

Jesuit Missions

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To span the chasm between these **TWO** is a task beyond the power of today's missionaries. It is impossible for them, alone, completely to bridge the gap. They are all too few for the burden they must carry. That love of God may enlighten the darkness of paganism, 10,000 times 100,000 souls wide, the missionaries must rely on their catechists.

The number of these catechists, alas, is most inadequate. That their number may grow, and so in turn the number of catechumens (see page 213), we must lend a helping hand. Quite frankly, that helping hand must proffer money for the support of the catechists in the missions.

Will you, dear reader, give a helping hand to the American Jesuit missionaries to span the chasm between ignorance of God and adoration of God? In most mission fields \$5.00 will support a catechist for one month. Will you give that support for a month? For two months?

These missions need support for their catechists—

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 of the 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.

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.

Patna is the foreign mission in Northern India administered by the Jesuits of the Chicago Province, which is made up of the States of Illinois (northern part), Indiana, Kentucky, Michigan and Ohio. The Province Mission Procurator is

REV. LEON A. FOSTER, S.J.
1076 West Roosevelt Road, Chicago, Ill.

The 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.

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

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

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

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

REV. LOUIS J. LAVOIE, S.J.
Case postale 611, Quebec, Canada

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



His Excellency, Bishop James T. G. Hayes, S.J., and the Consultors of the Diocese of Cagayan, Mindanao, P. I. Seated, left to right: Father Joseph L. Lucas, S.J., Pastor of Malaybalay, Bukidnon; His Excellency; Father David A. Daly, S.J., Pastor of Tagoloan, Oriental Misamis. Standing: Father Andrew A. Hofmann, S.J., Pastor of Iligan, Lanao; Father James G. Daly, S.J., Superior at Jimenez, Occidental Misamis; Father Vincent I. Kennally, S.J., Superior at Cagayan, Oriental Misamis, and Father George J. Kirchgessner, S.J., Secretary to His Excellency.

Acadian Mission, 1632-1779

James S.

McGivern, S.J.

THE insufficient number of missionaries sadly hampered the work of the Acadian apostolate. For years, no missionaries could be sent to the Abenakis and other Indian tribes of Acadia. Some effort, though, was made to draw the Christian Indians to the little settlement of Sillery near Quebec on the St. Lawrence, and not without some measure of success, but this was all too pitifully inadequate for the crying needs of these children of the wilderness.

About the year 1686, a renewed activity shows itself on the part of the ecclesiastical authorities. Once more, interest and zeal are manifested in taking up this so long neglected field of the Acadian apostolate. Henceforth there are to be at least two chief centers of mission work in southern Acadia, the one in the present Province of New Brunswick, and the other in the present State of Maine. Lest we should confuse matters too much by telling the story of these two centers of what is fundamentally one mission under a single head, we shall give brief notes on each in turn.

THE story of Ste. Anne Mission, Medoctec, New Brunswick, is soon told. And this, despite the fact that almost continually from the year 1686 to the departure of the last Jesuit in 1779, this mission rejoiced in the services of one or more missionaries. But, not unlike so many other parts of the story of the Canadian Missions, details are conspicuous by their absence.

In 1686, Msgr. de St. Vallier, Bishop of Quebec, having determined to win for Christ the souls of the Indians of what is now New Brunswick, sent the Recollect Friars to the interior of Acadia to establish a mission among the savages there. Zealous workers as these Franciscans have ever shown themselves to be, they established a mission center at Medoctec, an Abenaki village on the River St. John. After the death of the two Franciscans, Fathers Simon and Moireau, the Recollects were unable to continue their good work, and the mission passed into the hands of the Society of Jesus. It remained under the care of the Jesuits until, through old age, the last member was forced to drop this section of his apostolate in 1779. Among the Fathers who labored on this mission were Fathers Aubery, Loyard, Danielou, Labrosse, Lauerjeat, Audran and Germain.

It is interesting to note that this Indian mission prob-



Courtesy of Canadian Pacific Railway

Malecite Indian, a modern descendant of the tribes evangelized by the Acadian missionaries.

ably possessed the first church erected in New Brunswick. In the last decade of the nineteenth century, on the original sight of the Indian Church at Medoctec, a small stone tablet was discovered bearing a Latin inscription, the translation of which reads as follows:

"To God, most good and great, in honor of St. John the Baptist, the Malecites erected this church A.D. 1717, while John Loyard, priest of the Society of Jesus, was procurator of the missions."

LET us turn now to the second center of mission work in southern Acadia, that is, Narantsouac Mission, Maine. In the early part of the decade between 1680 and 1690, the two Fathers Bigot had zealously tried to restore the long abandoned mission of Father Druillettes. But they were met with unexpected hostility on the part of a fishing company that held a monopoly of sorts over that section of the country in which the Fathers wished to carry on their apostolate. The Governor of Canada, Denonville, however, saw the injustice of yielding to the whims of the merchants, and was instrumental in having the mission restored to the Fathers of the Society of Jesus. Father Jacques Bigot once more resumed work among the Abenakis of Maine. Besides these two, Jacques and Vincent Bigot, there labored on this mission from time to time, Fathers Binneteau, Aubery, LaChasse, Lauerjeat, Loyard and Sebastian Râle (Rasles), but of their works, hardships and success time has spared few details.

Of all these Fathers who worked on this mission, Father Sebastian Râle is by far the most famous. As his story merits a more detailed treatment we shall reserve it for a separate article to appear later.

The Hills of San Antonio

Quirinus P. Leonard, S.J.



ALWAYS enjoy a trip to San Antonio. San Antonio is a little Maya Indian village up in the hills to the south of El Cayo, British Honduras. The most enjoyable and satisfactory trip I ever made there, I believe, was in Holy Week last year. Let me first explain how we got there. Leaving El Cayo, my headquarters, on horseback early in the afternoon of Monday, accompanied by a guide,—as it is somewhat dangerous to travel in the bush alone,—I forded the Belize River at Santa Elena and wound my way through *milpas* and the thick tropical bush, up and down hills, until I reached a small “bank” called San Felipe. Here, in order to avoid what is locally termed, “The Big Hill,” we recrossed the river and pushed southward until we reached Monkey Falls, a place made famous in British Honduras Mission history by the fact that the intrepid Father “Buck” Stanton almost lost his life there once while attempting to cross in flood time.

As we neared San Antonio, the inevitable sign of proximate habitation appeared along the roadside—mud-holes dug out by the pigs of the village. After we had crossed the final creek just as the sun was setting, and ascended the opposite hill, the first ones to greet us were the many dogs of the village. Their barking aroused the attention of the inhabitants, and soon dogs, pigs, mules, children and adults mingled in helter-skelter confusion. The cracked school-bell thumped out its deadened but welcoming sound, and the children gathered in front of the teacher’s house in time to see us ride up bespattered with mud. The children and people gave us a fine reception, although they had not expected a visit from the Padre at this time. In fact, I learned later that they believed something awful was going to happen this year, because the Padre never before visited them during Holy Week.

WHILE my things were being unpacked and I was settling down in the *cabildo*, the children entertained us with a few well-rendered Spanish and English songs. Later, practically the whole village turned out for Rosary and instruction, where I made a special appeal to all to receive Holy Communion on Maundy Thursday. One of the features of the service was the singing of the Litany of the Blessed Virgin in Latin by the Indian children, without the assistance of any sort of book.

The next two days were spent in examining the work of the school, preparing a small class of First communicants, performing Baptisms and visiting the families.



Father Quirinus P. Leonard, S.J., and at his left, Peter Avila, the Carib Teacher of San Antonio, with a group of Maya Indian school children.

I found the children well up in their studies, under the direction of their able Carib teacher, Peter Avila. They speak and write Maya, Spanish and English quite correctly. Their singing is also good, the only unpleasant feature being its strident volume. The people themselves are very poor, and live quite simply, their staple food being rice, tortillas, pork, fowl, and a kind of coffee made from roasted corn and sweetened with native brown sugar. Chicle and mahogany, two industries on which this village formerly thrived, are all but dead, and even corn no longer brings a good price. As a result, men, women and children are poorly clad, many of the smaller ones wearing nothing. Nevertheless, most of the people still have a good dress and their golden jewelry, which the Mayas prize very highly, stored away in an old trunk or box for special festive occasions.

MAUNDY Thursday proved to be such a special occasion. The little thatched-roofed church was packed to overflowing for the High Mass, which was sung from memory by the children, and when the crowds came up for Holy Communion they had to jostle over the cramped-up forms of their kneeling companions.

The soaking rain and the large crowd gave me a fine opportunity to exhort the men to repair the leaky roof and to enlarge the church, as well as collect some money for a new bell. They promised to do so. At noon my guide and I swung into our saddles and were off for the next stop about ten miles away, while the children accompanied us as far as the village spring, singing: “It’s a Long Way to go to Benque” (to the tune of “It’s a Long Way to Tipperary”).

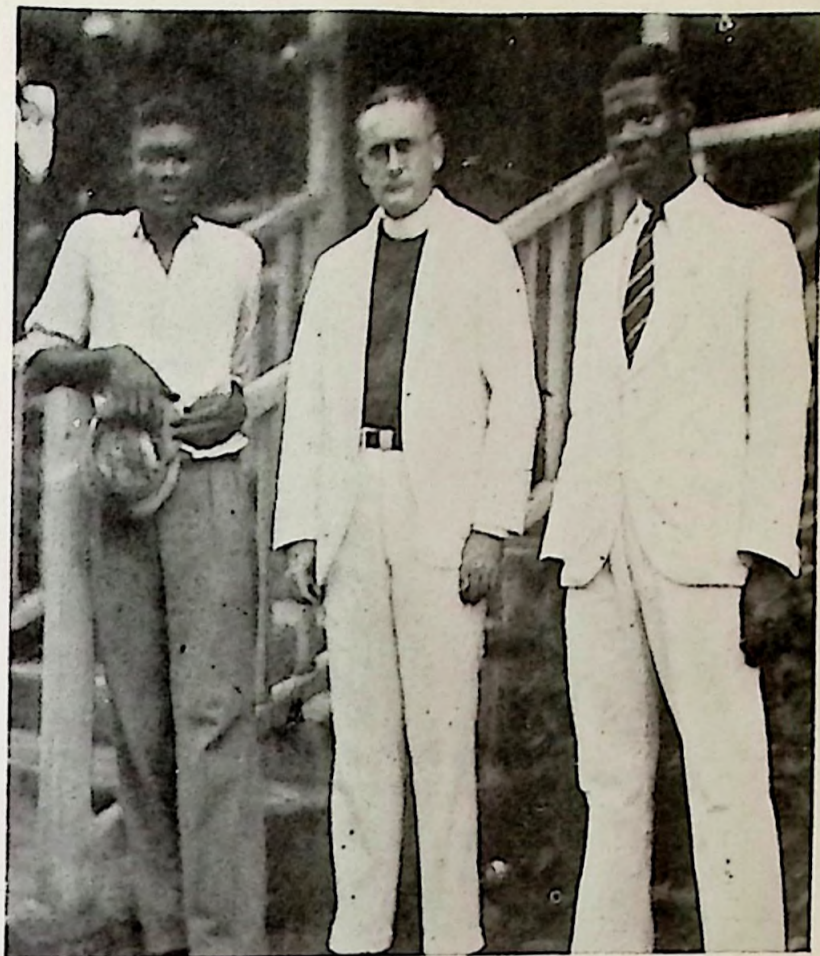
Upon my next visit three months later, I was surprised to find that not only had the roof of the old church been repaired, but a fine new and larger church had been built alongside, leaving the old church to be used exclusively for school purposes. Thus had the Mayas kept their word. In these hard times, however, they found it impossible to collect any cash for a new bell, so they are still answering the call of the old, broken one, of which only a small piece now remains.

Faith Does Move Mountains!

Raymond R. Sullivan, S.J.

HE had always heard that faith could move mountains, but it was not until a young priest arrived in Jamaica and took up his residence and work in the Dry Harbour Mountains of that beautiful tropical isle that he actually saw it accomplished in a modest way. It happened that one of the seven stations he served in that very mountainous island boasted the name of Somerton. And it struck him that that was about all that it could boast of at first sight. For the miserable shanty with its dirt floor and roof of shingles, bits of zinc and what-not, seemed to reflect the poverty of the section. It was as woe-begone a structure as ever stood up against the furious storms that on occasion batter the uplands of Jamaica. To say that it was sad was but to take an optimistic view of the situation. And strangely enough, a people, as poor as Lazarus, with nothing but stout hearts, willing hands and deep faith, felt the same way about that poor little makeshift church. In simple, earnest fashion, they approached the newcomer the very first day he spent in their midst, and asked if he could assist them to build a church worthy of their God.

It was a difficult situation. Simple faith does not readily take "no" for an answer, and one by one the difficulties his inexperience suggested were met with eager promises to supply, as far as in their power lay, all that was wanting. And all that was wanting, it



Jasper Henriques, all-around mechanic, Father R. R. Sullivan, S.J., pastor of seven stations which require over twenty thousand miles of auto travel a year, and Mr. Houghton, cabinet maker.

seemed to them, was permission to build and the money that would be required for skilled labor and material that they could not provide themselves. To make a long story more interesting, the newly appointed pastor of a week, thought it was a hot day for a warm discussion, and whether perspiration or inspiration won the day, he succumbed to their enthusiasm and promised to build first where common sense would have demanded that he build a church last in the list of his seven stations. His people were jubilant, he decidedly dubious, as he drove off to his central station in Brown's Town. But a promise is a promise, and he felt that if they kept their part of the bargain he could not in conscience fail them.

A MONTH later the priest returned to Somerton. In the meantime he had visited his entire mission and had come to the conclusion that its material needs called for something bordering on a Five Year Plan if he was to make what he perforce must call churches look like the real thing. These thoughts quickly vanished as he turned the corner of the apology of a road that brought him in sight of what he mentally termed his shanty church. There before him was an enthusiastic crowd of men, women and children, assembled to tell him that today would witness their last Mass for six months, as the old shack was to disappear on the morrow. It did. And then began a work of heroic self- (Turn to page 223)



The new Somerton church of stone and cement that replaced the wretched hovel of a make-shift church in which Mass was said when weather permitted.

“But His Wife—!”

Albert R. O'Hara, S.J.

“*CHIN LAI!*” I called in response to a knock at my door. There was a scurry of slippared feet and I was faced by the sparkling eyes of two black-haired Chinese youths.

“Gooda evening!” came the nervous duet followed by giggles and laughter.

“No! No!” I scolded, “I told you not to say ‘Gooda,’ but to say ‘Good.’”

Then reverting to his native Chinese, Chang Ch’ang Sung said:

“But my accent is better than Chang Wei Hsiang’s, isn’t it?”

“Now don’t start an argument, for we have only an hour for our English class,” said I as quickly and as sternly as I could.

I was not anxious to act as a tutor, but since I found that I had to use all Chinese in explaining the lessons, I took the job as an aid to learning the language. After our class had run smoothly for about a half hour, Chang Wei Hsiang, who was the livelier of the two, glanced about my room and suddenly pointing at the picture over my desk, blurted out, “Whose picture is that?”

“That is Jesus, the Son of the true God, as the Good Shepherd. Have you all heard the story of the Good Shepherd? But then let us finish our lesson first.”

“No! No!” both answered together, “please tell us the story.”

