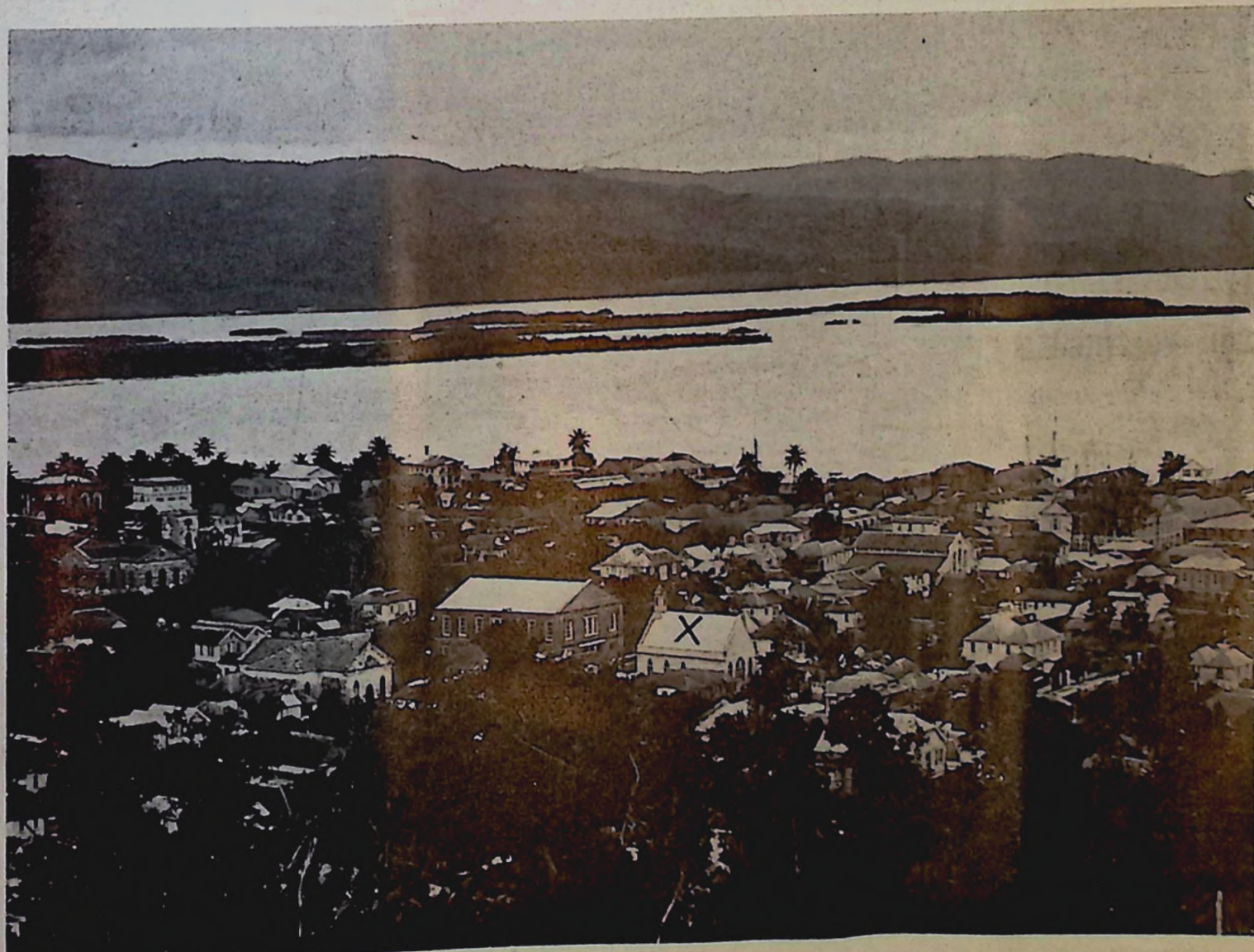




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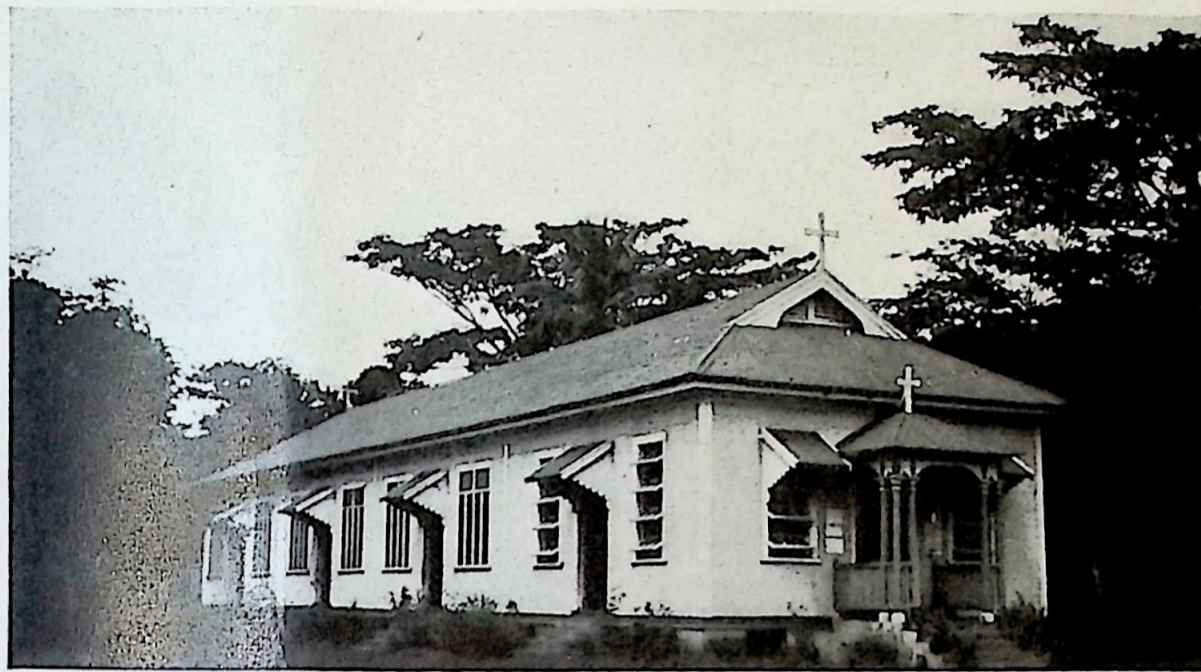
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Reading, 'riting and 'rithmetic are the three R's which have caused all of us much strain and struggle. Still, as we look back on days gone bye, there is a certain longing for the old days, and the old school house, despite the fact that then and there those same three R's were taught to the tune of a hickory stick. Now that we are able to appreciate the value of school days, we often yearn to live them over again.

But there are countless numbers today who have not the opportunities we had. How many a missionary would rejoice and how many a child in the missions would lose no time in grasping such opportunities if only there were a school house near at hand! They know, what too many of us back home little realize, that mission schools are really inexpensive buildings. No tens of thousands of dollars are expended in lavish con-

struction. All that is needed, and all that is wanted is a plain serviceable building.

But because of the lack of school facilities, reading, 'riting and 'rithmetic—and religion too—in many of the foreign missions are sadly neglected. This neglect really can be remedied. Few of our readers indeed could donate such a school as pictured herewith, but all could give at least a widow's mite towards the erection and maintenance of schools in the missions of our American Jesuits. Will you, dear reader, do what you can to provide schools for the missions? Will you help even a little so that some of the children



A memorial school at Montego Bay, Jamaica, B. W. I., erected ten years ago through the generosity of a New York lady.

in the missions listed below may learn the four R's taught to the tune of missionary love and zeal? These children's salvaged souls—and God—will be your reward in return for your generosity to His little ones.

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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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.



A poor little beggar of Baghdad, Iraq, where American Jesuits at Baghdad College are educating the future leaders to minister to their less fortunate brethren. The Sodality Council of the College recently distributed one-half of the proceeds from a dramatic production, staged in honor of Our Lady, to the poor of the city, while the other half went to the Propagation of the Faith. At present, eight Jesuits from the American Assistency are stationed at Baghdad.

Square with the Moon

John J. O'Connor, S.J.

“FATHER, may we stay up tonight to see the total eclipse?”

“Yes,” I replied, “and then take a bath afterwards.” The boy smiled, showing the long white row of his gleaming teeth, ducked his head, and disappeared.

And therein lies the point to this tale. When little Ramalingam asked the Prefect of St. Michael's Boarding School, Batticaloa, Ceylon, permission to stay up on the night of January 19, 1935, in order to see the moon's eclipse, he was voicing a petition that had far deeper significance than the mere curiosity and thrilling anticipation of a child to keep late hours and view nature's phenomenon.

Ramalingam is a Hindu. He and his co-religionists make up half the number of boarders at St. Michael's College in charge of the Jesuit Fathers. But though they receive their education and training at a Catholic institution, nevertheless, they remain staunch followers of their Hindu god, Siva, and faithful to the practices of their religion. Now one of the many gross superstitions that are firmly believed by the Hindus is that if they do not see the entire eclipse of the moon right through, after once glancing up towards it, they'll die shortly afterwards and suffer punishment. They must watch the whole event from beginning to end and wash clean afterwards. Then all is square. Moreover, the fervent ones prepare and purify themselves by a rigid fast which lasts through the day and continues until the last shadow has passed the moon.

DURING the day I had noticed guarded whispers among the lads of the Hindu caste, had seen the solemn look on their faces, which in many cases wore unveiled expressions of fear and dread,—but as the older Fathers had explained the meaning of it all to me beforehand, I paid no attention to them.

Just as we were going to supper the eclipse began. Up stepped two Hindu orphans.

“We are not hungry, Father. May we stay out on the porch and talk?”

“But surely, you will eat a little before going to bed,” I insisted.

“Maybe! Not hungry now, Father.” And that was all I could get from them. These two preferred to live and be blessed by paying a plate of rice and fish for the great reward and deliverance.

Doesn't it all seem devilishly queer to you? Suppose the devil went back to where he belonged and let those souls turn towards God instead. Wouldn't that be marvelous? But in place of the God of Love and Peace



A Hindu temple erected in honor of a pagan deity at Batticaloa, Ceylon.

and Goodness, they have their false gods and superstitions and inviolable caste system, their immoral rites and fanatic beliefs in the transmigration of souls. This latter is their chief doctrine. The soul of a relative, or friend, or brother-religionist, may have passed to the rat that gnaws his food, or the snake that lies coiled in the corner, or the fly that buzzes over his head. Therefore, the great reverence that is shown every living creature, and the belief that it is sin for them to kill anything. And then, as if that were not depressing enough, they must needs have their *karma* or unforgiven clinging sin which none can escape or get rid of at any time. Surely, a man-made religion falls far short of the infinite mercy and bounty of God.

NATURALLY, that night we all stayed up to see the total eclipse. As we looked out from the immense porch into the starry night, saw the myriads of shining lights that lit the canopy of Heaven brought into relief by the stark darkness of the moment, heard the swish of the swaying coconut trees moving in the ocean breezes and the soft laving of the waters as they rolled up the sandy shore, all we could think of was a paean of praise such as the *Benedicite omnia opera Domini, Domino* of the Canticle.

When the last fluttering shadow had crossed the moon's silver face and the full radiance of her beams was again playing upon this little island, the natives made ready for feasting. All day long they had been fasting; now they were sitting to heaped-up piles of food with a vengeance. We could hear the tum-tum of the drums, the chants and songs of thousands of Tamils and Singhalese grouped about their fires all along the shore, before the neutral ground encircling their thatched huts, or camped on the Esplanade. The feasting and dancing would last long into the night and even until dawn.

As I lay down to sleep, I uttered a fervent prayer that the true light which enlighteneth every man that comes into the world might shine in the darkness of unbelief and be comprehended.

En Route to

Süchow

Very Rev. Adelard
Dugré, S. J.

Very Rev. Father Adelard Dugré, S.J., Provincial of the Jesuit Province of Lower Canada, recently made a canonical visitation of Süchow Mission, China, where French Canadian Jesuits are laboring.—*Editor.*



AFTER a flying visit to the German Jesuits of the Tokio University, we sighted China on September 23. Gone are the flowery hills and volcanic mountains of Japan; China appears as a line of verdure above the yellow waters of the curiously called Blue River Mouth. On each side spreads out the flat and fertile soil of the Kiangsu Provinces which reminds one of our western plains.

Extreme poverty and slovenliness meet the visitor's first glance. Soon, however, one forgets all this as one is drawn to admire the industry of the Chinese, their moral reserve in public, their grit in supporting poverty, combined with a shrewd wit and easy carriage rarely found elsewhere. Even in the most distant parts of the Süchowfu Mission, the most humble Christian or backward scholar will always greet the Father very politely and answer very graciously to his good-day or to his compliments. Chinese children are very confiding, sprightly and frolicsome. The Celestials, no matter how poor they may be, are a gay people. They will work, study or even pray with a song on their lips. Constant puns, or funny make-believes are all in the day's work.

SHANGHAI, despite its cosmopolitan aspect, presents none of the immoral public spectacles which one unhappily meets in all our great cities. Men at work may bare themselves to the waist; small children may pass the Summer with no more dress than the cherubim; but the women are always extremely modest and decently clothed. Long centuries of absolute restraint during which men were always separated from women in public, have given the Chinese a moral tenue which the Revolution has not abolished. The movies and radio of the Occident are perhaps the worst enemy of Chinese morals.

This may help us understand what the missionaries smilingly tell us of Chinese Christian marriages. Newlyweds are always loath to hold each other's hands during the ceremony; to them the action seems unbecoming. So their hands are placed in each other's by the bridesmaid and the best man.

Diligence and thrift are other attractive qualities of the Chinese. They are wonderful peasants. Everything which their yellow loess can produce is used to the utmost advantage. Besides grain, vegetables and fruits, Mother Earth gives them dyes, cotton, fuel, bamboo, bricks and reeds to make boots or cover houses. Every



Smiles and worries of the younger generation at Süchow.

man's ambition is a small corner of earth to provide a living for an ordinary family. No parcel of the precious soil is left untouched. Each clod is broken up,—and often by hand. Vegetation is everywhere abundant. When Autumn comes, everything is harvested down to the tiniest wisp of dry grass or thatch-root. Children spend most of October or November filling baskets with everything that is left,—and which may be apt to provide fuel. Only thus will they be able to diminish their Winter sufferings.

But even the proverbial fertility of its soil cannot suffice to feed and clothe overcrowded China. Most of the gangsters and racketeers over there are merely poor people suffering from hunger and cold.

SÜCHOWFU, our Mission, of which I will write you later, is no better or no worse off than the rest of the country. It is about four hundred miles from Shanghai or from Peking. Its capital, Süchow, is conveniently situated at the crossing of the Shanghai-Nankin-Pekin and Long-hai Railroads. The French Jesuits who founded the Mission, built churches, residences and schools. It was turned over to the Canadian Jesuits in 1924.

