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Missionary priests and priests at home all have the same sacred calling. But, in good times as well as bad times, the missionary is ever most in need. It is true that the laborer is worthy of his hire. This axiom, pronounced by Christ of the laborers in the vineyard, has its force now as it did when first spoken. But today, unfortunately, those, for whom the priest spends himself, are barely able in many instances to support even themselves. This is especially so in the mission fields.

The missionary then must turn to friends back home for support, for himself and his works of zeal. He knows full well the stress of the times in America, and he asks for little. But he does make this suggestion.

Permit him to serve you at the same time that he serves his flock. Daily he stands at the King's Banquet Table, but too often no one has offered him a stipend for the Mass he is saying. If only he could offer Mass for your intentions, he would be helped in the support of his missionary labors at the same time that he is storming Heaven for you and your needs.

Won't you, dear reader, when you wish to have a Mass or Masses said for some poor soul, or for your intentions, send your offering to **JESUIT MISSIONS**, or to one of the addresses below with the simple direction—Masses to be said by the missionaries? A dollar will support a missionary for a day. You can figure for how many days you will aid in his support by your offering for Masses. Will you help the minister at the King's Banquet Table?

*Father Joseph L. Lucas,
S.J., of Malaybalay, Bu-
kidnon, Mindanao, P. I.,
at the King's Banquet
Table.*



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

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

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

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In the slums of Tokyo, the Jesuits of the Province of Lower Germany have established Jôchi Catholic Settlement (See pages 154 and 155.) The students of the Jesuit University of Tokyo aid in the work which is in charge of one of the Fathers, assisted by Brother Francis X. Masui, S.J. (pictured above), a Japanese from the Oregon Province, U.S.A.

In Crocodile Waters

John R.
O'Connell, S.J.

AS at Gingoog, the road from my parish into the outer world of Mindanao, P. I., ends at Tangub. Then, there are muddy trails for the rest of my twenty or more kilometers,—down the coast,—and a trip in the arbitrary public launches or elongated tubs, powered by smoky engines. I try to give a large center, near the end of my south-



American Jesuits and Catholic school teachers of Occidental Misamis, Mindanao, P. I., at mid-year conference, November 29, 1934. Rear row, left to right: Father James L. O'Neill, S.J., Father John R. O'Connell, S.J., Father James G. Daly, S.J., Father Thomas F. Gallagher, S.J., and Father Joseph Reyes, S.J.

ern district, a Sunday Mass once a month or so. This means that I must dash for a launch, after hurrying the Baptisms, on Saturday. A week ago, I tried this stunt. The people had been notified that there would not be Mass in Tangub the following Sunday; that Baptisms would be pushed up an hour or so. Well, I had just about finished breakfast, after a Nuptial Mass for several couples, when a young man told me a woman was asking for confession in one of the nearer villages. Confession here means the last sacraments. The woman could not receive, so I did not have to go over to the church, three blocks from my lodging over a Chinese store. The messenger went out to look for one of the few hired autos which we boast: one belongs in Tangub; two in Misamis. Finally, I got aboard one of the truck-busses, and alighted at a trail by the roadside. A horse took me the rest of the way. My work done, I raced back to the road again, and, thank God, along came a car full of Government officials who took me back to the church.

THERE, the *fiscal* (or sexton) had listed about twenty children for Baptism. I took all the short cuts allowed by the ritual. Just as I was going out the door, another baby was brought in. Another start, a third; I must have baptized five before I finally spurted for the shore over a quarter of a mile away. All launches gone!—Thou, Prince of Darkness!—Eleven *centavos* got me some bananas, chocolate and sarsaparilla (for I was suspicious of the water). Thus, I made my noon-day lunch, hoping against hope that one more launch might come.

Finally, about twelve, a launch came which would bring me within a few miles of my destination. We got aboard: my sacristan-lad and I. At 2:00 P.M., we arrived at a landing, up a small branch of the main river beyond the end of our bay. At 3:00, a row boat came

to bring us up to the village, an hour by a winding river. There we were advised to continue our trip by canoe. So down the river we went, and out into the main waterway. The two men who paddled should have reached our destination in about an hour. A slight rain cooled the atmosphere but did not help the passengers. Evening came on and night. We were lost! My flashlight bulb flickered and failed. I have trouble every time I try to penetrate this portion of the Vineyard. It seems the outlaw leader doesn't want me to encroach on his preserve. By match-light, and, finally, by the light of a candle from the Mass kit, we peered into various inlets, went up one small stream a considerable distance, then out, and up another, then back towards the first, and back again. For four hours we were groping about, and the rain came down again. I wished for some house to put up for the night; but all was forest; and to help my abandonment, one of the boatmen assured me that there were still crocodiles in those waters. You know how the gunwale of the canoe is. So I hoped that should a big jaw be lifted over the side, the agony might be short. I gave myself entirely into God's mercy. Still we paddled in the direction we had come. After about a half hour, my sacristan told me we were on the river of our desires. Soon, a small landing appeared. Thank God! Finally, we came to the inlet which leads to the village I sought.

THE souls under my care are very expressive of their affection towards their "*Amahan sa kalag ko*" "My spiritual Father," or, literally, "Father of my soul." I have the nucleus of a few stanzas on this subject. However, some of these simple hearted people push the *Amahan* too far, at times, even to embarrassment. They forget that I am only an *alter Christus*, in embryo. The master wouldn't mind their simplicity because He was and is God; but I have to shy away.

A Missionary Pastor

John S.
O'Connor, S.J.

THE picture which usually flashes before one's mind when the word missionary is mentioned is that of a heroic Blackrobe trudging his way through the dense forest or over a sun-scorched plain to carry the Gospel to the savage heathen. But we easily overlook in the picture the equally heroic missionary whose task it is to develop the work of the "trail blazer."

Father Walter E. Marquard, S.J., formerly of Cleveland, Ohio, would smile, I know, at being featured as a sort of "stay-at-home" missionary, but I use the term to distinguish him in the picture. He does not trudge over the sun-scorched plain nor through the dense forest. He is the pastor of Bettiah Parish—a thriving congregation of a goodly two thousand souls in Patna Mission, India. Father Marquard may say that his work is the ordinary humdrum routine of the parish priest. But those of us who have seen it at close range as I have—for I have been teaching at Khrist Raja High School, not so very far from Bettiah's Catholic parish—find more than mere routine in the solid constructive work done by Bettiah's pastor and his fellow priests.

Fatherly pastors are accustomed to address their congregations as "my dear children." Such a salutation would be no misnomer in the mouth of Bettiah's pastor. The congregation is one big family. It is clustered around the church in a space about six American square blocks in size. The pastor is really the father of all, for all their troubles, great and small, are brought to him for adjustment and settlement. He is father in another sense, too. Way back in 1745, Father Joseph Mary, O.C., through favor with the local Raja, obtained a grant of land which is today the Christian section in Bettiah. Most of the land was let out at such low rents—in many cases at no rent at all—that it can be said that the pastor is really the father of his large family.

IT is like reading a page out of an old novel to sit on the verandah of Bettiah's parish house and see Father Marquard carrying his duties of pastor, judge father, and half a dozen other roles all combined. Here is a poor woman with her only son, who begs the good Father to take her boy into the Mission School without fees. She is followed by a young married couple who have disagreed and must have their quarrel patched up by Father. Then comes a man to ask for help in recovering a debt. And so on through an infinite variety.

Over the sun-scorched plain to the pagan? Well, Father hardly has time after his parochial duties are attended to. Besides the constant stream of appeals, supplications and prayers for this or that, there are the different parish activities to look after. The Mission School,



*The Missionary Pastor of Bettiah, in Patna Mission, India:
Father Walter E. Marquard, S.J.*

it is true, is ably cared for by Father Edward O'Leary, S.J., the assistant pastor and Headmaster. But the *semin-dari* or land grant and property rights must be managed. The Young Men's Association, a club organized by Father Marquard for the social and spiritual activities of the young men of the parish, needs guidance and counsel. The Sodalities call for instruction and encouragement. Then, too, the sick and dying must be visited and fortified with the rites of the Church.

BETTIAH'S Catholic congregation dates back to Father Joseph Mary and his saintly Capuchin companions in the eighteenth century, who blazed the trail. They gathered in a small band of catechumens which grew to the present day congregation of two thousand souls. Now the work of development goes on. Bettiah's Christians are now "old" Christians, who have become well founded in the Faith. Hundreds and hundreds of the parish's sons and daughters have gone through the Mission School, learning their catechism so well that they have become spreaders of the Faith they are so proud of. Many of the School's graduates have succeeded their masters and are now teaching, not only in the classrooms in which they studied, but also in many other schools of Patna and nearby Missions. Practically all of the stations among the pagans in Patna Mission appeal again and again to Bettiah for masters and catechists, so that the demand is greater than the supply.

Among the Shoshoni

Albert C.
Riester, S. J.

IT will come as a matter of surprise to most Catholics to learn that there is an Indian tribe living in our midst to whom the Gospel had never been regularly preached until the year 1934, and who, as a whole, have never been approached by a Catholic missionary with a view to their conversion from paganism. Such, however, is the case of the Shoshoni Indians on the Shoshoni Reservation in Wyoming. A small number of them are Protestants, at least in name, only a few being Catholics. How ac-

count for this apparent neglect when the Arapahoes, their next door neighbors, in fact, living on the same Reservation, have enjoyed the ministrations of the Church for fifty years?

When the first missionary, Father John Jutz, S.J., was sent to open an Indian Mission on the Shoshoni Reservation in the Spring of 1884, he chose the Arapahoes in preference to the Shoshoni because he was of the opinion that the former were more amenable to the doctrine of Christianity than the latter. St. Stephen's Mission owes its origin to this intrepid apostle, and his successors have builded so well upon the foundations laid by him that after fifty years of missionary activity, the vast majority of the Arapahoes belong to the Catholic Faith.

WE may well ask: why were not both tribes evangelized simultaneously? There are several reasons for this seeming neglect. The first and main reason lay in the history of the two tribes. The Shoshoni were given the exclusive occupancy of the Reservation by the United States Government. The Arapahoes, having wandered far from their original home, the region of the Red River of northern Minnesota, were living in the neighborhood of the Reservation or perhaps at times actually on Shoshoni lands. They were ordered by the Government to migrate to a Reservation set apart for them in the present State of Oklahoma. Some of the Arapahoes, perhaps less than half, complied with the order of the Government and moved to their assigned Reservation, where their descendants are living today. The larger part of the tribe, however, refused to move, and in 1876 squatted on their present location on the



Some of the congregation and visitors when the first Mass was celebrated in the log chapel on the Shoshoni Reservation, St. Stephen's Mission, Wyoming.

Shoshoni Reservation. The Government, unwilling probably to use force, and perhaps wishing to forestall an uprising, finally consented to allow them to remain, and gave them part of the Shoshoni territory as their future home.

It may well be imagined that this arrangement did not at all please the Shoshoni. They could not help resenting the fact that half their land (and some would say the better half) was taken away and given to interlopers. However, reluctantly, they yielded to the inevitable, and lived in outward peace with their uninvited neighbors. No love was lost between the tribes. They avoided each other in every way. Almost the only intercourse they had with one another was when their respective chiefs met in common council at the Government Agency under the presidency of the Reservation Agent, to consider matters that concerned the welfare of both tribes. Hence, on account of this suppressed animosity, the early missionaries could never approach the Shoshoni without the fear of jeopardizing their mission work among the Arapahoes.

DISTANCE was also an opposing factor in the early days. Though only thirty-five to forty miles away, it must have been a long way for missionaries to make on horseback or with a team, not to speak of the considerable time that would necessarily have to be taken from the home mission to be spent among the Shoshoni, if any tangible results were to be expected. This reason receives additional weight from the fact that at times one priest was practically alone at St. Stephen's, headquarters of the Mission. Spiritual duties, caring for the school that averaged one hundred (Turn to page 167)

Happy and Hookum

Gregory O'Brien, S.J.



Introducing the twins and their sister, Happy (left), Agnes and Hookum.



T was on a warm Spring afternoon that I met Happy and Hookum. I was paying my first visit to Sacred Heart Mission, DeSmet, Idaho, and Mr. Victor F. Hinderer, S.J., Prefect of the boys' school there, was introducing me to as many of his charges as were within hailing distance. We came upon a group playing marbles; calling two of the lads to him, Mr. Hinderer turned to me and announced: "This is Happy and that is Hookum."

Well, I looked at "this" and I looked at "that," and "this" and "that" looked at me. They didn't speak—Indians seldom do—and I merely mused: "Yes."

You read quite a bit in modern books on child welfare about the problem child. Now every mission has its difficulties and problems, but Sacred Heart Mission seems to have double its share, for its problem child is twins.

One plus one equals two; everyone will grant that. But Happy plus Hookum equals all that is mischievous in the carefree lives of Indian children, and that is saying a great deal. Yes, Happy and Hookum are DeSmet's twins. Either one of them alone is enough to give a perplexed Perfect many an anxious hour, but take the two of them together and the equation can yield but one answer: x , the unknown quantity.

BORN nearly eighty years ago, the twins are rapidly becoming a tradition among the Indians on the Coeur d'Alene Reservation in western Idaho. Their disarming smiles and winning personalities have long since established them as the tribe's favorites, but their IQ's have given them the undisputed position of problems to the mission teachers. Not that Happy and Hookum are not intelligent—far from that—but their genius for getting into mischief, and then getting out again, has caused more than one shrug of blackrobed shoulders. Much of the blood coursing through Happy's and Hookum's energetic veins is Cree, and even the uninitiated observer is forced to remark that the rest of it must be dynamite.

For all their mischief, however, they are the most lovable pair of Indian children a person could meet, and that means much, for within certain age limits all Indian youngsters have a happy faculty for finding their way into the hearts of older and, perhaps, less human humans.

Those names? In the baptismal register they are Bernard and Francis respectively, but to everyone at the Mission they are just plain Happy and Hookum. A mere passing acquaintance with the pair will easily explain Bernard's common cognomen; his is the ready

smile and genial disposition. He's not as quick to "mix it" as is his brother Hook, and the winds of adversity ruffle his hair in vain, for Happy is happy, that's all.

But Hookum? There's more of a puzzle. He is not necessarily characterized by any innate propensity for picking up things not his own. Of course, during fruit season, apples and plums find their devious ways into Hookum's pockets and thence to a speedy crunching between the teeth he has—right now he's at the age when dental decorations are marked by occasional voids.

I REMEMBER giving permission one day last Summer to the twins and a few of their pals to pick up any apples they could find on the mission grounds. I should have been warned by the satisfied smile in a half dozen pair of Indian eyes as I gave that permission, for when I returned a few minutes later, there were the twins in an apple tree, shaking it for all they were worth. Well, they had permission to pick up all they could find on the ground!