Their breathless attention and polite but genuine outbursts of approval amply repaid me for my poor efforts. The story was ended, but the spell it had cast over them was not.

“Jesus is certainly wonderful!”—a duet of genuine admiration.

“Oh! that’s nothing,” I returned. “You see that cross there below the picture? Well, He was nailed to that and died on it for you and for me. He wants every Chinese and every foreigner to enjoy Heaven with Him, and for that reason I came to China.”

“How can we get to Heaven?”—quite eagerly.

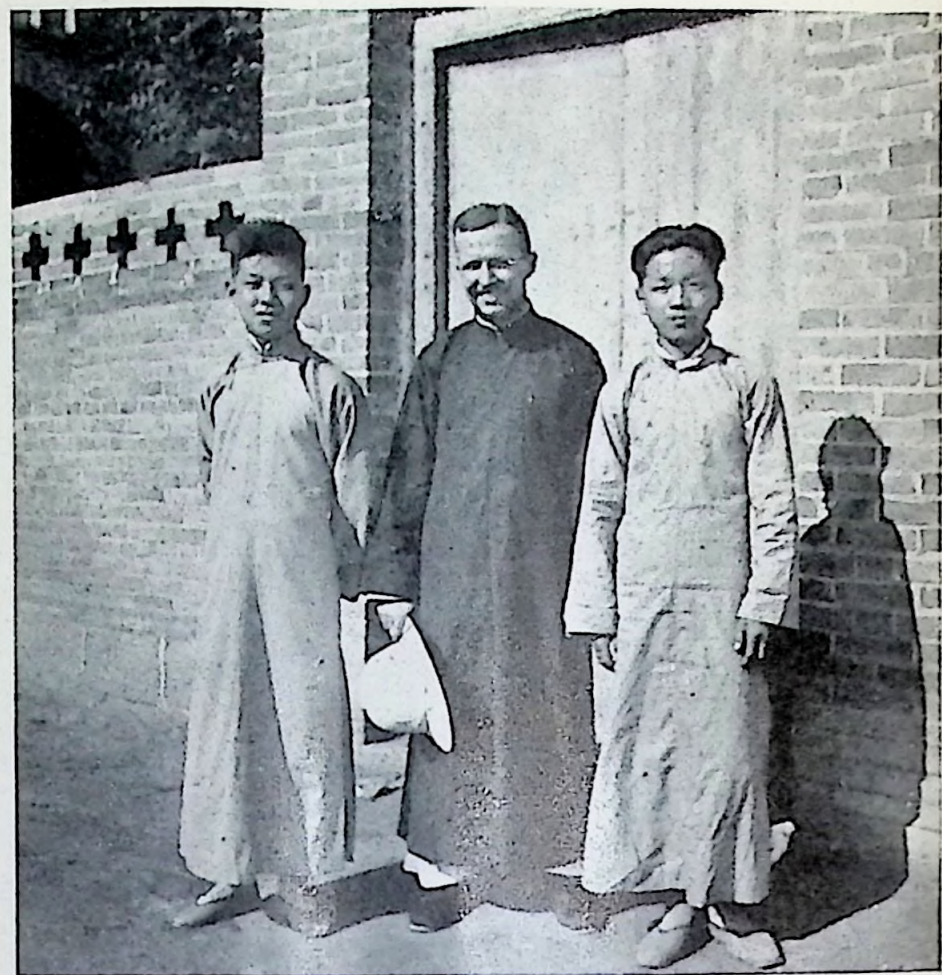
“You must become Catholics and keep God’s laws.”

“All right, we want to do so.”

“Now, now, slowly,” I warned. “Is this a joke or are you in earnest?”

“Of course we mean it,” was the indignant response.

IT all ended up by my giving them a little catechism, advising them to read it carefully and then to tell me if they were still anxious to be Catholics. Both boys were well disposed, but Chang Ch’ang Sung was honest



Left to right: Chang Wei Hsiang, Albert R. O'Hara, S.J., and Chang Ch'ang Sung.

and steady, while Chang Wei Hsiang seemed mercurial and fickle.

Next morning at the breakfast table I narrated the incident to my host, the local missionary, who was an old hand in China.

“Ho! ho!” he laughed good naturedly. “I hope you succeed, but I fear that there will be a host of difficulties rising up.”

“All right,” I replied, “I’m from Missouri, so you’ll have to show me.”

Two evenings later I asked my pupils:

“Have you finished the catechism?”

“Yes!” enthusiastically from Chang Ch’ang Sung.

“Y-e-e-s!” hesitatingly from the other.

“Do you still want to be Catholics and follow the Good Shepherd?” I continued.

“Yes!” firmly and determinedly from the former.

“But—” from Chang Wei Hsiang.

“Ha! Ha!” quite rudely from the first speaker. “His wife won’t let him.”

“His what? A wife, you say, and he is only sixteen years old,” said I with undisguised surprise.

“Sure,” slyly and maliciously from Chang Ch’ang Sung. “His wife and whole family are Protestants and they won’t let him be a Catholic.”

“That’s too bad,” I rejoined soothingly, but I could see that Chang Wei Hsiang was not going to lose any sleep over it.

BUT Chang Ch’ang Sung wanted to become a Catholic, so I told him that before he could be baptized he must ask his parents’ permission. Off they went pell-mell to obtain the desired permission. Three and a half hours dragged by before they returned. Both boys looked sober.

Well, what news?” I asked.

(Turn to page 223)

In Margosatubig

José Casals, S.J.

MY mission is situated in the eastern part of the mountains of Zamboanga and comprises two municipal districts called Kabasalan and Margosatubig, which are washed by the Bays of Sibuguey and Dumanguiles. The seashore extends for a distance of one hundred and fifty kilometers, or almost one hundred miles, and it is here that the majority of the Christians, 6,481 in number, live. Scattered throughout the mountains there are 16,137 pagan Subanos. Near the shore also dwell 7,115 Mohammedans, making a total of 29,733 inhabitants. How many missionaries could be used to

till this tract of the Lord's Vineyard? Yet, this entire territory is in charge of only one poor, old man, seventy-one years of age, who has the added duty of acting as an assistant at the Cathedral of Zamboanga. Needless to say, at present, some of the *barrios* are visited only once a year and others only two or three times.

Last February it was my privilege to accompany His Excellency, the Most Reverend Louis del Rosario, S.J., Bishop of Zamboanga, on his first episcopal visitation to this mission. We left Zamboanga February 18, in the little steam launch, *Tangob*, and arrived at Margosatubig at 8:00 the following morning. As the people had already been apprised of our coming, the wharf was crowded with welcoming delegations. We said Mass immediately and then prepared for Baptisms and Confirmations. On February 21 and 22, we celebrated the *fiesta* of Margosatubig, whose patroness is the Virgin of Peace and of Happy Voyage. An encouraging crowd was in attendance.

At 8:00 A.M., on the 23, we set sail in the launch, *Arevalo* for Baganian, and the Point of Arrows, famous for its Cave of the Winds, a huge rock, ribbed and punctuated with grottos, through which *baguio* winds, squalls, and rivers of waters have been lashing their way for years. We arrived at Baganian at 1:00 P.M. on the following day, and assisted at the town *fiesta* and Confirmations.

IN the afternoon the sea became so calm that we were able to have a monster naval procession in honor of the Blessed Virgin. This place is very famous in the annals of Mindanao, for the Mohammedans believe that Satan dwells here, and as a result they have never once started on a sea raid without first placating this spirit



The welcoming delegation and His Excellency, Most Rev. Louis del Rosario, S.J., (left) and Father José Casals, S.J., (right) on the occasion of the former's first episcopal visitation of Margosatubig.

of evil or giving thanks in the event of a successful man-hunt. The agenda for their war council consisted in shooting arrows at the mountains, and from the direction in which they were found pointing, the Moros predicted good fortune or misfortune. While we were in the midst of the naval parade, I could not help but visualize how these same waters had been reddened with the blood of Christian Moros in a celebrated battle which took place in February, 1635, and as a result of which one hundred and fifty Christians were ransomed, together with a number of chalices, patens, chasubles and statues which the Moros had stolen in the islands to the north. Thanks be to God, the Moros may never again repeat these acts of barbarism.

ON Monday, the twenty-fifth, we left the Point of Arrows at 8:00 A.M., and at 11:00 arrived at a stronghold of the pagan Subanos named Cabatan. Here Father Thomas J. Murray, S.J., Superior of the Residence at Zamboanga, has erected a school which is now in charge of a Subano graduate of our Ateneo de Zamboanga. At present there are forty pupils in the school. Here nine were baptized and twenty-two confirmed. Some day we hope to erect an agricultural school in this locality. At 9:00 P.M., we arrived at Margosatubig again and from there on the twenty-seventh began to visit the remaining towns. On March 4, we arrived at Zamboanga, and a glance at the Register showed us that His Excellency had confirmed during this, his first episcopal visitation to my mission, 1,040 children, while I baptized 204, had 12 marriages and 300 Communions. May I ask the readers of *JESUIT MISSIONS* to intercede with the Lord that He may send many laborers into this field already white for the harvest?

Land of Fire

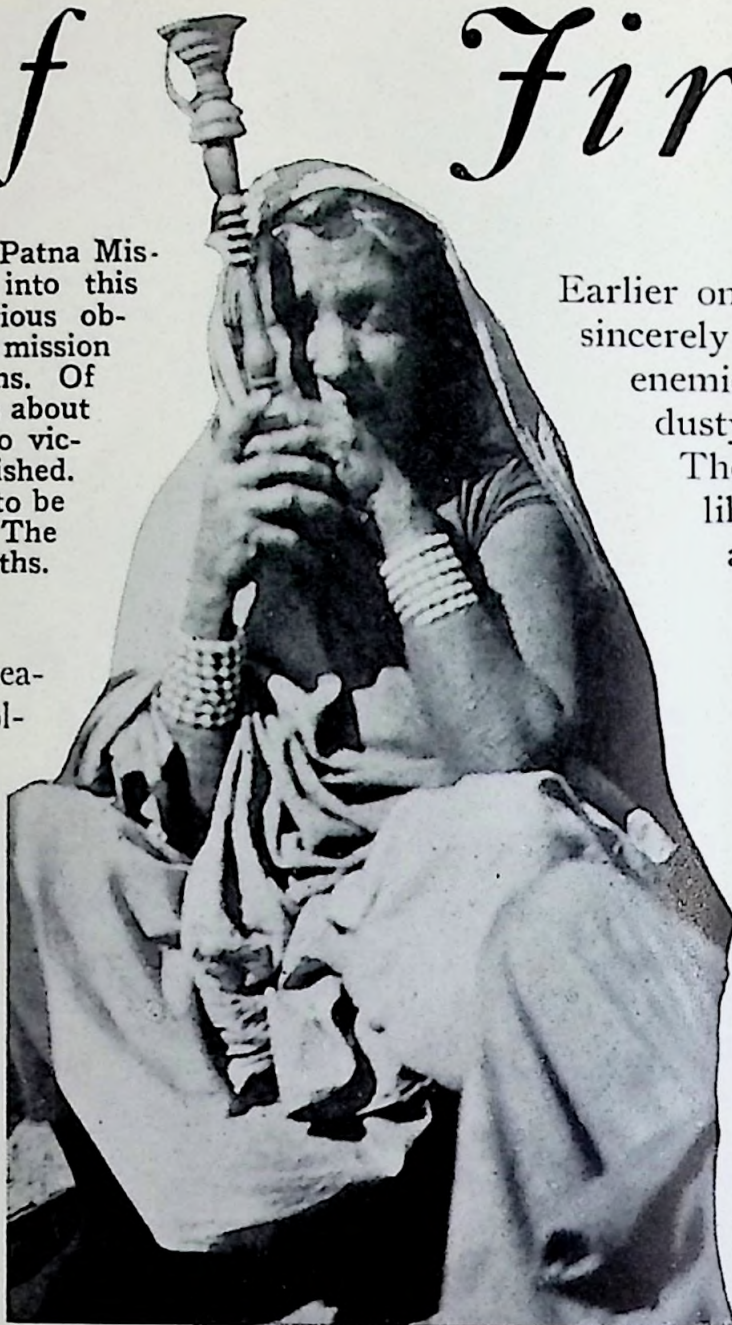
John A.
Morrison, S.J.

The author, an American Jesuit of Patna Mission, India, incidentally weaves into this story much that reveals the serious obstacles which block the progress of mission work among India's pagan millions. Of the story itself he tells us that it is about a real village fire in which the two victims mentioned in his narrative perished. The Kyasth boy, too, who wanted to be a Catholic, is taken from real life. The story will continue for several months.
—Editor.



It was one of those hot season days when the molten sun glared down from a blazing copper arch upon a world that lay parched and helpless under its burning rays. Far away to the north could be seen the snow-clad peaks of the mighty Nepalese Himalayas, dimly visible through the dusty haze and shimmering "heat devils" dancing about on the cracked and hard baked plains stretching away from their lowest foothills. Occasional gusts of wind from the west, hot and dry as blasts from an oven, whirled up the powdery dust that lay inches deep on the single road of the little Hindu village of Parbattipur, filling the air with it and sifting it into the thatch houses.

Hindus have long since adapted themselves to the moods and seasons of their mother-land, and the inhabitants of Parbattipur were taking their ease as the only suitable occupation for high noon on such a day. The wide spreading peepul tree down towards the end of the village road sheltered several bullock carts whose owners had drawn up into its less hot shade and were now enjoying a long siesta. Some fifty yards away from the outskirts of the village was the pond or tank, now shrunk to less than half its monsoon size by drought. A few skinny cattle lay in the shade of some trees by the bank, lazily chewing a scanty cud, for now pasturage was scarce and poor. Even the little lads who acted as their guardians, usually so nimble and lively, had succumbed to the utter languor that the fierce heat engendered, and they too were dozing. Only old age kept watch. A single wrinkled old grandmother, Padmini by name, squatted alone under the little thatch roof that formed the verandah of her tiny hut, seeking the consolation that a gurgling old *hookah* or water pipe could give her. She was shielding the glowing ashes from the dust laden wind, but occasional gusts blew up sparks from the bowl in spite of her protecting hand. And thereby hangs this tale.



"A single wrinkled old grandmother, Padmini by name, squatted alone under the little thatch roof that formed the verandah of her tiny hut, seeking the consolation that a gurgling old hookah or water pipe could give her."

Earlier on this same day a Padre Sahib had sincerely and feelingly cursed three of his enemies as he pedalled a bicycle along a dusty road not far from Parbattipur. Those enemies, however, were not likely to be influenced by his ill-will, as two of them could not be affected by curses, and the third had been cursed sufficiently already.

"If only India did not have this red hot sun," murmured the cycle rider grimly to himself, "I could do a man's work and a day's work instead of performing my essential duties with difficulty and considering myself lucky to do them. I could get ideas if this sun didn't dry up my brain and I could put them into execution if this sun didn't boil my strength out." And as a particularly strong and hot gust slowed down the rider to a snail's pace, he swung off the cycle and began pushing it along on foot as a quicker and easier means of travel.

As he went along, the Padre Sahib glanced up at the snow-clad Himalayas that lay far off in the distance, and it seemed to him that their chill glaciers and shining snow fields mocked at him trudging along in the heat so far beneath them. Two years previously he had journeyed to their cool foothills for a short rest and vacation in which to recuperate his strength. Not in Nepal itself, but farther to the east in British territory. No foreigners were allowed in the Hindu kingdom of Nepal, and the Padre cast a none too friendly glance at his white skin, glistening with sweat, as he reflected that it would always mark him out as a foreigner in the land of his adoption, no matter how well he might speak his people's language.