Missionaries are in great need, as each priest has to attend some three or four thousand Christians, scattered in some twenty or more villages. Most of our Christians have to make a two day trip every time they wish to attend Mass. It is hoped that in ten years or so conditions will be much improved. Rt. Rev. George Marin, S.J., of the Province of Lower Canada, has been Apostolic Administrator of the Prefecture Apostolic of Süchow since December 8, 1931. The Province has at present twenty-five members working in or attached to the Süchow Mission. Of these, seventeen are priests, four Scholastics and four Brothers. In addition to this, four priests and one Brother are laboring in Haimen.

The New Deal at Mercedes



Father Victoriano Pascual, S.J., and the volunteer workmen who are engaged in clearing ground for the new chapel at Curuan, Zamboanga, P. I.

Victoriano Pascual, S.J.

MERCEDES is a mission in the southern part of the island of Mindanao, in the Philippines. It is situated in the Diocese of Zamboanga, and, like all other Mindanao missions, has a number of smaller missions dependent on it; among these are Curuan, Tigbao, Vitali, Lapacan and others.

The accompanying photograph shows most of the forty-two men who volunteered to work without pay in building the long needed chapel for their people in the *barrios* of Curuan and Tigbao. This is how the work was started: On September 11, I celebrated the first Mass ever said in Tigbao, a place inhabited by Moros and Christians. I had sent word ahead, but even so, there were few people at the Mass, for they would not believe I was coming, as no other Padre had ever gone there before. For a long time I had been thinking of erecting a chapel there in honor of the Little Flower. After Mass, I blessed three graves near a saw mill. Seeing me, the manager of the saw mill, who is an American, ordered the machinery stopped as an act of respect. When I had finished, I went to thank him; and he then offered to help in building my chapel of the Little Flower. This offer not only involved a gift of much lumber, but the assistance of all workmen of the mill. The *concejal* (councilor) of the *barrio* offered a piece of land for the chapel; and so everything was in readiness for starting the work. In a little more than a day the men moved the old chapel from the hill to a nearby place and began leveling the ground for the new building. Many men turned out to work of their own accord, as a result of a little sermon which I gave.

SOME discontented people spread the rumor around that I had plenty of money with which to pay for the leveling of the ground; and so in order to spike the rumor and the discontent, I had a meeting of the people in the cockpit one Sunday afternoon, after say-

ing my second Mass in a distant *barrio*. I arrived at Curuan at 1:30 P.M.—the time when the biggest crowd is gathered in the cockpit; I saw the owner, and had some men go about shouting “Meeting!” Then I got up on the fence that surrounds the cockpit so as to be heard by those inside and those outside the enclosure, and I harangued them vehemently, giving them all the facts. “I have one thousand *pesos* (five hundred dollars); but this is not enough to cover half the cost of the chapel. And if I spend two hundred *pesos* of this amount for the leveling of the ground, we shall not be able to put up even the pillars. You have engaged yourselves to do the work. I know that you are busy with your own farms; but in your spare time, I hope for your efficient cooperation. To work for the House of God ought to be a matter of pride for the young men of Curuan. Let those who can, contribute the meals for the workers, and let the others lend hands to the work and let all work joyfully for God. God on His part will provide you with a place for honest recreation.” I took advantage of the opportunity to bring home to them their obligation to attend Mass on the Sundays when I go to Curuan, twice a month; and I told them that the cock-fights would have to be stopped during the time of Mass. When I finished speaking, they applauded for a long time, and promised their help. And, thank God, the work is progressing splendidly.

All this may be said to have been the result of a sick call which I had on last September 3 from kilometer fifty-three in the mountains of Curuan. At the kilometer post I was met by a guide and proceeded into the mountains on foot. In a short time we were completely lost. I carried the Blessed Sacrament in my breast, and kept on repeating, “O Sacred Heart of Jesus, I place my trust in Thee.” It seemed that our Lord wanted me to invoke St. Teresa, for as soon as I told the Saint, “Teresa, save us from this predicament,” the old man with me exclaimed, “Thank God, I know where we are.” It was for this reason that I named the new chapel at Curuan in honor of the Little Flower.

Thrills that Chill

John H.
Martin, S.J.

FALLING through the ice on one occasion, and on another, landing in an aeroplane via a nose dive into the snow, are for Father Francis M. Menager, S.J., two experiences incidental to missionary work in Alaska. The good missionary admitted that these events are not exactly commonplace, though he has met with plenty of exciting adventures while laboring in this cool part of the Lord's vineyard for over seven years.

His fall into the icy waters occurred as he was making a missionary trip to a little church near Pilgrim Springs. A small boat boasting of an outboard motor had been called into service. Father and his companion were plowing through the icy waters, when suddenly the companion pointed ahead to where the ice floes had jammed together and formed an apparently impassable barrier.

Seven years of experience in this country had taught Father that a bit of will power and muscular activity could overcome this frozen obstacle. Jumping out of the boat onto the floor of ice, he began to wield his oar lustily; the ice gave way. Thus, the first barrier yielded, but they found five more ice jams before they reached the village. In some places they were forced to lift the boat and slide it along the ice until they reached open water. This was by no means an easy task. One who knows the weight of an outboard motor will easily realize that the lifting and sliding of the boat was not the same as handling a canoe or a kayak. Furthermore, walking on ice—this for the uninitiated—is difficult at any time. But carrying and pushing a boat along the slippery surface is really precarious.

Finally, after they had slashed much ice and slithered through openings left by miniature icebergs, the indefatigable priest and his companion reached the little church, where they stayed for the night. The entire village, about forty in number, came to Mass the next morning; they received Holy Communion and listened attentively to the instruction.

AFTER the services they prepared to return; this time two boatloads of Eskimos accompanied them. All went well for some two miles, when the party sighted an ice jam that made the others they had encountered seem like mere stepping stones along the way.

Their united efforts—grunts and groans included—could not induce this mass of ice to dissipate itself. At Father's suggestion the Eskimos tried to slide the boats over the ice jam. They succeeded for a while, and then the good missionary stepped on a block of ice that had not fused with the rest. One of the Eskimos shouted: "Look out, Father!" But the warning came too late.



Father Francis M. Menager, S.J., of Kotzebue, Alaska, above the Arctic Circle.

Father fell into the icy water. Fortunately, he was not far from his boat; as he went down, he shot his arm out and caught hold of the side, supporting himself there long enough for his faithful companion to draw him out.

A similar misstep has caused the death of many people. But Father's quick action and the nearness of his boat saved him, in all probability from a watery grave.

ONCE out of the water, he immediately stripped off his icy coat and shirt and put on an extra parka. Within an hour he was almost comfortable. To avoid catching a serious cold, he landed about a mile from the mission and walked home.

After being made to swallow sundry sorts of pills and drugs, being buried under many blankets, and finally fortified with a generous bowl of delicious reindeer soup, the intrepid missionary quickly recovered. His cold and fatigue were soon things of the past.

The second thrill could have been just as fatal as the first might have been,—but we shall reserve that for some time later in the year.

Missions and Medicine

John F. Magner, S.J.



THE Summer sun beat down unmercifully upon Father Kearney and his companion as they climbed the long hill to the villa house at Hsiu-ko. They were returning from their afternoon dip in the Yellow Sea. Around them on every side they heard the ceaseless clanging of gongs and pans, mingled with the weird cries of the poor farmers, who, for about a week, had spent their days and nights in a futile effort to drive off a plague of grasshoppers which had come upon their fields of corn. The two missionaries were speaking of the hardships which the blight would surely cause during the Winter months when the people would be left without food.

Most of their climb still lay before them, when they came upon a peasant woman with a babe in her arms standing by the roadside waiting for them. At their approach, she asked them: "*Shen fu, ah! Niu nai, yu muh yu?*"—"Father, have you any milk?" Her babe was sickly and the heat of the Summer terrific, and the poor woman had no milk with which to nourish her child. The Fathers directed her to the villa house where she would be given some condensed milk, as no fresh milk was to be had anywhere in the vicinity.

SEATED on the veranda one evening just before supper, some of the Fathers were thoroughly enjoying the slight breeze which had come in the wake of the setting sun. A domestic came out of the house, saying that a man was downstairs asking for medical treatment. One of the Fathers went down immediately to see what was required, and found a man who had been bitten by a dog as he was working in his field. The poor fellow was rather excited and the Father could not make out from his rather disjointed account just what had provoked the attack, nor whether there was any reason to think that the dog might perhaps be mad. All that it was possible to do for him then and there was done, and the man was sent home with the injunction that he was to return daily for further treatment and observation.

The above are only two of many calls that were made upon some of the Fathers of the Shanghai Mission who happened to be spending their villa season at Hsiu-ko, in the Haichow district of the Mission of Shanghai during the Summer of 1933.

The town of Hsiu-ko is tended during the year from the city of Haichow where the central house of this district is located. When the poor people of the locality see the Fathers come for the Summer vacation, they lose no time in presenting themselves for medical treatment and for whatever else they think that the missionaries



At Hsiu-ko, looking down at the Yellow Sea from the villa house where missionaries get an occasional rest from their arduous labors among the millions of China.

will be able to give them or procure for them.

These appeals are typical of those made daily to the missionaries laboring in the bush. Such appeals will be made to our California Jesuits when in a short time they will be laboring in this fertile section of Christ's Vineyard.

In order that our missionaries may be able to respond to these appeals of the needy poor of the Haichow district, the Pacific Coast Unit of the Catholic Medical Mission Board established at the University of San Francisco, under the able direction of Father James J. Conlon, S.J., labors untiringly in preparing dispensary equipment to be used on the missions. This Unit has already sent out several distinct hospital units to different mission fields and has supplied priests and nuns with thousands of packages of medicine and valuable supplies.

NOT only is practical material aid being rendered by our home missionaries to those now laboring in the field afar, but our young Jesuits are being trained to prepare themselves to meet any and all circumstances which may arise in the long and busy day of a missionary.

A very practical course in missiology is being given by Father Conlon at Alma College, the new Theologate of the California Province. Each week Father goes to Alma where he spends at least two days in lecturing and in private conferences, offering our young Jesuits the fruits of his great scientific and practical experience.

In this way, the missions and their needs are brought to the attention of thousands of home missionaries who would not otherwise have an opportunity of co-operating in a most practical way with those laboring in the field. Only the dear Lord and His faithful workers can know and appreciate the great value of this work for the souls of so many millions of pagans.

It is a common experience of missionaries working among the poor that the first approach towards embracing the Catholic Faith is often made after the prospective convert has been the recipient of Christian charity.



"From the Christian town of Zahle, we could look down upon the long and narrow Bqaa plain which joins the Lebanon to the anti-Lebanon range."

WHEN the Summer heat of Baghdad forces the inhabitants to dwell in the cool of their cellars, the Fathers of Baghdad College look about for some spot where they may study the difficult Arabic language without the maximum of discomfort. Invariably one Father elects to cross the desert to the mission of the French Jesuits in the Lebanon mountains. And it was in the Lebanons that Father Sarjeant, Baghdad-bound, and I had the long-anticipated pleasure of meeting Father Mifsud of Baghdad and Mr. William Casey, S.J., who is preparing for the Baghdad field by studying and teaching in Beirut. From the Christian town of Zahle, we could look down upon the long and narrow Bqaa plain which joins the Lebanon to the anti-Lebanon range. Southward through the plain, the Litany River flows to its tributary, the Jordan, and cuts through the mountains to the sea at Tyre. Across the plain to the south, Mount Hermon mounts majestic guard over the northern entrance to Palestine. And nestling in the shadow of Mount Hermon are rows upon rows of vines, which, planted and husbanded by the Jesuit Brothers, are the maintenance of the mission.

EVEN if the Bqaa had not been the scene of my first acquaintance with the foreign mission field, it would have impressed me deeply. For here is a spot where the work of Jesuit Brothers, so often hidden from all notice but God's, claims one's attention and admiration. The enormous tract of vineyard and farm is strange in a land whose garden patches are terraced on barren mountain slopes; and the Bqaa is a light which reflects the talents and saintly industry of the Jesuit Brothers, the same the world over. Under the hot September sun, the Brothers gather the harvest of the Spring and Summer labor. They press the grapes into the wine that in this country is a necessity, not a luxury.

The bottled wines are then arranged along the half mile corridor of the hillside cave. With the produce of the farm and wheat fields, the wine maintains the residence, school and church in the town as well as the church, residence and observatory in the plain.

The mission so much reflected happiness and peaceful industry that, at first, the aspect of two armed guardians of the property seemed quite out of place. But happily, the present watchmen give no cause for either alarm or security. One has but to observe the comfortable way they lounge about their leafy watchtower to realize so. Normally, they are not so vigilant, nor is their weapon so formidable. Indeed, in the wee hours of more than one morning, when making his way to the fields and the long day's labor, the Brother in charge of the fields has stumbled over the sleeping forms of his watchmen. And it is the Brother who must chase the Bedouin families who frequently trespass on the property. For, undismayed by the flourish of the watchmen's guns, they calmly dam an irrigation canal with no one's leave, pitch their tents, take up residence and plant in the fertile spot of their making. The presence of the guardsmen does keep the less daring marauders from the property. But especially is their presence a constant reminder to the inhabitants of days of horror in the not distant past. For the vine and the wheat and the trees did not always rise on this plain. And Martyrs' blood once spilled in profusion on soil that is now so strangely fruitful.

IT is not long since the Liban was part of the Ottoman Empire. It was hard then to live a Christian life. But even then Zahle was a Christian town. The school was directed by the Jesuits and taught by a Congregation of native Nuns instituted by the missionaries. There was a Jesuit church, residence and orphanage. In 1860, Zahle shared the joy of other Christian vilayets in the mountains, because the Turkish Government had

been forced by European nations to raise the Christians to the status of their Moslem and Druze neighbors. No longer need a Christian dismount when meeting a Moslem on the route or when passing through a Moslem village. The day was past when a Moslem could suddenly summon a Christian to fetch water, sweep his home and submit him to other servile indignities. But with the joy mingled a just dread. How would the Moslem and Druze neighbors react to this emancipation of Christians? Soon, tricklings of a conspiracy to exterminate all Christians reached Zahle. Those who could, fled to the refuge of coast cities. Then Zahle feared; for she was situated in the interior of the country and surrounded by the numerous tribesmen of the Druzes, who openly avowed their hatred of Christians.

In April, the storm broke. On the seventeenth, Zahle saw two thousand Druzes mustering on the Bqaa plain at the foot of the town. The Turkish garrison of the town saw the Druzes; and, although it should have protected its Christian subjects, it withdrew and joined another Turkish band on the neighboring heights to watch developments. From the west, an unidentified force marched to the town. The defenders of Zahle heard their Christian war songs and saw their Christian banners.

Thinking that succor was at hand, they precipitated themselves upon the plain to drive away the besiegers. They rushed into a trap. For the expected reinforcements was a second Druze force masquerading as Christians. The Christians were surrounded and outnumbered. They fought until they were left dead upon the field.