Hookum is the more attractive of the two. Perhaps it's that extremely mischievous glint in his eyes, warning any prospective teacher, perfect, or even acquaintance, of a future battle of wits to keep one step ahead of the owner of those eyes. Hookum is more full of fun—that's a good way to put it. He is slightly smaller than Happy, but stoutly affirms he can "beat up" his larger twin, and is always ready to give a demonstration of his prowess if you doubt his word.

Happy is a bit more quiet and thoughtful; at least, he is able to give that impression. But where Hookum goes and what Hookum does, there Happy goes and does too. If one is late for Mass, both are late; if Hookum is in "jug," so is Happy; and if Happy is in "jug," it's usually because of Hookum, for Hook is the leader.

Happy and Hookum have a sister, Agnes, two years older than themselves, attending the Sisters of Charity's school at DeSmet. You'll see some of the twin's mischief in her eyes, too, but she is a real little lady.

The twins are making their merry way through the intricacies of education along with more than thirty other Indian lads at the school conducted by the Jesuits at DeSmet, where Father C. E. Byrne, S.J., is the Superior.

Hongkew Parish, Shanghai

John A.
Lennon, S.J.



YOU ask for a few words about our Hongkew parish of the Sacred Heart. Situated in the thriving, congested Hongkew district of the International Settlement of Shanghai, it was originally founded in 1873 to serve the whole Settlement, just as St. Joseph's Church in Rue Montauban, Yang-king-pang, cared for the French Concession. Within the last few years, the Church of

Our Lady of Peace in the growing Yangtsepoo district, St. Theresa's Church in the Sinza or Central district, and more recently St. Aloysius Church in the Western district, have been built to keep step with the increasing population, but our church still stands guard over the Hongkew district, and according to the official ecclesiastical statistics of last year, ministers to almost seven thousand Catholics within its parish limits. Of these, roughly two-thirds are Chinese, and one-third foreign, representing nearly every nationality of the Orient and the Occident.

We are deeply grateful to our predecessors, who founded this parish and built it up to its present splendid proportions, for we have come to a parish well organized in all details, with flourishing sodalities, Apostleship of Prayer, parish schools, associations for the spiritual and temporal relief of the poor.

UNDER the benign and loving influence of the Sacred Heart, the Apostleship of Prayer brings forth fruits worthy of this great devotion. The First Friday devotions find a generous response in the hearts of all, shown by the numbers who attend Mass and receive Holy Communion as an act of consecration and reparation to the adorable Heart of Jesus. As our parish is the center of the Apostleship of Prayer for the foreign population of the city, the enthusiastic and zealous promoters meet once a month on the Sunday before the First Friday to receive their leaflets which in turn they distribute to thousands of associates in Shanghai and outports.



The author (in center of back row) writes: "The photo shows our international group of collectors here in Hongkew. They led Shanghai by collecting \$1,274.00—Shanghai currency—on last Mission Sunday."

The poor we have always with us, and this is true in Shanghai and especially of the Hongkew district. The parish conference of St. Vincent de Paul looks after the foreign poor, whose numbers have greatly increased owing to the hard times which affect Shanghai along with the rest of the world. Many are on its more or less permanent list for weekly or monthly grants, and besides, many are the transients to whom our location, close to the business district and the waterfront, seems to have a special appeal. Some of these are of the professional variety, who, according to their story, have just arrived from Tientsin or are just about to leave for Hongkong; others are the honest "down and outs," honest at least in their stories, who really deserve help and get it. But, you may say, this is true of every city, large or small, at home or abroad. Well then, let us look at the Chinese side of the picture.

WHILE most of their Chinese neighbors were celebrating the lunar New Year on February 4 and succeeding days, with the noise of bursting firecrackers and clashing cymbals, the members of the St. Joseph's Benevolent Society for Chinese spent the holidays making a three days' retreat under the direction of two brother Jesuit priests, Fathers Vincent and Louis Zee, S.J. This organization, together with the Happy Death Society, forms the Chinese Catholic Action group of the parish, whose members have always shown themselves zealous for the "better gifts," and have been guiding stars lighting the way for the

(Turn to page 167)

A Musical Mode of Approach

Joseph H. Fichter, S. J.

IN the great achievements that have been done by Jesuit enterprise during the centuries, there are few that equal the Society's excellent missionary endeavors. And in those mission works there is one outstanding feature that strikes the immediate notice of our observant investigator. That feature is the missionary's mode of approach to difficult problems. Coming into a hostile situation, whether it be on the foreign mission fields or on the home missions, he adapts himself to whatever conditions are existing. He was a super-bonze among the bonzes of India, a courtier with the great Asiatic Mogul, an impoverished peasant with the Japanese workers of the rice fields. Ricci was the Chinese Emperor's mathematician and astronomer; Xavier, at one time an influential citizen of Goa; De Smet and Jogues passed years in the smoky wigwams of American Indians; Claver made himself a slave to convert the Negro slaves of South America. At all times and in all places, these heralds of Christ have made themselves "all things to all men that they might win all to Christ."

There is nothing subtle or startling in all this, nothing to make the conservative, unaggressive Catholic shake his head in doleful surprise. It is the way of the Saints. And most frequently, the winning over of great multitudes of people found its start in the very ingenuity of a Jesuit's mode of approach.

ALL this preamble is made merely to introduce and perhaps help to explain a practice that is being put into service out here in Guadalupe Mission in the Mexican section of San Antonio. To many, our custom may seem garish, even vulgar, but apologies simply cannot be made when one sees the results of our parading band. Up to this time, enough instruments, second, third, or even fourth hand have been assembled to outfit a band of forty smiling youngsters. By "outfit" is meant, of course, the act of putting the flutes and cornets, piccolos and drums into the hands of partly trained boys. Anything further in the way of outfitting is obviously out of the question. Their uniform consists merely of white

shirt and black trousers, and white cap with device and visor, but the gusto with which they attack their music more than makes up for the non-essentials of fancy dress and braided caps.

There's the band—not much to look at perhaps, but a treat to hear. What is it used for? It is brought to play every Sunday morning to awaken drowsy parishioners and lead them in gay marching step to the Church of Our Lady of Guadalupe. The children of the parish are especially attracted to the music and quickly fall in behind. Nor are their parents slow to follow the advice of the brilliantly painted banners, one at either end of the players, boldly announcing: "*Niños a Misa! Niños a Misa!*" But it is especially the youngsters who follow the music and who come to Mass in droves. It is, relatively speaking, a very good brass band, and as it marches through the streets of the district for a half hour before Mass, there are appreciative ears listening to its strains, and not at all reluctant hearts following it to the church.

IN writing of Jesuit mission activities in the Paraguay Reductions, Fülöp Müller devoted an entire chapter to what he was pleased to call "The Musical Kingdom." Fathers Tranchese and Carbajal have

simply taken a page from the experiences of their sixteenth century brother missionaries and have found great effectiveness in the experiment. Fülöp Müller tells how the Indians came in from all sides to hear the music-makers of the Lord, and in their eagerness even plunged into the water to get nearer the Fathers. Father Carbajal, in telling of the new parish band says: "The Mexicans, especially youngsters, are attracted by the music and happily follow the band to church. Incidentally, more instruments would enable us to increase the band and train more of the boys in a task that simply enraptures them."

It is precisely in the care of these youngsters that the future holiness of the Church among the exiled Mexicans is placed. The parents are for the most part very pious, taking exception, of course, for an amount of religious apathy among a percentage of the men. The women, keeping to their homes, have retained much of the religious devotion that was their heritage from Cath-

ORDINATION

ARTHUR R. McGRATTY, S. J.

These are Thine own, O Lord!
First fruits of that harvest
Sown in the early morn.
To Thee they come
Beneath June's arch of roses,
Come with hands more fragrant
Than those blossoms breathing on Thy altar.
Soft linen bands,
Words more softly whispered,
Have bound them to their rendezvous with Love.
In the breaking of the dawn
They have known the newer Bethlehem,
The cradle of the paten
And the white host's swaddling veils.
Theirs' to know, in the long tomorrows,
The journeyings of Galilee,
Thy lonely mountain vigils
In the nightly hours of prayer.
These are Thine own, O Christ!—
Keep them forever.

olic Spanish and Mexican forbears. But the children are being woefully neglected! Little education can be obtained for them; poverty forces them to work at a very tender age when they can find work, or keeps them from going to school when there is no work. This then is the main objective of the musical folderol, the reason why the fanfare of bugles arouses young Mexicans out of their beds on Sunday mornings. They must be attracted to the church, and once there, they willingly and interestedly listen to the truth that makes one free.

HEARKENING back to the old world customs, and even to pre-Calles customs in Mexico, we see the use of music as an attractive feature of church fiestas.

In many parts of the Latin world, even in these unbelieving times, one comes across the quaint custom of band music and dancing boys before the Blessed Sacrament in procession. Madrid, Seville, Mexico City itself, have witnessed and approved this joyful way of doing homage to Christ the King. Little wonder then that apathetic America should see in one of its large cities (San Antonio is one of the largest cities in the South) a revival of this musical procession on the part of zealous missionaries.

The boys in Father Tranchese's band make no pretense of high aesthetic attainments in their musical marches through the city streets. There is a false toot here and a mis-beat there, but after all, the objective is the thing. And their objective is the mightiest thing the world has ever known. Several of the band members actually have excellent native ability that is suffering from lack of musical training, for until recently their ears were their only directors and the tramp of their measured tread their rhythm master. But now they are being trained under the capable direction of Professor A. Martinez, Mexican band director, and are showing the effects of their daily practice on their much-prized instruments.

TELLING what happens on a Sunday morning, Father Carmelo Tranchese, S.J., Superior of Guadalupe Mission, says: "At eight o'clock in the morning, the band goes out through the streets gathering the children for Mass. A few minutes before nine o'clock the musicians return, followed by a big crowd of boys and girls. They come into the yard where they are put in line and marched into the church for Mass. One Sunday I had some men count them; there were four hundred and thirty-seven of them. And what do we do at Mass? At first, when

I saw that crowd of children, mostly unaccustomed to go to Mass, I was afraid that I might be obliged to call on the police. Nothing of the kind. We start with some prayers, then the children's choir sings. Then we give them a very brief explanation of the Mass, and we all sing some hymns which we taught them. Prayers from a translation of the Mass in Spanish are read during the Canon of the Mass; then singing again, and finally the National Hymn to Our Lady of Guadalupe. Thus they have no time to get tired or bored, and they like it. To make more impression on them, now that we have 'musicians,' we sing some of the hymns accompanied by the cornet and the drums. I don't know what real musicians would say about this arrangement, but I do know that it



"It is precisely in the care of these youngsters that the future holiness of the Church among the exiled Mexicans is placed. The parents are for the most part very pious, taking exception, of course, for an amount of religious apathy among a percentage of the men."

gives a very solemn tone to the whole service."

It is frequently asked with some show of amazement, just how the Fathers, stationed in a parish of over nine thousand souls, can "stand the pace." It is anything but easy to minister to the spiritual needs of so multitudinous a flock and still find time to give special attention and much time to the children. This work among the youngsters, however, is recognized as peculiarly necessary by missionaries in every land, and with characteristic foresight, the Jesuit Fathers at Our Lady of Guadalupe Church are giving every spare moment to it. On the rising generation are based the hopes of future generations. As the Bishop of Hongkong remarked of youth activities in China (quoted in November issue of JESUIT MISSIONS) these young people will bring with them through life, happy memories of the devotion and friendliness of the Fathers who taught them, and they will be prejudiced in favor of the Catholic Church. It is not so much a matter of bringing converts into the Church in the Southwest; it is truly a matter of holding a frontier against the carelessness and indifference resulting from improper training and lack of knowledge of the very essentials of Catholicity. Guadalupe Mission, then, deserves all the support we can give it.

Morant

Bay

William F.
McHale, S.J.



WHEN I had been in Jamaica about a year, I was appointed to take charge of the Morant Bay Mission. Father Charles Roddy, S.J., drove me to the town and gave me an idea of the running of things. Father Joseph Kelly, S.J., of happy memory for many here in Jamaica, told me to try to do something for "poor old Morant Bay." Father Charles Bridges, S.J., like the others I have mentioned, a former pastor of the place, declared he always got the blues on his trip to the Mission. Father Harpes, S.J., also of blessed memory here and a former pastor, declared that little could be expected of the Mission unless more attention could be given it.

Our present Bishop also had charge of the Mission, and I would say that he has always been optimistic and hopeful where Morant Bay was concerned. During his incumbency, new life was infused into the Catholic body and converts were made who are still staunch supporters of the Mission. He held services in the Court House and later in a large house which has now become the dwelling of the priest. He also acquired a suitable plot of land near the center of the town and was preparing to erect a church when recalled to the United States and placed on the Mission Band.

THE land he had purchased waited patiently for his return as Bishop—a period of about twelve years. Not long after Bishop Emmet's arrival in Jamaica, chiefly through the generosity of Mr. Martin J. McHale of New York City, the long awaited church was erected, a fine concrete structure, in memory of Mr. McHale's deceased parents. Moreover, Bishop Emmet had the priests' residence repaired, and placed your humble servant as the first resident pastor in September, 1934.

The existence and functioning of the Catholic Church in this part of the island has been made possible by financial help from outside this island. For the present, it can continue to function only by a continuance of outside assistance. What is being done? Well, the pastor is doing his best. There are many things to attend to in getting settled in new work and in a new place. One has to contend—that is the word—with altar boys and Sunday School children, to contend with workmen who want more money and less work, to contend with the devil who wants the people left in his hands—yes, con-



Father William F. McHale, S.J., and the congregation of Our Lady of Lourdes Church, Morant Bay, Jamaica, B. W. I.

stant contention. Then, there is indifference, financial difficulties and competition from the various sects. A man from a nearby district came to me a month ago and showed me a woven cord stained purple. He explained that he had bought it from a Catholic, whom he named, for seven dollars and fifty cents as a "guard to protect him from bad health, accident and evil spirits." As the said Catholic later showed he was unbalanced, my friend got suspicious about his "guard" and came to me to be set right. The man's wife—no, companion—had also purchased one. Like Philip to the eunuch, I took occasion to preach the Catholic Church to the man—also to the woman.

"I BELIEVE all right, Father, but the words are surely going to beat me," said the woman. They could not read or retain well.

"So long as you are not deaf, I will guarantee to put you through," I assured them.

We confirmed, that is, Bishop Emmet confirmed thirty-three here on March 3. There is one of the things hard to write about—preparation for Confirmation. As I wipe the chrism from the black, sweaty brows of those whom I have under God begotten in Christ Jesus the feelings of Saint Paul arise: "Though you have ten thousand teachers, yet you have only one Father."

"I feel fresh, Father." "I feel nice, Father."

