nine cents!"

CANADIAN INDIANS

In a letter of December 26, Father Leopold Porcheron, S.J., writes from Little Current, Ontario:

"How many are cold because they have no money to buy clothes! I don't know how it is in Toronto, but here in Little Current to-day we had the most bitter cold and wind of the season.

"This year I said the Christmas Midnight Mass at West Bay, twenty miles from Little Current and then at 2:00 A. M., I came back to Little Current to say the third Mass at 10 o'clock. The Indians at West Bay sang a Solemn High Mass at the midnight service. I could not swear that they were always in the right tune and measure. Sometimes there were solos that should not have been, yet they did their best and the Infant Jesus must

have been pleased with their simple faith. The decorations, hand-made of silk, and mostly blood red, could have been used to signify danger to the cars in the road. But what is most important, there were very many Communion. There was also a big collection, four dollars and fifty cents. The ordinary Sunday collection is fifty cents, so that the bookkeeping does not tire the missionary."

* * *

In another letter Father Porcheron says:

"The missionary has to assist the Indian spiritually and even materially also, giving him old clothes or old shoes that he receives from outsiders. He would also help the Indian with money, if he had any.

"You may ask: 'Why is the Indian so poor?' Many answers have to be given to this question. In the first place, the Indian is the enemy of work, especially of steady and constant work. He will not even split fire wood for his Winter supply. Many times, during the coldest nights of the Winter, one might hear the sound of saw and axe. It is an Indian, who, rather than freeze to death, goes out during the night to saw and split some wood. With this he makes his fire and sleeps again without worry till the cold wakes him up again. Then again the saw and the axe, for he will make fire wood only for his actual need. Some make a fence of poles around their property every Spring because every Winter these poles become fire wood.

"This gives you an idea of their carelessness in providing for the future. Their apathy in the material life is shown also in the spiritual life. But the missionary must take them as they are. The merciful Lord, doubtless, must have pity on His poor Indians."

* * *

Father Alexander Rolland, S.J., had the happiness of spending his first Christmas as a priest working in some of the Indian missions of Ontario. He writes:

"I had lots of ministry this Christmas on the missions. I visited ten missions in eighteen days, mostly all by means of the old-fashioned dog teams. Some of my trips were forty to forty-five miles in length in one day, and traveling conditions were not of the best,—the temperature ran at thirty-five degrees below zero and the ice was at its worst, broken fields making rough going."

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

Father John R. O'Connell, S.J., writes from St. Michael's Mission, Tangub, Occidental Misamis, P. I.:

"On one of my recent trips, in addition to a heavy cold, I got a bad wetting and had to stay overnight in a river *barrio*, where next morning a horse was brought eventually at 7:30. After a two hour ride over slippery mountain paths, most of which were

really too dangerous to ride over, I reached the little chapel. Breakfast was late because there were some forty Baptisms waiting. Then off I was again on horseback to make the ride for Tangub, where marriages and Baptisms of a Saturday were awaiting me. Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday were *fiesta* days for three other *barrios*, two of which were in the hills. Tuesday and Wednesday were filled with disappointments concerning the launch. Rain and mud did not help to mend matters, nor the delay of a horse which I had been promised. However, when it arrived, an hour and a half trip brought me to one of the highest points I have ever reached at the end of the island. I returned, however, with an investment in confessions, Communion, Baptisms and marriages which amply repaid me for the difficulties of the trip."

* * *

Father Andrew Hofmann, S.J., writes from Catholic Rectory, Iligan, Lanao, Mindanao, P. I.:

"Any sort of a check makes a big rumpus here now, especially in the Summer months. The New Deal did not improve matters for us here in Iligan. Repairs are necessary, for the roof leaks, and the walls are so perforated that animals can enter the church even when the doors are closed. The school building needs attention. The Sisters' convent resembles a shack, and so forth and so forth. With the addition of Father Walter Hamilton, S.J., Father Joseph Reith, S.J., and Father José Reyes, S.J., my territory has been cut from 35,000 Catholics to 20,000, but with the division comes a cut in revenue, and concentration on a smaller area. There can be no material progress without money. The spiritual progress has been very consoling. From 400 Communion in 1928, the number has jumped to 21,850 from July, 1933, to July, 1934."

Father Joseph L. Lucas, S.J., of Malaybalay, Bukidnon, Mindanao, P. I., writes:

"Poverty, illness, sacrifices and reverses, have marked the opening of the new Mission of Malaybalay, Bukidnon. Despite the shuffling of a New Deal, the eagle of material prosperity has not cast a single glance toward our lofty mountain peaks, but in its stead, vast armies of locusts have swept down upon us, and have robbed us of our daily bread. The mere recital of our most ordinary needs or the simple recollection of our every day needs would seem a piteous plea for material assistance. Our barren fields forecast a barren material prospect, but in the spiritual realm of souls, flowers of grace are springing up under the rain of sacrifice and the sun of God's benediction.

"My new mission field is indeed a 'Last Frontier.' Situated in Bukidnon, which means the place of mountains, the residence of the missionary is at Malaybalay, the capital of the Province. The mission extends to the borders of Agusan, Davao, Cotabato and Lanao.

JAMAICA, B. W. I.

A glance in review brings to mind the following achievements of our Fathers in Jamaica, during the last few months, which we were unable to record up to the present.

A triduum in honor of the Little Flower was conducted by Father Frederick Donovan, S.J., at Above Rocks. In spite of the unusually heavy rain, services were well attended. Father Donovan is at present busy preparing children for Confirmation. His many mission stations keep him on the go all the time.

Catholic Action at Spanish Town is progressing rapidly. A public reception was given in honor of His Lordship's silver jubilee. The function took



Father David A. Daly, S.J., at left, Pastor of Tagoloan, Oriental Misamis, P. I., and Father Augustin A. Consunji, S.J., at right (in white cassock), with children from their *barrio* catechism centers.

place in the Town Hall. "Every Man," the miracle play, was staged by the children, and their performance was excellent.

A Penny Sale in aid of the church at Donnington was held on the church grounds at Linstead recently. Father James Dolan, S.J., the Pastor, has started a census of the people in this district who have been baptized or who have been god-parents. His Sodality organization has developed considerably.

Father Charles Eberle, S.J., is at present living in a single room in the back of the new church at Highgate. He hopes to have better accommodations some day. The new academy conducted by the Franciscans at Port Maria now has about twenty-five children in attendance.