PILLAGING, burning and killing, the Druzes climbed the slopes until they reached the Jesuit church, where the women, children and aged had sought sanctuary. One Jesuit Father and four Brothers were shot as they stood defenceless before the murderers. One Brother went to his God with these words upon his lips: "*Dakhil Allah*"—"God, I am your guest." The words are significant, because they are the traveler's demand for hospitality, a demand often heard in the Orient and never refused. The bodies of the Martyrs were cremated in one of the three thousand nine hundred and fourteen homes set ablaze that day. In all the carnage not a man was spared. One youth survived his wounds to live and relate the history and join the Jesuit Brotherhood.

The Christian loss was enormous. In all Syria, more than sixteen thousand Christians were massacred, while the flames from three hundred and sixty-one villages, five hundred and sixty-two churches, forty-two convents and twenty-eight schools were mounting to the skies. Before generous contributions from all over the world could be distributed, thirty thousand had starved to death.

THE most innocent sufferers of the Moslem and Druze cruelty and Government negligence, the orphans, were left to the charity of God. The Jesuits put all their poor means at the orphans' disposal. But it was little in the great need. They demanded of the



His Beatitude, Mar (Lord) Emmanuel Thomas, Chaldean Patriarch of Mesopotamia, presiding at a first Communion Mass. The Patriarch has been most generous in his cooperation with the American Jesuits at Baghdad College.

Turkish Government an indemnity for the losses incurred, and they demanded help in providing for the orphans. The Turks ceded a large tract of land in the Bqaa. It was hardly just indemnity. A malarious swamp, its donation neither pinched the givers nor caused jealousy among the neighboring property holders. But housing was imperative; and a Brother was despatched to build. Within a year the orphanage was erected. A fever epidemic proved the spot unhealthy, and the Brother built another orphanage in a mountain village. Work was abandoned for a time on this seemingly hopeless bog in the Bqaa.

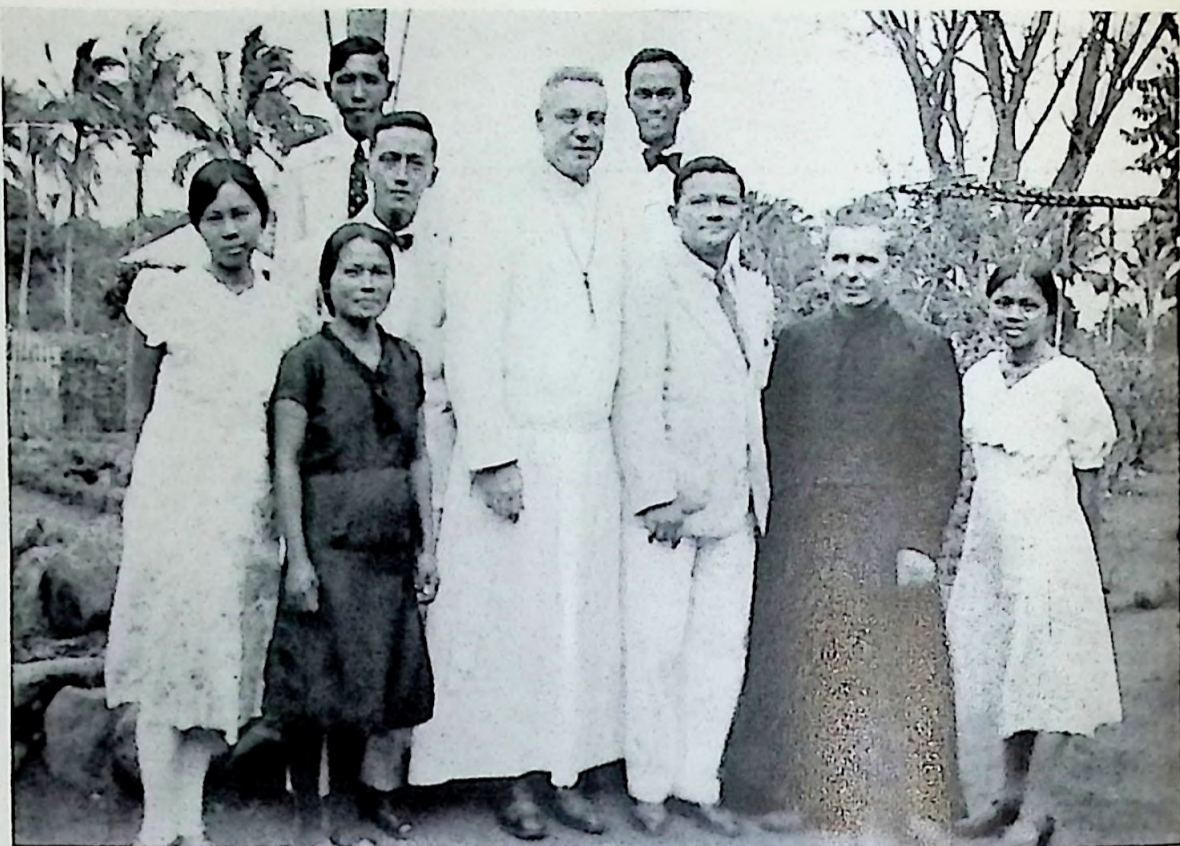
SEVERAL years later, Brother Gémaïel was sent to dredge the swamp. Lacking other means, the Superiors had decided to try and wrest a living for the orphans from the marsh lands. Here is what Brother Gémaïel had accomplished one year after he had pitched his tent upon the property. He had banked the vast property to prevent further infiltration of water, dug channels to conduct the water of (Turn to page 139)

Fiesta in Sumilao

David A. Daly, S.J.

ONE morning, in company with Father Laureanus Contin, S.J., a chipper little man, fifty-three years young, and active as a squirrel on a Fall morning, I started out from Cagayan in my invaluable Ford, safely passed the spot where Father Henfling some months previous had fallen down the side of the canyon with his truck, and after I had successfully crossed a series of rickety bridges, emerged on to the far-flung plain leading to the town of Sumilao. Bamboo arches bespoke the spirit of *fiesta*, even before we had caught the strains of the town band. We were invited guests of Father Frederick Henfling, S.J., and his School of the Little Flower at their fairy tale operetta, "Over the Rainbow."

One end of the school building was turned into a veritable fairyland, and the different groups from the Fairy Queen and her attendants down to the last little sprite were a delight for the eye, clad as they were in



Father Joseph Lucas, S.J. (in white cassock), and Father Frederick Henfling, S.J., "the little missionary of the mountains," with visitors and teachers of the Little Flower School, Sumilao, Mindanao, P. I. At the right of Father Lucas is Mr. Castillejo, the Government Superintendent of schools, and at his left is Mr. Trojano, the Government inspector of private schools and colleges. Their visit meant immediate Government recognition for the School of the Little Flower.

costumes, made mostly of crepe paper, by the children themselves. As the costumes and dancing were a delight for the eye, so likewise the singing was a delight for the ear. The solos, duets and choruses were rendered with precision and appreciation, the memory work was faultless, and the English was excellent. The whole entertainment would have done credit to one of our urban parochial schools back in the States, so, perhaps, you can realize our joy and pleasure having witnessed it—

as you might say—way back in the woods. It would not be fair to close this part without saying a word of appreciation about the musicians who enhanced the evening's pleasure with their accompaniment. They are not professional musicians, remember, they are farmers who six days in the week are out in the fields trying to wrest a living from the none too fertile mountain soil.

THE next day was the celebration of the *fiesta* itself. We started with a short procession from the house to the church, the Girl Scouts leading the way, the band closing the procession. There are no Boy Scouts here. All of the available boys are incorporated into the band. For the first time in the history of (Turn to page 139)

Father David Daly, S.J., of the Province of Maryland-New York, Pastor at Tagoloan, Oriental Misamis, with professors and pupils of the second graduating class of St. Mary's School, Tagoloan.



Northern Trails

Vincent L.
Shaughnessy, S.J.

SMALL, crispy snowflakes fluttered about in endless confusion. Outdoors the wind roared. And with the blowing of the wind I drifted in mind to the mission fields of the North.

In days long past, I thought, pioneer missionaries wrote of their chosen land as a country of cold and snows unbearable. Balmy weather in sunny France could bear no comparison with the bleak, desolate, cold days of Winter in New France. Yet, the missionaries plodded on. John Brebeuf, Isaac Jogues and their companions trudged through knee-deep snow to bring spiritual warmth and cheer to the land of the Red Man.

Today, missionaries still tramp the trail cut through northern forests by our illustrious martyrs. Means of travel, however, differ somewhat. The dog sleigh, horse and cutter, and the aeroplane have in their turn lessened the inconveniences of the old beaten path. But the Winter's hardships have not entirely disappeared. A clap-board chapel keeps out hardly more cold than the wigwam of old. At least the fire in the center of the tepee kept warm much of the Indians' living quarters: not so the little wood stove that stands in one corner of the chapel. Not infrequently is the priest obliged to keep his hands about the cup of the chalice lest the Precious Blood contained therein freeze. Yet the Eucharistic Lord refuses not to come down upon the altars of such humble chapels. Though the day be cold, there are tabernacles in the hearts of Christian Indians where the Sacred Guest finds warm welcome. In this thought alone the missionary's greatest consolation rests.

Of the day's work we get some idea from the stories that are told by the missionaries themselves. Father Cadot, who for forty years has spent his Winters amid the cold and snow, takes great delight in recounting his experiences. Very often he prefaces his story telling with a little practical advice. "If you live in a small one-room cabin, as I did one Winter, I can tell you how to keep warm. Find the geometric center of the room, equidistant from all the corners; place the stove at this point and you will be equally cold wherever you are in the room."

One miserable Winter day word came to the missionary that a woman was dying some distance away. Conditions of travel made prospects of aiding the poor soul hopeless. Nevertheless, courage overcame misgivings of fear, and it was decided that the journey be made. The Indian boy whom Father Cadot usually takes along with him on such journeys refused at first to be companion this time. After some persuasion, however, he yielded and before long had prepared the cutter and they were off. To keep their feet from freezing, a lighted oil lamp was placed under the heavy blanket that cov-



On the northern missionary trail outside of Gull Bay, Lake Nipigon, where twelve teams met to share the common tea pot at the edge of the forest.

ered them. After much lurching and dropping over snow drifts, they ran into one bank that proved insurmountable, and so the remainder of the journey had to be made on foot. Arrived at the house, the travelers were hurried immediately inside. "Ah, Father, I am so glad you came," said a young Indian at the doorway. "Come inside, here in this front room is the sick woman,—she is not sick at all—we just wish to get married!"

FATHER JOSEPH COUTURE, S.J., has had a variety of experiences. He makes his headquarters at Longlac. Here in Summer many Indians gather about for instructions and catechism. Hence, though the priest may be off to more distant parts in his aeroplane, the Indians can still be cared for by the younger Jesuits who are preparing themselves for future mission work. These recruits spend their vacations teaching and preaching to the Indians. However, conditions in Winter are not so favorable. Indians return to their homes, and if they are to be given instruction, the missionary himself must visit them. Of course, his only means of travel is the dog sleigh. It is rather thrilling to drive behind a dog pack over the hard surface of a frozen lake, but the thrill sometimes turns to misery when a sudden change of weather is experienced.

Between some of the mission posts a day's travel over a fast track will enable the missionary to make his visitation and still return home by night. On just such a journey as this the thrill turned to misery for Father Couture. Shortly before dusk, snow began to fall. Soon the fall became so heavy that the path ahead became obliterated and the dogs lost their way. Had the trail been along the shore, the outline of the dark evergreens might have done duty as signposts, but as it happened, the path lay somewhere between the mainland and an island. For a short distance the priest led the dogs, but was forced to give up. There was nothing to do but stop on the spot for the night, without food, without blankets. The dogs huddled together and the priest lay down among them. Next morning, half frozen all over, and with one arm paralyzed, he returned home. On another night, vigorous walking around the plane kept him from freezing to death after a forced landing.



FROM MANY QUARTERS



CONQUEST AND PERSECUTION

The King of kings takes Karachi

It often happens that missionaries who have labored for years in an appointed territory and have succeeded in gaining not even one convert to the Church of Christ are tempted to fold their arms and exclaim: "There are no possibilities of conversion here." And then, God makes the impossible possible. The case in point is the capital city of Karachi in the Sind district of the Archdiocese of Bombay, India. "There is no hope of anything in Sind," "Conversions are impossible," "The Mission could never grow," etc., etc., were commonplaces for years on the lips of the missionaries. Suddenly, the Superior at Karachi determined to enthrone the image of the Sacred Heart as King of kings in a public monument worthy of the city. On the day of the ceremony, the entire city of Karachi, Hindus, Mohammedans, Parsis, Sikhs and so-forth, gathered to pay homage to Jesus Christ. The Mayor of the city, an influential Parsi, with many aides, and the High Priest of Zoroastrianism marched in the procession behind the Blessed Sacrament. In less than a year, six hundred catechumens had been baptized and many more are today under instruction. It was thus that Christ took Karachi.

The Red Status Quo in China

Father J. Garland, S.J., writing in *The Rock*, a Hongkong Catholic monthly magazine published by the Jesuit Fathers, after admitting that the Government had made a real effort to suppress Communism, continued thus: "On the other hand, as General Pei Chung Hsi, Vice-Commander of the Kwangsi Army, remarked in a telegram to Marshal Chiang Kai Shek, if the Government successes have really been so great as they are stated to be, how is it that the Red Army is still so large? And if the attempt at suppression has really been so sincere, how is it that the Red Army has not been destroyed but has merely shifted from one province to another? Is it once more a question of graft—who can tell?" If a concerted drive could be made against the remaining Reds in Kweichow and Szechuen, and the Red menace ended once and for all, China could look forward with more hopefulness to positive

achievements in its gigantic task of national (and spiritual) reconstruction.

Jesuit Seismographic Stations

JESUIT MISSIONS recently had the honor of a visit from Father James B. Macelwane, S.J., of St. Louis University, St. Louis, Mo., who is perhaps the outstanding authority on seismology in the country today. After noting various commercial advantages for which the science of seismology has been responsible, Father Macelwane was asked if he could predict an earthquake, and so enable our missionaries to protect the lives of their flock and themselves, as well as the portable property of their missions, so much of which was destroyed, for example, in the great Patna Mission earthquake of January 15, 1934. The answer left us with no hopes for any immediate success, but that Jesuits in a body are interesting themselves in the science of seismology will be evident from the following list of Jesuit seismographic stations in the United States and around the world. In this country, stations are controlled by Jesuits at Weston, Fordham, Georgetown, Buffalo, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Louis (3), with a co-operative station at Little Rock, Denver, Santa Clara, Spokane, New Orleans, Spring Hill, Woodstock. Outside of the United States, Jesuits are in control of stations at Zi-ka-wei in Shanghai, China, Manila in the Philippine Islands, Tananarive in Madagascar, Mangalore in India, River View in Sydney, Australia, Stonyhurst in England, Ebro and Tortosa in Spain, Dublin, Rathfarnham and Mungret in Ireland, and La Paz and Sucre in Bolivia, South America.