To believe. To be converted from a careless life. Adult conditional Baptism. General confession, and to crown all, the coming of the Holy Ghost! These things I hold cannot be written of. Let the blasé tourist say: "Same thing in every port we stop at. Streets full of niggers and what swarms of kids!" It's plain, their fellowman doesn't mean much to some people. To be different from others isn't to be superior to them. I love my rude black children. The ruder the more interesting. The ruder the more possibilities for good in them. Are they not born and bred in the house of rudeness? Give us time and see what grace will do.

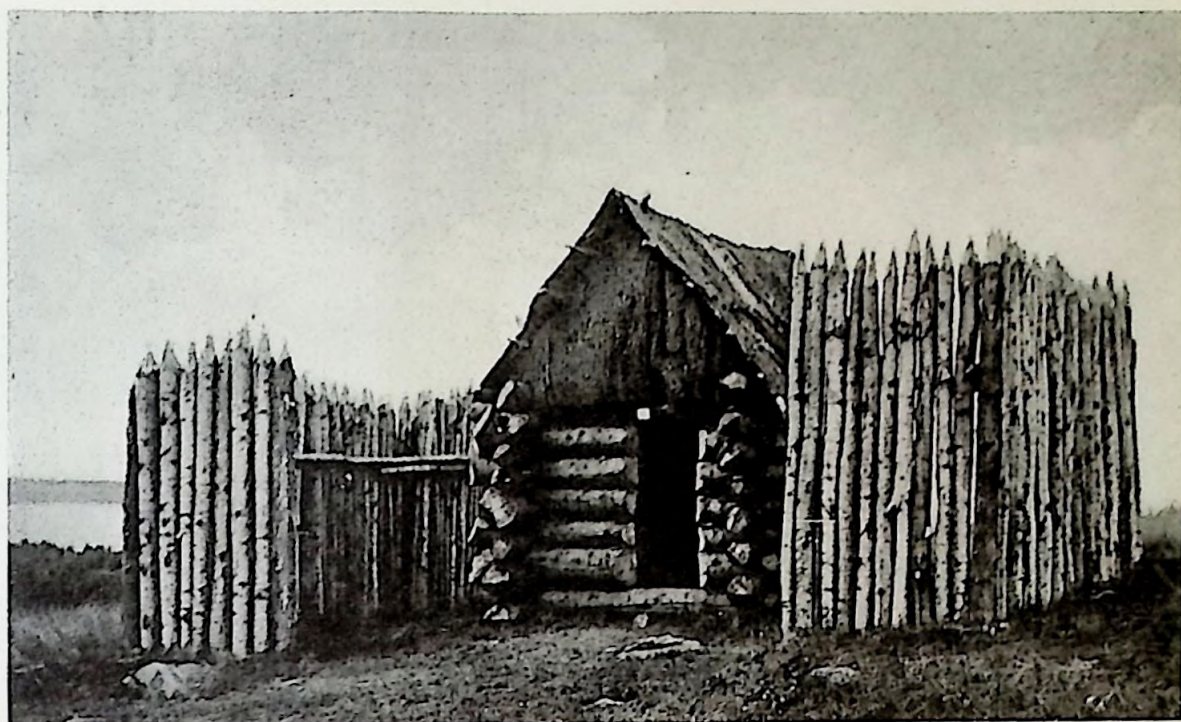
Blackrobes in Acadia

James S.
McGivern, S.J.

IN a previous article of this series (JESUIT MISSIONS, December 1934) the word Acadia had been taken in rather a restricted sense. In this article the term is used in a much wider manner. If the reader would have some idea of the territory covered by the word as used in this account of the Acadian Mission, I suggest that a good map of eastern Canada and northern New England be obtained. On that map we may trace roughly the outline of the mission by locating Portland in Maine and from that point drawing a line shore-wise along the Atlantic coast right around to Rivière du Loup on the St. Lawrence and then joining that point to Portland. This roughly includes the State of Maine, the two Provinces Nova Scotia and New Brunswick and part of the Province of Quebec, the Gaspé Peninsula. This is approximately an area of some 85,000 square miles.

In this huge territory, from the year 1632 to the close of our story in 1779, some twenty or more missionaries labored among the Micmac, Montagnais, Malecite and Abenaki Indians. Their names are given here, lest perchance we overlook even one of this heroic band. St. Anthony Daniel and Fathers Davost and Perrault begin the list, though Daniel and Davost were soon called to other fields of labor. Following these were Fathers Du Marche, Turgis, de Lyonne, Richard, Aubéry, Daniélou, Germain, Druillettes, the two Bigot brothers, James and Vincent, Labrosse, de la Chasse, Laverjeat, de Sirême, Gounon, Binneteau, Audran, Gassot and the most famous of all, Father Sebastian Rasle. Few were they, but how dauntless!

SOON after the return of the Society of Jesus to Canada in 1632, three Fathers—Daniel, Davost and Perrault—began anew in the Gaspesian section of Acadia the work which had been begun by Fathers Vimont and Vieuxpont. This time they founded their principal mission on the Island of Miscou near the entrance to the Bay of Chaleurs, where they instructed the wandering tribes of the coast. Some dozen or more Fathers labored in that part of Acadia. Here Father Martin de Lyonne spent fourteen years, and Father André Richard twenty-four years of arduous and seemingly unfruitful apostolate. How ungrateful, how arduous this mission must have been is known only to God, yet we may gain some idea if only we realize that the work was carried through on foot or in canoe along the shores of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, from Gaspé, in the north, even to Chedabouctou, now Halifax, in the



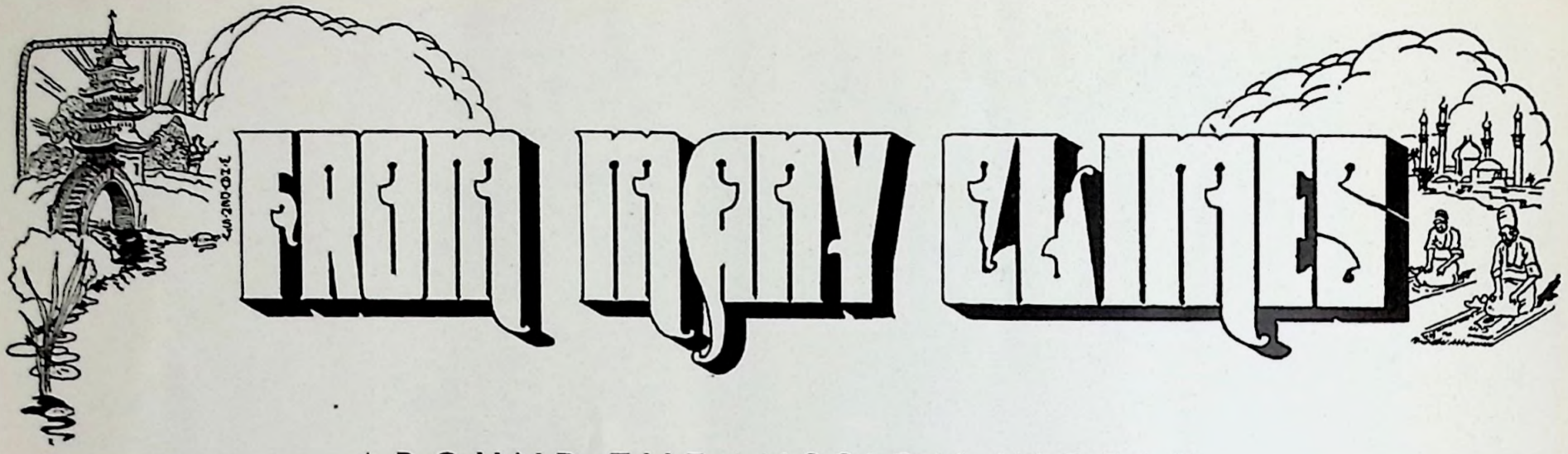
Palisaded Indian hut, Martyrs' Shrine, near Midland, Ontario—a reminder of other days and other ways.

south. All this labor would have been arduous, it is true, but how consoling if it had only been blessed with fruitfulness! Scarcely one convert repaid their toils—how disappointing this weary march from post to post!—all seemingly without result.

This, however, was by no means the main field of the Acadian apostolate, but rather a fringe of a larger mission. One unfortunate aspect of this larger, and as it turned out, more fruitful apostolate was the peculiar impermanency and strange instability of the mission posts. Of which more in the course of this article.

Though the Jesuits were in the northern part of Acadia, and possibly spent many a weary month ministering to the Indians of the interior, little has come down to us of the work of the Society of Jesus around either of the two later centers of missionary work, Ste. Anne on the St. John, and the Indian village on the Kennebec. Until the year 1642, there is naught but the silence of the wilderness.

WHAT happened to open up this new field to the Jesuits of Canada? Merely—if we may so put it—an accident. In 1642, on the banks of the St. Lawrence, about three or four miles from Quebec, the Fathers were in charge of a missionary station, St. Joseph de Sillery, and had there gathered many Algonquin and Montagnais who through love of their Faith gave up their wandering life to till the ground and reside near their pastors. Among the noblest of this band of convert Indians was Charles Meiaskwat. In 1642, some Abenakis were taken prisoners by a party of pagan Algonquins, and though known not to be enemies, were treated with every possible cruelty. Charles Meiaskwat was instrumental in saving these poor captives and had them brought to Sillery. There the poor Abenakis were received and soon cured of all their wounds. When they were sufficiently recovered, one at least returned to (Turn to page 167)



AROUND THE MISSION WORLD

The Mass of The Missions

The fulfillment of the prophecy of Malachias: "For from the rising of the sun even to the going down, . . . in every place there is sacrifice," will be illustrated by a project being promoted by the Missionary Association of Catholic Women of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, in order to obtain an increase in missionary catechists or native teachers who assist missionaries in instructing new converts. For this end a nine-day crusade of prayer will be featured by Masses said by missionaries in different parts of the world, one Mass being said at a point west of where the previous Mass was said and beginning a half hour later, thus, the first Mass will be said in the Fiji Islands, the second will be in Australia, the third in New Guinea, and so on westward with the sun to the Philippines, China, Siam, Ceylon, India, Madagascar, East Africa, Belgian Congo, West Africa, West Indies, Guyana, Porto Rico, Colombia, Texas, New Mexico, Oregon, Alaska, Hawaiian Islands, Tonga Islands, and then back to Fiji. The circle will be repeated, without interruption, for nine days.

In Tristan da Cunha

On March 22, the twenty Catholics on the Island of Tristan da Cunha, one of the tiny isles lying in the South Atlantic, 37° 5' s, and 12° 10' w., midway between the Cape of Good Hope and Buenos Aires, had the privilege of attending Mass for the first time since January, 1932. The Rt. Rev. Robert J. Sherry, Rector of St. Gregory's Seminary, Cincinnati, who was aboard the *Empress of Australia*, learning that there were Catholics on the island, went ashore to hear their confessions and to celebrate Mass for them. The total number of inhabitants is 175. They live on the north-west side of the island on a plateau nine miles long and half a mile wide. The Catholics, without benefit of clergy or sacraments, still cling to their Faith under the leadership of a sterling Catholic lady, Mrs. Agnes Rogers.

The Mission Aeroplane

The first aeroplane to enter the Vatican City was on exhibition in the square in front of the Governor's Palace, March 22. It is a low-winged Klemm monoplane with a closed cabin and special convertible seats which can be changed into berths for carrying sick people. It has been designed for use in the Catholic missions of South Africa. The machine is a gift of German Catholics to the priests of the Sacred Heart working in the missions of the Orange Free State, South Africa. It was secured through the MIVA (Missionsverkehrsarbeitsgemeinschaft), a German mission-aid society which supplies Catholic missionaries with means of transport. Its name, "St. Peter," is painted on the fuselage.

In Southern Rhodesia

Jesuit education in Southern Rhodesia received an encomium from the representative of the State when on February 18 last, Sir Robert Stanley, Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Southern Rhodesia, opening a new hall at St. George's College, Salisbury, addressed the boys as follows: "You are very fortunate in having this school controlled by the Fathers of the Society of Jesus, than whom there are no better educators in the world. You are fortunate also, in receiving your education in a definitely religious atmosphere such as schools financed by the State cannot provide because they must be undenominational." There are 140 Catholic schools in the Vicariate of Salisbury.

Faith on the Missions

After fasting almost twenty-four hours and walking twenty miles from her home near the Basutoland border, a Basuto woman of the Prefecture Apostolic of Garip, Orange Free State, arrived at the Catholic mission of Zastron too late for Mass, but kept her fast until 4:30 in the afternoon when she finally received Communion. She and several other natives, all fasting, arrived at the

mission after all the Masses were finished. There were no Communion hosts reserved in the little mission chapel at Zastron, but the lady waited until after Benediction in the afternoon and then begged the priest to give her part of the large Benediction host.

A Non-Catholic Opinion of the Pope from Ceylon

The Ceylon Daily News, the leading secular newspaper of Ceylon, printed a long article on

Pope Pius XI in its issue of February 12, the day on which the Holy Father observed the thirteenth anniversary of his coronation. The paper points out that the twelve years of his pontificate have been years of trial and difficulty. Excerpts from the article are given here:

"His charm is felt outside the circle of his disciples, numerous as they are, and attracts the whole world. In twelve years he has become one of the most venerated men of our epoch. Even the people whose mentality does not readily admit the idea of a papacy, find nothing to say against Pius XI personally. His is a personality of such marvelous activity, so interesting, so vigorous, that the whole world listens for his voice.

"He is an arbiter who possesses the keenest sense of moral values, of justice, of liberty. He is always and only on the side of good, exalting and encouraging it constantly. He has known how to make himself the intelligent guide of Europe in the midst of the chaos in which the world today is plunged.

"The Pope does not come forward as a defender of any theory as to political or social government of any country, or the relations of countries with each other. He speaks only when the moral order is at stake or when the principles of divine justice are not respected. His perfect sincerity in all things is beyond doubt.

"The name of Pius, which he assumed on mounting the Chair of Peter, is the symbol of that piety which distinguishes him, and for which he is loved by all, but the world also remembers that his name is Achilles, a name which is still a synonym of heroism."

Tagnipa Catechists

Walter J.
Hamilton, S.J.



ANY a
bright
moon has
silvered
Tagnipa

waters since the readers of JESUIT MISSIONS last heard from our section of the Philippines. We are writing now to tell you of the recent Normal School conducted for our catechists. In it, our teachers were instructed, among other things, in the marriage law of God and of the State.



Father Walter J. Hamilton, S.J., and five pairs of newly-weds at Tagnipa, Oriental Misamis, P. I.