In preparation for the hundredth anniversary of the foundation of the mission at Preston Hill, contributions are being received for a school for the children of the mission.

Holy Mass at the Mission of Oracabessa is usually said in the old market, and the congregation must kneel on the hard cement floor. Conditions at Bellfield are no better. There is no chapel for the congregation. The Sunday School is doing very well.

Father Raymond Sullivan, S.J., who is in charge of the missions at Brown's Town, Alva, Murray Mount, Somerton, Refuge, Locheroch Side and St. Ann's bay, has been directing the construction of the new convent at Alva. He hopes to have Sisters from Kingston to teach in the school.

Sheridan's Play, "The Rivals," was recently staged at the town theatre by the students of St. George's College.

Father Joseph Ford's residence at Mandeville, which has been used for a retreat house for laymen, is available for any of the mission Fathers who wish to make their retreat here.

St. Joseph's Church, Savanna-la-Mar, has been the recipient of a beautiful statue of St. Anthony. The kind donor was Father Keller of Boston. A new six-room cottage for the teachers has been completed at Revival. At Orange Hill, Father James Harney, S.J., is hoping to install a new bell and belfry. Recently at a concert given for the fund a magnificent sum of two dollars was realized.

An excellent concert was held recently in St. Ann's Parish for the Parish Fund. The novena in honor of the Little Flower was conducted by Father Vidal. Father Edward Whalen, S.J., gave the novena at Holy Cross Church, of which Father George McDonald, S. J., is Pastor.

Back again to Montego Bay after having given a successful retreat to the Scholastics and Brothers at Winchester Park, Father James Becker, S.J., is busily engaged with his various parish organizations, which include the Sodalities, Tekakwitha Club, Girl Guides and Boy Scouts.

AMERICAN INDIANS

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

"Father Daniel P. Meagher, S.J., and myself, with all the courage we can muster, are carrying the load here.

"A few days ago, one of our Indians came in with the word that Emma Stray Calf was dying. We asked him to get into the car and bring us to her home, for the Indians are scattered far and wide in out of the way places on this vast reservation. The rough and rutty road we travel led toward the river bottom. Outside the hut, the children were playing in the dirt, while inside the older Indians—many of them still unable to speak English—were gathered about the one shabby cot on which Emma lay.

"Respectfully they left the room

willing, we shall open that school in the very near future. That will depend upon our benefactors. The good Franciscan Sisters from Oldenberg, Indiana, will come to us if we get our building in shape and make the other improvements requisite. May God hasten the day."

* * *

Father Thomas A. Steele, S.J., of St. Andrew's School, Pendleton, Oregon, is making every effort to save his school. He writes:

"Thanks very much for your letter of December 31, and for the Masses sent. Anything at all is a help. I know how difficult it is to get money. Our Mission is just pulling out of the severe financial straits in which it was only about a year ago. Quite an amount of my time has been given to



Sister Falconieri, O.S.F., with some of the Indian children at St. Andrew's School, Pendleton, Oregon. The Mission is in charge of the Jesuits of the Oregon Province.

while I heard Emma's confession; they returned and knelt reverently while I administered Extreme Unction. In a day or so Emma was dead. Once again I could thank God that, at the approach of death, she thought first of the priest and of making her peace with God. And yet, mingled with my thankfulness, there was a sense of foreboding. The thought of those other children playing so carelessly, strangers as yet to thoughts of such far-off things as death and judgment and eternity, kept coming into my mind. Poverty forced the Sisters to leave the Mission School some years ago. What does the future hold for these children? What will the dawn of young manhood and young womanhood mean to them? What will their old age be? How will they die?

"If I can open the Mission School again, I shall have little fear of the future, for experience has taught me that the Indian children whom the Sisters train preserve through life, as a rule, an integrity of character and a spiritual fineness which many of our White people might well envy. God

the administration of a rigid program of economy. I took personal control of all the Mission's buying to save every possible cent. Every legitimate scheme to get money that can be used is put to work. I wish I could give all my time to spiritual work among the Indians, but it isn't possible. The material welfare of our school is paramount. Of the thirty Baptisms we had last year, about ten of them were school children. Of the fifteen first Communions, fourteen were at our own school. Our school is the rock that will in time break up the last vestiges of paganism.

"Severe as the problems of this place have been in the past, they now seem to approach close to a solution. It takes courage to grapple with some of these matters, but I believe that time will prove the advantage of our work.

"We consider our school very, very important. Upon it depends the future of our Mission, the upbuilding or decay of Catholicity in this region. If the school is put on a firmer financial basis, the way will be paved to more extensive missionary work among the Indians."

PADRE JOSE

(Continued from page 88)

SOON the work of church building was in order, and again Padre José labored with true zeal, helping, now to lay the adobes, now to mix cement, or again to do the thousand and one other things which made up the day's work. News of the strange revolution which was taking place, attracted people from Albuquerque and tourists from many parts of the country. Often when Padre was working in soiled overalls and dirty from the results of his labors, the tourists, taking him for one of the workmen, would ask who was the Father who had undertaken this difficult project. Great was their astonishment upon being told that the Padre was none other than he with whom they were speaking. They were so moved by the novel sight of seeing a priest in the garb of a worker, toiling away with the energy of a day-laborer, that they were prompted to great generosity in their donations. In this way the debts accruing in the building of the church were paid.

The work on the church was begun in July, 1915, and finished in time for the first Mass to be said on the feast of St. Ignatius of the following year. Today, San Ignacio is one of the beauty spots of the city of Albuquerque. Built high up on the hillside, it overlooks the city and turns its back into the mesa land.

Padre José, in the midst of all these heavy labors, ate but one meal a day, slept in a chair in a cold room on the north side of the church, without any fire. This hard and penitential life brought about his breakdown towards the end of 1918. From that time on he remained in the residence of San Felipe, Old Albuquerque, New Mexico, doing the ministries of an assistant priest.

THERE WAS A MAN, SIR

(Continued from page 93)

I thought it would interest him, seein' he had so often been at my place and knew her very well. Well sir, when I sent that note I thought that would be the end of it. But no sir. You know what he did? Well sir, I'll tell you. He sends an answer right back saying that he

would be up next day. And next day, there he was, through a bad spell of weather, too, and he said to me,

"Ira, your old woman was not a Catholic, and neither are you. But you both belong to the same God that I try to serve and whom you both worshipped according to your lights. Now it isn't right that one of God's children should be buried like a senseless animal, so I'm going to give her a decent Christian burial, and together we will say a prayer for the repose of her soul."