Practical Arts on the Mission Field

Fifty tons of paper are used annually in the printing house of the T'ou-se-we Orphanage, Zi-ka-wei, near Shanghai. Sixty books in Chinese, or a yearly average of 300,000 copies, and fifty European works, approximately 50,000 volumes, are printed here each year. The orphanage is a Catholic institution directed by the Jesuits.

The orphanage was founded in 1849, but closed in 1860 during the Taiping uprising, after the Director, Father

Massa, S.J., had been killed. It was opened again in 1864, and at present 650 boys are housed here and trained in some useful craft. Besides the printing shop, there is an elementary school, a foundry, a goldsmith's shop, an electro-plating laboratory, a school of carving, stained-glass factory, a carpentry shop and a studio for sculptors.

The Red Peril in Mexico

Frederick Vincent Williams, writing in *America* for March 23, 1935, draws a tragic picture of persecuted Catholics in Mexico.

Fifteen States without benefit of clergy; crepe upon the doors of Chihuahua with the populace in mourning for the lost sacraments; pupils chanting the Red ritual: "Teacher, there is no God, there never was any God, there never will be any God. Teacher, long live the Revolution." Soldiers everywhere; cities spy-ridden; the Archbishop of Guadalajara hiding in a hovel, protected by Indians and ordaining new priests in an open field; Mass celebrated in private homes behind drawn curtains and doors guarded by Catholic youths; irreligious murals in the Calles Industrial School in Mexico City; five thousand Catholic men slain since 1929, etc., etc.—this is what we may expect if Communism gains the mission field.

Chinese Student Converts

Twenty-five Chinese young men were baptized January 6 in the chapel of the Hautes-Etudes School at Tientsin by the Apostolic Delegate to China, His Excellency, Archbishop Mario Zanin. All the converts, except one young man who is a graduate officer of the Paotingfu Military Academy, are students at the Hautes-Etudes, a Jesuit institution. Several other young men are being instructed in preparation for Baptism at Easter. There were thirty-six conversions among the student body of this school in 1932, forty-eight in 1933, and forty in 1934. Of the six hundred and thirteen students enrolled for the school year, 1934-1935, one hundred and seventy-eight are Catholics. These conversions are a reply to those Catholics who would prohibit non-Catholic students from registering in Catholic schools in mission countries.

“Xavier Never Begged!”

Thomas B.

Cannon, S.J.

IN his letters, Xavier asks for Mass wine, a Mass kit, writing paper, a native servant, food for poor Christians and pagans, money to support catechism schools. He instructs a Scholastic to found catechism schools in every village of a certain district, promising to beg the money needed.

One of the most interesting documents left to us in the handwriting of Xavier is his instruction to Father Paul of Camerino, whom he appointed to be local Superior at Goa in his own absence. “Whenever any of our brethren . . . may write to you . . . to ask for your help . . . supply them at once attentively and liberally with all they ask for. . . . These men are most truly weighed down by the overwhelming burden of a most heavy cross. So, for God’s sake, lest they should break down under the weight, be most careful . . . that they never ask in vain or ask twice over for anything. . . . They are in the ranks of the fight, you are safe in the camp. . . . Leave nothing undone . . . in giving them . . . more than abundantly, what they demand.”

TO Father Gomez he writes: “Send to Father Niccolo at Coulan some money or other means by which he may be able to set in operation at once . . . a school for boys. . . .” To Don Pedro de Silva, Commandant at Malacca, the Saint writes: “Make up your mind, I beseech you, to give us something to divide among the poor Christians of this country. . . . I will so manage whatever money you commit to me . . . as to return you the same increased by a hundredfold.” To Father Baertz, Rector at Goa: “Recommend to the King the material affairs of the College . . . that he should deign to send a rescript . . . commanding that in all Portuguese garrisons . . . our Fathers should receive out of the royal treasury and stores both food and other subsidies. . . . His Highness . . . should command the Captain at Malacca to send to our Fathers . . . in Japan a sufficient sum for their maintenance. . . . Write to Master Simon . . . urgently recommending these three matters—the income of the College of Goa, the support of the Fathers . . . in Portuguese garrisons, and the

support of the mission of Japan.” In a later letter, Xavier bids the Rector: “Calculate exactly what Alvarez Alfonso owes to this College. These sums have been remitted to him through mistaken kindness and the deplorable result has been the utter lack of means for the propagation of God’s kingdom. . . . Insist on his paying all he owes. . . . Take up alms for our brethren in Japan. . . . Have this sum collected by way of alms . . . entirely converted into gold coin of the highest and best standard. . . . In Japan gold is exchanged to great advantage if it is of the best specific weight and standard.”



One of God’s shrines, sacred to the memory of Francis Xavier, for it was here that the Saint prayed.

BESIDES money and prayers, Xavier was continually begging for more missionaries. His first letter to Ignatius after arriving in India was a plea for men. From Cochin he wrote to the Society at Rome that the only reason why large numbers of pagans were not converted was that there was no one to convert them. “It often comes into my mind,” he wrote, “to go round all the universities of Europe, crying out like a madman, and saying to all the learned men there whose learning is so much greater than their charity: ‘Ah! What a multitude of souls is through your fault shut out of Heaven!’ I am sure many of them would . . .

exclaim: ‘Lord . . . send me whithersoever it shall please Thee, even to India!’ . . . Good God! How much happier and safer they would be!” Xavier did not hesitate to ask the King of Portugal to use his influence to obtain missionaries. “Send out to us, Sire,” he wrote, “as many missionaries of our Society as possible.” To Ignatius, from Cochin, 1545: “I want young men and hale men, not weak and old men.” In 1548: “Send us preachers!” 1549: “At Rome you have no lack of men . . . you must provide for us!” Later in 1549, to Simon Rodriguez: “You will most certainly find favor with God if you come out to India, bringing as many as possible of the Society, including seven or eight good preachers.” To Ignatius from Goa, 1552: “It has often occurred to me that Belgian or German Fathers would do very well for the missions in Japan. . . . I have written to warn Father Simon . . . not to send us (Turn to page 139)

The Tarahumara

James L.



One of the Christians among the ancients of the Tarahumara Tribe.

THE Mission of the Mexican Jesuits among the Tarahumara Indians has been one sown in tears and blood and bearing very little fruit. Not in the sense that nothing has been done; much has been accomplished. But in the sense that the revolutionary tendencies of the government have always been brought to bear upon the civilizing labor of our Fathers. During the years from and including the reign of Charles III of Spain to the present date, the Jesuits have suffered no less than three ejections and three suppressions. These last years of persecution find them especially harassed in their efforts for the salvation of the souls of their beloved Indians.

The Tarahumara Mission is situated in the State of Chihuahua, beginning where the railroad of the Kansas City-Mexico line ends. At this station one is forced to abandon trains, wagons, automobiles, commerce and all those commodities which a civilized people thinks indispensable for life. The Mission numbers 40,000 Indians, of which number 38,000 are at least nominally Catholics. There are also about 40,000 Whites or non-Indians. Very few of this latter class are Catholics.

Tarahumara women, unfamiliar with modern machinery, still do their own weaving.

The difficulties of the Mission are innumerable. The first is the nature of the region. The field is vast and equally divided into mountains and valleys. Thus the missionary cannot cross the entire territory though he ride continuously for fifteen days. Chock full of dangers for the priest is this mountainous country; for he often has to travel all during the day and too frequently during the night over rock precipices and through swollen streams of rushing water. Seeing a Tarahumara, one would be led to believe that the region was warm or that the climate was delightful. It is not. Like all mountain climes, it is very cold, so cold at times that the missionary is forced so to arrange his visits to the different villages that he covers the cold mountain district during the Summer months when the climate is rather agreeable, and the valleys or the foothills during the Winter, where, because of the mountain range, the cold blasts are not so cruel. So much for the region.

MANY also, are the missionary's difficulties arising from the nature of the people. Nor does the whole difficulty arise from the Indians when they are left to themselves. It is from the Whites or non-Indians that the real trouble comes. These people live in the region because of private interests such as mines. Some are fugitives from justice and live a rather crude life in the mountains knowing that there they are safe from the eyes of the government. Because of the little edification that they give to the Indians, and the really great harm which they do to them, these people are a constant source of trial and hardship to the zealous priests laboring for the civilization of the Tarahumaras. Frequently they exploit the Indians by fomenting the abominable vice of drunkenness to which the Indians are sadly addicted. For this reason, the missionary, if he is to have any lasting fruits of his labor with the Indians, must try to win over these Whites. Once this has been done, he will have made great strides towards the full conversion of the Indians and the preservation of those, who though converted, are unsteady in the Faith. However, this work of converting the Indians is rendered the more formidable by the fact that they are forearmed against the Fathers, and refuse to allow themselves to be enticed, much less won over.



Indians of Mexico

Enaney, S. J.

In mentioning the difficulties that are to be encountered in the work of converting the Indians, we must necessarily leave

out the personal side, or the arduous suffering which the missionary must undergo in this onerous field. To tell of the sacrifices and trials of these noble priests and Sisters would make an article in itself—an article, indeed, that would make us astonished to know to what lengths the love of God inspires men to go. Suffice it to say that the noble priests, Brothers and Sisters labor among the Tarahumaras with the *noblesse oblige* of the Saints of God.

LIMITING the story of the Mission to the present century and especially to the latter part of it, we find that the Tarahumara Indians still remain a savage and uncivilized people. This is due in great part to the fact that they live almost entirely separated from the rest of mankind and that their relations with the non-Indians have been such as to make them retire further from civilization. As was said before, the Whites exploit the Indians and have ever done so, reducing them to a state of actual poverty. The Indians are by nature given over to drink, and at certain times of the year, when they have their drunken sprees, they go to the greatest excesses of immorality,—there being no distinction between man and woman, mother and daughter, father and son—all are insensibly drunk. It is during these periodical sprees that the Whites exploit the drink-dazed Indians, often making them give up for a song the lands which are theirs by birthright. During these dissipations, the young children are the ones who suffer most, often being left at home for days without anything to eat, and not knowing where their fathers and mothers have gone, other than that they have gone to drink. For this reason these Tarahumaras seem to differ from any other people, in that they have no love for their young. This same indifference is manifest in the general tenor of their lives. Superstition is rampant amongst these ignorant children of the Sierras, and even before they celebrate a feast to the Living God, they have a private celebration to ward off the anger of the evil one. Traces of their former worship of the sun-god still remain, and oftentimes the Indians refuse to be baptized for fear that the columns of the firmament will totter were they to reverence another God. They are self-governed, electing their own officials by popular vote of both the men and the women. Each pueblo has its governor, who is held in the greatest reverence and listened to on all occasions with the greatest respect. There are also many minor officers, each with a fixed office to fulfill. Their government is subject to the State government of Chihuahua, which generally leaves the Indian rather free.

THE great work of the Jesuits, past and present, in this Mission, has been the establishment of training schools for the Indian children. Up until the persecution of 1914, there were three such houses for the boys under the care of the Jesuits, and three houses for the girls under the supervision of the Servants of the Sacred Heart of Jesus and of the Poor, a Society of valiant women who have given themselves over to the care of God's poor in these regions. As a result of their scant love for their young, the Tarahumaras freely give them over to the priests and Sisters to be cared for. This does not mean that the children never return to their parents. They often do, with great profit to the Church, for they frequently bring about the conversion of their elders. In these training schools the work of civilization is begun. The children receive, probably for the first time in their lives, a good bath, their hair is cut to a sensible length and they are shown how to use clothes—a thing which is very unusual for them. They are then instructed in some trade or other, which is to serve them for their



A stalwart Tarahumara brave of the mountain country of Chihuahua.

after life, such as mat-making, basket-making or carpentry. They are also well grounded in the tenets of Christianity and given a good training in secular education. When the time comes for the *tohuisados* (boys) to leave the intern-house to get married, it generally happens that they select a *tehueque* (girl) from the training school of the Sisters, although they are left to their own free choice in this matter. By means of their labors during their apprenticeship, they are enabled to buy themselves a little plot of ground and to construct decent dwellings. Thus little by little a Christian community of Indians is being formed and Christian families started. The system is not unlike the famous Reductions of Paraguay, of which history speaks in eloquent terms.

BUT even this good work has been handicapped, and the future holds very little hope for its continuance, since the Jesuits and the Sisters lost many of their numbers when, in 1926, all foreign-born Religious were ejected from the Mexican Republic. The final blow came last year when all priests, Brothers and Sisters were ordered out. Their training schools were taken away from them as well as the priest's main residence of Carichic. The former will be used to further the Socialistic program, while the latter has been turned into soldiers' barracks.

However, the Jesuits have not (Turn to page 139)

**“As often as we recollect that there are
1,000,000,000 Pagans, we find no
peace of Spirit. . . .”**

—His Holiness, Pius XI.

DO YOU KNOW—

That two-thirds of the human race do not know Christ?

DO YOU KNOW—

That 3,100 Jesuit missionaries are working among 195,000,000 infidels?

DO YOU KNOW—

That of these Jesuit missionaries 350 are Americans?

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AFIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUITS

JAMAICA, B. W. I.

On Tuesday, February 26, a cablegram was received at Winchester Park, announcing the appointment of Very Rev. Francis J. Kelly, S.J., as Superior of the Jamaica Mission, British West Indies. Very Rev. Father Kelly succeeds the late Very Rev. Charles F. Arnold, S.J., who passed away suddenly on the night of Tuesday, December 11, 1934. Father Kelly came to Jamaica in 1915 and served as Head Master of St. George's College, Kingston, and also in the rural mission districts until 1925. From 1925 to 1931, he was Superior of the Mission and was then succeeded by the late beloved Father Arnold. For the last three years and seven months, the new Superior had been Pastor of St. Joseph's Church, Spanish Town.

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Joseph LeRoy, S.J., who spent his years as a Scholastic in Jamaica, B. W. I., muses as follows over Jamaica names:

"What's in a name?" is an old question that has not been adequately answered yet. But who wants an answer? Sometimes names fit places and more often they don't, but who cares? Perhaps the little village called 'Old England' nestling in an obscure corner of Jamaica has an old English touch about it, more likely it hasn't, but the place is Old England just the same and the name will stick to it. The same is true of Little London, and Boston, and New York, of Providence, Mexico, Jericho, Bethany, and Hartford, which all designate little towns in the island of Jamaica. If a man from Boston, Massachusetts, could board a Pan-American plane and land in Boston, Jamaica, what a surprise would greet him! Would he find another Tremont Street, and another Commonwealth Avenue? Surely not. Tremont Street might be Rum Lane, and Commonwealth Avenue, Prince of Wales Street.