"AND if the devil would keep his hands off men's souls," said the priest to himself as he thought of his second enemy, "they might listen to the truth when it is told them. My Hindus run after Brahmans and *sadhus* and *babajis* who suck their life's blood and ruin their souls, and yet, when they are told God's truth they suspect that I am trying to trick them."

He had come to a particularly bad stretch of road where it would have been necessary for him to dismount from the cycle if the strong head wind had not already forced him to do so. The hot dust, ankle deep, splashed into his low shoes and he nearly fell when his foot slipped into a deep rut dug out by the grinding of

countless bullock cart wheels, and now effectually concealed by the powdery dust.

PARBATTIPUR was visible some distance across the hard baked rice fields to the left, and the familiar sight of the thatch roofed houses of the little Hindu village with its nearby mango groves brought back to the missionary's mind the memory of his third and greatest enemy. "How it happens," thought the priest as he embraced the cycle against his hip to keep it from falling, and paused to remove his sun helmet and wipe his flushed and dripping face, "how it happens that a mere man-made institution like caste can block the work of God's grace after I've worked in spite of the sun, and taught men the truth in spite of the devil, is something that is mighty difficult to understand." And the missionary replaced his sun helmet and once more pushed his cycle beside him, his mind filled with the memory of a Hindu lad named Ram Lal who lived in Parbattipur and who had so nearly received the Sacrament of Baptism.

The Padre Sahib conducted a school for the Christians in his village, and some Moslem and Hindu boys also attended. Among these was Ram Lal. The Catholic boys, of course, were taught the catechism daily, and the pagan boys also were given a clear knowledge of the great truths necessary for them if they were to save their souls. Ram Lal, though only thirteen years of age, eagerly drank in all that was told him, and after a few months he gladdened the Padre's heart with the welcome news that he was not satisfied to remain as he was but wanted to take the final step and receive Baptism. But when the priest considered what this meant his brow clouded. Ram Lal was too young to shift for himself. He was a Kyasth by caste, and it was highly improbable that Shyam Sundar, his orthodox father, would ever dream of consenting that his son should become a Catholic. However, he could at least try to get the coveted permission.

THE reasons why Shyam Sundar would refuse this permission were many. In the first place, if he were strictly orthodox he would consider it absolutely necessary that Ram Lal should perform certain ceremonies at his cremation after his death. If these rites were not performed by the eldest son, the father's soul would not be entirely released, but would wander restlessly about the places in which he had lived, undergoing as it were a kind of purgatory. Not only that, but Ram Lal's father had already practically arranged for his son's marriage, in spite of the boy's tender years, with a little

girl of eight, also a Kyasth, who lived in a nearby village. If the boy became a Catholic this marriage would most certainly be broken off. For a Hindu to violate caste by marrying a Catholic was simply unthinkable. In case Ram Lal became a Catholic, he could not marry his own, he could not eat with them. If he used the family well it would be defiled. Any cup or drinking vessel that he touched would have to be purified. He would be an outcaste, a *pariah*, rejected and spurned by all, regarded as worse than a leper by his own caste brethren. Humanly speaking, it would be an impossible situation. To attempt it required real heroism on the part of this thirteen year old lad, and oh! it would be so easy for him to remain as he was.

The boy knew all this but he was determined. On



An Indian village commonly has some sort of tank whose green scummy (except during the monsoon) waters are used for all purposes.

the following day he had returned to the Padre Sahib beaming with joy. The impossible had actually happened. His father's consent had been granted and Ram Lal had it down in black and white in his father's own handwriting. What had moved the man the missionary never knew. Perhaps he was not as orthodox as he appeared to be. Perhaps he had been influenced by the new ideas current among some educated Hindus who doubted the necessity of the hide-bound caste rules. The boy could do as he wished, the father said, and mold his own future. He was old enough to think for himself, but he must leave home and the missionary would have to care for him. At any rate, the permission was given and Ram Lal came to the Padre's school as a boarder, eating the same food that Christian boys ate, living as one of them, and preparing his soul for the great day.

AND then the hurricane broke. Ram Lal's uncle paid Shyam Sundar a visit and learned what had befallen his nephew. No newfangled ideas had made any impression on Muni Lal's orthodoxy. This was madness, he thought, and the boy must be recalled at once and taught a lesson.

(To be continued)

Süchow's Gala Day

Ernest Lalande, S.J.

LAST November, His Excellency, Monsignor Mario Zanin, Apostolic Delegate to China, made his first pastoral visit to Süchow, Mission of the Lower Canadian Province.

To complete, in all its details, the reception as planned by Very Rev. G. Marin, S.J., Superior, and Very Rev. A. Dugre, S.J., Provincial, who happened to be making the visitation of the Mission, was by no means an easy affair. Decorating the church and residence, beautifying the grounds, training the pupils—all of which tasks had been left to the care of two Scholastics—was nothing compared to the more diplomatic question of getting the city's political and military leaders to give the Delegate a public and official reception.

Procedures had to be started long beforehand, and it was only after an endless series of consultations and what not, that the bigwigs of the city finally accepted the invitation. If we consider the persistently antagonistic action of these same officials who for months already had been deferring the granting of the permit to build the long-wished-for *petit seminaire*, this acceptance of a civic reception to the Delegate gave the Fathers the most encouraging hopes. Unfortunately, it was all to no avail. The reception took place but the question of the *petit seminaire* was not settled. The influence of one persistent opponent was still too great to leave the more benevolent ones, who had dropped all opposition to the project, from granting the permit.

AS for the reception of the Delegate, it certainly was a wonderful success. Never before in all Süchow's history had the Church rendered such "face" and received such an enthusiastic demonstration.

His Excellency arrived at 10:30 A.M., accompanied by Very Reverend Father Dugre, who had left the day before for Pengpu, Mission of the Italian Fathers, to meet him. A huge crowd was at the station, headed by the chief officials of the city. What especially contributed to the distinguished visitor's prestige and the importance of his visit was a guard composed of two hundred soldiers whom the General of the district had graciously sent to watch over the person of the Delegate. After the presentation of arms by the soldiers, the Delegate received the greetings and best wishes of both city and army, followed immediately by an interview to the press. After meeting and being greeted by the Community, the Delegate vested himself for the ordinary ceremonies of the pastoral visit to be held in the church. After lunch, a little reception took place at the boys' school, followed by a short address from the Delegate who especially stressed for the pupils the necessity of obedience to their superiors.



His Excellency, Msgr. Mario Zanin, Apostolic Delegate to China (right) and Very Rev. G. Marin, S.J., Canadian Superior of Süchow Mission.

THE following morning, His Excellency insisted on distributing Holy Communion himself to all the Faithful. It took him almost one whole hour. At noon, a great banquet, tendered by a group of prominent Christians, was held in one of the principal hotels of the city. Many of the chief officials of the city were present. It was especially noticed that His Excellency manipulated the chopsticks with perfect grace, which is, by the way, a most flattering compliment to the Chinese. In the afternoon, another reception was held at the girls' school. On the following morning, General Wang Kim, to whom the day before His Excellency had paid his respects, came to the residence to render the same honor.

After lunch, His Excellency bade farewell to the Community, and, accompanied by all the Fathers, left for the station and Kiwei-te-fou. The departure was certainly the climax of the whole reception: two long rows of soldiers were on each side of the train which His Excellency was about to take; the military band of General Wang Kim's army was there, filling the air with military and patriotic tunes; all the pupils of the schools were present and many Christians and pagans.

The impression that His Excellency left in Süchow was most remarkable. All had been charmed by his personality. This visit helped more than anything else to enhance the Church's prestige in Süchow.

Fudlallah

Joseph P. Connell, S.J.

HISTORY and fiction paint the tribesmen of Druzes as brave and fierce warriors. I know one Druze. His name is Fudlallah,—“The grace of God,” as he proudly interprets. Fudlallah is twelve years old, honest and brave, a little man to every inch of his sturdy frame. I made my first Druze acquaintance through Mr. William Casey, S.J., who, until transferred to Baghdad College, Iraq, supervised the games and called Fudlallah's division to order in the dormitory, refectory and study hall.

Fudlallah drove out of Jebel Druze one hot day in October to enroll in the Elementary Division of the French Jesuit college in Beirut. The drive consumed all of six hours, not because of the distance, but because the narrow roads wind and zigzag over steep mountains. What with preparations for the trip, bidding his mother good-bye for the very first time, the new villages that each hour of the drive revealed, an entire day was occupied with the journey. It was the longest day by far and the most momentous of Fudlallah's young life. Little wonder that Fudlallah—who can locate places on the map with amazing rapidity—inquired if it took any longer to come from America.

FIRST days away from home are trying for any little boy. Fudlallah had more than the initial difficulties of fighting off homesickness, meeting new companions and having the young spirit initiated to the strange thing known as boarding school discipline. There was but one other Druze in the school; and he, being an upper classman, was too old to be Fudlallah's companion. All the young members of his division gathered from the Liban, Syria, Persia, Iraq, Egypt, Cyprus and France, had at least their religion in common. They were either Christians or Moslems; and Fudlallah was



William J. Casey, S.J., of the Province of New England, and our hero, Fudlallah.

a Druze. His suit, noticeably long and heavy, and his coarse brown stockings and shoes reminded him that he was something apart. At first, too serious-minded, he was not inclined to take part in the new games in which he found no relish. He wondered why his companions were more eager to play and fool than to study. However, Fudlallah worried no one with his problems but won instant favor with an attractive and indulgent smile.

AFTER three days, when a little boy's worries should be over, Fudlallah's really began. An uncle, whom he had seldom ever seen, summoned him to the reception room and told him that his mother, grievously sick, was pleading that he return to her. Then, for the first time, Fudlallah broke down and cried and asked Mr. Casey how he could get back to the Jebel. “And my mother was so well when I left,” he sobbed. Mr. Casey made inquiries. No, the uncle had not informed Father Rector. He had not told the youngster what precisely was wrong with the mother or how he had learned of her sickness. The uncle could not be reached in the city. Father Rector counseled Fudlallah to write to his mother and learn about her from herself. One week passed before word from the Jebel announced that the mother enjoyed constant good health. But each day of that week had called upon all the heroism in Fudlallah's heart to fight away anxiety. The uncle never returned.

This fact confirmed the first suspicions of Father Rector, Mr. Casey and the older Druze, that the uncle did not wish Fudlallah to attend a Christian school, and, unable to influence the mother, he had tried in a cowardly manner to worry the boy away.

Fudlallah is here to stay. His application to studies shows that he is still serious. At the end of the first semester, he proudly wore two medals at his breast. He had taken the prize in French from the French youths, and the Arabic prize from the (Turn to page 223)



FROM MANY ALIQUES



PROGRESS ON THE MISSIONS

American Missionary Bishops-Elect

The Prefecture Apostolic of Süchow, Kiangsu Province, China, has been raised to the rank of Vicariate, and the Rt. Rev. Msgr. Philip Côté, of the Society of Jesus, Province of Lower Canada, has been named Vicar Apostolic. Bishop-elect Côté was born in Lawrence, Massachusetts, in 1896, and was ordained to the priesthood in 1927. He has been in China since 1929.

The Holy See has also honored Maryknoll by designating one of its sons as a new American missionary bishop, Vicar Apostolic of Kaying, China. The new bishop is Rt. Rev. Msgr. Francis X. Ford, and his Prefecture Apostolic is situated in Kwangtung Province.

Bishop-elect Ford is forty-three years of age, born in Brooklyn, New York, January 11, 1892. He was ordained to the priesthood at Maryknoll, New York, headquarters of the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, December 5, 1917, and he has been in the missions of South China since 1918. He was named Prefect Apostolic of Kaying, April 28, 1929.

A Missionary People Belgium, with six residential bishops and six titular bishops living within the limits of the country, has thirty-three missionary bishops in active service overseas. They are in the Congo, in China, India, Bulgaria, Denmark, the West Indies, and belong to the Fathers of Scheut, the White Fathers, the Society of Jesus, the Franciscans, Benedictines, Capuchins, Passionists, Foreign Mission Society of Paris, Sacred Heart Missionaries, the Premonstratensians, the Redemptorists and the Dominicans.

Increase in Wisdom, and Age, and Grace, and Honors

Reverend William Schmidt, S.V.D., Professor at the University of Vienna and Director of the Lateran Museum of Ethnology, Rome, has been invited by the Imperial University of Tokyo to give a series of lectures on ethnology in Japan. He will also give a series at Peking in September and, later in the year, in South China and the Philippines. He gave a conference on "The Latest Means of

Fixing the Ethnological Position of China" at the Catholic University of Peking, May 22.

Father Schmidt has been elected to the Royal Institute of Anthropology of Great Britain and Ireland, whose members are chosen among the fifty most renowned scientists of Europe. He is an authority on ethnology, anthropology and history of religions, and he is founder and director of the review, *Anthropos*.

General Chiang Kai-Shek Executes an About Face

To those who remember how in the troublesome days of 1927, General Chiang Kai-Shek submitted to the anti-foreign and anti-Christian policies of the Russian General Borodine, it will be encouraging to know that he has now completely reversed his stand to such an extent that he has been pleading with the Church for assistance in his drive against the Communists.

"To succeed in my work," he said, "I must be helped by missions and missionaries; in fact, only Christian teaching can be of effective help in realizing my plan of recovery because it alone contains and can communicate the moral force needed to bring about the desired reformation in the spirit of the people and to put new life into our poor countrymen."

First Native Sister of the Marianne Islands

Mother Ursula Matsumaga, the first native young woman of the Marianne Islands to enter the religious life, made her profession recently at the Convent of the Mercedarian Sisters of Berriz at Tokyo. The Marianne, Caroline and Marshall Islands, which extend for several thousands of miles over the Pacific, east of the Philippines, have been Japanese mandated territory since the World War. The missions are staffed by the Spanish Jesuits, and there are 18,000 Catholics in a total population of 78,000.

Missionaries Receive Public Recognition in India

Two Catholic missionaries have received the King's Silver Jubilee Medal in recognition of their social and educational ser-

vices in India. The missionaries thus honored are the Rev. Charles Leigh, S.J., noted Catholic educationalist of St. Joseph's College, Trichinopoly, and Rev. Mother Columba Sullivan, of the Sisters of Our Lady's Presentation, Cork, Superioress of the Convent at Quetta. Mother Columba received the Kaisar-i-Hind First Class Medal at the same time.

Father Leigh came to India in 1898, when he was still a student of philosophy. He taught English at St. Joseph's College, Trichinopoly, for four years, and in 1909 returned to England to complete his theological course and to take up higher studies at Oxford. He returned to Trichinopoly in 1914, and during the last twenty-one years has won distinction as one of India's most successful educationalists. He has been on the Board of Examiners of the Madras University, the Andhra and the Annamalai Universities, and he has also been appointed to the Commission of Inspection of the Andhra University.

A Catholic Scotsman Speaks for the Missions

While the bitter taste of recent anti-Catholic uprisings in Scotland is still sensibly evident among us, it is encouraging to note that a distinct contribution was made to the mission cause by a Scotch Catholic, Mr. Mark Renzie, Secretary-General of the Save the Children International Union. Mr. Renzie spoke in French on the legal and moral status of children in mission lands to the delegates of the National Congress of French missionaries at Marseilles, June 13.