"Well sir, I could hardly believe my ears. Here he was offering to do of his own accord what I had no right to ask of him and what I thought he couldn't do even if I did ask him, seein' he was a Catholic priest and neither of us Catholics. Well sir, he did it: I'm tellin' you he did, and did it beautifully, too. I was so touched by this act of real genuine friendship and so impressed by his simple devotion to one of what he called God's children, even though she didn't belong to his Church, that I swore right there and then, that if any flea-bitten whelp of a so-called human being sittin' right where you are now, or anywhere else under my roof, or it doesn't matter where—ever tries to tell me again that a Catholic priest is crooked or deceitful, is bigoted or narrow-minded and spits only damnation to everybody but Catholics, I'll smash his face for him. Yes sir, I'll smash his face. I told you I'm not a Catholic and never will be one, I guess, but I'll tell you something else too. I knew right there and then, that if there is anywhere in creation such a thing as salvation, Father Jette would get it for me. Yes sir, he would that. And now that he's dead already this many a year, I know that as sure as you are sittin' there listening to me, he's going to get it for me, and I'm bankin' on it."

THERE came over his face an expression that I will long remember. His eyes saw away off in the distance,—and a sudden silence replaced his long speech. Meanwhile I had finished my lunch. I arose, thanked him for his generous hospitality, bade him goodbye, and

promised that I would see him again on my return trip about two months later. I did see him again, then and several times after. Each visit showed me more of the real heart of the man, and I sort of took a liking to him in spite of him being a "character."

Hence, when I returned North after an absence of three and one half years, one of my first inquiries was about my friend, Ira, at Mouse Point. If he was still there, I could not disappoint him by passing him by without a greeting at least. But he wasn't there.

Three years ago, he took suddenly ill, was taken to the hospital in Fairbanks, his first trip off the Yukon in forty-three years, and his last. There he was baptized, received the last sacraments, and died peacefully and happy. At this news there flashed into my mind the last few minutes of my first meeting with him. "Yes sir, if there is anywhere in creation such a thing as salvation, Father Jette will get it for me. Yes sir, he will that, and I'm bankin' on it."

SUNSET AND THE STARS

(Continued from page 94)

town. The weather was arctic, and, returning, Thomas and his lay assistant had to stop for the night at Dutch Pete's Place, a two-room log tavern, where eight other guests sprawled on the floor with their heads on their saddles and their hands on their six-shooters.

After his third year of theology, the young missionary was ordained in (1905) in St. Aloysius' Church, Spokane, by the late Bishop Edward O'Dea. After two years of final sacerdotal preparation, he set out for the Crows, arriving at St. Xavier's, on historic Rotten Grass Creek. At this time, Hardin sprang up, and Father Grant established another center there. Until a church could be erected, he celebrated Holy Mass in Mrs. Koch's drug store; later, in Matt Larkin's restaurant, then in the public school, using the teacher's desk for an altar.

Last July, Father Grant and I drove from Billings to Pryor, his favorite mission. En route, he told me about the difficult Crow language, of the deleterious effects of
(Continued on page 112)

Crocodile

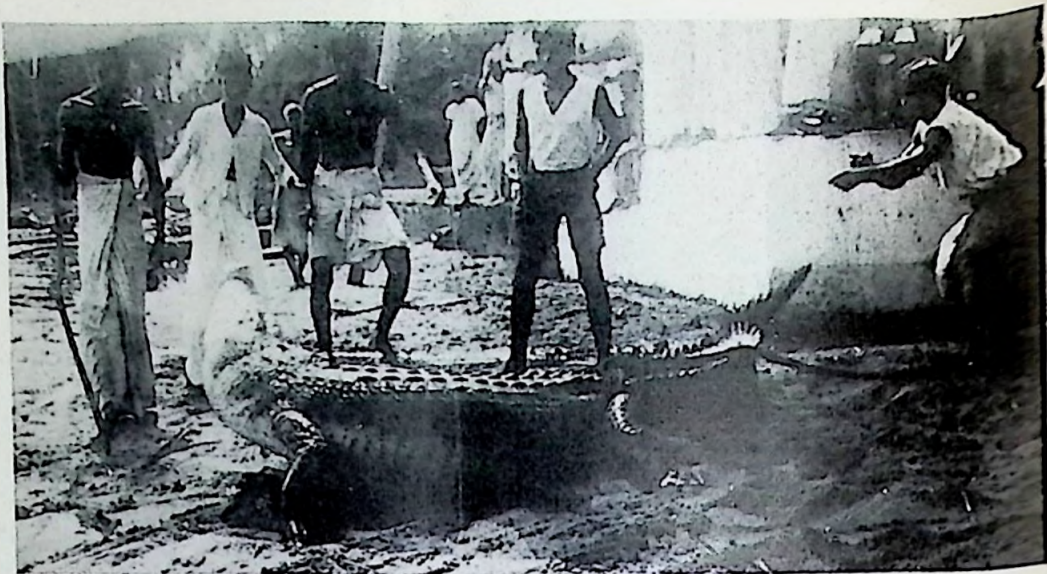
Tears! *John IV. Lange, S.J.*

“A IYO! 'Bastian has caught a *muthalei!*
—a big one! Come see!”

The shout goes up, and in an instant every child in the neighborhood—and the Tamils are all children—is tucking up his *sarong* and scurrying down the lane between the rows of palm-thatch huts to the water front. Sure enough! there it is, a monstrous creature, fully fifteen feet long, writhing its great scaly back, throwing its ponderous tail to one side and then to the other in an effort to slip out of the noose that the cunning 'Bastian has secured about its thick body just at the hips,—if zoology knows of such a thing as crocodile hips! A snout that closely resembles the vicious jaws of a wolf, but equipped with teeth that would never fit into any wolf's mandibles, snaps savagely, threatening sure amputation to whatever limb ventures within good reach.

The Tamil fisherman, a young man, tall, muscular, dusky, has managed with the aid of some three or four staunch spirits to haul his prize well up on the beach, and has tied the end of the thick cocoanut-fibre rope to the timbers of a small bridge that spans a ditch running into the lagoon. Spectators soon take advantage of the bridge, and from a safe distance, outjabber one another, with a torrent of exclamations and questions (and, Tamil fashion, advice and instructions) hurled at the conqueror of the crocodile. The latter, fully as dynamic as his quarry, throws himself about with a vigor that rivals the contortions of the reptile. He bawls orders to the volunteers who have assembled to lend a hand, shouts an alarmed warning to those who threaten to venture too near, parries with a patronizing attempt at repartee the jokes and wise cracks of the wits.