"Names, names, what poetry there is in them at times! And if you don't believe that the Jamaican has poetry in him, too, then witness these names that he has given to the spots around him: Castle Comfort, Content, Friendship, Good Hope, Success, Paradise, Elysium, Mile Gulley, Roaring River, Constant Spring, Fairy Hill Bay.

Spicy Grove, Ramble, Ginger Ground, Mamby Park, Knockpatrick, Nannytown, Parnassus, Harkers Hall, Potosi, and Nonsuch.

"How would you like to take a trip to Tom's River with Father Frederick Donovan, S.J., to Top Hill with Father James Harney, S.J., to Yallahs with Father William McHale, S.J., to Chester Castle with Father James Becker, S.J., to Lamb's River with Father Francis Kempel, S.J., to Locheroch Side with Father Raymond Sullivan, S.J., to Mt. Joseph with Father Oliver Skelly, S.J., to May Pen with Father James Dolan, S.J.? Yes, but you'd need a month's vacation. It's not all poetry. There's a lot of climbing, and the sun is frightfully hot at times."

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

Father Tomas Puig, S.J., writes from St. Peter's Rectory, P. O. Box 30, Davao, Davao, P. I.:

"The gifts which you so kindly forwarded shall be used for school work and for prizes which attract the youngsters to our catechism centers. Often in our visits to an outlying mission station, the missionary has to summon the people by playing a few notes on a cornet, after which the children gather round the Padre as bees do round a hive, with the older folks bringing up the rear. We then seize the occasion to teach both one group and the other. In gratitude to our generous benefactors, we promise them a sincere and heartfelt memento in our Masses and prayers."

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Father Eusebio Salvador, S.J., writing from the Catholic Rectory, Plaridel, Occidental Misamis, Mindanao, P. I., and describing his difficulties with the Aglipayan heretics, notes:

"The most difficult problem is how to get in contact with them so that they can hear and see our side of the question. The Aglipyanos that we have here are the fanatical type. So far, I find the distribution of leaflets most effective. I wish I could put them out once every month. Sunday Schools, of course, play a most important role in keeping the Faith and in bringing others to the Fold, and my ideal is to put one Sunday School in each station. In this vast territory under my care there are thirty-three stations with chapels and twenty-five

without chapels. And to admit that I have in all only six Sunday Schools breaks my heart."

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

"Recently, we had a pedagogical field day as a means of refreshing in the teachers' minds the principles and methods that they had been taught in the Vacation Normal Institute. There was a time limit of twenty minutes for each discussion and a free-for-all at the end of the day. The enthusiasm displayed in the general free-for-all showed how pleased the teachers were with the day's program. At present the future for a number of our schools is quite discouraging. The directors of banks that closed in penury can visualize the worries of not a few Reverend directors of Catholic schools in Mindanao."

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Father Austin Dowd, S.J., writing from the Ateneo de Zamboanga, P. O. Box 153, Zamboanga, P. I., has a running commentary on activities of recent date:

"Our Christmas play was very successful and we played it three times, once to the school at the beginning of the holidays, once to the parents and friends of the boys during the holidays, and once at the San Ramon Penal Colony. This last is one of the national prisons. It is a huge place, boasting of a large farm which the prisoners work. Many of them on probation live on the farm itself in private houses with their families. There are about nine hundred prisoners in all, and about thirteen hundred people saw the play. The authorities treated the boys to ice cream afterwards. At our Christmas Mass there were literally thousands. It took nearly an hour for the congregation to approach the altar rail and kiss the statue of the *Santo Nino*, the Holy Child. During the holidays the two hundredth anniversary of the Shrine of the Virgin-of-the-Pillar was celebrated, and Father Joseph Casals, S.J., preached an eloquent sermon.

"The League of Catholic Women here is a branch of the International League of Catholic Women. They are a truly remarkable group. The catechetical work is in their charge and through their aid they have instructed yearly over seven hundred to one



Eighty-four years old and almost fifty-seven years a priest, Father Philibert Tornielli, S.J., sails again for Alaska.

thousand children. Their influence is likewise felt in the political life of the town inasmuch as they have worked very hard to oppose a divorce bill which is annually reintroduced but so far has never been passed. At present, there is a movement on foot to open a cabaret, but we feel sure that with the aid of the League of Catholic Women, this movement shall likewise be defeated.

"Father John J. McKeane, S.J., and myself have started conferences every Sunday for the Public High and Normal School students. Father Joachim Lim, S.J., runs the Catholic paper of Zamboanga and is also in charge of one of the *barrio* chapels which in itself is almost the size of a church. In addition, he has charge of the Bishop's Moro school in Campo Islam, the territory or district where many of the Moros live. When the school was started, a Moro child would not approach a priest. Now they are quite friendly. Our Superior, Father Thomas J. Murray, S.J., is anxious to renovate one of our *barrio* chapels up in the hills, as some Protestant missionaries are now coming into the *barrio*. We have two Protestant churches in the vicinity, one in Zamboanga itself and one in Tetuan nearby. I believe neither of them claim to be Protestant, both saying that they are Christian. Circulars are handed out attacking some of the doctrines of the Catholic Church. The latest attack was launched against the doctrine of Purgatory. As far as I can see, they are making very little impression upon the people. There is also an Episcopalian church attended by the American contingent of that persuasion, but their missionary endeavors are only for the Moros and we are on very good terms with them."

ALASKA

Eighty-four years old, within three weeks of the sixty-second anniversary of his entrance into the Society of Jesus, and almost fifty-seven years a priest, Father Philibert Turnell (Tor-

nielli), S.J., sailed on the steamer *Norco* from Seattle, March 4, for Juneau, Alaska.

Born August 14, 1850, in Venice, Italy, Philibert Tornielli was the son of George Tornielli, a lawyer. After his wife's death, George Tornielli became a priest. Philibert Tornielli's grandfather, on his mother's side, was a nephew of Pope Gregory XVI.

During the funeral sermon for his father, the first thought of becoming a priest came to the future Jesuit, who at the time was a law student at the University of Padua. Young Tornielli disliked the Jesuits, but because he knew that his dead father had esteemed them highly, he made a retreat under the direction of a priest of the Society of Jesus at Turin.

Soon after, Philibert Tornielli entered the Jesuit novitiate at Monaco. After a few months, the novitiate was transferred to Chieri in Piedmont, Italy, where Brother Tornielli pronounced his first vows on Holy Thursday, 1875.

The future missionary was ordained a priest, Pentecost Sunday, 1878, on the Island of Serins, off the coast of France. St. Patrick had once lived on this island.

Father Paschal Tosi, S.J., first Prefect Apostolic of Alaska, invited Father Tornielli to come to Alaska, but was dead before the young priest, who left for America ten days after ordination, arrived there.

Father Tornielli, described by fellow priests as a jovial companion, labored among the Indians of the Pacific Northwest from 1878 till 1898, when he went to Alaska, where he remained until 1932. In that year, forced by ill health to leave Alaska, he returned to the United States. After a few months at Manresa Hall, Port Townsend, Washington, and a year at Bellarmine High School, Tacoma, he was transferred to Mount St. Michael's, Spokane.

But in none of these places was the aged missionary contented. He longed to return to the Far North and repeatedly begged his Superiors for permission to do so. Finally, after three years in the States, he was granted his wish and left Mt. St. Michael's, Mar. 3.

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Father Francis M. Menager, S.J., of Kotzebue, Alaska, writes:

"While the world of men was following breathlessly the sparkling exploits of its Bobby Graysons and Dixie Howells, there was many an unsung contest going on to the north of us that at least must have been a delightful spectacle for the Angels. From a point eighty miles north of Nome when the weather grew warm last Autumn—around zero or so—an improvised game of football was played on the frozen snow-covered river. We have not yet heard if the Eskimos have caught the popular fever and inau-

gurated an Arctic Snow Bowl Game for New Year's Day, 1936."

CANADIAN INDIANS

Spanish, Ontario, may be headquarters for Father Timothy J. Dwyer, S.J., but he has to spend a lot of time on the Indian trail. He writes:

"I got home at eleven o'clock this morning and thought I was going to have the afternoon here, but no such luck, there were two sick calls waiting, about six miles away, so the dogs and I kept on going. I just got back a short while ago, and I have to hit the trail early tomorrow morning on the Sagamok trip. That trip takes me twelve days."

Father Dwyer covers more than two hundred and fifty miles every month, in visiting his missions. He walks one hundred and fifty of these, using two dogs to draw his equipment. Stopping dog fights is a daily occurrence. The technique is quite simple: he catches the Indian dogs by the scruff of the neck to hold them off his own, and when they begin to yell, the Indian rushes out, as he thinks his dogs are getting the worst of it. On February 23, Father Dwyer visited a lumber camp on Clapperton Island, where there are many Indians working. All the White people in the place are Protestants, and there is a Protestant preacher who hauls pulp-wood all week and preaches on Sunday evenings. He was very friendly to the missionary, however; in fact, (as the camp was crowded) priest and preacher slept in the same bunk. On Sunday morning most of the Protestants attended Mass, and the preacher sat in the very front row.

Most of the Indians around Cutler are moving away from the village, and nearer to the new highway that is being built; the reason is, they want to see the cars go by. Soon the church will be the only building left, as is the case on the Sagamok and Les Sables reserves. At these places, the missionary must say Mass in private houses, to give the people an opportunity of receiving the sacraments. High Mass on Sunday, however, is always in the church, and many of the Indians walk from three to nine miles in order to get to Mass. The Indians at Les Sables recently papered Father Dwyer's living quarters there; they used the pages of Eaton's catalogue for wall paper.

* * *

Father Joseph M. Couture, S.J., after spending six weeks at the hospital at Montreal where he had an operation on a bad knee, is in fine physical condition again and is working vigorously in his Ontario missions. His enthusiasm for flying has not lessened. He writes:

"The plane is working fine and even though there is a little trouble connected with its use in Winter, the dif-

faculties do not compare with those encountered in long walks on snowshoes and with a dog team. The great loss of time in traveling is done away with, and now I can spend the major portion of my days in priestly work: teaching catechism and preaching. I find that the use of the plane costs me just about half of what I had to spend formerly on dogs and canoes, on guides and on food."

CHINA

Under date of January 3, Father Charles D. Simons, S.J., writes from Wuhu, storm center of Chinese Reds:

"At Christmas time we had the visit of Father Gregory Calavia, S.J., the Catholic missionary of Tsing-te (Ching-teh) where Mr. and Mrs. Stamm were so brutally murdered just three weeks ago. I expected to see a missionary, drawn and haggard, with the scared look of one who narrowly escaped a frightful death. What a surprise! A blond-haired, ruddy, blue-eyed little Spaniard—for he is a Spanish Basque—spent a delightful hour with us, telling us all about it. Scared! You would think he had just come from a celebration. This was the second time, by an almost special disposition of Providence, he escaped sure death at the hands of the Communists. The very day that the Communists entered his town, he set out on a visit, an extraordinary one, to some of his scattered 'Christianities.' He was warned, of course, before returning, and so remained or went into hiding for some time. On entering Tsing-te, the Communists first of all asked the whereabouts of the Catholic missionary. They had heard that the Catholic Church preached against their doctrine, and so wanted to vent a bit of their spite. Father Calavia is now making

his annual retreat after which he will return to his district.

"You may have heard that Wuhu was, and some believe, still is in danger of being sacked by the Reds. Just before Christmas, the news was wild that an army of six thousand well equipped Reds was marching down upon us to send us to Heaven for that great day, in order to embarrass the poor distraught Chinese Government. Consequently, we have a little international flotilla of gunboats in the river, ready to screech and shoot rockets at the last minute and gather us on board should the worst come to the worst. I took advantage of the presence of the American and English gunboats, *Panay* and *Guat*, to visit them and ferret out Catholic sailors for a Christmas Mass. The crews are very small and the number of Catholics proportionately smaller; still, a half dozen showed up for Mass at the Sisters' Convent near the dock. One of the sailors served Mass, all heard a short sermon, and the Spanish Sisters sang the *Adeste Fideles*.

"There never seems to have been any real danger for Wuhu. The Red Army is hardly so large as was reported, and, Father Calavia tells us, is poorly equipped. Very few have guns. Government troops rushed to principal centers have caused them to scatter to the mountains, where they are safe until they get hungry. In all, but two of the numerous 'Centers' in the district, the missionaries had regular Christmas Mass and services—though in one of them, the Father had just time to get out when all was over. I have been lost, several times since coming to China, in admiration at the coolness of our missionaries under fire. The Fathers of this Vicariate (Spanish Jesuits) are now coming to Wuhu for their annual retreat, just as if noth-



When a devastating hail storm hit San Antonio, Texas, on March 5, over 235 windowpanes were broken in Guadalupe Mission School. Father Carmelo Tranchese, S.J., already heavily burdened with debt in his efforts to care for thousands of Mexican refugees, finds it practically impossible to meet this latest emergency.

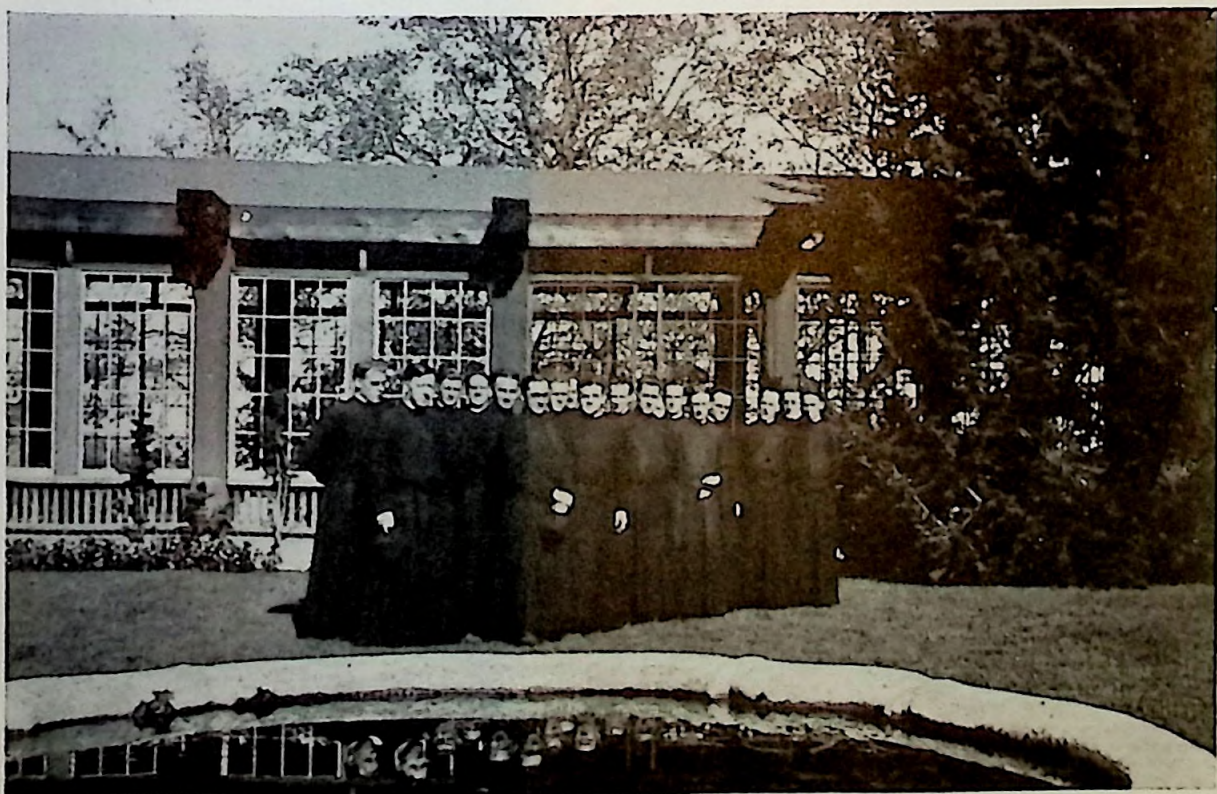
ing were happening. In a few days they return, young and old, for a season that promises to be more than ordinary. When the Reds raid down from the mountains to burn and kill and pillage in restocking their pantry, who among them may then be caught at home? We do not know, nor they; but they do know that the work of the missions is going on and that a blow struck at them eventually will boomerang back for the advantage of that very work."