The law promulgated some five years ago is complicated. Here at Tagnipa we write the applications for those who are to be married. This saves the expense of travel for the party, including parents or guardians, to Cagayan. When a young man wants to marry a young lady or, as often is the case, when the parents of the boy want him to marry a certain girl judged by them a fitting life-partner, the father appeals to the girl's parents, expressing this desire. If the father has not a good presence he secures a go-between, a well-known man, to make the petition. At this meeting in the girl's house they generally celebrate with a dinner. Then they wait a while, giving the girl a chance to think it over. She is sounded out by the parents and if there be no objection, the girl's dad writes the boy's dad, stating the conditions, of dowry (*bugay*), etc. Some parents make exorbitant demands, obliging the boy to give them fifty pesos or more, build an addition on their (the parents') house, and thus it is that marriages are postponed and many sins occasioned. By means of our teachers and societies, we are striving to create wholesome public opinion in such matters.

THE teachers were examined on how to administer the sacrament of Baptism in case of necessity to infants and adults, and how to instruct the latter according to the circumstances. These catechists are teaching religion in the various public schools, three half hour periods weekly, besides conducting kindergartens and running regular little Catholic schools in *barrios* where there are no public schools. Many of these teachers are from our center here. In the outlying *barrios* they generally have a sister or a cousin or an aunt with whom they live. In time, if financial conditions continue to improve, we hope to get the *barrio* people to support these earnest, hard-working, self-sacrificing teachers whose needs are simple and modest. At present we have to help them, besides supplying the various school

supplies, blackboards, chalk, books, etc., even games.

Consoling it is, indeed, to see how trusting and friendly to the priest the little ones are under the guidance of these teachers, without whose wholesome influence they would remain aloof and timid. Besides, as in Xavier's day, so also now, the children are the means of bringing their parents to God. Please pray that by means of the generosity of our friends, we may be able to continue to educate the people along this vast coast, hitherto neglected in many parts, due to the dearth of priests, lack of means, impossible roads and bridges. Our *barrios* are growing in population; new chapels are going up here and there; older chapels are clamoring for completion and furnishings; while in only two of our chapels have we the Stations of the Cross, a potent means of sanctification.

OUR catechists will likewise help to kill many a superstition that is prevalent around Tagnipa; for example, not far from Tagnipa there is a rock on which there seems to be traced the outlines of a human form. The people claim that the Blessed Mother once appeared there. A local cult arose which was discouraged by the former Spanish Fathers and later forbidden by the Bishop. The Aglipayano heretics have taken it up, however, and together with Catholics flock there once a year to celebrate the local *fiesta* at the shrine. Last year we ourselves said Mass above the rock in a provisional chapel. We went in the early morning, wading across muddy flats, through a marshy sea which reached almost to our knees. We were carrying our Mass kit and for several kilometers kept slipping off the coral rocks. But what a consolation was ours when at the rising of the sun, men, women and children assembled to celebrate the *fiesta de Nuestra Senora de Remedios*. God grant that some day these Aglipayanos may be brought into the one true Fold! A chapel here and at Mogue, a second at Sulawan and a third at Quibaghot will save this little peninsula for Christ.

Light in



The slums of Arakawa district, Tokyo, whence children come to the new Jôchi Catholic Settlement for food, relief and instruction.

ACCORDING to the latest statistics of the municipal authorities, there live in the district of Tokyo called Arakawa-Ku, not less than 23,000 families in actual need of relief. The worst part of this district is Mikawashima, generally known as the living quarters of workmen of the lowest class, of the utterly destitute, and of such as have some good reason for hiding in the dark. Stark poverty, disease, and immorality are particular features of this suburb of Japan's great capital. The municipal authorities and the police are continually worrying over the immense misery and dangerous atmosphere of the district, and only to a limited extent are they able to meet the needs of those most pitiable human beings who live there.

It is in these quarters of darkness that the "Jôchi Catholic Settlement" endeavors to be a light to those in despair and bitterness of heart, by giving them some material help, while showing them the way to peace of heart and eternal happiness.

Three years and a half ago, a couple of students of Jôchi University, in charge of the members of the Lower German Province of the Society of Jesus, under the guidance of a Jesuit Father, took up their lodgings in a rented house right in the center of this district. They gathered the children of the poor, visited their homes, opened a dispensary, collected old clothes, and in other ways came to the rescue of the poor. The Jôchi Catholic Settlement thus founded, developed rapidly, and soon found itself in the necessity of acquiring a plot of land and putting up a suitable building. Charity concerts, donations



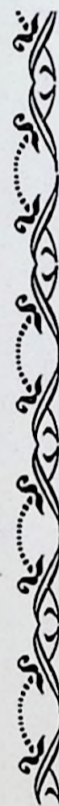
by public institutions, private gifts, and a loan of 2,600 yen, after long and untiring efforts, finally enabled us to buy the land and put up the building, which was completed in December last.

Hugo

THE work, aiming at the rescue of poor families in every possible way, is as manifold in its activities as are the needs of the poor. Of its daily tasks only a short summary can be given here.

There are the "Children's Clubs" with their meetings twice a week, their library, their evening courses in cinema-pictures, outings, and vacation colonies.

As the number of poor is so large, those who are most in need are found out with the help of district



These are not children of Jôchi Catholic Settlement who are receiving the

representatives as well as by immediate investigation they are visited from time to time and kept on record. At present there are 260 families under the charge of the Settlement. These families may put their children in our kindergarten and thus give the mothers a chance to help earn a living for the family by working in a factory or, as is more often the case, at home for the factory. Seventy of the poorest children receive a meal daily at the Settlement. They are children who otherwise would have to go without any lunch. A certain number of families may come to get what is left over or what has been received from hotels and bakeries. In this way we distribute some 250 food portions a month. Next to the food problem there is that of clothing. To meet this need the students

Jôchi Catholic Settlement "endeavors to be a light to those in despair and bitterness of heart, by giving them some material help, while showing them the way to peace of heart and eternal happiness."

Darkness

Me, S.J. lect old clothes and other articles from all over Tokyo. In this work the members of the Jôchi Motor Club,— the same who made a trip to the U. S. A. last Summer, as may be known to some of our readers,—give valuable assistance. Both students and graduates of the Sacred Heart School for girls, and other ladies as well, prepare those things which are sold for almost nothing at bazaars to such as are most in need of them.

Especially among the poor, mothers need guidance; for them "Mothers' Meetings" are held. For the sick we have a dispensary, where the doctor comes three times a week and sees from fifty to sixty people in one afternoon. These patients also receive medicine almost free of charge.



Tokyo, but just another group of Japanese orphans of European and native Sisters.

IN these and many other ways the Settlement endeavors to be a center and home for all those who are in distress. The people, who, of course, are mostly non-Christians, benefit from Christian charity and are thus quite naturally drawn nearer to that Faith the effect of which shows itself to them in such an attractive manner. It need hardly be said that we have Sunday services and even daily Mass, and give religious instruction to all who express a desire for it. The number of both children and adults under instruction is increasing without any pressure from our side. A few Baptisms, too, could be administered. So we can truly say that "the Gospel is being preached to the poor."

As to the social workers in the Settlement, it has

"For the sick we have a dispensary, where the doctor comes three times a week and sees from fifty to sixty people in one afternoon. These patients also receive medicine almost free of charge."



A student of the Catholic University, Jôchi Daigaku, Jesuit University of Tokyo, teaching the youngsters at the Settlement.

been stated before that the University students play a prominent part. They are assisted by other lay people. The Director of the work is a Jesuit Father, assisted by Brother Francis X. Masui, S.J., of the Oregon Province. The latter, after spending some twenty years in California, came back to his own country to work at the Jôchi University in Tokio, and is now devoting all his strength to the poorest of his countrymen.

OF the financial situation this may be said. The work, being a charity institution without fixed income, has to live on gifts. Owing to the fact that nearly all of our workers are volunteers, we manage to cover the running expenses with less than 1,000 yen, a year. But at present we have to economize in order to pay back the above-mentioned loan and, also, to buy the necessary equipment for the new building, such as furniture, books, and medical instruments. Some contributions we receive from the Government, but the greater part of financial help is derived from private gifts and charity entertainments. The charity concert is an annual affair, but private contributions are hard to obtain in this time of depression. Besides, to maintain interest for charitable work, a quarterly, called "J. C. S. News," informs our friends of the needs of the poor and of the work being done in the Settlement. Likewise, a Social Study Club has been founded to investigate conditions among the poor and to study the means of relief.

Thus does the Settlement come to the rescue of the poor, spread the idea of Christian charity, and, with it, the light of Faith.



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A MAGAZINE OF APOSTOLIC ENDEAVOR

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Auriesville and Midland Call

YOUR Summer plans would be incomplete without a visit to one or both of the famous Shrines of North America's first canonized Martyr Saints. Railroad travel at moderate rates and auto touring over splendid highways make the two Shrines easy of access.

Auriesville, in the beautiful Mohawk Valley, about forty miles west of Albany, four miles from Fonda and five miles from Amsterdam, N. Y., is the site of the martyrdom of Saints Isaac Jogues, Rene Goupil and John Lalande, and the birthplace of Kateri Tekakwitha, the saintly Indian maid whose cause of Beatification is being advanced. No longer do Indian war cries fill the air at Auriesville, site of the ancient palisaded Iroquois Indian village of Ossernenon, but there hovers over the place a peaceful atmosphere that is of Heaven. One seems to feel a supernatural influence as one climbs the hill of torture or visits the spacious chapel or makes the impressive Way of the Cross, but especially as one descends the path into the Ravine where Isaac Jogues once hid the body of his martyred companion, Rene Goupil. The spiritual atmosphere of Auriesville makes a deep impression on the pilgrim. It is not so much something to be written about as it is something to feel and by which to be moved to a deepening of Faith and a greater generous response to the challenge of Christ the King in Whose service the Martyrs of North America sacrificed their lives. Information on Auriesville and on routes, schedules and accommodations will be furnished gladly by the Director: Rev. P. F. Cusick, S.J., The Shrine, Auriesville, N. Y.

Midland, Ontario, is the site of the Canadian Shrine to the North American Martyrs. There, too, is kept holy the memory of the three Martyrs who died at Auriesville and of the five Jesuit priests who were martyred on Canadian soil. In sacred and loving memory the names of Saints John Brebeuf, Noel Chabanel,

Charles Garnier, Gabriel Lalemant and Anthony Daniel are recalled in reverence and as a challenge for imitation. The Canadian Shrine at Midland is most important in the annals of the North American Martyrs, for there, on the banks of the river Wye, was old Fort Sainte-Marie, the residence of the early missionaries. From this spot they set out in all directions in their work of evangelizing the Indians. Here, too, they were buried. The spirit of the Jesuit Martyr Saints who laid down their lives between 1642 and 1649, unmistakably hovers over the Canadian Shrine. There, as at Auriesville, pilgrims are found in thousands, drawing hope and courage and new inspiration to carry on in the battle for things eternal and their souls' salvation. Father Thomas Lally, S.J., is Director of the Shrine and he will gladly furnish any information desired by prospective pilgrims.

A Complex Mission Problem

IT is important for all of us to know something of the complex problems that face missionary Bishops and Religious Superiors to whom the care of mission territories is entrusted. When we give alms to the mission cause, as we should do regularly, we are often moved by the story of the hardships of the pioneering missionary, and by his accounts of his poverty-stricken people. All that is in right order, but it leaves the picture incomplete. The problem of missions, with perhaps the exception of those among primitive tribes, is far more involved, and the other phases of the work demand much careful study and planning, and call, too, for much financial help by way of stringless gifts. When a Bishop or Superior has the responsibility of establishing the Church in more educated, though pagan surroundings, such as is the case in cities of India, the Philippine Islands, China and Japan, to mention only a few, he has to seek other means than those required for his rural or village works. He must needs have trained men, that is, trained in the language, literature, culture and history of the people; he must be in a position to establish residences or hostels for Catholic students attending secular colleges and universities; he must organize Catholic lecture bureaus, and eventually, too, he must lay plans for the erection of Catholic colleges as centers of learning. Only thus can he hope to attract the intelligentsia to Catholic teaching and culture, and eventually to the beauties of the Catholic Faith. And as the mission grows, there is need, too, for homes to care for orphans and the aged; dispensaries must be enlarged into complete and adequately equipped hospitals, and everything that belongs to a well-rounded Catholic Social Program must be developed. Leaders, too, must be trained and placed in charge of Catholic Action groups made up of native converts who will show their fellow countrymen the fullest effects of Catholic life.

Yes, we need all possible help we can secure for our missionaries among the unlettered pagans, but let us not forget to help missionary Bishops and Superiors in meeting the great needs that arise from their problem of fostering the other and perhaps more permanent development which will give greater power and prestige.

The Mission Intention

The Conversion of Russia

RUSSIA today throughout its vast extent is a stage on which is being enacted a persecution and an anti-religious propaganda such as the world has never known. The two main objectives in this campaign of the present Soviet Government are the destruction of all established religions and atheistic propaganda. As an example of Bolshevik efficiency we recall the fact that in the Orthodox Church the number of the slain included 31 bishops, 1,560 priests and 7,000 monks. Until 1928, about 32,000 churches were closed or destroyed, in 1929 about 3,500 and from December 1929 to February 1930, during the campaign to end the celebration of the Feast of Christmas, another 3,500.

The second plank in the Bolshevik program is the spread of atheistic propaganda by means of a central agency from which are disbursed books, brochures, tracts, conferences, special libraries, museums, films, plays, placards, correspondence courses and caricatures, in which the Russians are recognized as past masters. To expedite the disbursement there is a special train used to transport this anti-religious exposition from city to city, in order more rapidly to corrupt the youth of the land. Yet, in many places, such as the Ukraine, the former granary of Europe, and now the site of annually recurring famine and starvation, there is both passive and active resistance. Again, in accordance with the old truism that *violenta non durat*, the propaganda campaign itself has begun to break down all along the line. *Betbojnik* or "The Godless," the key publication in the press campaign, has ceased publication since January 1935, and statistics show that of the 2,306 similar journals very many have suffered huge drops in circulation. A distinct turn towards Catholicism is clearly evident and sanctions the prayer, "Savior of the World, save Russia." (300 days indulgence.)

The Mass of the Missions

Breaking of The Host (Continued)

It is a memento, in the words of Saint Peter, of "those sufferings that are in Christ (and in us) and the glories that should follow" (1 Pet. i, 11), for in the words of the Lamb in the Apocalypse (i, 18): "I was dead, and behold I am living forever and ever." It recalls "that wonderful battle in which death and life contended with each other," and how "the Prince of Life died and now living reigneth."

After the breaking and before the mingling, the priest makes three crosses over the chalice with the portion of the Sacred Host in his right hand, praying as he does so: "May the peace of the Lord be always with you," for in the words of Saint Paul, through the Blood of the Cross, hath Christ made peace. (Coloss. i, 20.) Persecution, like the blood of martyrs, may be the seed of Christianity, but it is peace, political and religious, that is required for the untrammelled growth and full development of the Church of Christ.