WHAT finally evolves out of all this electrical excitement is that the *muthalei* has been worrying the neighborhood for some five or six days. He cruised up from the south end of the salt water lagoon, on business known only to himself, and seemed to be heading for the bar, and the ocean beyond. Just what attraction the great, booming Bay of Bengal could have for him, it would be hard to conjecture. But, there he was; and, as they say in Tamil, “What to do?” In pre-depression days, (yes, Ceylon too!) a good crocodile would have a hide worth from forty to eighty rupees in any market. But today, it's hardly worth the labor and risk. Anyhow, the young Tamil *sempatavan* was a good sportsman, and yearning for excitement. So he equipped himself with a stout cocoanut-fibre rope, to which was attached a large hook, sought out a huge chunk of well-aged meat, and went fishing. On Dutch Bar, half a mile from the *sempatavan* settlement of Pulyerdikuddah,



“Aiyoi! 'Bastian has caught a *muthalei!*—a big one! Come see!”

'Bastian set his line. Came the dawn—and the crocodile. Tamil energy and ingenuity did the rest, and a specimen was landed that would do credit to any zoo.

“And do you know,” 'Bastian tells you, “the *muthalei* has eyes underneath his head, as well as on top?” The ones on top are of a pale yellowish color, sickly, vicious-looking optics, bulging up so markedly that they are almost as threatening as the dagger fangs. If the eyes underneath are as hideous as those above, leave them alone! But, no, you must see; there *are* eyes. How to get a glimpse of them? There's a problem! Will the reptile, at a sharp word from his master, roll obligingly over on his back and wink one of his secret orbs at you? No, 'Bastian has a better way, resourceful man! A few popping instructions delivered in choice Tamil shortly bring a heavy plank to the scene. One end of it is quite unceremoniously dropped on the captive's head, and Panchan, the village fat man, applies his weight to the situation. The crocodile is pinioned to the ground. More weight is added, and the beast fairly snorts with discomfort. 'Bastian, for he alone would venture so near, hastily binds a strong cord about the clenched jaws of his pet, knots it securely, and the plank is removed. Poles and sticks are applied as levers, and the monster's wolfish head is raised off the ground, high in the air. Come close now and see the eyes in the throat. The scales must be drawn apart; sticks are awkward; a daring arm comes forward, in spite of protestation, and feels out the opening. Well, we can't see anything; but maybe the camera will, so we snap a closeup.

“HOW do you intend to dispose of it, 'Bastian?” the victor is asked.

And the question is lost in the storm of conflicting ideas that whirl in the mind of 'Bastian. More time for serious matters later; no time to talk shop now, while he is busy playing the part of hero and showman. Subsequently, the young man was offered twenty-five rupees for his trophy by one of the town officials. It had so happened, however, that the Sisters at the Carmelite Convent, who had shown interest in the *muthalei*, expressed a wish that they should like to send it to Rome as a souvenir. 'Bastian presented the splendid trophy, with his compliments. Such is the affection that the good Tamils have for their missionaries. Underneath, despite their faults, they are true-blue and loyal.

“Xavier Never Begged!” Thomas B. Cannon, S.J.

OBJECTION is sometimes made to modern mission methods on the score that missionaries of today depend too much upon money and too little upon grace. Those who speak in this tone invariably cite the supposed example of St. Francis Xavier, who, according to these objectors, went out with only a crucifix and a breviary to preach the Gospel. “He didn’t need anything else,” they say; “he never begged for his missions.”

However, the real truth is that *Xavier was a notorious beggar*. His appeals would put to shame the modest requests of present day missionaries. He wrote innumerable letters to fellow Jesuits, to great merchants, to the King of Portugal, exhorting, begging them to help him with *men, money and prayers*. Many of his letters have been preserved. In Coleridge’s edition, it is interesting to note that there are fifteen letters in which Xavier appeals for money and supplies, fourteen in which he begs for more missionaries and six or seven in which he pleads for prayers.

Xavier in the guise of a business man is a rather new and unexpected picture. He was not exactly a money-mad missionary; but he knew the necessity of money for his missions, and he was not ashamed to beg. His eminent sanctity did not prevent him from being a practical man of affairs. His thoughts were in Heaven; and yet his work was to be done on earth; and the flights of his soul to God did not hinder in the least the efficiency of his daily routine. His own intimate experience with the spiritual life made him see only more clearly the necessity of material aid in winning souls to God. And no one doubts that Xavier was right. He instituted a new mission method; and missiologists today almost unanimously agree in dating the modern mission age of the Church from the date of Xavier’s arrival in India.

PEOPLE who think of Xavier as a lone missionary and not as a great mission organizer have not known the real Xavier. He was a missionary himself, but he was also Superior of the missions. His was the task to plant the Church in as many countries as possible, and he did that personally, leaving in innumerable cities and islands the indelible memory of his inspired preaching and miracles. When his work of foundation was done, he hurried on; but no mission that he ever founded was left unprovided for. He sent for other missionaries to take up the work where he left off; from his farthest and newest outpost, he governed the chain of

missions strung out behind him. From India to Japan one system was in force. Even from his last exile on the Island of Sancian, he continued to provide for all his missions. A few excerpts from his letters will show that Xavier was great enough to know the importance of material details and humble enough to beg for help.

To Father Mancias he wrote: “At Combutur the inhabitants have promised me to build a church and Manuel de Lima has promised to give a hundred *fanams* of his own money to help the building. Go over there and press on and arrange the work . . .” In a later letter: “I am writing to collect alms . . .” “When you write to the Commandant to supply any need that you have do not wait until you are in extreme necessity . . . I have asked the Commandant to supply you with what you want. I have also begged Manuel da Cruz to lend you money as often as you want it. . . .”

Xavier must have been a great friend of King John III of Portugal, judging from the tone of his letters. From Cochin, in January, 1545, he wrote to the King: “I would have Your Highness take an exact account of the revenues . . . you receive from India. . . . Then make a division between what is to go to your royal purse and what is to be given to God . . . taking care that the Creator of all things may never seem to be repaid poorly by Your Highness by too small a portion of the gifts which He has poured so lavishly into your bosom. And let Your Highness do this without delay . . . for however quickly it be done, it will always be later than it ought. . . . In truth, I seem to hear voices rising to Heaven from these countries against Your Highness, complaining on the part of India, that . . . while your treasury is being enriched by immense revenues from her, you barely give in return so very small a pittance in aid of the relief of her most grievous spiritual necessities. . . .” This is strong language to use towards a king.