AMERICAN INDIANS

Father Placidus F. Sialm, S.J., veteran of nearly thirty-five years among the Sioux Indians of South Dakota, writes to a friend who, willing to start off with one hundred dollars,—though Father does not know it—seeks other friends to help on a fund to buy Father the much needed small auto to cover the hundreds of miles he must travel monthly over the vast reservation.

"Let me thank you for remembering Father Sialm—the 'Raggedy Man' of some years ago. How I wish we were back in those old days of 1923 to '33, when I got 'rags'—pieces, patches, remnants—old clothes for our Mission! But now, everything is dead in that line—no more parcels and packages and boxes and barrels from friends of the Raggedy Man. Scarcely any letter comes to cheer us in the work. Yet God does not die, and His Divine Providence is still taking care of us somehow. I thank you very, very much for your charity. You are a most faithful friend of our Indian Sioux Mission.

"My car—Bellarmine—has now run thirty-five thousand miles, and on the



The Missiology Class at Alma College, California, which devotes special energy to a study of medical mission problems in China. (See page 119.)



The shepherds and their "lambs" together with the celebrants of the midnight Mass at Father Pierre's Carmelite Church. Rear row, left to right: Father Joseph P. Merrick S.J., Very Rev. William A. Rice, S.J., Rector of Baghdad College, Father Pierre, Pastor of the Carmelite Church, and Father Frank Sarjeant, S.J.

last trip I had terrible weather. Once a main spring broke, but I was able to fix it even though it was fifty-two miles away from home. Then, in a blizzard, the car stopped running and I had to stay over for the night in a hut. Next morning, I said Mass there and after that was able to get started on my way back home over bad roads. A new car is a necessity on these terrible roads. May God provide some friends like yourself who will enable me to get a much needed auto."

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Anthony J. Adams, S.J., who is teaching at St. Francis Mission among the Sioux Indians of South Dakota, sends some jottings from his diary:

"September 10: Dappled with tents the sun parched knoll northeast of here seems to vie with St. Francis for the honor of having the more inhabitants. However, most of the tents will be gone soon and St. Francis will boast of a hundred per cent increase in population as the children begin regular classes. Some of the children have come more than a hundred miles, many in wagons which are now standing beside the various tents that shelter the parents.

"October 29: Last Thursday, our band played by invitation at Winner. Led by Brother Andrew Hartmann, S.J., the boys played on the gridiron between halves of a football game, afforded the crowd high grade entertainment on a corner of Main Street, took part in a torch light parade and finally, received honors over two other bands by being called upon to play in Legion Hall before Hon. Howe, Assistant Postmaster General, and other dignitaries. The impression left may be judged from this that people drove the seventy miles from Winner just to hear the band play here before the talkie last night.

"November 3: This morning, two

of last year's graduates returned from the altar husband and wife. The girls' choir sang the Mass. After Mass, the newly-weds were serenaded by the band.

"November 15: The boys had just left the church after choir practice and I was about to close the door when a pathetic scene was enacted. One of the Fathers had placed two lighted candles on a small table near the door and stepped outside. Near the church stood an old topless roadster from which a lone man, shabbily dressed, removed a box which he carried into the church. It contained the remains of his little child. Prayers for the dead were recited, the body blessed, the box replaced in the car and the Father and parent drove off to the graveyard.

"January 20: Honors are healthy stimulants when deserved, and the effort and patience required to perfect oneself in any field of endeavor demand some reward. It was with rejoicing on all sides then that we received knowledge of the praise bestowed on one of the girls for her typing. The work was in a foreign language and done for a lady in the East who claims that the finished product surpassed in quality similar work done for her by graduates of a certain leading commercial school of a college in New England. Such recognition speaks highly of the individual and instructor alike. It has its significance, too, in the increasing ability of the Indian to compete with the White in fields of work that will raise him from the category of a Government charge."

CEYLON

Writing from St. Michael's College, Batticaloa, Ceylon, John W. Lange, S.J., tells the story of the malaria epidemic which has swept over Ceylon.

"The latest official report on the

casualties, published in the *Times* three days ago, was a death rate of seven thousand in one section, Kegalle, in southern Ceylon. The number of cases is way over the half million mark. The deaths occur, not from the fever directly, but from the after effects, combined with the perennial syndromes, such as: under-nourishment, unsanitary living conditions, ignorance. Pneumonia and dysentery carry off most of them. They do not know how to, or cannot, prevent a relapse—which is frequently fatal.

"A striking example of their ignorance is this: in one of the stricken villages, an old man lay in his hut, suffering from the effects of the first attack, and in a weak, helpless condition. His son lay nearby, likewise affected. Some kind, but ignorant soul, knowing—with native prudence—that a warm fire was a good means of counteracting the first attack (chills), came and made a fire on the floor of the hut (the usual thing) right next to the old man. Of course, the mat on which he was lying shortly took fire. He could not move. He shouted. His son could not move. He too shouted. And, believe it or not, none of the people within earshot could move. So they all shouted. The united shouting finally brought an outsider to the scene—only to find the old man burned to a cinder.

"And as an example of the severity of the weak spell produced: the supply truck (lorry) came with a few sacks of rice, and left them in the usual place along the main road, at some distance from the settlement, where the villagers came regularly and carried them to their homes. The rice remained there, and went to waste; and the villagers starved to death. No one there was strong enough to go and carry in the rice.

"There has been a great deal of charity manifested during the epidemic. Then, too, after they had been frightened into action by the spread of the epidemic, the Government officials gave plenty of support, though there has been considerable criticism because of the failure of Government to take proper steps to check the spread of malaria mosquitoes.

"We here at the College have been mercifully spared. The epidemic is almost exclusively in the small, dirty, unsanitary backwoods villages; the big towns are fairly immune."

* * *

"The rainfall has been so scarce that the crops have failed utterly. What is known as the *cheny* crop, that is, something nearly equivalent to the American 'truck garden,' was given up about a month ago. Understand the situation now. I do not mean to say that the whole island of Ceylon is deprived of such valuable accessories as onions, tomatoes, carrots, etc., but in the little villages, where the *cheny* are, and in

which those things are raised for their own consumption, there is desolation. Consequently, the villagers will be deprived of food and there will be a famine. The Government will have to supply them with food. Furthermore, not only the *cheny*, but the paddy crops also have failed to flower. Paddy is rice—the Ceylonese thrice-daily staff of life. You can imagine what the consequences of that will be. Finally, since there is no crop, neither is there any seed crop; which means that there will be nothing to plant next year.”

* * *

“Here is an interesting story on the inconvertible followers of Islam. One day, not so long ago, an elderly Moor (Mohammedan) came to one of the parish priests, in secret—like Nicodemus of old.

“*Swami*” (Father), he explained, ‘as you see, I am a Moor.’ (There could be no mistaking that, for he had the shaven crown, and the gaudy *verty*—man’s skirt—of the Moor.)

“Well, *Swami*, I have been reading many things about the Catholic Church. I have read your Bible, and some other books. And I like the Catholic Church. I think it is the only true Church.’

“The priest was amazed, overjoyed, speechless with wonder. Here was one of the followers of the most unapproachable religious sects in the world, coming to him of his own free will, and practically renouncing that iron-bound religion! But what struck him with a wonder more deep than words can tell was the rest of the Moor’s declaration:

“... and, *Swami*, I am not alone; there are fifteen others!”

“Certainly, *digitus Dei est hic!* And the priest felt as though there were someone else standing there between him and the old Moor—a Divine Presence, working in and influencing the mind of the man more than any human power could ever influence it. But that was not all—

“We are going to Madu, to pray to Miriam, that she may guide us the right way.’ (Madu is the great Ceylon sanctuary of Our Lady—a place where miracles have been wrought through the intercession of Mary, and where great crowds of Ceylon Catholics go on pilgrimages twice a year. We shall have to tell more about this ‘Lourdes of Ceylon’ later—after we have seen it.)

“What will come of it? It is God’s work—and that, indeed, in a most exclusive way. For no priest can attempt to preach to the Mohammedans; they would kill him at once. Such is their religion.”

PATNA, INDIA

For some time there have not been any letters from Father James R. Gibbons, S.J., who was formerly a very active correspondent of JESUIT MISSIONS. Father has been engaged in

solving the complications that arise in land transactions in India. As the development of the missions among the Santals demanded the purchase of property for the erection of definite mission centers, and as Father Gibbons has made a study of land affairs, his Bishop had placed him in charge of this important work. The result is that Father has been on the go a great deal,—but he doesn’t want to lose touch with friends back home. Here is a letter from him, written at Jeypur, under date of February 17.

“Just to break the ice, here’s a line. The Bishop, in his visit to the United States, will have told you all the news about me. I’ll just supplement that a bit with a sample of what I have been doing just recently.

“I arrived here by motor bike at 4:30 this afternoon, having raced a storm for the last lap—which I beat here—nearly. This is Father Westropp’s station, but he is not at home. However, the cook had boiled potatoes and hard-boiled potatoes and tea for lunch. The cow didn’t favor us with a drop. Tonight I had chicken and rice—not bad for a make-shift. I had the leg of a chicken and a piece of bread and butter still in my pocket when I arrived. I’m keeping the bread for the road tomorrow.

“I left Bhagalpur for Baunsi (thirty-one miles due south) this morning at 9:00. I wanted to see the Manager of the Raj about some land. They told me he was at Jamdoha (eight miles southwest), and when I got there at 1:30, I found that he had gone off for a visit, five miles further south. I rested at Jamdoha and decided to come on down here in order to say Mass tomorrow morning before going back for the business. Jeypur is fourteen miles southwest from Jamdoha, and the roads are bad and there are two unbridged rivers to cross.

“On account of the river, I’ll probably be delayed in getting around tomorrow. The mud is as slippery as ice around here and the rivers may give me trouble. If possible, I expect to get back and have the work finished so that I can stay with Fathers Kilian and Stoy tomorrow night. They are about thirty miles away, as the snake crawls east from here. Thence, I shall go on to Bhagalpur to register the deed the following day. All last Friday and Saturday, from early morn until late in the afternoon, I spent at the Bhagalpur courts registering the transaction and sale of land for Gokhla—Father Creane’s new headquarters. The week before that, I took Father Mullen on a four hundred mile tour of this southern part of the Mission. For this trip, I made use of Father Creane’s motor bus. The week before that, I had a two hundred mile motor-cycle trip. Going back another two weeks, you would have found me in the hospital at Patna and also at the hospital at Jamalpur. The ulcer trouble hasn’t quite killed me yet, as the program above tells you, but I have to live on chicken and milk and alkaline powders for a year. It works all right when the cows are feeling kindly inclined and when the chickens are not on the wing,—but that is not always.

“This work on land cannot go on forever. I’ll be settling down somewhere in definite mission business by and by. I studied the land affairs in order to be able to help the Oroans out of their money lenders’ grip. That was when I was still at Chakni. However, it so happens that my study of land questions was the instrument of separating me from my good people, as my Bishop wished to use me in the important work now here. Thus, man proposes and Providence disposes. The good God knows what is best for us.”



Lamas from Kurseong Lamasery visit an American Jesuit (Marion R. Batson, S.J.) at St. Mary’s College in the Himalaya Mountains near Kurseong.

Anglum

William C.

Grummel, S.J.



ANGLUM is neither an African village nor an Alaskan town, but a small Negro settlement about ten miles from St. Louis. Hardly the location for a mission, yet the Jesuit Father and the five Scholastics who help him can attest that

they find here abundant opportunities for exercising their apostolic zeal. Besides caring for the spiritual needs of the Catholics, and attempting to dispel the prejudice of non-Catholics in order to lead them to the Church, they must also provide some of the more needy of the parishioners of St. Peter Claver's Church with clothing and even with food.

The people are extremely poor. One glance at the ramshackle homes which border the narrow streets is sufficient evidence of this. The inside does not belie the exterior; the rooms are usually very small and almost never covered with wall paper. The wind finds many chinks through which it can rush, while light seems to be pretty effectively kept out. It is no wonder that many of these people are continually sick during the cold weather. In sickness they depend almost entirely on the priest. It is he who calls the doctor, sees that his orders are carried out, and frequently visits the sick person himself.

BUT the main work of the missionary is the spiritual welfare of the Negroes. Father Joseph Wels, S.J., who is stationed at St. Stanislaus Seminary, is the zealous pastor of this flock. He has about seventy-five parishioners many of whom are converts. The Catholic Negroes are, generally speaking, exemplary Catholics. Last Lent they were unable to have regular Lenten services conducted by a priest, so the Negroes themselves had their own services: each day the prefect of the Sodality conducted the Way of the Cross for all who wished to come.

Each Sunday afternoon five Jesuit Scholastics hike from the seminary to Anglum to conduct catechism classes for children and adults. This Sunday School is an important



Father Joseph Wels, S.J., of St. Stanislaus Seminary, Florissant, Mo., who devotes his zealous energy to the Colored folks at Anglum.

factor in the Anglum Mission for many reasons. Not only are Catholic children well grounded in their Faith, but many non-Catholics, who attend almost as faithfully as Catholics, become acquainted with the doctrines of the Church. Not that there is much hope of baptizing these children whose parents remain outside the Church (sad experience has taught us that such a policy frequently results in loss of Faith), but when the children grow up they often enter the Church, and become exemplary Catholics.

IT is with the young, therefore, that our hope lies. Father Otto Moorman, S.J., who is doing splendid work among the Negroes in South Kinloch near by, has erected a school for the young children. His farsighted policy is to keep the children good. There are many obstacles to the conversion of the older people; the two chief difficulties are prejudice and marriage entanglements.