He said that nowadays, owing to the general penetration of godless propaganda all over the world, Christians in missionary lands must fight not only against the errors of native beliefs and practices, but also against the harmful influences imported by Europeans, fellow countrymen of those who are striving to bring the natives the benefits of Christian teachings. He said that there is a constantly growing need of large numbers of soundly Christian doctors, especially native doctors, male and female nurses, midwives and instructors in physical hygiene. He also stressed the need of institutions for the instruction and care of expectant mothers.

"Zamboanga La Bella" Austin V. P. Dowd, S.J.

"ZAMBOANGA LA BELLA," (Zamboanga the beautiful) is the name the Spaniards give to this place. As you come through Basilan Strait, the blue waters smiling in the sun, and look up into the green hills, with the myriads of palm trees waving lazily in the breeze, you are inclined to agree that the name is the right one. Behind you to the south is Basilan Island, a series of irregular peaks, a blue haze in the distance, blending with the lighter blue of the sky. Midway between Zamboanga and Basilan are two smaller islands, the Greater and Lesser Santa Cruz, looking like two emeralds peeping out from the sea.

The name, Zamboanga, is of Moro origin and means "The Place Where the *Vintas* Come." *Vintas* are Moro sailing canoes. Since the earliest times, it has been a Spanish outpost built in the heart of the Moro country. The Moros, fierce followers of Mohammed, always had been a thorn in the side of the Spanish, and the Colonquistadores had built a fort here over three hundred years ago, to stand as a permanent threat to the fanatical pirates of the southern Philippines.

THE dock or pier is a thoroughly modern structure. It is built in the form of a T, the tranverse part being far out in the waters, and here the larger boats come to tie up. On the inside of this, smaller boats come to rest. The other part of the T is the approach to the pier proper. The whole of the pier is of concrete, and wide enough for four or five trucks to ride abreast. It is equipped with the latest style electric lamp posts, making it look at night like a modern boulevard.

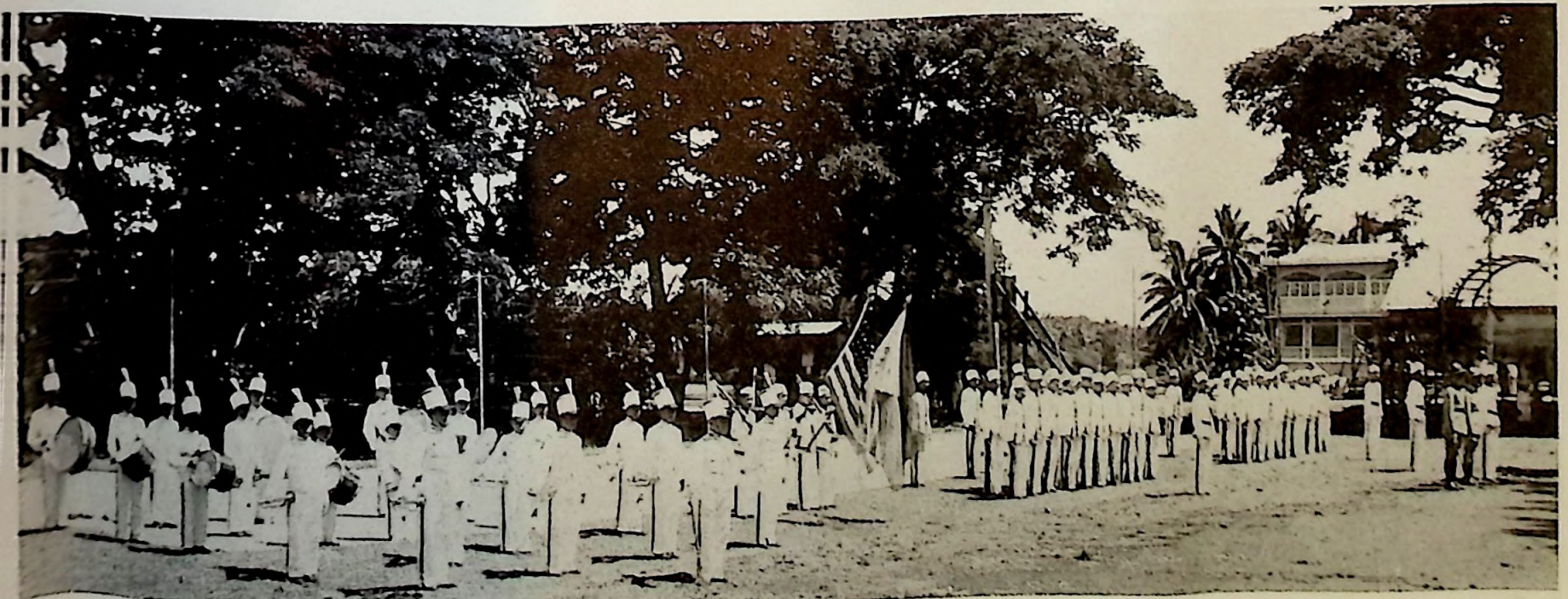
As one rides down the drive leading from the pier, the Provincial Building stands at his right. This is a modern stone building, tropical style, with plenty of open spaces for air to circulate,—a necessity in the tropics. Across the street is the Cathedral, a simply constructed building, smaller, and much poorer than many a parish

church in New York or Philadelphia or any of our larger cities. The present structure was erected about eighty years ago, but the first church was built on the same site about three hundred years before.

Alongside of the Cathedral is a large rambling wooden house where the Jesuit community lives. Part of this house, in fact half of it, is the Grammar School of the Ateneo de Zamboanga. Behind the house is a yard, large enough for two basket ball courts and a volley ball court. Across the street is Plaza Pershing, a neat little park of triangular shape, whose beauty is enhanced by a fine lawn and many tropical plants. Around this triangle is most of the heart of Zamboanga. The Ateneo de Zamboanga High School department is on one side, and on the other side is the *Cine*, whose overtones at night kept one awake. The base of the triangle is the front of the Cathedral and the churchyard already noted. In the vicinity of the Cathedral are a number of shops and bazaars, whose proprietors are Japs, Chinese, Indians and Filipinos. The city boasts of several banks, and about two hundred meters down the street is the City Hall and the market. Most of these buildings are of concrete and equipped with electricity made possible by a hydro-electric plant in the hills of Pasonanca above the city proper. Here, too, in Pasonanca is the reservoir which supplies the town with water.

MOROS one sees in plenty. Their raiment is of multi-colored cloth, bright enough to shame the rainbow. A man may wear the red fez or a turban or a conical shaped hat of palm leaves. Their trousers are wide enough for sails, and their waists are encircled with a gay colored sash or an ornate belt of leather, very wide. The ladies, too, favor trousers, though not exclusively; neither is their clothing as gay or gaudy as those of the men. Many of them file their teeth, and these they blacken by constant (Turn to page 224)

High school cadets from the Ateneo de Zamboanga. The Ateneo Band is the most popular in town, the Ateneo Cheers are well known, and the Ateneo basket ball team, the best in the district.



A Mission of S

Francis

though not up to the standard you are accustomed to, yet will, nevertheless, allow a fair thirty miles average.

Along the concrete strips we speed, native cyclists hundreds of yards away scurrying off onto the sandy veldt at our approach. Soon the road becomes a mere dirt track across the undulating open prairie; the railway line is crossed and recrossed; hills are climbed; we coast noiselessly down into magnificent vales. We cross the railway for the last time at its highest point in Rhodesia—six thousand feet—and still we climb.

But there on the right, nestling under the top-most slope of the hill, is our destination: the church, flanked by the convent and priests' house, crowning the summit. Those magnificent plantations of pines, gums and wattles? All planted by hand. As also this wonderful mile long drive of jacarandas. As we near the home gate, a laughing, cheery horde of children, ages anything from ten to twenty, all boarders at the mission, who have been watching our careful progress down the drive for the last five minutes, crowd round us with words of welcome home, staring full and unashamed at the visitor they have been expecting.

A CURIOUSLY childlike people, these Mashonas, only a few short years ago, harried and persecuted by their more warlike neighbors, the Matebele, who, under the savage chieftainship of Lobengula, carried off their flocks and their women, spearing with their *assegais* those of the men whom they did not take away as slaves. It was this same Lobengula, counselled by witch doctors who saw their superstitious hold over the natives fast dwindling under the influence of European contact, whose word set loose only thirty-nine years ago, his as yet unconquered regiments against the settlers. But for deeds of almost unexampled heroism on our side, and faulty intelligence system coupled with an irresolute policy on the part of the rebels, every White man, woman and child was to have been massacred.

Safety lay only in flight. Ox waggons and scotch carts were drawn up in the towns, into a hollow square, and fortified as well as the besieged were able, the women and children living in the space in the center. Our oldest mission at Chishawasha, warned too late, was unable to take advantage of the laager erected in Salisbury. Huddled together in the strongest of the buildings, the Fathers and Sisters with some few faithful natives withstood a siege for nearly a week,—arrows, *assegais* and bullets raining against the fast crumbling walls during the day, and the risk of being burnt out adding to the terrors of the night. But the absence of the missionaries had been noticed, and a troop of mounted police was eventually able to drive off the besiegers and convey the defenders to the town.

And in less than forty years, what

In Mashonaland, mothers carry their babies "pick-a-back" while they are grinding corn or doing other household work. Baby goes to church, too, in this fashion.



The Southern Rhodesia girls cooking dinner at a convent school.

WERE you to pay a visit to the Mission in charge of the English Jesuits at Triashill, Southern Rhodesia, Africa, the Imperial Airways would land you luxuriously at the Cathedral City of Salisbury.

The mission lorry, an up-to-date Chevrolet, its body of home-cured leather modestly concealing the few bags of salt, sugar, etc., which your visit has given us the opportunity of bringing back, you will find drawn up at the Cathedral House, waiting to carry you the one hundred and fifty miles to the mission, over roads which,



Southern Rhodesia

S.J. a change has God wrought! Here in our mission, (and equally, of course, in the other fourteen or fifteen which the Society of Jesus works, in a territory twice the size of England and Wales), the good Tidings are brought to many thousands of natives, now at last beginning to exchange their pagan ritual for the True Rite of the Mass, their heathen sacrifices for the One Sacrifice of Calvary. In such an enormous territory as this, our work is made much more easy and fruitful by a hard working band of good, earnest and reliable: teacher-catechists, each in his school (most of them within a few miles of the mission, but two about fifty) who are visited every two months. Mass is said for the surrounding *kraals*, confessions are heard, school is inspected, difficulties are answered, and all the children get endless amusement out of the grotesque decorations of themselves in the cellulose finish of the lorry's cab and wings!

Of our ten out-schools, the nearest come to Sunday Mass, two at a time in rotation, and a great joy it is to see so many coming to Communion, the men decked out in their best—a khaki shirt, sizes too big, over shorts, flannels, riding breeches, in fact, anything wearable,—the women with their babies carried “pick-back,” the latter's little noses worn almost flat by constant jolting against their mother's backbone. If you could only see them peering closely at the priest, as he approaches along the Communion line, gazing disappointedly after him as he passes on without giving into them, too, the Bread of Angels!

THE whole congregation sings (raucously, but how earnestly!) the Plain Chant, so curiously allied, by the way, to their own native tunes. After Mass and Benediction, (Stations during Lent) they perambulate—there is no better word to express the way both the girls and men strut up and down, as vain, apparently, as peacocks. Gradually a movement is made to a huge rock, on which the weekly mail is distributed. As each registered letter has to be signed for (and there are plenty of these, mostly from boys working in the Johannesburg Mines) this takes quite a time. So the headman's dinner must wait; besides, he has to interview a headman who does not send his children to school; also another who has not sent his cattle to be dipped for ages; and there are, perhaps, some matrimonial angles to be sifted; then three infants to be baptized, who will rejoice in the names of Innocentia, Englebert and Clara, which last will probably be known as Karaver, as the natives don't seem to be able to get their tongues round “Clara.”

Our boarding school has at present forty girls and sixty boys; it is a two years course for Baptism, but many of the children stay on, the boys till they have to go and work for their tax, the girls till they marry! These numbers are

Constructing a mission station
Chishawasha in Southern
Rhodesia.



greatly augmented by children from the *kraals* on the farm, day scholars, who leave home at sunrise, tramping five or six miles without anything to eat, over rocky trails, washing in the first stream as they cross, to be here to start work at 7:30. Some bring a lump of thick, sticky porridge with them—*sadza*—to eat at break, but most of them leave for home and their first meal at one o'clock.

And these tiny tots, walking so slowly and deliberately? Orphans, abandoned by, or bereft of their parents. No longer, thank God, can a woman be persuaded by the witch doctors that the birth of twins is a sign of the Great Spirit's displeasure. No longer is she forced, by sheer terror, to their ritual destruction. Unable to care for both of them, she sends for the good Sister, who never fails, however full her orphanage may be, to make room “for just one more, Father!”

An energetic Education Department insists that with book learning shall go manual training: hence part of the boy's day is given to forestry, iron work, carpentry, agriculture and shoe making; while the girls give their time to laundry, embroidery, basket-work, dairying. In fact, had we a tree which grew teachers, another which grew salt, and a third which grew plentiful clusters of corrugated iron, we would consider this spot a greater paradise than it is.

BUT God gives us wonderful consolations. To see the people arriving on a Saturday night, their weekend gear wrapped in their blankets, and carried on their heads, to be in good time for Sunday Mass; to see the crowds besieging the confessionals from 6:00 in the evening onwards, on Christmas Eve, with a short break for midnight Mass, then more confessions, and Communion when they are finished; to hear the children, at work in the fields, singing the *Credo*, out of sheer joy of living; to see a chubby black cherub escape from it's mother, during the sermon, solemnly walk right up the aisle to genuflect even more solemnly, but with its back to the altar, to see it get “stage fright,” run back to mother, making a noise like the whistle of a locomotive entering a tunnel; to see the expression of (Turn to page 224)

JESUIT MISSIONS

A MAGAZINE OF APOSTOLIC ENDEAVOR

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And What of the Negro?

A T. A recent mission convention in Louvain, Belgium, held under the direction of Pere Charles, S.J., natives of the various mission countries were invited to address the audience which was made up of Belgians, French and representatives of other nationalities. One Hindu was invited, and he took the opportunity to attack the missionaries and their methods. Another invitation was extended to an Indo-Chinese Catholic who attacked French Colonial methods. Finally, an American Negro professor of Howard University criticized the work done by the Church in America. "It was not always pleasant to hear," writes an American seminarian who attended the sessions, "but they usually proved their point."

Every phase of this mission discussion at Louvain should prove deeply and practically interesting, but for the present we wish to dwell only on the problem of the American Negro. European Catholics find it extremely difficult to understand the American situation, for on the one hand, they have come to know the story of our flourishing Catholic communities, our parish organization, our extensive Catholic educational system, our vast Catholic charities, our enthusiastic works of Catholic Action and constantly growing interest in foreign missions, involving vast expenditures of money and calling for more and more priests, Brothers and Sisters to organize, expand and develop missions in every quarter of the globe. On the other hand, non-American Catholics are puzzled when they realize that of the twelve million Negroes in the United States, little more than 250,000 are Catholics. Why does not the Catholic work for the Negro make greater progress?