XAVIER bids Simon Rodriguez to “take care that the King really sends out to India what is necessary for the propagation of the Faith.” He exhorts Simon to come to India, and to come “richly supported by the King and the Queen.” He wrote to the Queen, asking her to give him the tribute which was called “the Queen’s slippers,” with which to pay his catechists. “You cannot find better slippers with which to get to Heaven,” he wrote to her, “than the children so instructed.”

In his letters, Xavier asks for Mass wine, a Mass kit, food for poor Christians and pagans. (*To be continued*)



BOOK REVIEWS

The Church and The World. By Martin J. Scott, S.J. P. J. Kennedy & Sons, New York. Price twenty-five cents paper cover, \$1.50 cloth cover.

Eleven of the world's major problems of social and moral import are succinctly and decisively solved in this latest edition to the book shelf of Father Scott's apologetic volumes. The magnetic interest emanating from the nature of the issues discussed, as well as from the trenchant, uncompromising diction of the author, combine to make this book one of Father Scott's most important and impressive productions. While the nonsense of Determinism like the myths of Evolution will be always with us, yet there is today on the part of those outside Catholic colleges a tendency to doubt, question and deny the historical foundations of revealed religion. As an antidote against this virus of Naturalism comes this timely vindication of the Gospels as genuine, authentic historical documents, and the compelling refutation of the Fraud Theory, Naturalism, the Myth Theory of Strauss and Renan, the Tendency Hypothesis of Baur, and the later Evolutionary Theory. A popular presentation of the conditions necessary for obtaining certitude from written and oral testimony, and the actual fulfillment of these conditions in the case of the four Gospels, would be an invaluable brochure, and a challenge to those professors of religion in Catholic colleges who, if student, alumni and public criticism be only fractionally true, are, in their teaching, wasting both time and opportunities on merely academic issues, and woefully deficient in their treatment of the fundamental moral and apologetic needs of the students of today.

Training the Adolescent. By Raphael C. McCarthy, S.J. The Bruce Publishing Company, Milwaukee, Wisconsin. Price \$2.00.

One of the saddest phenomena relating to the Catholic Church in action, is the tardiness with which leaders, both lay and clerical, attempt to apply their Catholic morality to the social, educational and professional movements of the day. What we still desiderate in the field of law and medicine and sociology, this present volume supplies for those whose duties demand a knowledge of the psychology of the adolescent, courses in which the writer has been giving at St. Louis University for several years. Physical Development of the Adolescent and Sensory Changes, Mental Growth, Emotions, Will Training, Instincts and Impulses, Social Tendencies, Sex, Faults and Frailties,

Juvenile Delinquency, Youthful Idealism, Moral Formation, Religious Education and Youthful Religious Skepticism, Athletics, Habits, Mental Health, Guidance, are all steps leading to the end product, "an adequate adult, a man or a woman who is physically, intellectually, emotionally, and socially mature. In other words, the aim of adolescent education should be to produce a person who is fitted for self-maintenance and who has been prepared to fulfill the destiny for which he or she was put into this world." In *Faults and Frailties* there is a satisfying resume of specific types of lying with the motive and occasion for each. We presume that in defining a lie, as, "A false statement made with the intention to deceive," the author means that the intention to deceive is usually present, though not of the essence of a lie. Pages 188 to 197 on Religious Education might be reprinted as a separate brochure and used as a chart by our professors of Religion in Catholic colleges for the examination of their pedagogical consciences. Despite the Micawbers in our midst, we suspect that the Catholic ideal herein exposed is often honored more in the breach than in the observance. The condemnation of high school fraternities is merited and long overdue and the chapter on mental disorder is typical in excellence of the book's consistent thoroughness and practical bearing on adolescent life as it is today. The advantages of a priestly author are nowhere better exemplified than in the treatment of the chapter on Sex Instruction and Training. The book recommends itself as a permanent manual for the guides of youth, supplying what non-religious texts never can contribute, and what Catholics have long been desiring.

The Padre on Horseback. By Herbert Eugene Bolton. The Sonora Press, San Francisco, California. Price \$2.00.

"The Padre on Horseback" is a sketch of Eusebio Francisco Kino, S.J., apostle of the Pimas, who dwelt in what is today northern Sonora and southern Arizona. The story is dedicated to all admirers of bold spirits by an author who for many years has been turning up finds of unique and lasting value for the science of missiology in the field of historical research. Professor Bolton has revived the personality of this Knight of the Cross who was at once "A superb missionary, church builder, explorer, and ranchman," and has set him in the missionary tableaux of his age as a commanding and astounding figure. In Chapter II, the author's tribute to missionaries will win the gratitude of all Catholics. This understanding sympathy and admiration is conspicuous throughout the work and determines the selec-

tion of that part of his material which reveals the missionary proper. It is to this appreciative sense that we likewise owe such pictures as that of the little native girl at San Bruno who knelt before the image of the Virgin and begged permission to hold the Christ Child. Every phase of this brilliant character is set before us vividly. We stand with the explorer, as in 1702, he explains in triumph: "California is not an island, but a peninsula." We ride with him in spirit and witness feats in the saddle at which the southwestern cowboy of today stands amazed. We see in action his administrative talents as a cattle king, and we note his bravery as a protector of the border. He is the type that can inspire a cowboy of the plains to hero worship, and will turn more religious spirits to the worship of their God. One unhappy phrase we note for correction. On page 16, the author speaks of "involuntary perdition." There is no such thing. It is impossible to reconcile involuntary perdition with the justice of God. After this life, a soul goes to Heaven or to hell, only after having fully and voluntarily chosen to do so in this life, either by freely doing God's Will or by freely refusing to do it. Infants when they die, enter either a supernatural or a natural Heaven, depending on whether or not they have been baptized.

The Catholic Church in Action. By Michael Williams. The Macmillan Company, New York, N. Y. Price \$2.50.