Blessed Angela of Foligno, while assisting at the Mass of an unworthy priest, heard at the fraction of the Sacred Host this cry of piercing sweetness: "Alas! how they break Me and make the blood flow from My limbs!" To her, indeed, ever after, the breaking of the Sacred Host recalled the breaking of the Heart of Christ.

Yet this very day, around the mission world, the Heart of Christ is being broken not only by an occasional unworthy priest, but by ungrateful people. Here is an instance. Once a week, each city, town and *barrio* of the Philippines holds its *Via Crucis*, a typical example of which I witnessed in the town of San Fernando, Province of La Union, Philippine Islands, on the feast of the Annunciation.

The ebb and flow of heat waves in the atmosphere had subsided, and the shifting heavens and fast darkening red of the sun were touching the highest of the local mounts into prospective Calvaries when the procession finally issued forth from the ruins of the old *convento*.

Organization was discarded as too formal to permit natural emotion and sympathy. Their sympathies were those of the friends of Christ in His journey to death, and on that journey the friends were not to be found in the stiff lines of the soldiery. (To be continued.)

Jesuits from the 1934-35 Tertianship at Wuhu, China. Father Charles D. Simons, S.J., of the California Province is at the extreme left of the rear row. At the extreme right in the front row is Father Crespo, S.J., a Spaniard, whose church, residence and schools were burned to the ground by Communists, and one of whose catechists was killed. Fathers Crespo, Garcia (extreme left in second row) and Pastor (second row, second from right), who will be working in bandit-infested districts, were told by their Superior to prepare for martyrdom.



June and the Sacred Heart



During this month of June, which is peculiarly the month of the Sacred Heart, new recruits from the various Jesuit Provinces of the United States and Canada are making ready to join their fellow Jesuits in the far-flung foreign mission fields.

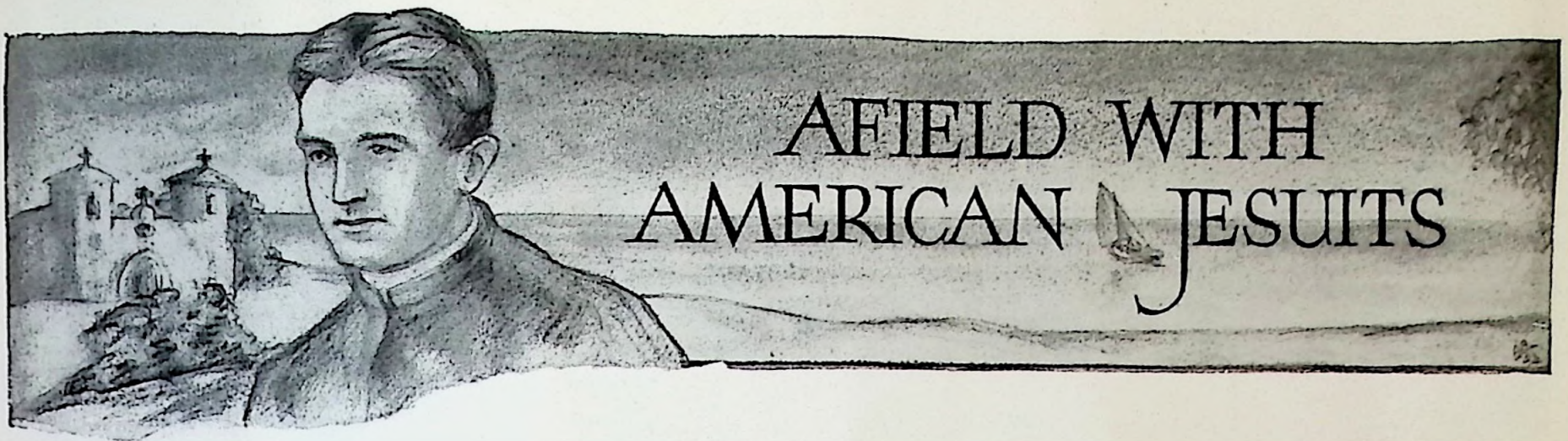
Through JESUIT MISSIONS the American Jesuit missionaries have made many friends and have received incalculable aid in spreading the knowledge and love of the Sacred Heart. But the increase in their ranks during June and later months calls for an increase in the number of their friends who will help them further to spread devotion to the Heart of Christ.

That the Sacred Heart may be more generously adored and more deeply loved, subscribers to JESUIT MISSIONS are asked to renew their subscriptions; readers of JESUIT MISSIONS are asked to subscribe for themselves and others. All are asked to help make JESUIT MISSIONS an even more potent factor in the conversion of the millions entrusted to the care of the American Jesuit missionaries.

During June, dear reader, you can use JESUIT MISSIONS to prove your love of the Sacred Heart. Will you? Then—

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

(Find a subscription blank on the back cover)



AFIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUITS

ALASKA

From Little Flower Mission, Hooper Bay, Alaska, Father John P. Fox, S.J., writes:

"We are having terrible weather this year. Within the last three weeks we have had two big storms, lots of very cold weather, soft weather and rain, all mixed up into a mess that made it almost impossible for me to do any of my usual travel. We do not mind the cold if it is consistent. But many changes from one extreme to the other are very disagreeable, hard on one's health, and make travel dangerous. But I hope the weather will settle down to something better soon.

"We are trying hard to get ways of communication with the outside, and our neighboring missions, and in the last year we have made several important steps in that direction. Through the kindness of a friend I procured a radio, both receiver and transmitter, for seventy-five dollars. With it I can send messages and receive them by either voice or code at any time. It is a short wave outfit and is no good for music and the other programs that are broadcasted in such abundance nowadays. But that does not matter to me, as I have no time to listen to these anyhow. But with it I now have contact in case of accidents, or other emergencies of any kind and can also save myself many a useless trip.

"Also by the last mail I sent in my oath of office as Post Master of the new office established here at Hooper Bay. With it we are to have a regular monthly mail. Whether it will be Air Mail or dog team is not yet certain; but I think it will be Air Mail. And what a blessing to us here who have to live by what friends send in the mail!

"I think that since we founded the Sisters of Our Lady of the Snow here at Hooper Bay, God is more evidently taking care of us. I have noticed this in many ways. Undoubtedly He is bound to help me take care of them if it was His Will, as I think, to have them started here. We have already two of the Sisters busy in the active labors of my big district, and they are doing fine work. The spirit of the Novices here is fine so far, and I hope that you will pray that it may continue thus. The idea of Sisters is altogether

new to these folks, and we are having more trouble with the parents than with the Novices. For instance, a good prospect comes for the Novitiate. She is examined and found suitable, and accordingly admitted as a Postulant. For a while all is well, but some fine day the folks move out to their Winter camp, and come to say that they need their daughter to get wood for them, or help fish, and the trouble begins. On the one hand the girl has learned at home that parents, right or wrong, must be obeyed blindly. On the other, she likes the life she has begun to study with the intention of embracing it, and does not want to give up. But generally speaking, it would be useless to try to keep her, as the folks in one way or another will keep bothering her till she finally decides anyhow that she had better go home and pack wood and water for her folks. For this reason, we have not been taking any Novices from the village here, but have recruited all of them from our boarding schools, where they have been long enough to get the folks over the idea that they cannot live without them. We did send a few from Hooper Bay, who applied for the Novitiate, to our nearest boarding school at Akulurak. But they will have to go to school there for some years until we figure that they are strong enough to stand a little bothering from unreasonable or ignorant folks.

"All the Sisters and Novices are Eskimos, and Sister Superior, an Eskimo from around Kotzebue, is a real treasure for us. Without her we would



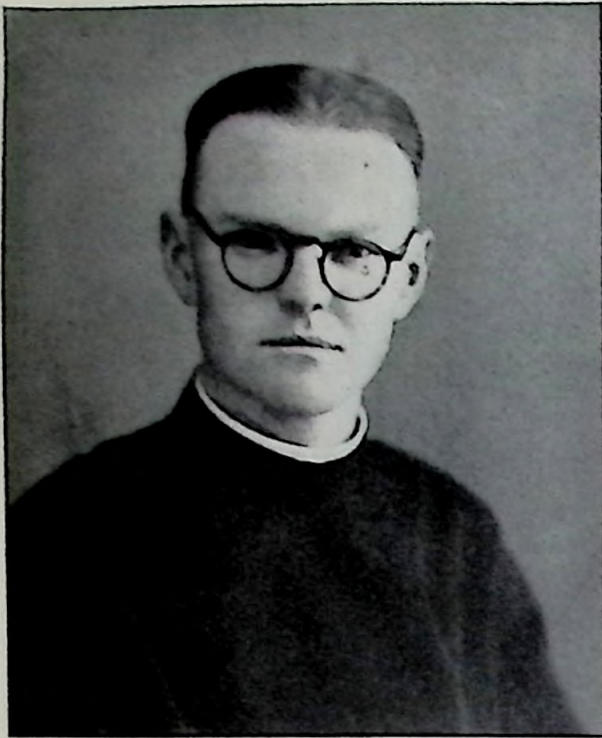
Father Cornelius E. Byrne, S.J., who, as Superior, carries the heavy responsibilities of Sacred Heart Mission among the Coeur d'Alene Indians of Desmet, Idaho

have had a hard time to get going. She has not had so very much schooling, but has plenty of good common sense, is unusually pious and solid in virtue, a very fine cook, sewer of native objects of apparel, and can hunt and handle a dog team about as well as any man in the village. Please pray that our dear Lord may supply in His goodness what she lacks in experience necessary for directing others, especially Novices."

IRAQ

Father Joseph P. Merrick, S.J., writing from Iraq to his benefactors at Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass., says:

"I am planning on writing a little account of my six weeks in Palestine last Summer and also of my trip with Fourth High to Kirkuk on All Saints Day. Kirkuk is the center of the famous Mosul oil fields, but it has more importance than that, for it is also the place where, in the sixth century, the Persian Chosroes slew 150,000 Catholics. Don't forget that at one time more than half of Baghdad was Catholic. But the Persian persecution, far more colossal and savage than the Roman, followed by the Islamic, left next to nothing of Christianity. From 80 A.D. to 1933 A.D., even Ireland can't beat that record of persecution. It was so complete that every Christian in Baghdad derives from the mountains north of Mosul or from those parts that were protected from the fury of Tamerlane by the not so 'unspeakable' Turk. The Turks had their fits of hatred of the giaour, but they were nothing compared with Tamerlane's. From 1401 until 1917, the desert he created and the hovels he left seem stereotyped with death. Go into any part of the old city of Baghdad today and see the fear of that bloodiest of hands crowding vermin, mud, cesspools and licked humanity into one heart-breaking mass. Mosul came off even worse, and so did Damascus, while many a mound along the royal road from our doorstep to Samarcand is nothing but the heaped up skulls of whole cities massacred and identity unknown. Bit by bit, however, patches of Christians crept fearfully out of their mountain valleys, drifting southward and eastward toward the larger cities. So it happens that today Baghdad and Basra have



Father Thomas L. Phillips, S.J. (left), and Father Francis A. Rouleau, S.J., ordained to the priesthood at Zi-ka-wei, Shanghai, China, on June first. Both are members of the Oregon Province of the Society of Jesus, but are assigned to the China mission work in charge of members of the California Province.

numerous and important Christian communities, the largest part by far being Catholic."

BRITISH HONDURAS

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

"Last week I rode down to Santa Rosa every day to instruct some of the children for their first confession and first Holy Communion. As there is no school in Santa Rosa, the children are not very well instructed, and even after a week of preparation they would hardly pass an examination in one of the big parishes of the States. Anyhow, I stayed there Saturday night, and yesterday morning they had the happiness of making their first Holy Communion. During Mass a thing happened that I had always been afraid of. The altar was set up near a window in a private house and a big hen was endeavoring to effect an entrance through the open window. The boys kept chasing her away, but finally she succeeded in her efforts. Straight over the altar she flew, brushing me on the side of the head as she passed, knocked down the crucifix on the tabernacle, extinguished the two small candles, fanned away a small host, upset the altar-card and bounded on the dirt floor of the room, just missing a lamp that was standing on the edge of the table. Fortunately, it happened before the Consecration. A unanimous 'Oh!' went up from the little congregation."

In another letter, Father Leonard says:

"Last Wednesday when I returned from my latest trip down the river in my boat, the *San Ignacio*, your letter of March 30 together with a check was awaiting me. Many thanks for the same.

"The river is very low, as we are now in the midst of the dry season, but the *San Ignacio* came over all the

strong runs without mishap."

CHINA

Father James F. Kearney, S.J., sends the following good news from Gonzaga College, 734 Kiaochow Road, Shanghai, China:

"Thomas L. Phillips, S.J., and Francis A. Rouleau, S.J., will be ordained to the priesthood at Zi-ka-wei on June 1, 1935. Father Phillips will say his first Mass on the following day at St. Aloysius Church, Father Rouleau at the Sacred Heart Church in Hongkew, under the direction of the California Jesuits.

"Thomas Phillips is a native of Butte, Montana, where he first saw the light of day on September 14, 1904. He entered the Society of Jesus on July 30, 1921, and after completing his Juniorate, went to Hillyard, Washington, for his philosophical studies. When the first band of missionaries left for China in the Fall of 1928, he was a member. He studied a year of Chinese at Zi-ka-wei, taught two years at St. Ignatius College nearby, and then joined the Staff of the newly-opened Gonzaga College for a third year of teaching. After this, he began his theology. His good nature and willingness to work have made him a favorite with old and young alike. He has specialized in the Shanghai dialect, and has made a fine reputation with his catechetical work at Zi-ka-wei, Gonzaga and Hongkew. After ordination, he will be in great demand in local Chinese pulpits.

"Francis Rouleau was born in the town of Campbell, Minnesota, on the twenty-third of January, 1900. Two years later his family moved to the thriving metropolis of Yakima, Washington, and there the future missionary received his primary and high school education. After graduating from high school, he became a reporter for the *Yakima Daily Republic* and

covered some of the State events of that day. Through the influence of the Editor, an appointment to the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis was secured for him, and he went to Gonzaga University, Spokane, Washington, to prepare for the entrance examinations. It was at Gonzaga that he felt the call to the priesthood. He entered the Novitiate at Los Gatos, California, on October 13, 1923. After the Novitiate, he spent a year as professor at Gonzaga before taking up the study of philosophy at Mt. St. Michael's, Hillyard, Washington. He watched with interest the departure of the pioneer band of California missionaries, and a year later he followed them to China. After acquiring a good fundamental knowledge of Chinese during his first year at Zi-ka-wei, he occupied the chair of English Literature at Aurora University for two years with great success. He began theology at Zi-ka-wei together with Mr. Phillips in the Fall of 1932, and the two will be ordained on the same day. Mr. Rouleau was the originator of the *China Letter*. His previous newspaper experience and his vivid style augur a splendid future in the local literary field.

"This is the second occasion on which the California Mission has been favored with ordinations. Father Charles D. Simons, S.J., ordained two years ago, was the first of our men to be raised to the priesthood in China."