One answer is given in an article contributed to *The Commonweal*, issue of July 5, 1935, by Father John LaFarge, S.J., Associate Editor of *America*, and one of the outstanding authorities on the Negro question. "The real obstacle," he writes, "to the spiritual welfare of the Negro in the United States, in the opinion of most priests

who have been long engaged in work among Colored people, is the attitude toward the Negro by the majority of our Catholic people. This attitude may be characterized by indifference rather than by anything else. Catholics as a rule are not hostile to the Colored people, but they are indifferent. They are used to looking upon the Negro merely as an employee or as a stranger to their own lives and interests. But it is this total lack of concern which does the damage."

As the writer further points out, the Negro, in the constant discrimination exercised against him on all sides in the matter of learning, education, livelihood, health, civic rights, etc., looks to the Church, as the champion of justice, to battle for him in matters of justice. And not only that, "The Negro, moreover, expects from Catholics more than mere essentials of justice. He expects a warmth of charity as well. He sees how lavish the Church is in its charity to the poor, the afflicted and the outcast. He reflects upon the sublime charity of a Saint Francis Xavier or a Saint Peter Claver. He sees the tremendous sacrifices that the Catholics make for hospitals and orphan asylums, for the most abandoned sinners, for the most desolate foreign missions. . . . He sees the warmth and beauty of her services, the appeal of the liturgy. . . ."

The indifference of Catholics towards him is very apt to make the Negro feel that perhaps after all, these Catholic treasures are not meant for members of the Colored race. And yet, he does not understand,—and how can he?—for all that he knows of the spirit of Christ tells him that Christ meant His treasures for all. He sees millions of his Colored brethren in Africa finding their way into and meeting with open-handed and warm-hearted welcome in the Catholic Church in the missions, while he is constantly encountering indifference.

And what are we American Catholics going to do about it? We quote and heartily endorse the answer as given by Father LaFarge. "There are, in my opinion, two distinct apostolates with regard to the Negro. One we call the Negro apostolate in the proper sense of the word: direct organized work, religious and educational, for the Colored people themselves. This is the front-line work in which these heroic men and women are engaged. The other work is not directed at the Negro, except incidentally as he may affect it: it is aimed directly and primarily at the majority of Catholic people of the country. Father Cornelius J. Ahearn, of Newark, has invented the expressive term, 'making the Catholics of this country Colored-conscious.' Conscious, that is to say, not in a mere physical sense, for we are all conscious of the physical proximity of the Negro. Nor conscious is a merely sentimental or humanitarian sense: as a matter to enthuse about or as a subject for patronizing benevolence. Nor conscious, again, as a mere vehicle for destructive anti-social propaganda. But conscious in a spiritual sense: conscious of the fact that we cannot leave the Colored man out of our prayers nor out of any of our common obligations. . . . Once the White Catholics of the United States have thoroughly acquired the view of the Negro as a human being like themselves, with the same duties, needs and responsibilities that they themselves possess, the door will be open to the conversion of the great body of the Negro race to the Catholic Faith."

The Mission Intention

Catechumens

CATECHUMENS are adults who have manifested the desire of entering the Catholic Church and have commenced to take instructions with a view to the reception of Baptism. The desire for Baptism must not be a mere velleity, but must be accompanied by external proofs of sincerity, such as the abandonment of idols, fetiches, and other objects of superstition, or again, the end of a polygamous marriage relation. Because of the press of work, it is difficult to ascertain the exact number of catechumens in the mission world. In the year 1930, there were 549,000 in Asia, 1,202,000 in Africa, and 5,600 in America. However, one must not draw conclusions from these figures in regard to the relative status of the missions in these respective countries for a large total may signify either that there are many conversions or that there is a dearth of catechists and of missionaries who might give final instructions and confer Baptism. On the other hand, a small total may mean, as in America, that the greater part of the inhabitants have already been baptized, or, as in Japan, that the Faith is not progressing rapidly enough. There are grounds for fear that not all the catechumens receive Baptism, either because the ministers of Baptism are not available, or because, due to pagan influences or natural weakness of will, they do not persevere. It is to be feared, likewise, that even though baptized, not all become good Christians, either because their original instruction was not sufficient, or because they had been influenced by the bad example of other Christians. Therefore, we pray in this month's Mission Intention that a simple desire for Baptism on the part of our catechumens may pass into a firm will for the same, and that they may persevere in their determination; that they may submit with patience to the tests imposed by the missionaries; that their minds may be opened to the truths of the Faith; that they may have the courage necessary to leave their former life and associates; and be baptized through a sincere desire for eternal life.



Lay Brothers at the Sacred Heart Novitiate, Novaliches, P. I. Left to right: Brothers Emilio Serra, S.J., Ignatius Cabanilla, S.J., Francisco Petilla, S.J., Elizardo Solis, S.J., Eleuterio Mata, S.J., and Sergio Adriatico, S.J. Word was only recently received of the death of Brother Mata.

The Mass of the Missions

Agnus Dei Thou didst condescend to be lamed
(Continued) That our sins might be taken away,
within a crib of rock, to be shepherded through the long
years at Nazareth, to be tangled in the brambles of Thy
Passion and to be slain upon the altar of the Cross.

By Thy gentleness and purity, Thy Sacrifice has not been in vain. For within Thy mute but pleading eyes, we whom Thou hast won, read truly the sole desire of Thy Love, that man might eat the Body of the Lamb and live with Thee forever.

Thy love drives us to repentance. Lamb of God, have mercy on us!

Thy love draws us to Communion.

After this prayer for peace, follow two prayers preparatory for Communion. The first is a profession of Faith that rivals the confession of Saint Peter. For in it, the priest gazing upon the broken host equivalently says:

I believe that Thou art the Son of the Living God—in the words of the prayer: "Lord Jesus Christ, Son of the Living God."

I believe that Thou didst redeem the world—in the words of the prayer: Who "hast by Thy death given life to the world."

I believe that Thy work of redemption was the Will of the Father and the cooperative work of the Holy Ghost—in the words of the prayer: "By the Will of the Father and the cooperation of the Holy Ghost."

I believe that from this Host and Chalice still flow the fruits of the redemption, else I would not ask—in the words of the prayer: "Deliver me by this Thy most Sacred Body and Blood from all my iniquities and from all evils and make me always adhere to Thy commandments and suffer me never to be separated from Thee."

I believe that these graces of redemption proceed not only from Your Body that was slain as a Victim of sacrifice, but also from Your Body that You commanded us to eat as food, since even as food It is the same Body that was slain for the redemption of the world: "As often as you shall eat this Bread, and drink the Chalice, you shall show the death of the Lord until He come." (1 Cor. xi, 26.)

The second prayer is one of aversion and of hope. May the Lord avert the evil of sacrilege and grant the boon of perfect worthiness.

Domine Non Sum Dignus

"I will take the Bread of Heaven and will call upon the Name of the Lord."

Suiting the action to the word, the priest takes the Host and the paten in his left hand, and inclining his body, beats his breast with his right hand three times, saying:

"Lord I am not worthy that Thou shouldst enter under my roof, say but the word and my soul shall be healed." His humility and confidence are those of the centurion of Capharnaum, in his pleading petition to Christ.

Higher still, and higher!

That is our ambition. During the past year there has been an increase of eleven per cent in the circulation of JESUIT MISSIONS. Would that that increase had been one hundred per cent!

As JESUIT MISSIONS approaches its tenth year of publication, its Editors ambition that one hundred per cent increase. Perhaps we are too ambitious, but we like to believe that holy zeal prompts our high aspirations.

You, dear, reader, can help us. As a subscriber to JESUIT MISSIONS you have proven your zeal and friendship for the missionaries. But they need more friends. Will you win them just one more friend? Each new subscriber to JESUIT MISSIONS is a new friend.

And if each present subscriber to JESUIT MISSIONS gets another subscriber, with your help the Editors will reach their goal — a one hundred per cent increase in circulation.

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Help us with the next step by using the subscription blank on the back page.





AFIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUITS

JAMAICA, B. W. I.

Word has been received of the following appointments to Jamaica, B. W. I.

Father Walter Ballou, S.J., who has just completed his Tertianship at St. Beuno's College, St. Asaph, North Wales, England, and from Weston College, Weston, Mass., Father Mortimer Murphy, S.J., Father William H. Feeney, S.J., Father Joseph S. Murray, S.J., and Father James Lyons, S.J.

* * *

Father Raymond R. Sullivan, S.J., in describing how his parishioners assisted in the erection of the new church at Somerton, says they labored practically "every other day on a hillside by a wretched parochial road in a wilderness of bush and scattered cultivations of small settlers where a river or spring is unknown and water must be caught off roofs or captured by triangular sloping planes that send the rain drops in a steady stream into a tank built just below. Unfortunately, there was no such tank in the vicinity of the work to be done. And God seemed to try their faith. For no sooner was the work begun than they experienced a serious drought. Undaunted, they carried on, which means that they carried the water in four gallon oil tins on their heads, or two on a donkey, over the roughest of paths the distance of two and a half miles round trip. And relate it to Ripley or not, the sum total in gallons of water carried in that manner was fifteen thousand gallons for the stone and concrete structure that was under construction. This water could be secured only from a huge tank that had been built in slavery times a full mile and a quarter distant.

"But that was only one of the many apparently insuperable difficulties encountered and pushed aside. A level piece of ground on which to build the church had to be cut out of the side of the hill. For a solid month, under the tropical sun, innumerable hands wielding pick and sledge, tore savagely into that hill and at the end of four weeks a retaining wall of rock, stone and mortar, was erected alongside the road, and stretching back from it into the hill was the levelled ground four hundred feet long and ninety-five feet deep. To secure the necessary mortar

they cut from the top of a nearby mountain enough timber to build a huge lime kiln. All was cut by ax and hurled a few thousand feet down and then carried to the spot elected for the big bonfire. Think of the amount of timber that was required to build a gigantic pile of felled trees one hundred and twenty-five feet in circumference and fifteen feet high on one side! This was surmounted by an immense mass of lime stone itself six feet high. The bonfire was lighted, burned for days and nights, and from the effort there resulted three hundred barrels of lime to mix with the marl which takes the place of sand in mixing mortar. And it is well to mention here that the amount of marl that was dug and sifted for the lime and cement that went into the church was easily five thousand barrels. When you add to all this labor the work of gathering eight thousand yards of stone, you get some idea of the hand labor that those devoted souls put into the erection of their mountain church.

"One of the number, the father of eight growing boys, the oldest of whom is twelve years of age, spent every moment of the six months supervising the rough labor and cheering on the dispirited ones who began to grow weary as the months slowly dragged by. Without him, the work would have taken a year and the young



Father William H. Feeney, S.J., of the Province of New England, who sailed for missionary work in Jamaica, B. W. I., on July 27.

priest might have been so discouraged and worn out at the end of it that the Somerton church would have marked his first and last appearance in the field of construction. And not a penny did he receive for all the time, energy and spirit that he put into the heavy task he set himself to accomplish.

"Now these poor souls who have just suffered all the terrible effects of a drought that lasted for three solid months, are begging their pastor to help them build a tank to catch water off the roof of their church, to help them survive the waterless months that they must endure every year. They will dig out a pit to enclose a tank that will hold roughly thirty thousand gallons of water, and give all the stone, gravel, marl and free labor, if only their pastor can raise two hundred dollars to purchase the concrete that is necessary for the walls and bottom of their modern cistern. He promised to do his best and he hopes that this article will bring his poor thirsty flock the needed money to give them the commonest necessity of life—water."

CHINA

Father John A. Lennon, S.J., sends a consoling report from Sacred Heart Parish, Hongkew, Shanghai, China.

"We had a very consoling Holy Week and Easter here in Sacred Heart Parish, with the church crowded to the doors for all the services, and thousands of Paschal Communion, testifying to the deep faith and devotion of our good people. Our Chinese parishioners had been well prepared by a mission given by Father Francis Borgia Wang, S.J., and our foreign-born parishioners profited by their Lenten missions conducted by Fathers Pius Moore, S.J., Stanislaus Fitzgerald, S.J., and Joseph Gatz, S.J., of Gonzaga College. On Good Friday, besides the Way of the Cross for the students of St. Francis Xavier's College, at 11:00 A.M., we had the Way of the Cross for the Japanese at 1:00 P.M., presided over by Father Francis X. Farmer, S.J. This was followed by the Way of the Cross for the Chinese, preached by Father Vincent Zi, S.J. At 3:00 P.M., I conducted the same holy service for our foreign-born parishioners. You might almost say



Father Edward T. Cassidy, S. J., of the New Orleans Province, who, on July 20, sailed for Ceylon.

that in our church on Good Friday afternoon all nations attested their love and devotion to Jesus crucified. In the evening at 6:00, all assembled to hear the *Stabat Mater* beautifully rendered by the Marist Brothers' choir of St. Francis Xavier's College.

"Father Charles D. Simons, S.J., while giving the annual retreat to the Sisters of Loretto Convent, remained with us until his return to Wuhu on Easter Tuesday morning for the completion of his Tertianship.

"(April 28). During these last three days of the Jubilee Year, we have been having a triduum in union with the celebrations at Lourdes. On Friday evening, Father McGoldrick, Superior of the St. Columban Mission, conducted the Holy Hour, and on Sunday at the High Mass, Father Leo F. McGreal, S.J., Rector of Gonzaga College, preached the occasional sermon. During the exposition of the Blessed Sacrament throughout each day, the 'Living Rosary' has been continually recited by groups."

CEYLON

On July 20, four Jesuits of the New Orleans Province sailed from Seattle on the *President Jackson* en route to Ceylon where they will arrive about August 19. Their work for the future will be taken up in St. Michael's College, Batticaloa, during which time they will also continue to familiarize themselves with the Tamil language for future apostolic work among the natives of the east side of Ceylon. The four outgoing missionaries are: Father Edward T. Cassidy, S.J., Ignatius T. Glennie, S.J., William M. Spengler, S.J., and Lawrence L. Barras, S.J.

Father Edward T. Cassidy, S.J., is a native of Macon, Georgia. For the past several years he has been Dean of Men at Spring Hill College, Mobile, Alabama, and has been head of the Mobile Sodality Union.

Ignatius T. Glennie, S.J., is a native

of Mexico. He spent his four years of teaching at the Jesuit High School, New Orleans, La. He was exiled from Mexico in the persecution of 1920. He made his philosophical and scientific studies at Mount St. Michael's, Spokane, Washington.

William M. Spengler, S.J., is a native of Vicksburg, Mississippi. His early studies were made at St. Charles College, Grand Coteau, La., and his study of philosophy and science was made at Mount St. Michael's, Spokane, Washington. He taught at Tampa College High School, Tampa, Florida, for four years.

Lawrence L. Barras, S.J., is a native of St. Martinsville, La., and made his early studies at St. Charles College and his philosophical and scientific studies at St. Louis University, St. Louis, Mo. He taught for one year at Spring Hill High School, Mobile, Alabama.