In "The Catholic Church in Action," the distinguished author covers practically the same field as the recent publication, "The Vatican, Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow," by George Seldes, and supplies what was lacking in the former publication, namely, an interpretation of the supernatural life that courses through the entire ecclesiastical organism of the Church of Christ. The book should be read by every Catholic with any pretext to education, and should then be kept available at home and in libraries for frequent consultation. Part I deals with the organization of the Church in Rome, and Part II with the Church throughout the world, featuring chapters on The Hierarchy, The Parish and The Parish Priest, The Mission Field, The Eastern Churches, The Religious Orders, Catholic Education, The Liturgy, and Catholic Lay Action. The author's treatment of the immoralities to be found occasionally in the Papal Court is a model of sanity such as freebooter historians and magazines like *The American Mercury* are not morally brave or decent enough to adopt. His Catholic sense ably discriminates between the natural and the supernatural endowments of the Popes, as for example, in

his analysis of the sanctity of Pius, the Peasant, and the learning and worldly appeal of Leo, the Aristocrat. In the person of Pius XI, we see a resurgence of energy after long centuries of "rear guard, self defensive action due to the Reformation and the succeeding era of secularization." It was unavoidable that such a comprehensive work should not be free from flaws. If a second edition is contemplated, we note for correction on page 81 *ad limina* not *ad limini*; on page 185 the subdeacon is listed as one in Minor Orders, which is both wrong in itself and inconsistent with the statement at the bottom of page 208, in which Major and Minor Orders are enumerated; statistics on China should be revised according to the *Annuaire des Missions Catholiques de Chine*, 1935, edited at Zi-ka-wei, Shanghai; on page 247, "Vizaya" should be Visayans; on page 248, "Ingorots" should be Igorotes, and "Zamboang" should be Zamboanga.

Sant' Angela of the Ursulines. By Mother Francis d'Assisi, O.S.U. The Bruce Publishing Company, Milwaukee, Wisconsin. Price \$1.50.

Beautiful life story of the Foundress of the Ursulines beautifully told. This is that rare achievement for which the newly organized Spiritual Book Associates are searching, a biography saintly in substance and delicately literary in its telling, an opus of praise for Sant' Angela Merici and for her spiritual daughters, a worthy and a blessed memorial for the four hundredth anniversary of the founding of the Ursuline Order. Only the most sensitive artistry could have preserved the feminine, spiritual beauty of Sant' Angela in the midst of her daily contact with an age conspicuous for the ignorance, loss of faith and decline of morals which accompanied the renaissance of pagan arts and letters in the sixteenth century. Yet, in the midst of all, this girl of the middle class, who by nature and grace was born to be all things to all, laid the foundations of an organization whose cardinal objective for four centuries has been to educate in virtue the uninstructed girlhood of the day. Her secret of sanctity could not be more simple: "Do now, do now, what you will wish to have done when your moment comes to die." In her last will and testament, after exhorting her successors to preserve from all danger to soul and body these young girls entrusted to their care, Sant' Angela dictates what must always be the norm of their failure or success, i.e., individual attention. As the last grain of sand dropped from the hour glass of her life, this blessed spirit who, for more than three-score years, had been lent by Heaven to earth, beheld again, according to her biographer, the luminous stairway that she had beheld in her youth, and the memory of which was her lifelong inspiration. And de-

scending it to meet her, were radiant figures, virgins like Sant' Angela, who drew her with them up the gleaming stairs until she and they were lost to human sight.

Negro Americans, What Now? By James Weldon Johnson. The Viking Press, New York, N. Y. Price \$3.50.

With one major exception, we endorse this little volume as a most capable exposition of the American Negro problem and the ways which lead out. The major exception is the author's sympathy for Communism as expressed in his own words on page 9: "I hold no brief against Communism as a theory of government. I hope that the Soviet experiment will be completely successful." This judgment is the one dangerous flaw in an otherwise ably reasoned and reasonable critique. True, the author belittles the way of Communism as a way out for the Negro, yet his personal sympathy with the Soviet regime, one of whose cardinal tenets is an atheistic propaganda, reveals a mental distortion that needs severe revision and adjustment. Given a choice between Exodus, Physical Force, Revolution, Isolation or Integration, Mr. Johnson pleads for the last. It will be difficult to find any analysis so impersonally objective as that on the Negro Church, the Negro Press, and Organizations, or a discussion so well rounded as that on the Education of Negro Youth, The White People, Politics, Labor, Interracial Relations, Leadership and Stereotypes. The book contains no direct treatment of Miscegenation. A real dean of diction, Mr. Johnson has one gift of a leader of one's people.

The Judgments of Father Judge. By Joachim V. Benson, M.S. S.S.T. P. J. Kenedy & Sons, New York, N. Y. Price \$1.30.

While it is impossible to pass judgment on all the judgments of Father Judge, if taken singly and alone, and just as difficult to vindicate each single action in the light of his ultimate general success, still one must be blind indeed not to see revealed in this study of the modern Vincentian a man of God, walking through a world that to him was in all its phases but a revelation of the attributes of God, until led by the Finger of God he descended into the outlying sections of our own Southland and Puerto Rico, where he organized the Missionary Servants of the Most Holy Trinity. His is a story of religious simplicity such as confounds all worldly shrewdness and of faith under "the stinging experience of need." His hope ran ever high with the ardor of spiritual emprise which he himself assures us "cannot be developed by theory or by merely reading books or listening to conferences on it," but only "in distressing moments,

emergencies and crises." His was a charity which seeketh not her own. That his spiritual vision was not beclouded by the opinions of people, he himself attests: "High estimation is at times embarrassing because it holds one so painfully to high ideals, or rather, unreasonable ideals." Americans have been criticized for overvaluing knowledge and undervaluing wisdom. Father Judge exhorts his own followers as follows: "Remember you are first and last, missionaries. You are to be men of prayer . . . then students . . . the apostolic spirit is far more precious than any degree a university can offer." "The Judgments of Father Judge," are a brief for the lay apostolate, "a highly spiritualized laity," and for vocations to the Missionary Servants.

In Nomine Iesu. St. Aloysius' College, Mangalore, India. Price twenty-five cents per copy.

The Society of Jesus has today a glorious roll call of twenty-three canonized Saints of whom twelve are Confessors and the rest Martyrs, and one hundred and forty-three are Blessed, five being Confessors and one hundred and thirty-eight being Martyrs. Their brief biographies indicating the distinctive note of each one's sanctity are here included in the brief compass of seventy-two pages as a keepsake of these heroes of God who, in the name of Jesus, lived, suffered and died, to spread the Kingdom of Christ on earth.

Fiesta in Mexico. By Erna Fergusson. Alfred A. Knopf, New York, N. Y. Price \$3.00.