* * *

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

"Although most schools in Shanghai are losing pupils with the start of the second semester, we have been favored with an increase of over twenty, bringing our total over one hundred and eighty. We have about the same number in the elementary school which is run in connection with our Chinese parish. Chinese New Year's Day, February 4, for most Chinese meant a holiday, decking out in their best clothes, and setting off fire-crackers to their hearts' content. Our Chinese Christians donned their best clothes, too, but came to church for a three days' mission. This is almost the only chance to get the workers for a mission, as the Chinese week means seven days of work."

* * *

Father Leo F. McGreal, S.J., writes: "Fathers Moore, Gatz and Fitzgerald constitute the Mission Band for this year, and will give three eight-day missions in the city during Lent. These will be at St. Aloysius, Christ the King and Sacred Heart parishes. Father Simons will give missions in Chinese in the Yangchow district, and will come to Shanghai for an eight-day retreat to the Loretto Sisters during Holy Week. Father Kearney has also begun a series of public lectures on social subjects to the members of the Catholic

Association at Christ the King Church."

PATNA, INDIA

Under date of March 17, **Father James A. Creane, S.J.**, writes from his old station at Baccha among the Santals:

"Here I am, celebrating the feast of St. Patrick at my old stamping ground in Baccha. The great Apostle of the Emerald Isle got a new client today when we tagged his name on little Surja Saren.

"Yesterday, a messenger from St. Mary's Mission brought me a splendid invitation to spend the feast of St. Joseph there. The invitation is from **Father Rudolph W. Bohn, S.J.**, the Superior of the Community, and brings the news that **Father P. L. Frank, S. J.**, is to be installed as his successor on March 19. Father Bohn is to become a full-fledged missionary among the pagans, in other words, a Santal Tramp, or Knight of the Road like myself.

"Last Friday night I had the consolation of another group of seven Mochis for Baptism. That brings the total of this new caste up to twenty-two. We are expecting several of the children to enter our Santal boarding school. One Mochi boy has already gone to our Khrist Raja High School in Bettiah.

"We haven't made much headway among the other Hindu castes as yet, but we are still optimistic and hopeful. Many frankly confess their desire for Baptism, but fear to accept it because of the persecution and ostracism which may follow. Not infrequently, our new Christians are called upon to profess their Faith under circumstances which are little short of heroic."

* * *

After three months of intensive study in the acquiring of the groundwork of Hindi, **Father Bertram E. Ernst, S.J.**, has been appointed as assistant to **Father Charles P. Miller, S.J.**, at Gajhi, where he will receive his first real lessons in practical mission life and methods. Besides putting his newly acquired Hindi to the test among the Hindus of the region, Father Ernst will also begin to study the difficult Santali dialect which is used by the many Santals in and around Gajhi.

* * *

Father Charles D. McAleese, S.J., who has been Father Ernst's companion in studies during the last few months, has taken over the care of the Bhagalpur center during the absence of **Father A. Forster, S.J.** Bhagalpur is the central supply depot for the missions of the Santal section. When he has completed his work there, Father McAleese will go to St. Mary's Mission where he will be Father Frank's assistant.

* * *

Father Rudolph W. Bohn, S.J., writes of his new work among the Santals of the Narainpur sector.

"My headquarters for the present will be with **Father Edward Scott, S.J.**, at Godda. The reason for this is that all the churches and priests' residences in the Narainpur section have been torn down. Moreover, we own no land there on which we can build. We shall have to work out on cycle from Godda. There are about eight hundred Catholics in Narainpur sector. The missionary personnel consists of three catechists for the Santals, four catechists for the Pahariyas, three catechists for the Mahles, and one school teacher in a lower primary school at a village called Lautuna. No Sisters have as yet been assigned to this sector.

* * *

"**Father James R. Gibbons, S.J.**, is here with his motor bus. Tomorrow, he will take **Very Rev. Father Sontag** and myself and my baggage to Godda. My baggage consists of a baptismal box, a Mass box, a box of books, three tin boxes containing clothes, missionary supplies and odds and ends—and also my bedding. I am taking Richard, a Bettiah High School lad, with me to act as cook, interpreter and general manager. We claim the privilege of being sole Pastor of the poorest sector in Patna Mission."

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

Father John Rebull, S.J., writing from Caraga, Davao, tells of his difficulties in maintaining catechism centers throughout his large mission. As an example of all the centers, he describes the center at Manay, Davao. The catechist there is a teacher in the public school, who teaches catechism three times a week; the law there does not allow any more time than that for religion. Father Rebull pays this teach-

er ten pesos (five dollars) a month; but she is well worth that, because, as there is no priest resident at Manay, this teacher is practically the pillar of the church in the village. Father Rebull can visit Manay only once a month; most of the time he has to hike the twenty-two kilometers on foot, or travel even more slowly by carabao. However, the catechist keeps the people alive to their duties, and often leads them in the recitation of the Rosary in the church. For example, on September 4, all the schools celebrated "Child Health Day"; and as part of the celebration in Manay, this catechist arranged to have all the children recite the Rosary in the church. The other teachers in the public school assist her in many little ways, and go to her for English catechisms, medals and holy pictures, to distribute to their charges. These things the catechist in turn must obtain from Father Rebull. Yet he himself has no one to turn to except the Mission Procurator.

* * *

Father James Valles, S.J., the fifty-five-year-old Superior at Dapitan, Zamboanga, P. I., tells the story of this three hundred year old mission. It is situated in the northern part of the province of Zamboanga, Mindanao.

"It is far too vast to be efficiently administered by its one missionary, for it embraces an area of more than one thousand square kilometers, including 21,456 souls, all of whom are baptized, except 1,500 infidels of the pagan Subano race. Scarcely 1,000 persons dwell permanently in Dapitan itself; the rest are scattered among the mountains. There are nineteen small chapels in their villages, which the missionary visits when he can. These visits entail many



Jesuit Scholastics of the Maryland-New York Province who have completed their studies in philosophy and science at Woodstock, Maryland, and are sailing, June 14, on the Canadian Pacific liner "Empress of Japan" to do mission work in the Philippine Islands. Left to right: Ernest B. Clements, S.J., Paul B. Hugendobler, S.J., James J. Hennessey, S.J., Coleman A. Daily, S.J., and Walter G. DeLawder, S.J.

hardships, of heat, rain, poor food, or lack of food. Often in making one of these calls, the Padre has to walk forty or fifty kilometers, up hill and down valley, climbing rocks like a goat, crossing places filled with mud, exposed in open boats to the glare of the sun when crossing rivers, and to the mercy of the waves when crossing inlets of the sea. Arrived at his destination in some distant *barrio*, the Padre spends several days revalidating marriages, hearing confessions, celebrating Mass, conducting a small *fiesta*. The people flock to the chapel for the services, and remain in the *barrio* until the food begins to get scarce; they then disappear once more into the hills. I thought it a successful call recently when I went to Livaca, and there heard thirty-two confessions and baptized forty-six children. It involved a ten-hour hike back home—from 8:00 A.M. to 6:00 P.M. Here at Dapitan I have a regular parochial school; this year we have 183 boys and 163 girls. Three Sisters teach the girls; four laymen teach the boys. It costs sixty dollars a month to run the school. Last year we had 1,157 Baptisms; 28,193 Communion; 117 marriages. Communion this year have risen to 30,000. I would like to build a chapel at Mapang, a place which is being threatened by Protestants; I would also like to erect schools at Ilaya and Sibutad. But at present I have no means to accomplish these projects and I even fear that I will not be able to maintain the three Sisters next year. May the Lord send help!"

JAMAICA, B. W. I.

Father Henry P. Wennerberg, S.J., writes from Winchester Park, Kingston, Jamaica, to thank the Editors for a recent gift and then adds. "I have just started a new Rectory so that I can live in my parish. It is to cost me some three thousand dollars, as it has to be ready for two priests. My parish is a rapidly developing one. It begins

to look as if we would have to enlarge our church before very long, as the two Masses we have on Sunday are overcrowded. However, that will have to wait until we have the Rectory paid for."

* * *

Father James Harney, S.J., St. Joseph's Rectory, Savanna-la-Mar, notes that he is busy erecting belfries at Revival, Orange Hill and Lucea, finishing repairs on the old Mission House at Top Hill, and hopes to be able to use it for living quarters in a month's time, so as to give more time to his bush people.

* * *

Father Charles Eberle, S.J., Pastor at High Gate, writes in praise of his lay assistants.

"Mile Gully is the best mission that I have and if you ask me why I would say, 'It is because of George Benjamin, a catechist, a layman, tailor, a small planter, who in the evenings and on Sunday afternoons trains both the choir and the children who take part.' I have another assistant at Free Hill who is very faithful and who has been teaching Sunday School there for four years. Father Joseph Countie, S.J., bought him some zinc sheets and later I bought him a few more with which to enlarge his shelter. Now he has forty children in the Sunday School and his shelter is no longer adequate. When it rains, the rain comes in on them and they get wet. There is no floor to the place and so the dirt gets muddy. When the sun shines, it beats in on them unmercifully, for there are no sides to the shelter. In view of all this, I detached some money which I had received for a memorial chapel and decided to make a real chapel in which my lay assistant could carry on his work. He will build it himself, as he is a carpenter and is moreover giving the land for it, too. He is a convert of about five years' standing. A few adult conversions are in prospect. To my mind the ideal here is to have one

big town in each mission with four out chapels. In this way, the missionary can say Mass every Sunday in the town and alternate in the other four places once a month. I know that from our experience you never get regular and faithful attendance at Sunday Mass in the larger towns until you have Mass every Sunday. Every time I go to Mile Gully, I look at the sign on the wall near the altar, 'This church is given in memory of Mr. M. Coleman of Boston. Pray for his soul.' I do not know who the gentleman is, but I cannot help but think how much good that gift has done. It has really changed the whole countryside. Yet, I have other places just as promising as Mile Gully, and one in particular where I have a donation of land and labor but no lumber or nails."

AMERICAN INDIANS

A new departure in missionary activity has been inaugurated by the Sacred Heart Mission, DeSmet, Idaho. Father Cornelius Byrne, S.J., Superior of the Mission, has lately opened up a museum, and the interest shown in the venture by the general public as well as by the Indians themselves, has fully justified the move. The museum has four departments: (1) containing many objects of interest and value gathered by the old missionary Fathers; (2) library and art department; (3) relics of the old mission at DeSmet; and (4) Indian relics.

One of the most important steps taken recently for better law enforcement on the Reservation was the appointment of Ignace Gerry, grandson of the famous Chief Gerry of the Spokanes, as Indian policeman of the Reservation. At the same time, Chief Joseph Seltice of the Coeur d'Alenes was appointed Judge of the Indians. Joseph Seltice is the son of the famous and historical Chief Seltice, who played such an important part in the history of the Northwest.

At Christmas and Easter times many of the Indians come from their surrounding farms to the town of DeSmet, where they reside in order to be near the church. At Easter this year a Solemn High Mass was celebrated; hundreds of the Indians attended.

* * *

Word comes from Father Louis Taelman, S.J., that the Easter services at St. Ignatius Mission, St. Ignatius, Montana, were a spiritual success. Great crowds of Indians attended—so many, in fact, that the large Mission Church could not accommodate them all. The unique ceremony, peculiar to the Mission of St. Ignatius, called the "Burial of Christ," was performed with the customary ceremony and solemn procession on Good Friday. Very Rev. Father Provincial of the Oregon Province officiated. On May 15, the Bishop administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to a class of sixty.



The brass band and some of the Mexican children who follow it to Mass at Guadalupe Mission, San Antonio, Texas. (See page 148)

A Letter from

Baghdad *Joseph P. Merrick, S.J.*

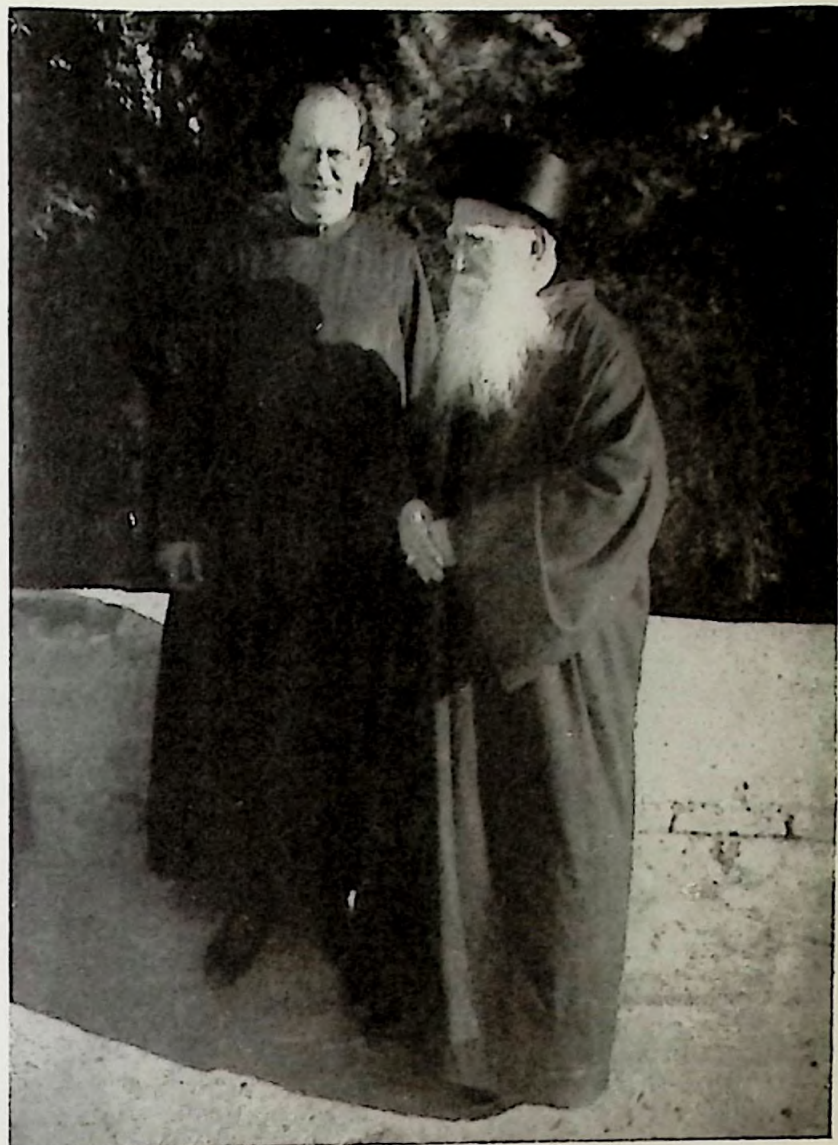
The following is a letter of thanks written by a former professor of Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass., to the College Sodality in acknowledgment of a donation. Gifts such as the one mentioned here come from Jesuit and non-Jesuit schools and from private individuals, and help our American Jesuits in Baghdad continue their educational work among these people of the Near East.
—Editor.