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

Father Martin J. O'Shaughnessy, S.J., Pastor of St. Rita's Church, Balingasag, Oriental Misamis, conducted a first Communion crusade from the last Saturday of February to the last Saturday of March, and when he had finished, found that he had brought our Lord for the first time to 287 children. Fifty-six received first Communion in the *barrio* of Lagonlong, which only a few years ago was the only Aglypayan *barrio* he had. The owner of a farm in the *barrio* of San Isidro brought into Balingasag eleven children for Communion whom she had fed and raised in her own home. "I was enabled to contribute white dresses to these children through the kindness and generosity of Rev. Mother M. A. Spallen, R.S.C.J., of Torresdale, Pa., and her generous helpers. This Religious is doing much by her zealous Catholic Action groups to facilitate the work of the missionaries in foreign lands, as well as to heap up merits for herself and her assistants. In one of my *barrios*, Mother Earth served as the floor of the chapel, while the Padre's confessional was a chair with a board, four inches wide, on each side, for the

kneeling penitent, the flower vases were pop bottles and the crucified Christ on the cross had only one arm and was held in place by a piece of rattan."

* * *

Father Joseph Reith, S.J., is finding life interesting in Dansalan. Witness the following:

"Did I not always say that there is more to be feared from the Christians of Dansalan than from the Moros? The Masons staged a big organization campaign here, but before it was over the organizer died. Fortunately, although I was driven from his sick room, I prepared him for death and he was entitled to a Catholic burial. The Masons, however, took charge of the funeral and they wanted Catholic rites after they were finished with theirs. I refused and stuck to my guns and the Bishop subsequently approved all that I did. To put me in a bad light, the Masons ran a big funeral abetted by the Protestants who thought they could lick up a few crumbs from the table. Since then, there has been no end of petty persecution. If they dared, they would have me in jail: one neighbor, because my house-boy threw stones at his chickens in my yard; an agent of the Electric Light because I would not accept his false reading of the meter and then almost pitched him out of a window; the widow of a Mason because she said I publicly shamed her on Holy Thursday by having the kneeling bench which she was using removed; the Chief of Police would like to run me in because I exposed his attempted bigamy. So you see, life is interesting even without formal distractions. But like David or Saul or somebody, I need a little music to quiet the nerves."

* * *

Father Hugh J. McNulty, S.J., gives us a view of one of his lepers in Cullion:

"Every Monday I pay her a visit. She is a very old leper—covered with the frightful signs—cannot move without pain. Noticing that the straw mat of her poor bed was creased and uncomfortable, I called a leper girl to arrange the mat and shake up the hard



Scholastics of the New Orleans Province who have gone to the Mission of Ceylon where they will take up the work of teaching at St. Michael's College, Batticaloa. Left to right: Ignatius T. Glennie, S.J., William M. Spengler, S.J., and Lawrence L. Barras, S.J.

cotton pillow. We may not put a hand to anything—not allowed!

“‘Oh that’s Heaven,’ said the old creature, thanking us.

“‘But Granny,’ said I, ‘wait till you see the real Heaven. First the Blessed Virgin is going to lead you by the hand to the Infant Jesus.’

“‘Oh, that’s enough—I won’t want any more Heaven than that. Wouldn’t that be a wonderful Christmas?’

“And now Granny is dying and she will be in Heaven soon.”

* * *

Father Eusebio G. Salvador, S.J., writes from Claridel, Occidental Misamis:

“Apparently the Sunday Schools play a most important part in keeping alive the Faith. Yet, in my territory of 17,000 Catholics, 18,000 schismatic Aglipayanos led by four fake priests, 6,000 Protestants and many thousands of pagans called Subanos, there is not even one Catholic grade school. Chapels and Sunday Schools are the only effective way of stopping the tide of religious indifference so prevalent nowadays in these parts because of the godless education given in the Government schools.”

AMERICAN INDIANS

Father Cornelius E. Byrne, S.J., Superior at Sacred Heart Mission, Desmet, Idaho, writes:

“Though it has been the custom here from time immemorial for many of the Indians in family groups to place flowers on the graves of their dead each Decoration Day, this year for the first time what might be called a public official patriotic-religious service was held.

“At one o’clock in the afternoon, the Indians with their White friends, Fathers and Sisters, gathered in front of the Mission church. After paying their respects to the heroic bones of their beloved missionaries buried under the church, they proceeded in procession to the cemetery, singing hymns and reciting their beads.

“On reaching the cemetery, the now considerably increased group gathered about the railed burial plot of the Sisters, where lie six of those ‘good mothers’ whom a kind Providence had sent as an answer to the Indians’ prayers to take care of their daughters. Here eulogies were given by Father Byrne, the Superior of the Mission, and the more prominent men of the Reservation: Chief Joe Seltise, Paschal George, Benewah, Ignace Williams, Ignace Geary, Basil Peone. All then dispersed to strew flowers over the graves of their dear departed.

“All in all, this year’s Decoration Day must be considered a very real success. For an entire week preceding, various families were getting their graves in shape for the event, and three days were devoted by the young men of the Reservation, under

the guidance of Joe Seltise and Paschal George, to the putting in of new posts and stretching wire about the city of their dead. We hope that this Decoration Day of 1935 will be the first of a long line of similar annual gatherings to do honor to those whose lives merited in death the public encomium of their fellow men and the eternal reward of the just.”

* * *

The following changes among the missionary personnel of the Oregon Province are announced for the coming year.

At Holy Family Mission in Montana, Martin E. Marquart, S.J., succeeds Joseph I. McHugh, S.J., who is to go to Alma College to begin his theological studies.



J. Willis Averill, S. J., of the Missouri Province, who has gone to St. Francis Mission among the Sioux of South Dakota.

At St. Francis Xavier Mission, Montana, Father Daniel Meagher, S.J., who is to go to Gonzaga University, Spokane, Washington, is succeeded by Father William J. Ryan, S.J., who has just completed his Tertianship at Port Townsend, Washington.

Father Joseph Balfe, S.J., is to go from St. Ignatius Mission, Montana, to St. Paul’s Mission, Montana. Father Joseph Bruckert, S.J., is to come to St. Ignatius Mission from Portland, Oregon. Brother Henry Wilhalm, S.J., is to go from St. Ignatius Mission to Port Townsend, Washington.

Father Peter Baltussen, S.J., goes from St. Paul’s Mission to Gonzaga University, Spokane, Washington. Charles G. Reger, S.J., who has just completed his philosophical studies, comes to St. Paul’s Mission.

The only addition to the staff of the Dakota missions among the Sioux, is that of J. Willis Averill, S.J., who has just completed his studies in philosophy and science at St. Louis University, St. Louis, Mo. He has been assigned to the teaching staff of St. Francis Mission, South Dakota.

* * *

Father Leo C. Cunningham, S.J., writes from Our Lady of Lourdes Mission, Porcupine, South Dakota, his central mission station which is some distance from the Mission headquarters at Holy Rosary Mission, Pine Ridge, South Dakota:

“‘Pilamayaye,’ I surely thank you for the donation of church goods and religious articles you forwarded to me from Mother O’Brien. I have already written to her and the others who helped her send them.

“The Sisters and I appreciate your good wishes and prayers for us and our work. It is only by relying upon Divine Providence that we are able to carry on here at our little mission. It means a hard fight, but if it is for the interests of the Sacred Heart, we are willing to continue. We beg you to remember us in your Holy Sacrifices of the Mass.

“The following little incident will give you an instance of the reactions of some of our little children when they have to leave the Mission, and it will also show you the condition of some of the homes of the Indians to which the children have to return.

“Nancy Crazy Horse is an orphan girl about thirteen years of age. She has been attending school at Holy Rosary Mission. I was told to bring her back to Porcupine to some relatives. Nancy cried as she bade good-bye to the Sisters and the girls. We traveled the thirty-two miles from the Mission to the little log hut where Nancy is to spend the Summer. It is the home of her cousin, Joe Short Bear. With her bundle of clothes and a loaf of Mission bread under her arms, Nancy entered the cabin and so did I. A dirt floor, one bed in the corner of the room on which were lying Mrs. Short Bear and a little baby boy born about two weeks, a table with a few dishes and a poor looking cook stove. There was a shaking of hands and then Nancy sat quietly on a trunk. Tears glistened in her big dark eyes. This was to be her home. How she missed the Mission and the Sisters and her school companions! But her new home is close to Our Lady of Lourdes’ Chapel where she will come often to Holy Mass and will visit the Sisters here at Porcupine.”

BRITISH HONDURAS

His Excellency, Bishop Joseph A. Murphy, S.J., has come from Belize to the United States to celebrate the completion of sixty years as a member



Father Robert L. McCormack, S.J., of the Missouri Province, who has sailed for the Mission of British Honduras.

of the Society of Jesus. Bishop Murphy was born in Dundalk, Ireland, December 24, 1857. He came to Chicago in 1867, and entered the Society of Jesus on July 16, 1875. Apart from the years spent in study, Bishop (then Father) Murphy taught at Detroit, St. Louis, St. Mary's, Kansas, and Milwaukee. Everywhere he endeared himself to the young men under his direction. He was consecrated Bishop of Belize on March 19, 1924, at St. Francis Xavier (College) Church, St. Louis, Mo. During the past eleven years, Bishop Murphy, in spite of his advance in years, carried on his work in British Honduras with true apostolic zeal, even though it meant plenty of tramping and riding through the tropical bush. Bishop Murphy was a true Father and consoler to his missionaries and his people during the trying days after the hurricane and tidal wave of September, 1931, had destroyed so many residences and wrought such terrible havoc in the city of Belize.

* * *

Fathers Robert L. McCormack, S.J., and Edward G. Courtney, S.J., have been assigned to the British Honduras Mission. The former is no stranger to Belize, as he spent three years there as a Scholastic, teaching in St. John's College.

IRAQ

Notice has been received that the following Father and Scholastics of Weston College have been appointed for the following mission posts.

Father Vincent A. Gookin, S.J., to Baghdad College, Iraq.

Michael J. McCarthy, S.J., to Beirut for the study of French and Arabic in preparation for teaching at Baghdad.

George S. Mahan, S.J., and Joseph W. Murphy, S.J., to Jerusalem for the study of archaeology under the direc-

tion of the Archaeologists of the Pontifical Biblical Institute in preparation for like work at Baghdad.

* * *

After a long silence the *Al Baghdadi* appears with its twelfth issue in printed form as promised by Father Edward Madaras, S.J. This format will make it possible for readers of the *Baghdadi* to keep the same on file permanently. On page twenty-eight, Father Madaras notes:

"Among the shipments that came to us recently was one from Father Garesche's Medical Mission Bureau. We should like here to speak our word of praise for the fine work that the Bureau is doing. Our boys certainly seem to appreciate it if their readiness to take advantage of the service which our dispensary affords may be taken as a criterion. Visitors to the school, too, who come in increasing numbers and importance, are always surprised to see what a fine little dispensary we have and how well stocked it is with medicines. The complete set of hygiene charts, in particular, leaves them open-mouthed in admiration.

"After the Easter holidays we shall shift to our Summer order, which means that school will begin each morning at seven and go straight through to twelve, with three recess periods to do a little panting. During the Summer it is our custom here to get up at four o'clock, and last year one of the Fathers had to get up each morning at half-past three because we had but one altar in the house.

"Now we have three altars, and there are eight Masses each morning. On First Fridays we have Mass and Benediction for the boys, and during Lent we had Mass and the Way of the Cross each Friday. Since our chapel is large enough to accommo-



Father Edward G. Courtney, S.J., of the Missouri Province, who has been assigned to the British Honduras Mission.

date but thirty boys at most, the student body heard Mass in our spacious court. There, too, the Stations were set up, thus allowing the Way of the Cross to be said and followed in a really devotional manner. The boys sang the *Stabat Mater* in Arabic to a touchingly mournful melody, putting their hearts into it in a manner which indicated that they really entered into the spirit of this salutary devotion.

"We must not neglect to mention that the students made the Jubilee in a body, which was facilitated by the fact that all the churches are within a few minutes walk of each other in the old Christian quarter. On those days classes were dismissed early in the afternoon."

PATNA, INDIA

Father Rudolph Bohn, S.J., has had a very active time of it since he became a missionary among the Santals. In a letter dated May 26, he writes:

"Many thanks for your letter, the write-up in 'Afield with American Jesuits' and the donations. I will most assuredly acknowledge the latter. They are the second I have received since taking over Narainpur sector, the first being from the folks in Toledo.

"Returned yesterday from an eight-day tour. Found Father Edward Scott, S.J., just returned. We washed up—sat down and talked until 9:30. We concluded we had enough stories to run an issue of *JESUIT MISSIONS*, had we only the artist touch to paint the background that makes an experience a story.

"Have had thirty Baptisms so far this month of May and have good hopes of adding twenty more in the five days that remain. Would like to make it fifty in honor of Our Lady this month.

"My last trip was crowded with events. Left Godda on cycle for Lautun early Friday morning. Inspected the mission school there, catechized three neighboring villages. Left four families catechumens and moved on. We were making for a market place to buy rice—a catechist hailed us—he had walked all day to find us—a man, wife and child for Baptism. Both man and wife had received education from the Protestants. They were well prepared. We baptized them. On leaving this village, another catechist stops us. 'A family of five for Baptism. Can I come for you tomorrow morning?' We again got on our cycles. A fine young man of twenty with a group of students waved a paper at us. It read: 'Let me teach in one of our schools and all my family will take Baptism. I am a Middle English Pass of Pathra C. M. S. School.' That letter led to conversation after conversation, intrigues on the part of catechists, more deft diplomatic thrusts than you could imagine. To have said, 'Give me work and I will take Baptism'—

was putting the case wrongly. Nevertheless, we are Jesuits. The young man will be baptized tomorrow. We rode on. Two men came running from the village of Kusbila to help us across a river. They said: 'Father, we have a house ready for you—your first house in your new sector. Our father is building us a new house. He gives you his old house.'

"The next morning we went three miles for a marriage—the first marriage at Mass—of a tribe called Mahles. All went well. Our portable phonograph furnished the music. At 12:00, four men carried in a huge hog. The feast was ready by about 7:00 that evening. Meanwhile, we had gone to a further village and contracted for a porch with covered roof to be built as an addition to a catechist's house,—to serve as a school for thirty lads. Cost of material and construction work, two dollars.

"The next day we had three Baptisms. The following day eight Baptisms in five different places. The most consoling of all being the mother of our oldest catechist. Two days later she removed every bit of furniture out of her house, cleaned it spick and span, so that Mass could be said there. She received her first Holy Communion.

"The following day was the first time that Mass was said, Holy Communion distributed and Baptism administered in the village of Lobalpur among the Paharias.

"On our last day out we said an early Mass and made for the hills. We went ten strong—everybody carrying something. I carried my umbrella. It was hot. We went to a Paharia village called Katikbhita. We played the phonograph. One youngster crawled all around trying to find out whence the sound. Finally, he put his fingers on a parrot painted on the phonograph box and was satisfied. We preached and we sang; the day was ours. The Santals told us of the leopards they had killed in those parts. They prided themselves, too, on a fine well, built by the Government for them one mile away. That was good news to me; for I had determined to drink only tea that day. But then my lad, Richard, who goes wherever I go, spoke up: 'Father, did you drink that water?' I said: 'No.' He said: 'Don't drink it. It tastes.' It was in the hills near to these that both Father Conway and Father Dertinger took sick from bad water. We had only two Baptisms here—children of parents formerly baptized by Father Scott—but we sowed good seed, we hope, for a future harvest.