This Mission is not without an occasional touch of comedy. One of the men in the adult class, a Negro of about sixty-three who was baptized on what was believed his death bed, is the despair of the teacher. The explanation of the necessity of water for administering the Sacrament of Baptism leads him to ask questions about the Flood, the Ark, Noe, and whatever else in the Bible is connected with water. Whenever I see him wrinkling his brow and pursing his lips, I begin to talk a little louder and a little faster, for I know that he is about to ask some searching question about a mile off the matter of the lesson. After class it is a delight to (Turn to page 140)



"The people are extremely poor. One glance at the ramshackle homes which border the narrow streets is sufficient evidence of this."

"There Simply is no Inn"

Charles P. Miller, S.J.



LAST month I was telling you of the ins and outs of village life in the Santal section of Patna Mission where we Chicago Jesuits are at work. I told you how my host came to the rescue when I discovered that my servant had left my knife, fork and spoon seven miles away. But let us go on with our story.

After dinner the crowd usually leaves, for it is getting late. It is then I finish my office if I have not done so earlier in the day. Meanwhile, my host and the male members of the family indulge in an after dinner smoke. A *secoua* cheroot is made from the *secoua* leaf. The latter is from five to seven inches long and from two to four inches wide, being oblong in shape. It has the peculiar property of not getting brittle when dried. It also burns slowly. The leaf is torn lengthwise to remove the stem. Then it is rolled diagonally, like a long narrow funnel, and country tobacco is added to the open end of the funnel as the rolling progresses. The result is a cheroot about six inches long and one-half inch in diameter. It is not an unpleasant smoke, but as far as I know, none of the fashionable clubs keep it in stock. This cheroot is not held between the lips or teeth. Instead, it is grasped in the joint of the forefinger and middle finger. The two hands are then cupped in such a way that the smoke is inhaled by drawing on the opening left between the forefinger and thumb. Dad takes a "hale" or two, and passes it on to the next in line.

MY host always offers me a *parkom* or rope bed on which to sleep, and I usually manage to decline. My stock excuse is that I am too long for the bed and, therefore, will sleep more comfortably on the verandah. My real reason is because bed bugs and I simply cannot agree. Brother Bug is my *bete noir*.

One of my friends offered to have a bed made that would be long enough for me. I smilingly acknowledged his kind offer, but inwardly I shuddered at the mere thought of his good intention blossoming into actuality. For, if a bed five feet long can hold so many bugs, then how many can be accommodated in a bed seven feet long?

Do not say that I am very rude in introducing Brother Bug. Far be it from me to introduce him. In fact, he never waits for any introduction but comes right in unannounced, without so much as a "By your leave, Sir," never asks whether his victim belongs to polite society or not. But before I dismiss him from this nar-



Santal smiles from the jolly group seated on a native "parkom," or rope bed.

rative, I wish to add that while I have seen not a few books on the game of India, I do not recall finding even a single chapter devoted to the exciting sport of catching a bed bug in a brown blanket on a dark night.

There is no honking of horns as cars speed down the village street, because there are no cars. The cattle pens are not far from your ear. Your nose would apprise you of this if you needed the evidence of that organ. But all night long the buffaloes and cows chew their cud, stamp the ground, and move about. A goat or sheep will have a bell tied to its neck, and this bell tinkles right merrily through the night and your dreams. Then again, two or more members of the family may carry on a conversation into the wee sma' hours. If a wedding is in progress in a nearby village, the beating of drums and the voices of the singers will be wafted to your ears on the night breeze. But these are all incidentals to which you soon grow accustomed.

AS soon as rosy fingered dawn begins to draw back the sable curtain of night, the house is astir. In fact, the whole village suddenly comes to life. Harold and his brothers loose the cattle from the pens and drive them to pasture. Young and old, all go down to the creek to wash their faces and brush their teeth. Toothbrushes grow on trees. The succulent branch of a *neem* or other tree is broken off to a length of eight or ten inches and the end frayed by biting it. With this frayed end the teeth are brushed.

Be the weather fair or foul, warm or cold, there is only one place for the morning ablutions, the creek. Nor has Dame Nature, otherwise so bountiful, benevolently supplied hot and cold water taps along the bank. I know you must be thinking what a bother it is to walk a block to wash your face. Are there no bathrooms in the houses? Never heard of such a thing. Why should there be when water flows in the creeks? (Turn to page 140)

BOOK REVIEWS

Gesture Before Farewell. By Charles J. Quirk, S.J. The Dial Press, New York, N. Y. Price \$1.50.

In the Prefatory Note for Father Quirk's poems, the writer lists for honorable mention the author's technical efficiency, spiritual insight and other-worldliness, together with a certain psychological tonic effect upon the nervous system. Continuing from this point on, one may add that the more sensitively attuned is one's nervous system, the more its aperceptive faculties will be lulled to rest by the lush sensuousness of such things as "Wind in the Grass," and by the same token, the more lymphatic will be its reaction upon reading the refrain in "Queen Guinevere's Song," or the youthful sentimentality in "Tears," "Testament" and "Trivialities." There is a far echo of Shakespeare's Queen Mab in "In Fairyland," and of Shelley's "Ode to the West Wind" in "Woods in Autumn." Frankly, we feel that Father Quirk's dramatic departures are in no way comparable with the creative fancy that so pleasingly distinguishes "Chanticleer," "Maamselle the Moon," "The Toy," and "Fountains in the Moonlight."

"Bending and swaying in an interval
Of loveliness, before they disappear
Into the carven basin's rounded mere;
Rushing unto that dark and final call
Of dissolution as to festival,
In gay abandon, nobly freed from fear."

Humility, which is as much a part of the author's own delightful personality as of his poetry, adds a poignant touch to "A Brief for Minor Poets," and "Gesture Before Farewell."

The Rose Book of Medal Stories.
The Blue Book of Medal Stories. By The Daughters of Charity, Emmitsburg, Md. Whitman Publishing Company, Racine, Wisc. Price ten cents each.

One can only adequately appreciate the technical and spiritual value of these little primers by comparing their beauty and delightful artistry with the devilish propaganda and blatant atheism foisted on the innocent children of Soviet Russia and of Mexico. While it is morally impossible that the Red campaign of irreligion should not affect pupils for evil, it is equally impossible that the stories of "Begga's Bracelet," "In the Tower of London," "Joseph," and "Louise," should not leave in the minds and hearts of our grade school children ideals of value for time and for eternity. The drawings are exquisite and the fact that these books have been made available in Five and Ten Cent Stores, many department stores and book shops throughout the United States, merits our cooperation.

Psychic Phenomena of Jamaica. By Joseph J. Williams, S.J. The Dial Press, Inc., New York, N. Y. Price \$2.50.

A study of weird happenings, superstitions, curious beliefs, extraordinary manifestations and similar various phenomena of Negro culture in Jamaica, B. W. I., that will be a challenge to the materialist as well as a hunting ground for the devotees of spiritualism. The book is both scientific in its method and in its obvious evidence of research, and at the same time will undoubtedly be popular because of the age-old fascination which ever hovers around the practice of the occult and mystical. As in the author's book on "Voodooes and Obeahs," there are many practical reflections which justify from a priestly point of view what might otherwise be but a mass of curious lore, of no apologetic value whatsoever. Further, the author notes that the preternatural influences here related attest the continuity of a life beyond the grave and of an immortality that shall never end. Again, he reminds captious critics that violations of the moral code peculiar to the "Isle of Springs" may often be perhaps in the eyes of God what theologians call material and not formal sin. And again, that tropical man is not all vile, but on the contrary has, like every man, possibilities for good and bad, symptoms of evil as well as vestiges of the bestial. The author's insistence upon Catholic principles of morality as codes of criticism might well be adopted as a saving and salutary norm of judgment for the students and critics of psychic phenomena.

The Carpenter. By David P. McAstocker, S.J. The Bruce Publishing Company, Milwaukee, Wisconsin. Price \$1.00.

This is the third in the author's trilogy of the Holy Family, succeeding former volumes on "Himself," and "Herself." In its general plan, careful thought construction and workmanship, it is a literary and religious achievement worthy of "The Carpenter." Recently, the Starky Expedition to Palestine unearthed some three thousand year old porcelain archives at Tel ad-Duweir between Beer-sheba and Gaza, and Doctor John P. Harrington of the Smithsonian Institute pronounced them, "One of the most valuable contributions ever made to biblical history." Yet, for the personal religious life of the modern man and woman, they are not nearly so practical as are the spiritual finds unearthed by Father McAstocker in the little vine-clad cottage that housed the world's model home. Eternal values are reasserted, God's standards vindicated and in contrast with the labor, sincerity, cheerfulness, silence,

patience, humility and obedience of Joseph, "get-rich-quick" schemes of spirituality and religious Wallingfords are exposed for the pothering hoaxes that they really are. The chapters of this book reveal in practice the results of meditation as this term has been defined for the world in "The Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius of Loyola." They are a splendid brief for a return to that method of prayer which, while not in accord with the tempo of our national life, will, nevertheless, lead us to the solution of every modern problem. This book will be "to many a discouraged and burdened father of a family as a refreshing West wind, blowing against him from the hills of Nazareth," bringing music to his heart and peace to his spirit.

The Word Incarnate. By Most Rev. Alban Goodier, S.J. P. J. Kenedy & Sons, New York, N. Y. Price \$1.75.

With a few alterations this present Harmony is founded on that of Tischendorf and arranges the four Gospels according to "The Thirty Years," "The Public Life," "The Passion," and "The Risen Life." The continuous narrative of the Harmony will be invaluable as a source of meditation as well as a chronological guide for the students of the Bible and the general reader. A chart of one hundred and twelve events in Our Lord's public life is drawn up in index form.

My Changeless Friend, Nineteenth Series. By Francis P. LeBuffe, S.J. Apostleship of Prayer, New York, N. Y. Price thirty cents.

Fifty-six pages of homely moralizing on the cross that is life and on the inequalities of justice that shall not be righted in this vale of tears. The way out of this omnipresent source of discontent is the realization of our purpose in this life and faith in the vindication of God's eternal values.

The Successful Failure. By Daniel A. Lord, S.J. Queen's Work, St. Louis, Mo. Price ten cents per copy.

Values of time and of eternity are herein contrasted for the consolation of millions of hidden lives.

Catholic Missal Supplement. By Rev. Charles J. Callan, O.P., and Rev. John A. McHugh, O.P. P. J. Kenedy & Sons, New York, N. Y. Price twenty-five cents.

It gives the order of the Mass for each day during 1935 with a list of indulgences granted on feasts and during the months of the year.

BQAA

(Continued from page 121)

the swamp to a nearby stream, hedged the property with poplars, planted a garden in loam hauled from the mountains, and built a residence. The plain was then habitable. More Brothers arrived from France, captivated by the glorious prospect of rebuilding the Church on soil hallowed by Martyrs' blood. The Brothers built an agricultural school and taught agriculture and the manual arts. The older students received pay for their work, and the money was kept in trust until they were eighteen years of age. Equipped with a trade and a sum of money, the student was prepared for the initial difficulties of earning his own living. Within ten years, the plain was so productive that the Fathers were able to open thirteen more schools in the mountain villages.

And as so often happens with those who willingly follow the obscure destiny of St. Joseph, the lives of the Brothers exercised an intimate influence on others. Young men in the country could not be unmindful of the sturdy lives of the Brothers and the giant tasks they achieved. They first admired the men who were engineers, architects, carpenters, masons, electricians and doctors, and all of whose talents were bonded in unselfish service to God by the religious vows of poverty, chastity and obedience. Nor did the Brothers' long hours of prayer pass unnoticed. All knew that was the secret of their tireless endurance and the fulness of their manhood. Many of the youths aspired to live like them. And some of the more courageous accepted the grace to follow their footsteps through the Novitiate.

Today, a large statue of the Sacred Heart looks from the observatory on the mountain slope across the fertile plain to Hermon. The Master's Hands outstretch a blessing upon the French and native Brothers, who toil side by side in His Vineyard. Thankfully the Brothers accept the blessing and bend all the more earnestly to their labor. They know their work is not yet done. Their first successes have

only increased their labor and enlarged its scope. And as they toil contentedly under the outstretched hands of the Sacred Heart, they lift their hearts in prayer that the example of their lives may draw other generous souls to share with them their labors in the Vineyard of the Master.

FIESTA IN SUMILAO

(Continued from page 122)

Sumilao there was a Solemn High Mass. Father Henfling, "the little missionary of the mountains" sandwiched in between Father Lucas and myself, to give symmetry, was the celebrant. Father Contin, joyful to be back on his mountains, preached a stirring sermon. Again the children of the school distinguished themselves, this time not with an operetta, but by singing the music of the High Mass, aided and abetted by some of the older folks. After the Mass we had a long, colorful procession about the streets of the town.

Now if I should send this without saying a word about the newly-painted altar, I am sure that Father Henfling would never forgive me. The altar was his *piece de resistance* and with good reason, for he had painted it himself, spending several days in the process. He had reason to be proud of it, for he had done a very good job and made a pleasing effect. He painted it with Our Lady's colors, white and blue, the blue predominating, with just enough gilt to give a pleasing contrast.

In the afternoon the people gathered again in the church for the singing of the holy Rosary, which was followed by Solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. This brought a blessed ending to a very joyous *fiesta*. The people went home, tired no doubt, but happy. When Our Blessed Lady, from her throne in Heaven, looked down upon this obscure mountain town and saw what had been done in her honor, I am sure that she was pleased and made happy. No doubt, the Angels gathered around her throne, saw a smile spreading over her features that day. And that night as we went to sleep a special blessing must have accompanied us.

"XAVIER NEVER BEGGED!"

(Continued from page 125)

Fathers who are of no use in Portugal, for they will be of no more use in India. . . ." Again to Simon: "O Simon, my dearest brother, do you see how great the work is that we have in hand? And if God wills that the light of the Gospel should be carried to so judicious and docile a people, you, too, will do well, I think, to come to China, and slake your thirst for the salvation of souls. . . . Meanwhile . . . send us such Fathers as I have desired."

These letters sketch for us a new picture of St. Francis Xavier. We see him at his desk,—the business man, the executive, the organizer. The desk may be only a barrel or the deck of a ship, but the difficulties under which he worked only magnify the wonder of his efficiency. The crucifix and the shell of baptismal water are always in the picture of Xavier—but so too are the purse and the pen. Xavier, the man of God, did not forget that he had been a man of the world. His heart burned with charity for his brothers and the poor; he was lavish in his zeal; and yet he could be something of a Shylock in preventing useless waste of the goods of God. Modern missionaries need have little fear that their methods are different from those of Saint Francis Xavier.