FEW days ago, I received notice that your Sodality had gone and done it again to the tune of fifty dollars. So, if my gratitude is profound and expressive only two months after the event, please forgive even the appearance of neglect. I, all of us here, are really very grateful and appreciative. It is hard to keep up with the speed and the silence of Holy Cross which hardly lets its left hand know what its right hand does. It may be that the spirit of Ring and Scanlon is filtering into every activity at the Cross. However, I am not entirely averse to the spirit of speed and silence.

Speed is indeed not the rarity out here that one might imagine. The wildest ride I ever had was in a Chinese taxi in Shanghai, and in Baghdad I have seen Fords and Chevrolets careening along in a fashion not envisioned by their designers. It is true that when an Oriental thinks not, it is bad; and when he does, it is worse; and that if you ask for a millimeter, you get a mile. There is, however, no high tempo in their civilization, hence they are for the most part nerveless and fearless, and so they can drive an auto or an airplane with hair-trigger precision. As a result, there are amazingly few accidents; they hardly ever get their man.

AMERICA has done some astounding and successful experiments since I left. In physics and chemistry, yes, but also in sociology and morality. The eminently successful Legion of Decency has amazed Europe and the East. I think it has even amazed America. It has supplied the Catholic Church in the missions with an extremely powerful weapon of defence and attack. If the all too vulnerable social structure of the States is only rebuilt on the Rock of Christ and Peter, the Catholic future of the new world continents will be practically assured and the missions in the old world will receive a meteoric impulse. Catholic missions need money, it is true, but they need men and inspiration from strong Catholic centers far more, and it must be admitted that America is beginning to assume a magnificent lead in these matters. Nevertheless, American Catholics are a very small minority, and unless they carry the war into the ranks of the enemy and convert them, they will have to live in the perilous pagan atmosphere that almost



His Beatitude, Emmanuel Thomas, Patriarch of the Chaldeans and friend of the American Jesuits in Iraq, with Very Rev. William A. Rice, S.J., from the Province of New England, Rector of Baghdad College.

predominates everywhere; and so there remains the danger that the miasma may overwhelm them.

YOU will probably be surprised to learn that Christians here live in a far more sheltered environment than in the States, and that they can lead purer lives more easily. One has to seek temptation here; in America it is thrust upon one everywhere. I speak in general, of course, and I speak only of the two atmospheres in which Catholics in the two countries are immersed. There is vice here, but it does not flaunt itself; and the segregation of the sexes here is far less of an evil than the emasculating amalgamation that goes on in the western world. This is a man's country, exaggeratedly so, but at least the basis is correct, and in the Chaldean rite you have a Catholic Mass run by men, in God's own language, Chaldean, or as it is called, Eastern Aramaic. Moreover, it is free from the violent masculinity of Masonry and Islam. You will find plenty of Syrian and Greek Masons, for these countries, and Armenia, too, have been too much under the perverse influence of French Masonry. Assyria and Chaldea were, however, better sheltered under a Turkish aegis, and a Chaldean Mason is almost as rare as a Catholic priest in Mexico. Men love ritual just as much as women, but they want women at a respectful and uncriticizing distance when they engage in it, and they want to be almost as important as is the priest; and if they cannot find such honor in Catholicity, they are tempted to seek it in the rituals of Masonry and Islam.

BOOK REVIEWS

The Cross. By George Willard Benson. 487 Ashland Ave., Buffalo, N. Y. Price \$3.50.

A most interesting investigation of the symbol more universal in its use and more important in its significance than any other in the world. The book might well be entitled, "The Romance of the Symbol of the Cross." Woven into this romance are a host of authentic facts, legendary tales, curious customs and strange superstitions, dating from the earliest times and culled from the four quarters of the globe. What began as a hobby and continued under the fascinating inspiration that surrounds the lure of collecting, has culminated in a reverend exposition of the sign of man's salvation which should be of real value in assisting us to meditate upon the inner meaning of "The rood of Christ." This inner meaning as explained in the last chapter of the book is necessarily inadequate and, of course, not authoritative. The complete and adequate understanding of the meaning of the Cross of Christ must be gathered from the visible representative of Christ upon earth, the Pope of Rome. While the author has sedulously avoided discussion of dogmatic beliefs, he has made one sad exception. Thus, on page 133, he writes: "That which was accepted by one generation as vital and essential truth was rejected by the next." From the context of this passage, the implication is that Catholics (there were no Protestants among the early Christians) taught in one generation vital and essential truth which they rejected in the next. We pray that the author's next investigation will lead him to a contrite knowledge of the falsehood of this statement, and to fuller participation in the inner meaning of the symbol of the Cross.

The Story of the American Indian. By Paul Radin. Liveright Publishing Corporation, New York. Price \$2.50.

This book has been described as "a vividly told story" of Indian life over the entire western hemisphere. Indeed, the "story" element is so intermingled with the scientific that it is difficult to tell at times whether we are reading history or being entertained by the author's penchant for hazarding guesses. While Professor Radin's mental boldness in reconstructing the past does not necessarily rob his statements of the power of probability and even at times of great probability, still, history is not the science of great probabilities but of facts. A strong instance of the author's mentality as contrasted with other experts is contained in his attitude towards the Pueblos. "The culture of the Pueblos is so old, so complex, and so specialized, and our knowledge of it is still so fragmentary

in spite of all the excellent work that has been done, that scholars hesitate to reconstruct its history even tentatively. Much of this hesitation, we cannot help feeling, is unwarranted. . . ." The entire book is founded, the author tells us, on the "assumption that aboriginal American history can only be understood in terms of the spread of the great civilizations that developed in Mexico, Central America, and along the Pacific Coast of South America from Ecuador to Peru." The author touches tragic fact when in "The Heel of the Conqueror," he contrasts Spanish and French conquests of the Indians with Anglo-Saxon extermination of the same, and notes, "The Pilgrim Fathers . . . fell upon their knees . . . and then upon the aborigines." Again, "The organized cruelty with which they (the Anglo-Saxons), exterminated the Creek, is one of the most infamous instances in a record that few of the Spanish *conquistadores* have equalled." Likewise, "The Spaniards and French enslaved the natives, but they never broke their spirit. That was reserved for the Anglo-Saxons, to which latter, Indian warfare was essentially a man-hunt." These statements will ever be a lasting memorial of the White man's shame. While we admit both the dexterity and ingenuity of Professor Radin in forging missing links and in bridging gaps, we congratulate him more especially for the encyclopedic content of information on the American Indian which he has placed herein at the disposal of the English-speaking public.

The Protestant Reformation in Great Britain. By Joseph Clayton, F. R. Hist. S. The Bruce Publishing Company, Milwaukee, Wisc. Price \$2.00.

The present volume is written by Mr. Joseph Clayton, F.R.Hist.S., an Oxford man, an intelligent leader of the English Labor movement, a convert for the last quarter of a century and a close student as well as author of works on the social, economic, political and religious past of Great Britain. Original material and an all-encompassing viewpoint justify this latest presentation of the case against the Protestant Reformation in England, Wales and Scotland, and complete the picture of this spiritual tragedy which has been left incomplete by anti-Catholic historians, by Catholics like Belloc, by liberalists like Professor G. M. Trevelyan, and by Anglicans like Doctor Frere, Bishop of Truro. To strengthen his conviction of the proper psychological approach, the author lays in a background of events and of characters leading to the Reformation which will be of invaluable interest to the scientific students of the same. This includes, of course, an analysis of Henry's introspective spirit

which helps much to explain his consequent behavior. Similarities in the beginnings of the new doctrine in England with the spread of modernism at the beginning of the twentieth century in Europe are noted, a contrast which the author elaborates more fully as the story progresses. Chronological tables and a topical resume of each chapter have been prepared as thoughtful aids for the reader. The book is both impartial and complete, and the reader must agree that the prophecy of the Catholic humanists has at last been fulfilled. "They saw not only the break-up of society, dissolution of Christian fellowship, destruction of Catholic unity, but they saw also that this new Lutheran teaching would inevitably set back the revival of learning in the universities, check the education of young people, and hinder the setting up of schools. Embittered controversy would take the place of mental culture, violence put a stop to the quietness and confidence of religious meditation. Church and nation alike would be rent by the debates of fanatics, the wells of truth poisoned. Every kind of knave, rogue, and fool would despoil the England they loved, and befoul the Catholic Faith they cherished. All these evils, foreseen by the humanists, were in due time accomplished, as the Protestant teaching spread."

Chapters in Frontier History. By Gilbert J. Garraghan, S.J., Ph.D. The Bruce Publishing Co., Milwaukee, Wisc. Price \$2.50.

A precious study by a true historian of the fascinating history attached to Old Vincennes, Chicago Under the French Regime, The Emergence of The Missouri Valley in History, The First Settlement on The Site of St. Louis, Some Newly Discovered Western Maps, The Trappists of Monks Mound, Nicolas Point, Jesuit Missionary in Montana of the Forties, Father De Smet—History Maker, and The Birth of a Great Diocese. The book has all the interest of an antique shop filled with valuable relics of other days and of links with the past that give new meaning to dates and names and the historic sites of the old frontier. Joliet and Marquette are linked up with the beginning of Chicago in many ways, not the least being through its first recorded religious service, namely, Marquette's Mass, December 13, 1674. With the likeliness of family portraits, pen pictures of the missionaries introduce the reader to the intimate inner circle of these heroes of the past. Most interesting is the play of motives evidenced on the part of the representatives of Church and State. That the missionaries are inextricably associated with the early lay discoverers is evident from many statements of which the following, described

by Judge John Law, is typical. "Next to Clark and Vigo, the United States are indebted more to Father Gibault for the accession of the states, comprised in what was the original Northwest territory, than to any other man." That the State used the missionaries for the pacification of the Indians is likewise evident from this shrewd comment of John C. Calhoun, Secretary of War, who, on the occasion of the grant of Council Bluffs on the Missouri to the Jesuits on their return in 1823, wrote to General Clark in St. Louis as follows: "It is believed that the missionaries will, besides preparing the way for their ultimate civilization, be useful in preventing the commission of outrages and preserving peace with the tribes among which they may fix themselves." There are curious and unexpected geographical data from the collection of six hundred unpublished maps of Colonial America, from the French and Spanish archives, three of which maps are here reproduced. The book closes with the dramatic history of the founding of the Catholic Diocese of St. Louis with its "storied past and the rich measure of colorful and appealing incident" which are attached to its origin and growth.

The Romance of the Floridas. By Michael Kenny, S.J., Ph.D., Litt.D. The Bruce Publishing Co., Milwaukee, Wisc. Price \$3.75.

This is the combined history of Church and State during the foundational period of the present territory of the United States. It is laden with new data, strictures on inexact historians, and tributes to the Church, such as the following: "That the Indians were not exterminated in Spanish America . . . and that there Negro slavery became never complete nor extensive is due to the Church." Famous characters are introduced and we read again the story of Ponce de Leon, of whom it is written on the epitaph over his grave at San Juan in Puerto Rico:

"Here rests The Lion brave
whose deeds of fame
Surpass in might the valor
of his name."

The true Spanish mind and the normal attitude of the Conquistadores is revealed by Bernal Diaz to Governor Velasquez. The author crosses swords with John Gilmary Shea in his statement that De Soto's entrance to Tampa Bay was slight in its religious influence, indicating the contrary, even in the face of the silence of the records from the custom and wont of De Soto. The so-called Papal "Partition" of the New World is explained, as well as the custom of the *Missa seca* the "Dry Mass" celebrated perforce at times by the missionaries. Little known heroes are introduced, such as Father Louis Cancer, O.P., the first Martyr of the Floridas. The case for and against the execution of the Huguenots is stated, with the author inclining to the more lenient judgment of modern non-Catholic

scholars of research. In the Menendez-Jesuit Period of the Founding from 1565 to 1574, the author adds to his dramatic background of the Finding of Florida, a clear insight into the Old World attitude as revealed in valuable letters and documents. Doubly valuable is the story of the Martyrs of the Rappahannock, both because of the fact itself and as a topic for further study and commemoration. True to his title, Father Kenny has made of his subject a romance which he ends, however, with the somber epitaph of the old vertical sundial above the entrance of the Cathedral of St. Augustine: "Time's countings perish; their accountings stay."

Living Faith. By Very Rev. Canon Thomas Wright. P. J. Kenedy & Sons, New York, N. Y. Price \$2.00.

While the spiritual needs of those members of the laity who are contemplating either matrimony or a life in Religion are regularly cared for by pulpit sermons, periodic missions and in closed retreats, still, we note a rapidly growing third class who, either by choice or by necessity, are destined to pass through life without the graces that accompany the reception either of the Sacrament of Matrimony or the taking of the Vows. For these uncounted thousands especially, "Living Faith" measures out a logical and practical path to Christian perfection. A recent expose of immoral and perverted practices among public school boys and girls, thirteen and fourteen years of age, in the vicinity of Mineola, Long Island, is but one of many tragic reminders that the obligations of the Sacrament of Matrimony are too frequently neglected, and this with criminal results. Most timely, therefore, is the chapter on "Marriage and the Christian Home," which is uncompromisingly specific in inculcating the duties of parents towards their children. The author closes with a downright challenge to the laity to repudiate what he terms good Catholicism with its vapid and compromising standards in favor of Christ's ideals of Christian perfection.

The Way of Simplicity. By W. E. Orchard, D.D. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York, N. Y. Price \$2.00.

A highly philosophical treatise on simplicity in the spiritual life, and a condemnation of that sophistication which "makes it possible for us to know the truth and remain unmoved by it, or to be moved only emotionally." Because of the author's intricate presentation, many who may be beguiled by the promise of the title may fail to persevere to the end of the volume, a possibility for which the author himself provides when he advises such readers to begin with Chapter VII. Undergraduates and graduates of non-Catholic colleges should welcome "The Way of Simplicity" as an oasis of relief in the midst of the arid, shifting

doctrines of modernistic free thought to which they are constantly subjected and which are as deleterious in a spiritual way as the sand storms of the West are destructive to vegetation and all agriculture. In it they will discover the refutation of the ancient and modern errors which our State universities and public school system have adopted as a sorrowful heritage from paganism and Protestantism. The reader will be comforted and sustained by a clear and often brilliant expose of the way of the Saints and a guide for the perplexed, namely, "Be simple, keep humble, respond to grace, look to Jesus, let love rule all."

The Year Book of The Bermudas, The Bahamas, British Guiana, British Honduras and the British West Indies, 1934. Thomas Skinner, Canada. Price \$2.50. A manual of useful information.