"I might add two incidents that I will treasure in my memory. Everybody and everything seemed jungly, but not entirely so. That afternoon when I expressed a desire to rest a while before making the return trip, cloth of white silk was spread out for

me—a wedding garment, perhaps, treasured for years. The other instance is this. They had a fine peacock just about to feather. They said: 'Father, would you take the peacock?' I answered: 'I have no home. I just wander about.' Then an old man spoke up and said: 'Father, all these hills are yours and wherever you choose to stop, there you will have a home.'

"We returned to Godda for supplies. We start out again tomorrow morning. And so it goes among the Santals, the Mahles, the Paharias, the Hindus, and Mussulmans of Narainpur, sectors of Patna Diocese."



Father Segundo Llorente, S.J., of the Oregon Province, who has gone to the missions in northern Alaska.

ALASKA

Very Reverend W. J. Fitzgerald, S.J., Provincial of the Oregon Province, which has charge of the missions of Alaska, writes:

"His Excellency, Bishop Joseph Crimont, S.J., will celebrate his Diamond Jubilee (sixty years in the Society of Jesus) at Juneau, Alaska, on August 15.

"It might be of interest to you to know the names of the Jesuits who are destined for the Alaska Mission this year. Brother Charles Wickart, S.J., has already left for Alaska, and will be stationed at Holy Cross. Father John B. Baud, S.J., who has just finished Tertianship, is already at Fairbanks, assisting Father Aloysius S. Eline, S.J., who has been ill. Fathers Thomas Cunningham, S.J., and Segundo Llorente, S.J. leave for the northern Alaskan missions in July."

Father Cunningham is a New Zealander who volunteered for the missions of Alaska. Recently he finished his theological studies in Montreal. He is not a stranger to Alaska, as he spent some time there as a Scholastic.

Father Llorente is a native of Leon,

Spain, who came to this country in October, 1930, to study English. His theological studies were made at St. Mary's College, St. Marys, Kansas, and at Alma College, California. He volunteered for Alaska in 1929, while he was making his studies in philosophy in Granada, Spain.

* * *

Writing from Little Flower Mission, Hooper Bay, Alaska, under date of May 19, Father John P. Fox, S.J., says:

"We are still waiting for the snow and ice to disappear. The Winter is hanging on hard, and though May is two-thirds over, everything is white as yet, and the ice on the rivers and even out on the bay, is still solid, so that travel is still in full swing. Along the Yukon conditions are different. The river is already open to within seventy or eighty miles from the mouth. And so we have been cut off from our post office for some time already. I thought we would have our own post office long before this, as it has been granted to us, and I sent in my bond as post master last January. But it takes an eternity for anything to get here. In the Winter time every mail carrier has a certain set limit beyond which he does not have to carry. If he comes into any post office and already has his full load, as happens many times, the post master simply makes room for his quota by throwing off some of the mail from some other office. And as there are lots of traders along the Yukon, all of whom are anxious to get out their fur as soon as possible, it happens very often that things are thrown off by one post master that were put on by the other at the preceding station. And at times the mail thus thrown off lies there till the coming Summer when the mail is carried by boat, and so can be handled more conveniently."

* * *

Writing in a previous letter, dated April 23, Father Fox says:

"On account of the continual bad weather until about two weeks ago, I still have a great deal of travel ahead of me before the close of Winter. Few of the people in the many scattered villages of my immense district have so far had the chance to make their Easter duties. But they are now gathering at their sealing camps, and there I intend to visit them and give them a chance to receive the sacraments. They are fervent souls and it is a pity they have so little opportunity to profit by the sacraments. My district is simply impossible for one priest to handle properly. Besides, most of my chapels are so overcrowded that they do not hold conveniently more than about half of the congregation. In two of them especially, the crowd is such that the people have a hard time to elbow their way to the altar for Holy Communion."

God's Chilluns

Edward A. Sheridan, S.J.

THE Negroes of each of the States of the United States have their own distinction. The Negro of North Carolina, who passes a good portion of his life in the tobacco fields, is languid and quiet. His neighbors in South Carolina and in Georgia are more lively, more robust, and they seem to be much happier. Many are hired by the wealthy Whites to pack the peaches of their plantation and also perhaps to ship the season's pecans. Going further south, we see that the Negroes of Florida are divided into two distinct categories. Those living in the country, boast of their immense water-melons, while the city Negro prides himself on becoming comparatively rich by serving the rich tourists. Swinging northwestward into Alabama and Mississippi, we find Negroes of still another type. These natives forget the sweltering heat the while they throw their souls into the spirituals which only a Negro's soul can sing.

But when we go over into Louisiana, we meet Negroes that are decidedly different from those of other States. Some work in fields of rice or of sugar cane, and some tend the fields of the Whites. Their music is weird, played in a minor key and usually on a violin. It has no melody but is pregnant with rhythm. Their English, laden with French idioms, makes their conversation differ from the drawls of the Georgians and Mississippians. But in another respect, the Negroes of the Teche country are unlike those of other States. Their religion, their belief in God, and their Faith, indeed, give them a distinction not had by other Negroes. When the North Carolina Negroes sing their "Swing Lo' Sweet Chariot," the Negroes of Louisiana address their King by "Lord Let Me Live For Thee." When the Georgian Negroes bellow their "Baptist, Baptist 'Til I Die," their brothers in Louisiana profess their faith and humility by, "O Lord I Am Not Worthy." And when the Mississippians proclaim their "I Got Shoes—You Got Shoes," the Louisianians before the exposed Blessed Sacrament sing to their Lord His "Divine Praises."

AMONG these Negroes there is one of slavery stock. Born before the "War Between the States," neither he nor his relatives know his exact age. He has no hair, is of medium height, and has erect posture; he is always smiling and is very active for a man well over eighty. He is the father, grandfather and great-grandfather of one of the largest families of his parish, and his conduct and piety have well set a high ideal for the emulation of his posterity. He is a staunch supporter of all church activities, well versed in the truths of his religion, has a tender devotion to the Virgin Mother and to the Rosary, and every day, fair or stormy, hears Mass and receives Holy Communion.

This is the story of only one of the Negroes of southern Louisiana, but if a careful study were made of them,



"The Negroes of the Teche country are unlike those of other States. Their religion, their belief in God, and their Faith give them a distinction not had by other Negroes."

a similar tone of devotion and love of God would be found in all. Although these Colored folks may vary in mental abilities and in talents, yet they do not vary in their love for Christ and in their Faith. There is one Negro of some fifty years who cannot spell his own name, but a short conversation with him will convince one that "God's chilluns" don't have to be learned.

"Where have you been John?" he was once asked.

"I'se just been a comin' home from church."

"Church today, John? This is neither a Sunday nor a holyday."

"No sir, but it's a Friday."

"Why go to church on a Friday, John?"

"Oh, today's a First Friday, sir."

"What's a First Friday, John?"

"It's one uv der nine whut if you makes all of dem our Lord has sed dat you won't a die widout Him. And when I die I sho' wants to be wid Him."

THUS the Louisiana Negroes have the religion of Christ, the religion which the Negroes of other States haven't. About eighty per cent are weekly communicants,—which connotes for many an extremely long fast because they live at great distances from church.

The devotion of these Negroes can well be shown by the faith and simplicity displayed annually on the feast of Corpus Christi. The procession is made up of all: men and women, boys and girls. The procession, beginning from the church, winds its way, while the beads are being recited, to a nearby grotto, where all receive the blessing of their Eucharistic Lord. Then, singing the hymns they know and love so well, they lead Him back to His poor but neat home which they have built for Him with their scanty means.

Bread in the Wilderness

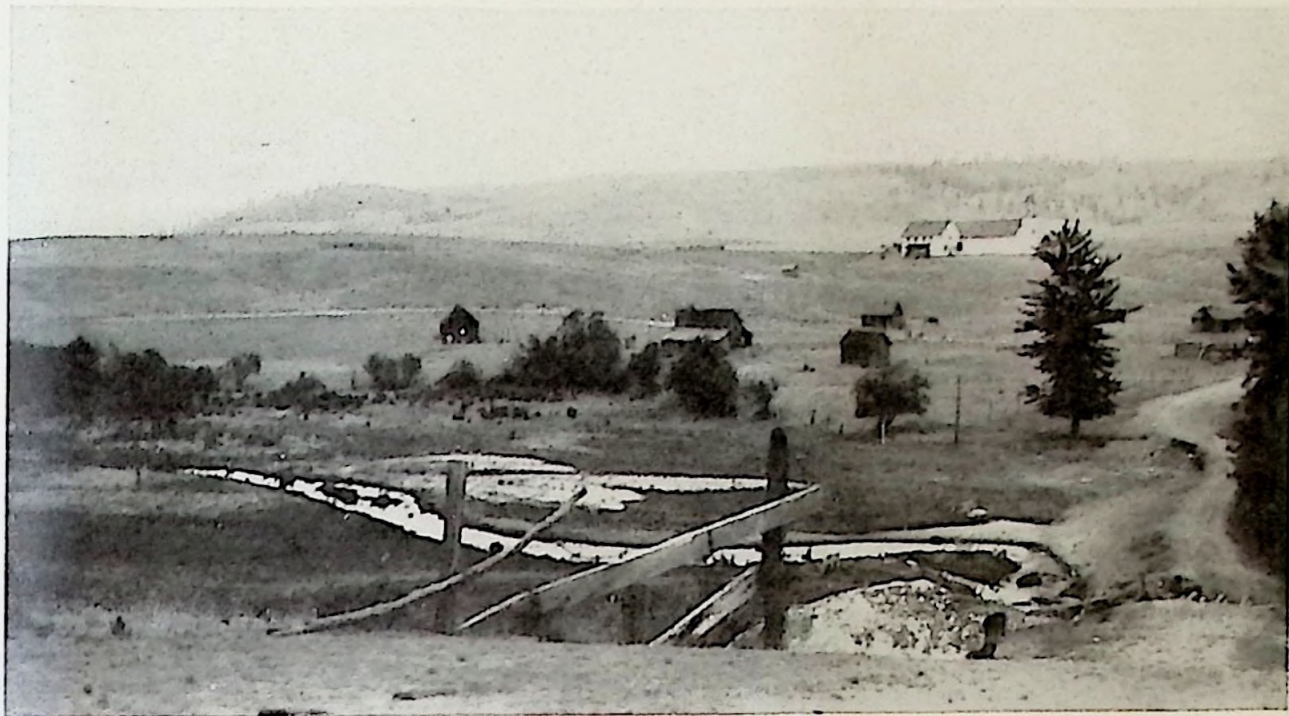
Robert J. Corkery, S.J.

NESPELEM lay dozing in the heat of the July sun. There was nothing distinctive about this reservation village in the State of Washington; not even the white cross, the sign of the Blackrobe missionary, the father of the Indian and friend of the pioneer, was in sight. For the inhabitants of Nespelem as yet only enjoyed the ministrations of an occasional visiting priest. As he stood there upon the outskirts, the eyes of Father Edward Griva, S.J., for a moment instinctively sought that sign of the Blackrobe. Then he smiled; that was his work, to put the little white cross over the village of Nespelem, and to bring Him into the hearts of its inhabitants.

When Father Griva arrived in Nespelem that hot July day in 1915, there was home for neither Master nor priest. The first three months found the zealous missionary begging shelter in the shacks of the inhabitants and taking his meals, as he says, "wherever I could find someone who would give me something to eat." As the graying skies began to herald the arrival of Winter snows, Father Griva grew anxious about finding a permanent home. But now Divine Providence intervened through the instrumentality of a kindly old pioneer, and before the first snow the missionary was living in his own house. But the first Winter was hard. The cabin, at its best, was a poor structure, and the loosely constructed walls did little to stop the cold blasts that swept across the rolling land, and often left snow piled so highly against the sides that it was a real job for Father Griva to dig out.

The sacrifice of the Winter had its reward, and the following Summer through donations from those whom "the good God inspired," and by means of a strict economic program, Father Griva was enabled to build a house with a chapel on the second floor. That was just the beginning. On June 7, 1917, Bishop Schinner of Spokane came to Nespelem, and the first church of Father Griva, pastor, architect and contractor, was blessed and many of his spiritual children confirmed.

BESIDES his flock at Nespelem, Father Griva was taking care of the Indians in the San Poil Valley, to the west. During these first years he had learned the language of the Moses tribe and had translated the principal prayers into it. The ever increasing number of converts in the San Poil Valley soon made it neces-



In the Nespelem country of the State of Washington, where Father Griva built the Church of the Sacred Heart.

sary that a church be built. Labor, sacrifice, thrift and prayer, spelt success again, and with financial help of "good benefactors in the East," Father Griva's second white cross was raised in the San Poil Valley.

This new church having been completed, the eyes of this apostle of the Indians sought new horizons. The Oakanogan country, well populated by both White and Indian, was in great need of a church and pastor, so the Summer of 1918 found this zealous missionary adding this new field to his extensive labors. On September 18, the Church of St. Louis was dedicated. Father Griva was not to be its pastor for long, but the little white cross would remain to welcome the Indian and settler.

ONE day shortly after this, when Father Griva returned to his house, he found a letter awaiting him. It was from Superiors. The Mission of Nespelem was to be closed, and Father Griva was to go to the Colville Reservation, and from there to take care of the Indians to the south, for those on the Spokane Reservation, and for the Kalispells at Cusick. Soon after his arrival, new white crosses began to appear. There was one on the banks of the Pend O'reille for the tribes that lived along that river. Another shone above a new and larger church at Inchelium.

Then illness came. His work had been long and hard, the difficulties without end, and now the Indians believed that soon their beloved friend would carry his white cross to the eternal reservation. The Great White Father had other plans, however, and the zealous priest was spared; his work was not yet finished.

After several years' absence from his beloved Indians, the call came again and Father Griva went to reopen his first mission at Nespelem. Exteriorly, Nespelem was unchanged, but the mission was in a state of neglect and disorder. The little church on the (*Turn to page 224*)

BOOK REVIEWS

The Dragon at Close Range. By Rt. Rev. William McGrath. St. Francis Xavier Seminary, Scarborough Bluffs, Ont. Price \$1.00 postpaid.

The title does not belie the contents nor the contents the title, for the Rt. Reverend Author gives the reader a closeup of life in the Land of the Dragon, which is interesting beyond the ordinary and both in its format and subject matter is chock-full of unique and precious bits of information, palatably prepared and dispensed in a style which, if adopted by missionaries at large, would easily overcome all sales resistance on the part of our non-mission-minded folk. A few samples of the titles treated will illustrate: The Lishui Ferry, Life Begins at 14, The "Overland Limited," From Factory to Convent, Sailor, Beware!, "Coolie Chow," A Dog's Life, Music Hath Charms, Banquet Etiquette, The Ten Courts of Hell, The Good Thief of Chusan, A "Foreigner" Makes a Break, What! No Spinach?, They Never Read the "Ads," The Red Siege of Kanchow, Let's Go Fishin'!, Western Paganism in the East, A Chinese Puzzle, Explaining the Puzzle, The Matchbox Maker, "Way Lee! Way Lee!", The Glory of the Missions. Sell this book and we sell the missions.