THE TARAHUMARA

INDIANS OF MEXICO

(Continued from page 127)

abandoned their boys, nor have the Sisters given up their beloved girls. They have taken them with them into the mountains where they are trying to carry on the good work of civilizing these Indian youths. The dangers are many. They are in constant peril from federal troops, continually molested by robbers, and living in the most abject poverty, subject to the inclemency of the weather at all times. Their daily fare is made up of frijoles and ground corn and at times, though rarely, a helping of *tortillas*. Were it not for the generosity of friends, even these bare necessities would be lacking. One of our Fathers has been living for the last six months in a mountain cave, in

constant danger of his life. Recently one of the missionaries wrote to me, asking for fifty cents, saying that although it seemed a trifling sum here in the States, it was as a nugget of gold there in the sierras.

THE MISSION INTENTION (Continued from page 129)

days, rebirth of the national religion, Shintoism, the Buddhist renaissance, western materialism, progress of the Protestant sects, and non-religious schools. Yet, in the face of these, there is today a well-formed native clergy with parochial organizations worthy of honorable mention, a press, medical missions, higher education, public conferences, and so forth, which justify our hope that through the intercession of Mary, Mediatrix of all graces, this island empire in the land of the rising sun may soon be led to the knowledge, love and imitation of the Eternal Son of Justice.

ANGLUM

(Continued from page 136)

hear this old fellow expound his homely philosophy of life illustrated with examples from the Old and New Testament.

Last August fifteenth, a young altar boy, being asked what feast was celebrated on that day solemnly declared: "Ah knows, Fathah, the consumption of the Blessed Virgin into Heaven."

Another time an elderly lady waited for the Father after services on the morning of Ash Wednesday. As he came out of the church she rushed up to him and said with a wide smile: "O Fathah! Ah sho laked yoah suvices, and Ah enjoyed yoah ashes so much!"

"THERE SIMPLY IS NO INN" (Continued from page 137)

Your ideas are all awry. I realized this when I chanced to see an illustrated advertisement by Sinkum and Company, telling about their wonderful, spotless, sanitary bathroom furnishings and accessories. I should say bathroom unnecessaries. How prosaic life must be to the city dweller who is hemmed in by four walls. His bathroom may be a marvel of modern plumbing, but there it is, an expensive stationary

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affair. Compare that to the poetry of going down to the creek across the fields wet with the morning dew. The orient splendor just topping the hills is reflected from the crystal clear water that caresses the rock on which you are kneeling. The birds fill the forest with their matutinal song of praise, while two chipmunks sit on their hind legs and discuss the great bipeds who are laving their physiognomies along the bank of the stream. Tell me, is there any poetry like unto this to be found in plumbers' bills? Or can any modern architect embody all this scenery in the bathroom of the most up-to-date apartment? And it does not cost anything, either to install or to maintain. Think of it! No leaky pipes, no floor or windows to clean, no faucets to polish. God's great open sky is the ceiling, and the forest covered hills in all their splendor form the walls. (To be continued)

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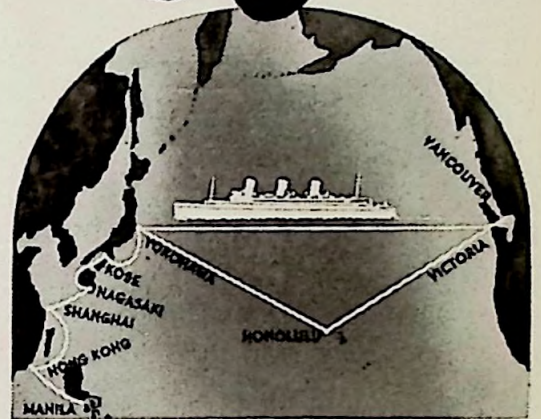
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A MAGAZINE OF APOSTOLIC ENDEAVOR

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The Church in Abyssinia

IN view of the publicity given to recent movements of Italian troops into northern Africa, it will be of interest to our readers to get a missionary view of Abyssinia—a land practically unknown to most Americans. The Roman *Fides Service*, under date of March 9, 1935, carries the following informative article which gives a somewhat different picture from that printed in our daily papers.

"The Leper Colony of Harar in Abyssinia, founded and directed by Capuchin missionaries, is the subject of a special article by Mlle. Henriette Celarie in the *Intransigent*, one of the more important daily newspapers of Paris. The colony was founded in 1901 by Father Meerie-Bernard, its present chaplain, after Ras Makonnen had asked the Vicar Apostolic of Gallas, if any of his missionaries would be willing to work among the lepers. . .

"The Capuchin Fathers and the Franciscan Sisters of Calais, in the Vicariate of Gallas, take care of 130 lepers in their asylums, while hundreds of lepers come daily to the missionaries' dispensaries to have their sores treated.

"The successor of Ras Makonnen, Haile Silassie I, the present ruler of Ethiopia, is a man of singular rectitude, who, while being attentive to the strong religious feelings of his people, has shown himself very kindly disposed towards the Church. Within his realm, which counts some 10,000,000 inhabitants, there are approximately 16,000 Catholics. Ethiopian Orthodox Christians predominate in the Empire, although there are also some 3,000,000 Moslem and numerous pagans on the borders.

"Catholic missions in Ethiopia are grouped into three distinct territories. The Vicariate Apostolic of Abyssinia is in the north, staffed by the Vincentian missionaries. The Prefecture Apostolic of Kaffa, in the west and southwest, is directed by the Consolata Missionaries of Turin. The Vicariate Apostolic of the Gallas, in

the east and southeast, is entrusted to the Capuchins. Part of the Empire, which borders on French Somaliland, belongs to the Prefecture Apostolic of Gibuti, likewise staffed by the Capuchins. The missions of Kaffa, Gallas and Gibuti are subject to the Congregation of Propaganda, while the Vicariate of Abyssinia is under the jurisdiction of the Congregation for the Oriental Church.

"The missionary personnel in Ethiopia at present consists of 45 missionary priests and 30 native priests, 11 European and 14 native Brothers, 83 European and 49 native Sisters."

The Unfinished Task

IF we wish to realize how decidedly unfinished is the task of preaching the Gospel of Christ to all men, it is worth while looking at a few statistics. These are given here, not with the idea of being all-comprehensive, but more or less chosen at random as indicative of the mission problem of the Church which today numbers some 350 million Catholics in a world population of nearly two billion.

Healthy growth and consoling advance are indicated by a late report from India, Burma and Ceylon, that within the last fifty years the number of priests has risen from 2,100 to 4,225; Brothers from 250 to 950; Sisters from 900 to 8,700; seminaries from 19 to 63; seminarists from 400 to 3,100; Catholic schools from 1,850 to 6,500; pupils attending these schools from 75,000 to 550,000. There is consolation, too, in knowing that from 1901 to 1932, the Catholic population has risen from 2,201,774 to 3,747,969. But when we understand that the present population of India is 353 millions, we realize that, far from being finished, the task of evangelization is only well begun, and demands renewed zeal, interest and support.

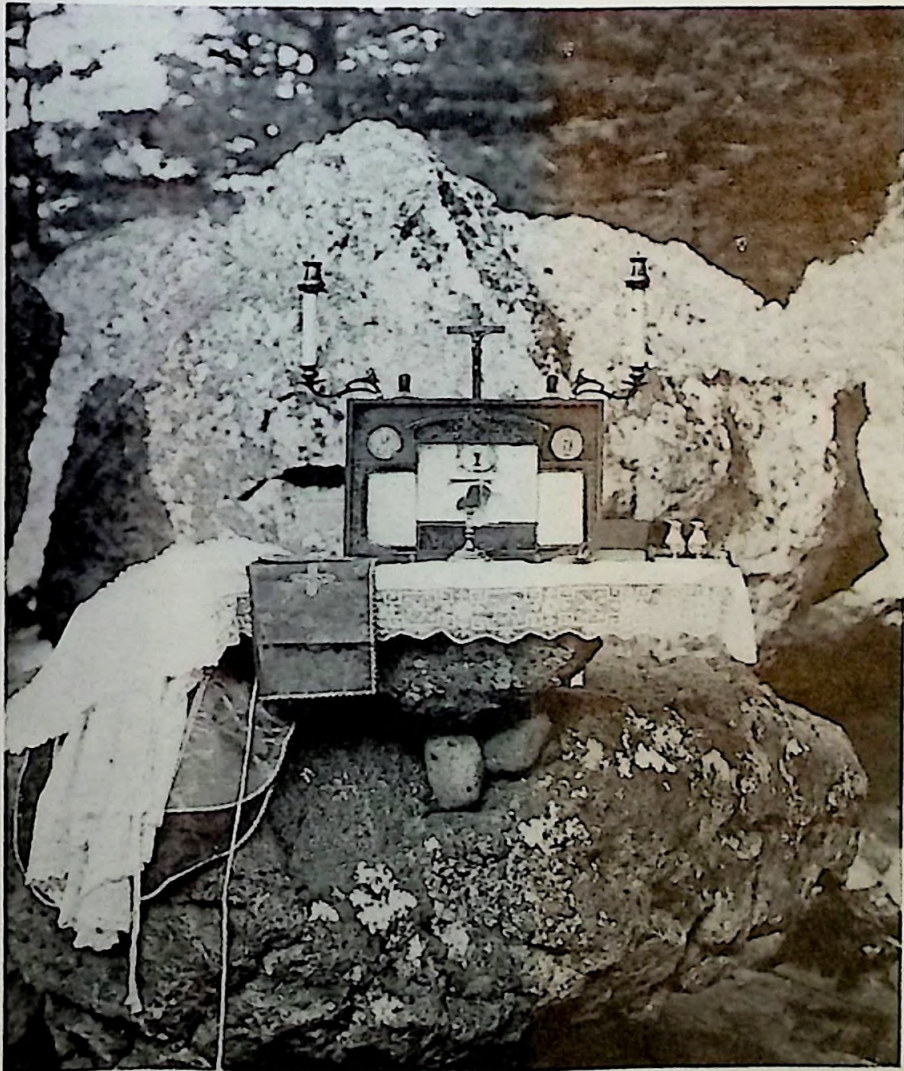
Or take China, whose population is variously estimated as between 400 and 450 millions. Spiritually comforting is the thought that its Catholic population has risen from 842,000 in 1904, to 2,702,468 in 1934, but what is that number when we realize that not even one in a hundred of China's population is Catholic? The growth in Catholic schools and hospitals, the increase in native priests and Sisters, the loyalty of Catholics in face of Communist brigandage and persecution, the dynamic energies devoted to programs of Catholic Action—all this indicates splendid missionary zeal and tireless devotion—but again, how vast is the population yet untouched and how heartrending is the appeal for more workers and more uninterrupted support from Catholics of western countries!

So we might go on, outlining the story of heroic missionary labors and consoling successes in one country after another, but always there is the challenge hurled back that hundreds of millions are yet uninstructed in the Gospel of salvation, unwashed in the waters of Baptism, unnourished with the Bread of Life which is Holy Communion. The task of the missions is far from being accomplished; the goal is not yet in sight; we cannot, we must not slacken in prayer, in sacrifice, in financial support of missions in every land.

The Mission Intention

The Conversion of Japan

THE Empire of Japan, including Formosa, Korea, Sakhalin and Kwantung, has a population numbering 92,000,000, of whom the majority are Shintoists and Buddhists, with 370,000 Protestants and 207,000 Catholics. Japan proper has 64,700,544 inhabitants, of whom 100,000 are Catholics. Though progress is obviously slow, still, it has been continuous, as will be evident from the following totals. In 1870, there were 10,000 Catholics; in 1880, 23,000; in 1890, 42,387; in 1900, 55,091; in 1910, 61,926; in 1920, 75,900; in 1930, 92,500; and in 1935, approximately 100,000. Four reasons especially should induce us to plead with the Sacred Heart for the conversion of the Japanese. First, the small total of the Faithful, despite the fact that it is now almost four hundred years since St. Francis Xavier first sailed into the harbor of Cagoxima on the Feast of Our Lady's Assumption, 1549, and, despite the further fact that before the persecutions of Taicosama and Daifusama, in the first half of the seventeenth century, there were almost more than twice the present total of Catholics. Secondly, the ever increasing influence of the Japanese Empire and prestige in the Far East, with the consequent unavoidable influence on the Faith of subject peoples. Thirdly, the ever present danger from liberalism, the uncompromising enemy of the Catholic Church. Fourthly, the native nobility of the Japanese character, its talent, industry and tenacity, stuff from which so many Japanese Martyrs have already been and may again be formed. The principal obstacles to the Faith in Japan today are the prejudice against Catholicism inherited from persecution (*Turn to page 140*)



The Mass of the Missions

Breaking of The Host (Continued)

This breaking of the Sacred Host vividly represents the Body of Christ as a Victim for sacrifice and a Victim for Communion.

As a Victim for Sacrifice, since it recalls the broken Body of the Savior, "wounded for our iniquities . . . bruised for our sins." (Isaias liii, 5.) But does this fraction of the Sacred Host indicate any fracture of the blessed bones upon the Cross? Both the narrative of Saint John and the prophecy of Isaias forbid us to believe so. For the Apostle, describing the crucifixion of our Lord, states that "As He was already dead, they did not break His legs." These things were done that the Scriptures, that is, the prophecy of Isaias might be fulfilled. "You shall not break a bone of Him." But one of the soldiers with a spear opened His side, and from the broken Heart of Christ immediately there came out blood and water. It is this broken Heart and bruised Body that are represented in the Mass by the fracture of the Sacred Host. And this breaking of the Host takes place over the chalice of Christ's Blood to indicate that as upon the Cross, Blood came forth from the broken Heart of Christ and from all His broken Body, so the Blood now within the chalice issued from that same broken Body and with it makes *one* Sacrifice.

But the breaking of the Sacred Host also represents the Body of Christ as a sacrificial food to be consumed at Communion.

For this was the intention of Christ when at the Last Supper, having taken bread and "blessed it, He broke it," broke it that the Apostles in Communion might partake of it.

Having broken the Sacred Host into two halves, the priest detaches a segment from the half within his left hand and drops it into the chalice, allowing the Sacred Body to mingle with the Sacred Blood.

This mingling of the Body and Blood within the chalice, symbolically assures us that in reality upon the altar, the Body is not without the Blood nor the Blood without the Body, and that under each species, under the species of bread and the species of wine, Christ is present Body and Blood as *one* sacrificial offering, as *one* sacrificial food.

Moreover, as the separate consecration of the Body and the Blood represented the separation of the Body from the Blood and Christ's death, so this mingling of the Body with the Blood represents the reunion of the Body with the Blood and His glorious resurrection, even as the separation of man's body from the Blood of

Christ means everlasting death and the communion of man's body with the Blood of Christ means everlasting life.

This rite, then, of the breaking and the mingling, is a memorial of both the death and the resurrection of Christ and a warning of the resurrection and the death of man.

In the State of Chihuahua, Mexico. There are many sights like this where the missionary says Mass in the open for the 38,000 Tarahumara Catholic Indians committed to his charge.

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