Recent pamphlets received:

Archeological Notes on Texas Canyon, Arizona. By William Shirley Fulton. Museum of the American Indian, Heye Foundation, Vol. XII, No. 2.

With eighteen photographic plates of finds.

The Negro American. National Headquarters, Catholic Students' Mission Crusade, Cincinnati, Ohio. Price fifty cents. Excellent round-table study, authoritative and up-to-date.

Our Precious Bodies. By Richard A. Welfle, S.J. Queen's Work, St. Louis, Mo. Price ten cents per copy.

The pages will convince us that our body is not just a little more than the monkey, as pseudo-scientists would maintain, but just a little less than the Angels, and that our bodies are a gift from the creative hand of God the Father, a chalice of flesh in which at Communion time we receive the redeeming Blood of God the Son, and the very temples of the Holy Ghost.

Way of the Cross. J. S. Paluch Company, Chicago, Ill. 50 booklets, \$3.00.

Arranged for congregational praying.

Nicky. By Thomas B. Chetwood, S.J. Queen's Work, St. Louis, Mo. Price ten cents per copy.

It could happen. A story of the influence of Christ's human presence on a money magnate and devotee of life as run by business methods only.

Medical Mission Vocation. By Michael A. Mathis, C.S.C. Society of Catholic Medical Missionaries, Washington, D. C. The fulfillment of a long felt need.

"There Simply is no Inn"

Charles P.

Miller, S.J.



LAST month I was telling you how we missionaries among the Santals of Patna Mission, India, perform our morning ablutions down by the running stream. Think of it! No leaky pipes, no floor or windows to clean, no faucets to polish. God's great open sky for the ceiling, the forest covered hills in all their splendor form the walls, cool clear water coursing in abundance over the sandy floor of the creek,—ah, why does man try to improve on anything like this?

Even the process of shaving is simplified by the simplicity of the surroundings, and yet is not without its touch of the romantic as the following little incident will prove. This incident occurred in the days before I had solved the shaving problem by growing a beard.

I secured an aluminum cup full of water, hung my two by three inch mirror on a peg in the wall, and proceeded to lather the stubborn stubble which if not removed would soon hide my good looks. Such an operation as lathering one's face had never, perhaps, been performed in that village in the memory of man. Harold told Suzie. Suzie skipped next door and called her forty-second cousin who called her sister-in-law's daughter, who called—but what's the use going on? By the time I had managed to work up a good lather from cold water, a partly dried stick of shaving soap and a brush full of sand, I was surrounded by sixty-six and two-thirds per cent of the youth of the village. I heard giggles and ohs and ahs behind me. When I turned round to see what it was all about, Harold's brother seized my looking glass. Everybody had to take a look.

And there stood I, my face well lathered, the razor in my hand, and my mirror elsewhere. I tried to rescue the mirror, but the lad was too quick for me and darted for the gate.

JASON went in quest of the Golden Fleece and got into the Epics. But if I were to go in quest of that mirror I would probably get into trouble. Imagine a more or less sedate, baldheaded Father, his face covered with lather, holding a razor in one hand, his cassock skirt gathered up in the other, racing down a village street to salvage his two-anna mirror from a half naked urchin, while the children followed after the fleeing pair.



Father Charles P. Miller, S.J., near the Catholic village of Gajhi, which, during the last few years, has been built under his direction.

No, no,—it simply isn't done, not even in the remote, secluded village of Gora.

But it was not necessary to go in quest of my precious mirror. As the urchin darted out of the courtyard, he met grandpa coming in and landed head first in the place where grandpa's belt buckle would have been if grandpa had been wearing a belt. "Ug-gh!" grunted grandpa. "W-ow!" shrieked Willie as a hand with a grip like a steel vise seized him by the shoulder. Grandpa is somewhere between fifty and one hundred years of age, but he can still pull the bow string and follow the deer through the forest.

Fortunately for Willie, grandpa espied the mirror, and in a twinkling had wrested it from Willie's hand. The rest was easy. While the lather dried on my face, I showed grandpa the intricacies of a safety razor, and while he was admiring it I recovered my mirror and then to illustrate,—the barber went on shaving.

MASS is said in any convenient place, sometimes a shed, sometimes a verandah, sometimes under a tree: After Mass comes a light breakfast. This early morning exercise is usually a gastronomic gamble or gambol, whichever you choose to consider it. My host is willing to cook rice. But that operation takes nearly an hour. So I demur on the plea that I wish to get an early start. Therefore, tea is prepared. There is no corner grocery from which to get biscuits or bacon or cocoa. The preparation of cocoa and coffee is as mysterious to these people as a game of chess. No hen has cackled at this early hour, so there will be no eggs unless one or two happened to escape destruction yesterday. Therefore, I drink my tea with due solemnity while my servant stands by as full of dignity as Pharaoh's wine steward.

"What about the *sugi*?" I inquire from him in an undertone when I see that the tea (Turn to page 168)

AMONG THE SHOSHONI

(Continued from page 145)

pupils, visiting the substations, and providing for the temporal wants of school and Sisters' Community, —all this was easily enough to occupy all the time of the most capable and energetic missionary.

Thus the tribes lived side by side for fifty years, the one becoming increasingly Catholic, the other remaining pagan, though gradually becoming more Catholic minded, adopting the characteristics of a civilized people, influenced by the good example of their Catholic neighbors.

As time went on, the reasons for avoiding contact with the Shoshoni became weaker. The ancient hostility was mostly forgotten as the original actors were removed from the scene by death. Autos and a good highway brought them closer to St. Stephen's Mission, and three priests were stationed at the Mission instead of one or two. A mission among the Shoshoni appeared feasible. The missionaries awaited an opportunity to begin the work of evangelizing the lone pagan tribe. Divine Providence supplied the opportunity, and did it in a striking and altogether unexpected manner.

IN the Autumn of 1933, a pleasant-faced stranger called at St. Stephen's Mission and asked to be shown around. Looking over the school and its equipment, the visitor seemed greatly pleased with everything, and spoke highly of the work of the Catholic Church in mission fields. Among other things complimentary he said: "I have seen the work of the Catholic Church in the Philippines and in other parts of the world, and though I am a non-Catholic and a Mason, I must express my conviction that only the Catholic Church can do effective work in converting and civilizing barbarous and pagan tribes. In substantiation of my conviction I have a proposition to make to you. I am the owner of a plot of ground of twenty acres, a short distance beyond Fort Washakie, in the heart of the Shoshoni territory. The land is improved and fenced, and boasts of a good two-room log house. This property is yours. Carry on your

good work, among the tribe of the Shoshoni."

This generous offer was gladly accepted by the Mission. With the clear title to the property, the longed-for opportunity had arrived. The hour of destiny had struck for the Shoshoni Indians. Needless to say that the little log house was at once repaired, the partition between the two rooms removed, an altar installed, second-hand Stations attached to the walls, and, lo! the first mission chapel among the Shoshoni had sprung into existence. Of course, in the eyes of some, nearly everything is wanting to make it a decorous place for the celebration of the august Sacrifice. Still, it is fully as good as several of the Indian chapels we have had for years among the Arapahoes. Mass in this newly improvised chapel is said regularly once a month, attended by a congregation of Shoshoni and a few Arapahoes, perhaps thirty-five individuals all told. No notable conversions of adult Shoshoni have as yet occurred, but four children of various ages have been baptized, and eleven have made their First Communion. This is the mustard seed planted in the wilds of Wyoming in the year of grace, 1934. Let us hope that with God's blessing and man's earnest cooperation it will develop apace and eventually shelter beneath its protecting branches the whole Shoshoni Tribe.

HONGKEW PARISH, SHANGHAI

(Continued from page 147)
rest of our Chinese parishioners.

Their care for the poor of their own native race, of whom we have many within the parish limits, is a splendid example of true Christian charity. They minister to their temporal and spiritual needs, and as a result many are drawn to the true Faith. I have in mind one particularly touching example, that of two blind men, the first one feeling the way for both with his bamboo stick, the second with his hand on the first one's shoulder. It is not so much the blind leading the blind in this case, as a brother helped by a brother, and both enter the church, feel their way to a pew and kneel down to pray together.

This assistance given to the poor during life, whereby they are clothed, fed and housed, does not cease at death. The piety of the Chinese towards their dead is traditional, and in a Catholic community, this natural virtue is raised to a supernatural plane. To ensure Christian burial, the association not only pays the burial expenses, but has founded and maintains the Hongkew Catholic Cemetery for this purpose. Among the worthy founders may be mentioned Father Charles Baumert, S.J., now at Zika-wei, and the late Mr. John Lee, who was called to receive the reward of his good works on December 4, 1934. Mr. Lee will long be remembered as one of the most active members of these two parochial organizations, an exemplary Catholic, full of intense zeal for the welfare of the poor and the cause of our Lord Jesus Christ and His Church. Quiet and unassuming, by word and example, he brought many of his countrymen to the knowledge of the truth, and inspired his fellow Catholics to lives of greater devotion. His memory is in benediction among all who knew him, and the prayers of the poor follow him to plead with the Divine Master, who has said: "As long as you did it to one of these My least brethren, you did it to Me," to grant to this just and upright soul the heavenly reward promised to the merciful.

BLACKROBES IN ACADIA

(Continued from page 151)

his native village. This time he was accompanied by Charles Meiaskwat. On reaching the Kennebec, that excellent man could no longer withstand the promptings of his zealous heart, and everywhere so extolled the greatness of the Catholic Faith that many were filled with a desire to know it thoroughly and to see it in its practical working. One chief accompanied Charles to Quebec and there, after instruction, embraced the Faith. Others followed his example, and in three or four years there was not an Abenaki village without its nucleus of Christians. At last two chiefs came on Assumption Day to ask for a Blackrobe to instruct their tribe. They were joy-

fully and eagerly received, and as soon as possible—in 1646, to be precise—a Jesuit Blackrobe was sent to guide them along the paths of Christ. August 29, 1646, Father Gabriel Druillettes set out for his new apostolate, and on the banks of the Kennebec and under the title of the Assumption established his mission post. God blessed his work; the Abenakis listened joyfully to his instructions, and many sought Baptism, but the missionary prudently deferred it, granting that precious gift only to the dying. He continued his labors till the month of Mary, the period fixed for his return. Then he announced his departure. General grief prevailed, but docile to the voice of obedience, Father Druillettes returned to Quebec.

THE Abenakis clamored for the return of the missionary, but because he had so few missionaries at his disposal, the Superior could not grant their request until 1650. In that year, Father Druillettes returned to his neophytes. It was on this journey that the good Father went not only as a missionary, but also as an envoy of the Governor of Canada, to the New England Colonies. It is the fame of this embassy that has made many forget the missionary side of the Father's activities. He was welcomed with open arms and gladdened hearts by those for whom he had come. The great mass of catechumens had persevered. A few months' instruction prepared them for Baptism which, considering the trials to which they had been subjected because of the absence of the priest, could now be given without hesitation. Perhaps the best commentary on his work is that contained in his own *Narré d'un voyage, etc.*: "In spite of all that is painful and crucifying to nature in these missions, there are also great joys and consolations. More plentiful than I can express are those I felt at seeing the seed of the Gospel which I had scattered here four years ago, in land which for many centuries had produced only thorns and brambles, already bearing fruit so worthy of God."

Unfortunately, however, Father

Druillettes was unable to establish a permanent mission post among his neophytes. Still, he seems to have attended to them and their needs at intermittent periods for the next seven years. Even this intermittent apostolate came to an end when he was transferred to another and far distant field.

For the next score or more of years, little seems to have been done for these new converts. At least no record has come down to us save perhaps a brief mention of renewed activity under that veteran Superior, Jerome Lalemant. But for years and years, no tidings reach us.

"THERE SIMPLY IS NO INN"

(Continued from page 166)

is left to carry the burden of my appetite, alone and unaided. *Sugi* is a ferinaceous food purchased in the bazaar. It is prepared like porridge.

"Your Honor said he wanted only tea," comes the calm reply that makes Father pull up another notch in his belt and wish he had not eliminated rice from the menu.

But that is not the end of the story. When my Mass kit has been packed, my blankets rolled up, and I am ready to start, my servant and my catechist ask me to wait a moment, just a moment. It is of no use to go on without them so I graciously wait, wait and almost finish my office, while they eat their fill of rice. Tea and vinegar for breakfast!

Then begins another day which to all outward appearances is the same as yesterday, except for the change of places and faces.

Do you not get tired of it? How can I get tired of it! To the traveler who sees the country from the window of a passing train, one village is very much like another,—a collection of mud huts. But to the missionary, a village is a collection of mud huts, that are the homes of human beings with immortal souls that belong to Christ by right, and if the missionary can have his way, they shall belong to Him in actuality.

Readers of JESUIT MISSIONS who have so thoroughly enjoyed Father Miller's articles, will be pleased to know that the next issue will carry one of his finest accounts under the title, "An Open Letter to My Niece."

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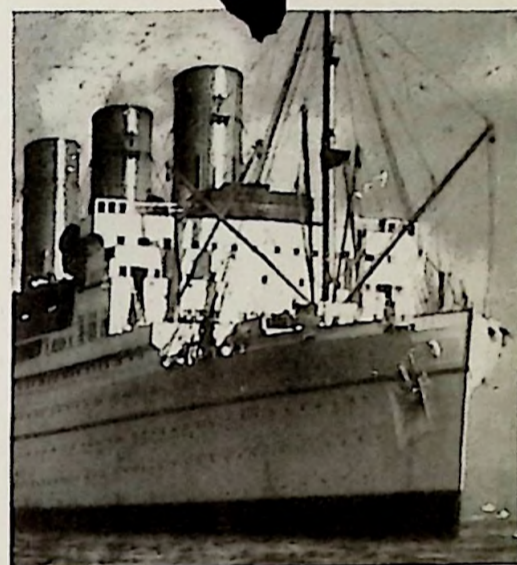
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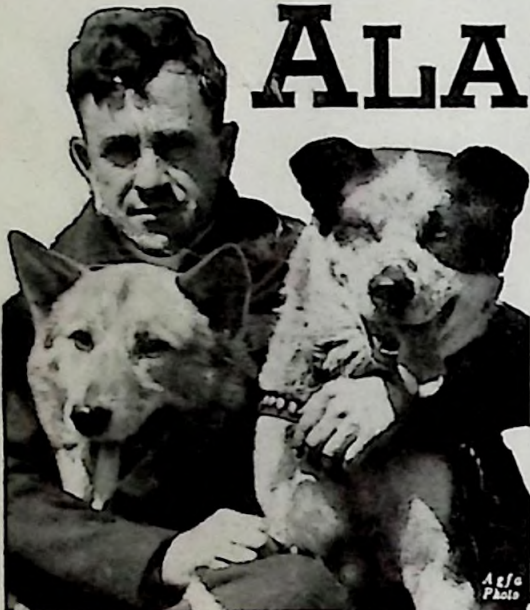
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