In getting material for this book, the author traveled into the remotest parts of Mexico. As long as she narrates what she saw at the fascinating fiestas, her chapters are colorful and interesting. The stories of the various fiestas are well told, though some may find their similarity somewhat dull, in spite of the fact that the author does try, by the insertion of human interest stories and travel notes, to sustain the reader. A little more pruning would have been helpful. While the author probably has no desire whatever to disapprove of or to belittle the good effect Catholicity has had on the Mexican Indians, still, one notes throughout the book an unchristian sort of regret that the Catholic Church had an influence upon certain old pagan customs. Does the author suppose that the Church is opposed to the true and the beautiful in art, and that she does not know how to distinguish between what is pagan or immoral and what is artistic, clean and beautiful? Possibly we may be a bit hard on the author, but just what else does she mean when she says (page 263): "Certainly the true Indian dance has suffered from being cut off from its pagan root and being grafted onto the Church"?

SUNSET AND THE STARS

(Continued from page 107)

the peyote weed, which wreck an addict's soul and body; of the present-day difficulties of the missionaries, who have hardships more subtle and discouraging than mere heat, cold, and starvation. The problem today, he inferred, is not against barbarism, but against so-called civilization. The great task, now, is to Christianize a civilized Indian!

Just before leaving Pryor, I shot Father a last question.

"Father," I asked, "everybody is wondering when that cancer will finish you. How many more years are you good for?"

He laughed heartily; waved his hat in a token of fine health. "Tell the boys I'm good for ten years more!"

As the car scooted upon the cinder driveway, I could see him still standing there smiling; and I was too, for I didn't suspect that I would never see him again. This was our second meeting; our first was at St. Ignatius, Montana, twenty years ago, which I recall vividly. After visiting my parents, he promised to make a missionary out of me, and we left the house, hand-in-hand. Fifty yards later, I grew homesick, broke from his hand, and ran home as fast as my eight-year-old legs could carry me.

Although Father Grant's death, from a spiritual viewpoint, is a happy event, a glorious homecoming, the Indians of Montana, especially the Crows, are sad. No longer will he counsel them in their difficulties or console them in their sorrows. Other lips will now bless their infants and other hands rise above them in forgiving absolution. No more will be toil into their tepees to comfort the dying. The sharp black eyes of the Crows will search in vain for a familiar figure, trotting along on horseback by the mute white relics of the Custer Massacre, or by the giant cottonwood tree, under which Father DeSmet first gathered the Crows, in 1840, or over the shifting hills of sandstone which are slowly yielding to the winds and rains. He has gone. From the whirlwind of his labors, he has gone to rest—to joy!

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There was a Man, Sir!

Francis B.
Prange, S.J.

MOUSE POINT resembles neither a mouse nor a point, but the spot is called Mouse Point just the same. It is not a location so much as a situation. And this because of a very neat diminutive cabin, just out of reach of the angry waters of the Yukon at flood tide, and tantalizingly close to the sweeping ice jambs at the break-up. Immediately behind the cabin rises a sheer cliff some hundred feet straight up and down, while to the two sides is just enough room for half a dozen dog houses and as many cords of wood. There is but one approach, Winter or Summer, and that is directly from the river in front of a stout birchwood door, set beside a large bay window, the only one of its kind along the river.

It was a beautiful day in January on my first mushing trip up the river, that I swung with my nine huskies around the bend which gave me my first view of Mouse Point. Wondering, I left the main trail, and slued into the narrow path that led from a crude mail box straight to the front door already noticed. There I turned the leader into the snow off the trail, and bade him and his team sit down a while and rest themselves while I sought to do the same within the cabin.

A LOUD knock brought a booming "Come in!" in response, and I entered. At the far end of the little kitchen, parlor, store-room combination quarters, stood a man six feet in his socks, a ruffled mass of grey hair on top, and a mustache such as Captain Kidd is reputed to have sported so successfully. Between the mustache and the grey thatch, blinked a pair of eyes that saw more than the surface of things, while below the mustache sat a mouth and chin that spelled grimness with a capital G. Drawn to his full height of six feet, with hands resting easily on his hips, he surveyed me a moment, all wrapped up in Lap boots, reindeer leggins, a fur parka and heavy black bear driving mitts, then boomed a "Welcome stranger!" that rang as sincere as it was loud. "Greetings to yourself, neighbor," I retorted in a booming reply, and I saw him jerk even more erect than he had been, and became thereby taller, I thought, by several inches. We eyed each other a moment in silence then, each taking stock of the other. Drawing off my big mitt while walking up to him, I reached out my right hand to him and said,

"I'm Father Prange from Nulato, on my way up-

stream as far as Tanana."

At that, he made one jump towards me, took my hand in both of his and squeezed till I thought my fingers were crushed.

"Well I'll be hanged," he bellowed. "Why didn't you say so right away? Off with your duds and make yourself at home, while I get a little grub lined up on the sideboard."

THE next two hours I haven't forgotten, even after the lapse of six years. While ramming a can opener into a can of milk, he stopped suddenly, threw the can opener into the far corner of the room, came over to me in one wild leap, roaring as he came,

"Well I'll be hanged! My name's Smith: just plain Smith, and the handle is Ira. Blow me for a nutty Englishman, but I plumb forgot to introduce myself."

By this time I knew I had a character to deal with, and what a character it turned out to be!

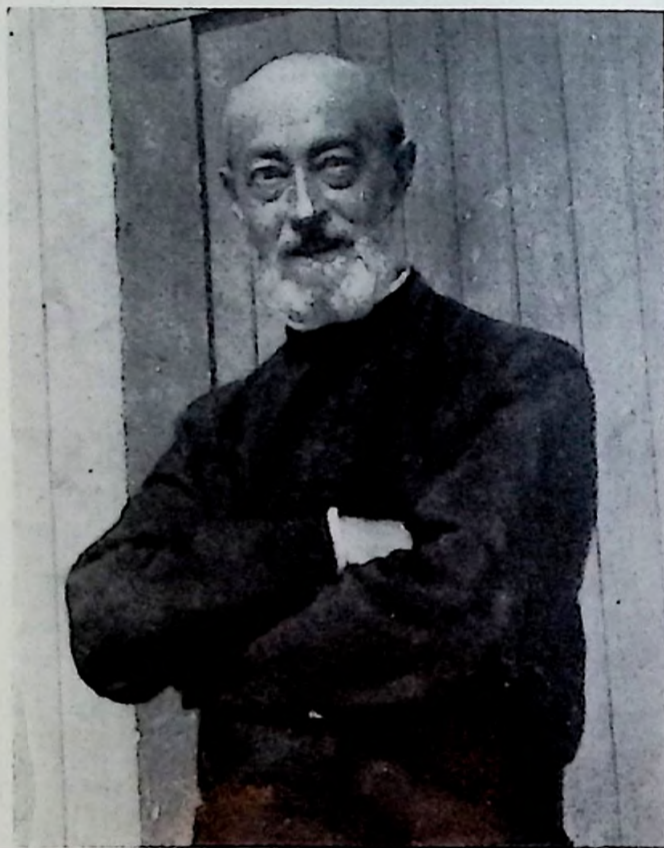
Forty years on the Yukon without a break! Solitaire fashion he did all the talking.