Christianity in Celtic Lands. By Dom Louis Gougaud. Sheed & Ward, London, England. Price 18/-

A scholarly contribution in keeping with the traditions of the Monks of St. Benedict and entirely worthy of the glorious churches of the Celts—for the author assures us that there was no Celtic church as such—whose history it narrates. While the author would be untrue to his subject, if he devoted this masterpiece of research to the Celtic churches in Ireland alone, he would likewise be false in his perspective, if he did not allot a lion's share of the missionary merits and fruits of St. Patrick in the Isle of Saints and Scholars. It is in the light of Ireland's contribution to the Faith in Scotland and England, that the present day anti-Catholic prejudice in these countries appears so heinous. It may be only a futile velleity, but one could wish that the enemies of the Church in these two countries might read this apologia for the ancient Church in Ireland and be converted from their ways. For missiologists, the volume is a history of one of the outstanding missionary achievements of all time. It is at once an example of the best advanced historical criticism and a reason why today the purity of Irish virgins and the perfervidum ingenium of Irish priests and

Brothers are known along the missionary main that girdles the world.

The Nurse's Manual. By Reverend F. E. White. Catholic Book Publishing Co., New York, N. Y. Price \$1.00, \$1.10 postpaid.

A most practical little manual for nurses which includes within one hundred and forty pages the nurse's essential duties to her God, together with instructions on her relations with patients such as: when to send for the priest, Baptism in emergency, intra-uterine Baptism, assisting Catholics who are dying without the sacraments, at the death bed of a non-Catholic, etc. Due to the practical foresight and apostolic zeal of Sister M. Suitbertha, O.S.D., of Mary Immaculate Hospital, Jamaica, N. Y., nurses everywhere may now know clearly how to apply that spiritual aid and guidance which will often prove the first step in promoting a patient's physical care.

A Shepherd of the Far North. By Robert Glody, A. M. Harr Wagner Publishing Company, San Francisco, California. Price \$2.50.

It is difficult to predict whether the life of this "Shepherd of the Far North" or Martyr of the Skies will have greater effect on the clergy and Religious than on the laity. To both one and the other, God has raised this hero up as a much needed apostle of selflessness in a day when selfishness sits as a dictator in the hearts of too many on both sides of the sanctuary rail. Even more significant than the poignant fact that this is only the second biographical sketch of a California priest in one hundred and sixty-five years is the further fact that its publication comes at a time when the world is sick unto death and almost at times unto the loss of faith by the spirit of compromise in high places and in low, and when it is searching hither and yon for Christ and will not acknowledge Him except in souls crucified, like this Pilot of the Skies, to all that is of earth and merely earthy. That the intrepid soul of Father Walsh was predestined for an extraordinary life of usefulness or for the tragic martyr's death that was his lot, the author clearly foreshadows in his clear-cut pictures of Father Walsh during his youth, at St. Patrick's Seminary, as a new Curate at St. Mary's Church, Stockton, and no less during that epochal Summer in Europe when his priestly plea won from our Sovereign Pontiff the moral permission to labor among Alaskan snows. The world today is filled with apostles on the way to Emmaus—timid, disappointed souls, whose plea is always: "We had hoped to

have Him with us." Yet, even these in this story of his life and death must confess: Ought he not thus to have suffered, pinned to the tangled wreckage, crucified with Christ, and so to have entered into his immortality? The spirit of Father Walsh's life and tragic death is epitomized in poetry in "The Bird of God," (reprinted from JESUIT MISSIONS) by Alfred Barrett, S.J.

St. Patrick, Apostle of Ireland. By Eoin MacNeill. Sheed & Ward, New York, N. Y. Price \$1.25.

A fruitful source of inspiration for missionaries in whose veins run the blood of the Irish and whose Faith is a heritage of God's grace and the supernatural life of the Gael. St. Patrick's plea for a native clergy and his battle against slavery indicate that the Saint was alive to issues that are of vital importance even today in mission lands. The Call of the Irish, "Come over and save us!" is but the prototype of that call of the nations which has been heard and answered times without number by generations of Irish missionary priests, Sisters and Brothers, who have freely given and constantly continue to give what they themselves by God's mercy first received from St. Patrick.

Mother Marianne of Molokai. By L. V. Jacks. The Macmillan Company, New York, N. Y. Price \$2.00.

This volume is a noble memorial to the Sisters of St. Francis who have given their lives to the service of the lepers in the Hawaiian Islands, and, in particular, to their beloved and inspiring Mother Marianne. Against a Rhineland background, Barbara Kopp, born on January 23, 1836, is introduced to the readers, and her early life in Utica, New York, as well as her investiture into the Sisters of the Third Order of St. Francis are described, culminating with her answer to the call for volunteers among the lepers of Hawaii. From this source material, the author has woven an entrancing story of spiritual heroism which never can be explained from merely natural motives and which gives the lie direct to all the pomps of anti-Christ abroad in the world today. A brief history of leprosy, sketches of Father Damien, primitive leper loves and hates, vivid pictures of Molokai, Isle of Living Death, more than a human interest snapshot of Robert Louis Stevenson, and over all, the protective, inspiring and abiding presence of Mother Marianne, make this an absorbing and delightfully instructive biography that will remain as an immortal tribute to the Sisters of the Third Order of St. Francis.

FAITH DOES MOVE MOUNTAINS!

(Continued from page 201)

sacrifice that has endeared the people of Somerton to the heart of one priest in such a way that only death can remove the memory of simple, devoted folk who did not count the cost when it came to erecting a church worthy of their God and Savior. Over one hundred men, women and children offered free labor for a half a year. And twenty of them worked without pay every day.

The faith of these people was amply rewarded. An article in *JESUIT MISSIONS*, telling what they were striving to do, reached a generous lady in California who charitably offered to defray the expenses of the building and later on equipped it with the sacred vessels and vestments needed for divine service. And today in the best church of the seven stations of the Brown's Town Mission, the people gather in their Church of Our Lady of Lourdes, still offering their Mass in union with the priest for their kind, generous benefactress who made possible their church, and what is a constant delight to them, one of the most beautiful statues of Our Lady in Jamaica.

"BUT HIS WIFE—!"

(Continued from page 202)

"*Mi shin!*" spat out Chang disgustedly.

"What's that?"

"*Mi shin!*" (Superstitious) he repeated with boyish disgust. And then came a torrent of words that almost ended in a sob. "My mother has heard that if you become a Catholic that you will lose the light from your eyes. Superstition! And my father wants to know who will sacrifice to his spirit and the spirits of his ancestors if I become a Catholic."

I waited a moment and then asked:

"Do you still want to be a Catholic?"

"Yes!" grimly and tersely.

"Then you read this larger catechism and pray that your parents give you the necessary permission. God will find a way."

There was little of our usual

bantering and joking as we said good night.

That night as we sipped our coffee, I said to Father Courschene:

"Some one has sown cockle in my wheat field." Then I narrated to him the afternoon's tragedy.

"Courage," he said cheerily, "That's not the half of it. The youth of China would prove a good harvest if at the same time there were not such great difficulties at home. The Confucian ancestral rites and the practice of the Buddhistic religion are woven tightly into the daily fabric of Chinese home life, and woe betide the son or daughter who refuses to sacrifice to the family ancestors!"

Several months later, as I write these lines, I am handed a letter. The address is written in Chinese characters. I rip open the envelope and find a neatly written letter in English, part of which reads as follows: "Surely I will still beg you to instruct me in your good teachings and to aid me to fulfill my heart's desire. I am yours faithfully, Chang Ch'ang Sung." God will certainly open the way for him, and let our prayer be that He will help us to find a way for the many other Chinese youths of good will who are faced by the same perplexing problem.

FUDLALLAH

(Continued from page 207)

Arabs. Of course, facility in two languages is not extraordinary for these youngsters. Most of them learn Arabic at their mother's knees, and, once they start school, they recite, converse and play in French. I'll not easily forget the first day I worked off my French on Fudlallah. After asking him to supply a few words I needed to continue the conversation, I expressed a hope that I would soon become facile in French. His eyes looked beyond me, his head nodded sagely, and his comment was weighed and slowly uttered: "*Le francais,*" he said, "*ca viendra avec le temps.*" "It'll come with time." He is twelve, remember!

LITTLE students' December is lived in anticipation of Christmas holidays. Freedom from studies

and the prospect of being at home for ten days fill all their horizon. None of them are known to look beyond—except, of course, Fudlallah. Two weeks before Christmas, he accosted Mr. Casey.

"The Christmas season is so nice in the Jebel. People visit from home to home. We play games. Everybody is so happy."

"Christmas Day will soon be here. You can leave the college early in the morning and have dinner in the Jebel."

"Yes . . . I can. But I'm not going to the Jebel for Christmas."

"You're not?" Mr. Casey wondered what would prompt the little fellow to exchange the chance to see his mother for possibly a rainy and surely a lonely ten days at Beirut. "You see, if I go to the Jebel for Christmas, I might not care to come back to school."

He rested his hand above his heart; and his eyes were looking past Mr. Casey, looking wistfully in the direction of the Jebel. The youngster had foreseen the struggle he must undergo in saying farewell to his mother a second time. Rather than risk the loss of an education, he sacrificed the pleasure of the holidays at home. Is he brave?

For weeks after Mr. Casey was transferred to Baghdad, Fudlallah was disconsolate. Unashamed, he would burst into tears in the very midst of his companions.

"I love Abouna Casey, he explained. "I love him just like I loved my own father." His own father is long since dead.

I filled Mr. Casey's place in Fudlallah's division, but certainly not in his heart. However, his heart is big enough to reserve a spot for me which I know anyone would envy. He constituted himself my Arabic teacher. Each day I must speak to him in Arabic and present a written exercise for his correction.

Conversions are with difficulty made in Moslem countries; but nothing can deny the missionary his privilege of entertaining many and fond hopes. Are not all things possible to God? And those of us who know the youngster cherish the hope that Fudlallah is not in vain named, "the grace of God." But hopes apart, who would not say that a six

thousand mile voyage from home is worth while, if, at the end, he received the affection of a heart as stout and as large as this little Druze's?

"ZAMBOANGA LA BELLA" (Continued from page 209)

chewing of the betel nut.

But Zamboanga, despite its many Moros, is predominantly Catholic. The list of names of the different *barrios* or sections of the municipality is like the Litany of the Saints. Here are a few of the names: Santa Maria, San Jose, Santa Barbara, Santa Catalina, San Pedro. The women and girls have a beautiful custom, common in the islands, of wearing Our Lady's colors especially on Saturdays, Our Lady's Day. On Tuesday, the day sacred to St. Anthony of Padua, they wear a brown dress with a white cord around the waist.

The city is very clean, and one is surprised to see the many gardens hanging from the second story of the houses, gardens fragrant with white orchids. This custom seems to be peculiar to Zamboanga.

The High School here, the Ateneo de Zamboanga, though only five years old and with only about ninety students, has made its influence felt in the city already. The Ateneo Band is the most popular in town; the Ateneo cheers are well known, and their basket ball team the best in the district. But its greatest influence is through the manly piety of the students. Here in Zamboanga the need of Catholic schools is very apparent. Zealous ladies of the Catholic League of Women have endeavored for years to make up for this deficiency by teaching catechism on Sundays, and although many of the public school students are faithful to Mass and the sacraments, the need of more Catholic instruction is quite notable.

A MISSION IN SOUTHERN RHODESIA (Continued from page 211)

thankful devotion on the face of a sick woman as one climbs into the back of the lorry to give her Communion and Extreme Unction, before driving her thirty miles to the Native Hospital; to hear a boy of

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fifteen, begging off being godfather at a Baptism, "As I have already three godchildren, Father, and this one lives so far away from my *kraal* that I would be unable to look after him, if he ever got slack in his religious duties"; to ask a boy the first question of the catechism, and get the right answer, but to go on to the next, "Why did God make you?" and get the astonishingly true but hardly expected "God alone knows"; to watch from my ever open door the smallest orphans coming on to the verandah, to show me the fruits of their self-appointed task for afternoon viz., collecting ant eggs, "to give the hens a feast day, too"; to be able to guess at half of what even the babies want to tell me; to get out the lorry at unearthly hours of the morning (2:00 A.M., last time) risking one's neck, and (much more important) one's tires and springs, over primitive trails, to have to leave the lorry at an inevitable river, and cross on foot, the water well above the rough stepping stones; to be blessed with good health in this most fascinating part of Rhodesia; to be, in fact, able to serve Him in our small way,—this is the consolation that the missionary knows and appreciates.

BREAD IN THE WILDERNESS

(Continued from page 221)

knoll, unkept for fifteen years, showed the ravages of the long Winters. The well, built at the cost of very much labor and expense, was broken and caved in.

The years of absence had sown the seed of indifference among his flock. There was concubinage and adultery. The reservation had been opened to the Whites who, with few exceptions, brought no religion, or faith, and little morality. With the repeal of prohibition, the conditions grew still worse. It was a sad, a very sad sight to the holy missionary who had left it so different. With a prayer and a stout heart he set himself to the task. Things about the mission have been gradually righted and improved. The church is newly painted, the well is fixed, and now the pastor is enabled to give himself more and more to the spiritual labors that await him.

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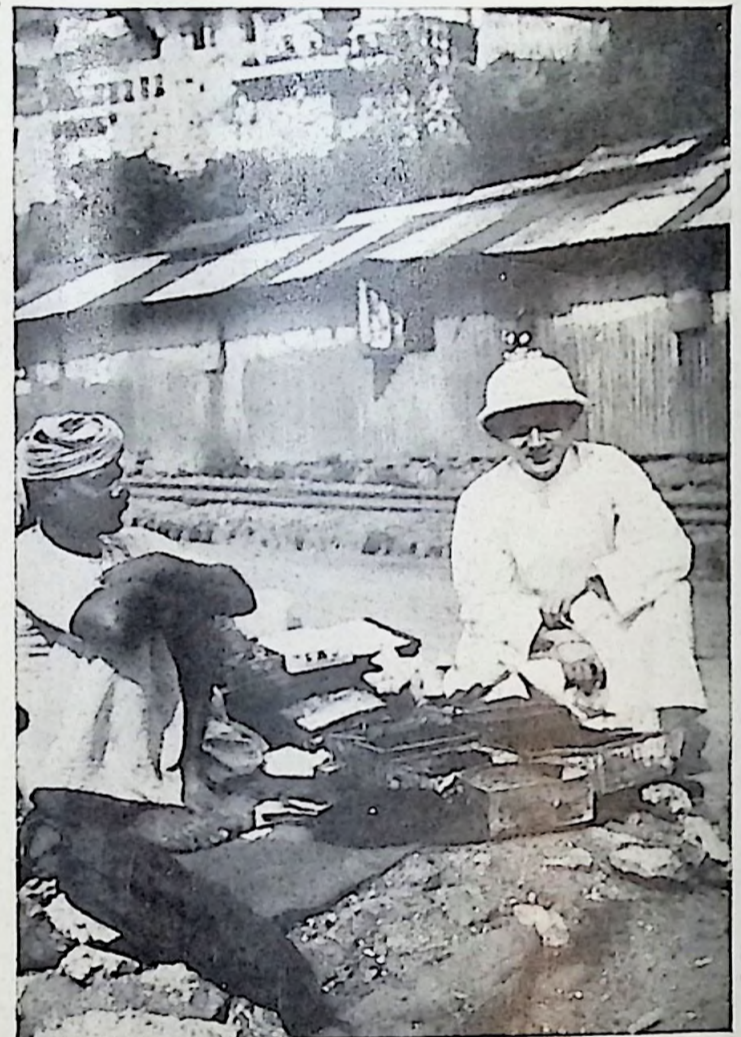
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