"Well I'll be hanged," he reiterated. "So you're the new priest at Nulato. But say, you're awfully small for that job, 'aint you? But I guess not at that. You see, Father Jette,—there was a man I tell you, there was a man,—and him no bigger than a minute, no sir, no bigger than a minute, and a mighty short one at that, too,—and yet, by the great horn spoon, he wasn't so

little either, in spite of his miserable five feet and a little something, his appetite of a mouse and his face like a baby Angel's, only tougher, you understand, tougher, by all that's hoary! Yes sir, he was little, but what that little head of his didn't hold wasn't worth holdin' in anybody's head; and his heart! In spite of a puny little chest that was nothing but a mite box in size, he had a heart as big as his two feet, and they were big. Did you ever see his feet? I mean with his boots on? Well sir, I saw them, both with boots on and boots off; and when I say his heart was as big as his two feet together, I mean that both ways. You understand? But you don't understand, because you never saw the man."

"**Y**ES, I met Father Jette once in,—"

"What, you met him once? Well sir, now I'll tell you something. I'm not a Catholic, never was one and never will be. But let me tell you something. There,



Father Julius Jette, a Jesuit pioneer of the North. "And now that he's dead already this many a year, I know that as sure as you are sittin' there listening to me, he's going to get it for me, and I'm bankin' on it."

was a man; yes sir, a man. And when I say a man, I mean a man. Not an excuse for a man. Well sir, I'll tell you what kind of a man he was."

With that he hitched his chair up to the table, rested his elbows, and looked off into space, the while the pork and beans were warming up on the stove.

"Though I'm not a Catholic, as I said," he continued, "and never will be one, he always stopped in here to say hello to me when he passed, Winter or Summer. I've seen him paddle in here in a canoe, when it was rainin' cats and dogs, and blowin' out there on the open river like an introduction to the crack of doom. But he'd come sneaking along under the shelter of the shore, undisturbed as could be, cuttin' his way through the storm as though he was born to that kind of thing, when everybody knew him to be a real scholar and as polished a gentleman as ever breathed. Rough stuff was as foreign to his make-up as a riot in a church, but he took it, as I said, as though he was born to it.

"Well sir, he'd stop right here. And as soon as I spotted his canoe, I'd throw on the coffee pot and get out the vituals, because I knew he'd be needin' 'em. Or some fine day like today, or so much worse that you couldn't imagine anything worse, he'd come loping along on a pair of snowshoes, as though he was made of rubber. No sir, I never saw that man tired, though I knew he must have snowshoed some thirty miles since his last stop. And when I'd see him stepping along on them snowshoes away up the trail already, or close up to the house when the seein' wasn't so good, I'd throw on the old pot right there and unscrew the lid of the grub box, because I knew he'd be lookin' for that from me. And was he welcome here! Yes sir, there wasn't a man within shootin' distance this side o' h—, that wasn't more welcome right here where you're sitting now, than that little dried up remnant of a priest that was a man.

"AS I said, I'm not a Catholic, and never will be one, but that priest, a Catholic priest at that, just made me reach for my hat every time he stopped off here. Let me tell you something. One time, him and another fellow who thought he was a man, because he wore pants and chewed tobacco, stopped here together. I made the two of them stay over night with me, though I had to ask the other fellow, so as not to hurt the feelings of my man, Father Jette. He would have resented that, yes sir, he would have resented it, had I shown any favoritism towards him and slighted the other fellow. Well sir, when it came time to go to bed, Father Jette says quiet like, 'Gentlemen, I'm tired, and I believe I'll retire. You won't mind if I go right ahead with what I consider a duty, and thank Almighty God for

all His blessings of the day, by saying my night prayers?' With that he knelt down right over there where he had his bunk on the floor and made a big Sign of the Cross and went ahead with his prayers. Out of respect for the man, and out of regard for the sincerity of his religious convictions,—and believe you me, they were convictions with him, not just something to pull off and on like an over-parka when useful, I kept as still as a corpse, so as not to disturb him. But that other fellow thought it was a good joke on us, and he winked over at me with a crooked smile on his face as much as to say, 'Look at that poor sap.' Well, sir, I went boiling inside, but I never moved for fear that I would disturb him at his prayers. But as soon as I saw him making the last Sign of the Cross and getting up off the floor, I blew up, and right there and then took that fellow by the back of the neck and threw him right out on his ear. Yes sir, right out on his ear.

CALVARY

John J. McCarthy, S.J.

Drip slowly down,
Blood from a thorn-crowned head!
Course swiftly on
Tears for us sinners shed!

Bow meekly low,
Head with our cares how laden!
Close, eyes, on Her,
Mother at once and Maiden!

Break, loving Heart,
Yearning but to forgive!
Cease, gentle breath,
Cease, that the dead may live!

better. Come on back here, friend, and make yourself at home. I was the innocent cause of you getting thrown out of here, so I'm going to see that you get back in again. Ira,' he says to me, stern as a judge, 'when I'm here, you'll have nothing to say in this house. I'm the boss, you understand?' And I said to him, 'Father Jette, you beat the Dutch. If I didn't know you as well as I do, I'd get real mad right now and throw you out too. But bein' it's you, go ahead, the house is yours.' He smiled at me a smile that only Father Jette could smile and said, 'Thank you, Ira, I knew you'd be a good boy.' With that, we all three lay down and slept with the best of good feelin' all around. Now wouldn't that get you?

"BUT listen: I want to tell you something. It's now a good many years ago when Father Jette was still living at Kokrines, down the line a ways. My old woman, a native from up river, took sick and shortly after died. I couldn't leave her here alone, it was storming out, so I had to wait for some one to happen along. You understand she wasn't a Catholic either, so I didn't think it was just right for me to bother Father Jette about her then. But when she died, I sent him a note telling him what had happened. (Turn to page 107)