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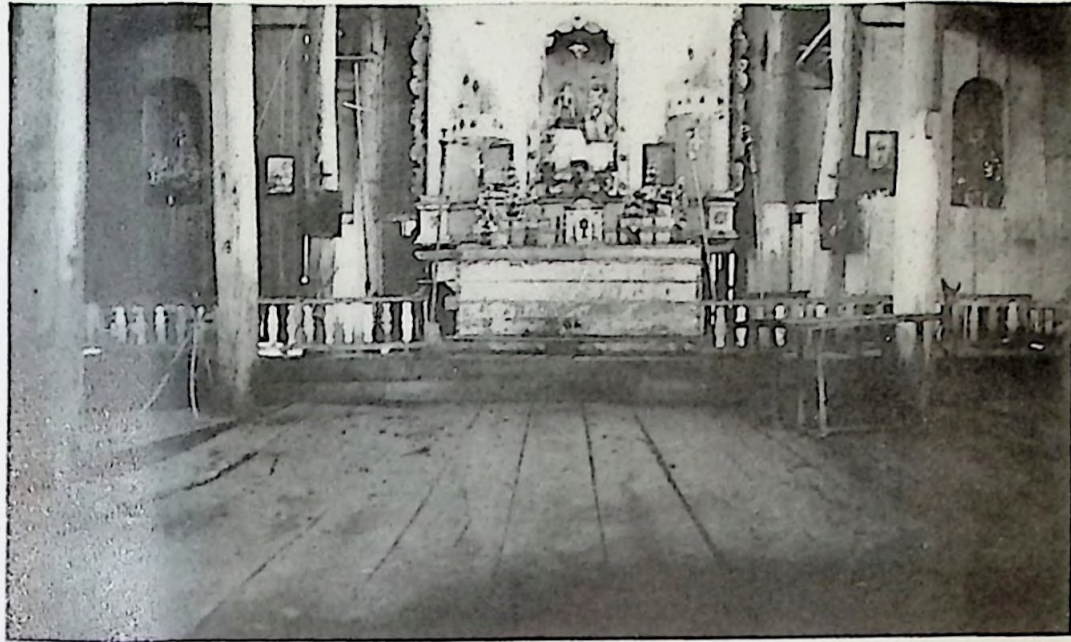
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Let us build a tabernacle

Such was the plea of Peter when, while witnessing the Transfiguration of our Lord, he proclaimed: "It is good for us to be here. . . . Let us make here three tabernacles, one for Thee, and one for Moses and one for Elias." The zeal of the Apostle's heart knew no bounds, and his mind was fixed on



A tabernacle in the Philippine Islands that calls for repair.

building a permanent abode where the glory of Jesus Christ might be preserved amongst men.

Peter's apostolic zeal fires the hearts of today's missionaries. They see the need of making temples of the Holy Ghost and tabernacles of the Most High God within the hearts and souls of the pagans for whom they labor. But they know that such temples and tabernacles will be protected and kept holy only if there be permanent and real tabernacles where the glory of Jesus Christ in the Holy Eucharist will be preserved amongst them.

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.

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.

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

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

Missions among the Indians of Alaska; and American Indian Missions in Washington, Idaho, Oregon and Montana are served by the Jesuits of the Oregon Province which is co-extensive with these States. The Province Mission Procurator is

REV. FRANCIS B. PRANGE, S.J.
Holy Cross, Alaska

There is a crying need to-day in all the missions of the American Jesuits for permanent churches. Old churches call for repair, new churches must be built, that in the tabernacles of these churches the glory of Jesus Christ may reside. But repairs to old churches and the erecting of new

churches call for money to meet the expenses.

Will you answer that call? Will you strive to accomplish Peter's desire and help to build these mission churches? Perhaps you haven't a fortune, and can't give the full amount needed even for one church. But you can give a few dollars or a few cents, which, added to other small gifts, will help the missionaries to erect tabernacles to house the glory of Jesus Christ. Your gift, however large or small it may be, will be deeply appreciated and may be sent to any one of the addresses listed below.

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.

The China Missions of the Jesuits of the California Province which comprises the States of California, Nevada, Utah and Arizona, are in Nanking, Shanghai and other sections of China. The Province Mission Procurator is

REV. WILLIAM J. DEENEY, S.J.
Sacred Heart Novitiate, Los Gatos, Calif.

The Southern States Missions are home missions in the rural districts of these States. The Jesuits of the New Orleans Province, which embraces the Southern States, are tilling these fields. The Province Mission Procurator is

REV. JEAN LAPEYRE, S.J.
4133 Banks St., New Orleans, La.

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

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

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



West meets East at Holy Cross Convent, Bettiah, Champaran, India. Sister Francis Xavier Killian, the first American Sister to go to the American Jesuit Mission of Patna, India, was formerly a registered nurse at St. John's Hospital, St. Louis, Mo. Seven years ago, she entered Holy Cross Convent at Merrill, Wisconsin, as a volunteer for Patna.

Music in the Air *Joseph M. Krim, S.J.*

AN aspiring soloist is making his bow to the public. His audience—a rollicking band of musicians, members of the Alpha Boys' Band of Kingston, Jamaica; his concert stage—the unsteady floor of a truck bowling along the mountain road one hundred and five miles from the Orphanage Home; his selection . . . well, tiny Williams is improvising his own melody, "mekkin' up de tune," and his circle of patrons is admir-



Father Joseph M. Krim, S.J., and his famous Alpha Band who, after their tragic experience en route to Montego Bay, now dream of their broken instruments and pray for others.

ing the budding Robeson. For the boys are on holiday. They are nearing the end of their trip to Father Becker's Garden Party at Montego Bay—the end of the island, and, as far as they know, the end of the world. "Momma Alphonsa" had packed a tasty lunch. She knew from experience that blowers of big horns have big stomachs! Kola bottles are opened and corned-beef sandwiches are munched blissfully. And as they dine there's music in the air. All's well with the world!

A sharp turn along the treacherous mountain road. The soloist's high G hangs in mid-air as the truck strikes against the side of the hill. The impact hurtles the precious human cargo against the opposite side of the truck . . . and then there really is music in the air! It seems as though all the notes of the scale crash and collide at once with a resultant "Rhapsody in Blue." Arpeggios, clefs, flats and sharps . . . Do Re Me and the rat-a-tat of exploding kola bottles, the hollow booming of drums rolling down the hillside, the metallic clashing of cymbals and horns . . . a cacophony of sound!

WHEN the instruments have silenced their shocked voices, we hear the pathetic whimpering and groaning of the wounded boys. Broken limbs, painful abrasions, cuts and bruises that make the red sashes of their white uniforms wider and a darker hue . . . it nearly had been the end of the world! Only a kind Providence prevented the accident from happening at a spot where the edge of the mountain road ran sheer down to the valley some hundreds of feet below.

Eight broken musicians were tenderly nursed in a nearby hospital. His Lordship, Bishop Emmet, and some of the Mission Fathers visited them—even Lady Den-

ham, wife of His Excellency, the Governor of Jamaica, came to cheer them. Best of all, their Guardian Angels, Sisters Alphonsa and Scholastica, rushed to their "picnics dem." And they dropped off to sleep somewhat like "Little Boy Blue"—to dream of broken trumpets.

"Mitto" seems to be destined as the hero of the tragedy. Not much bigger than the horn he tries to play, poor "Mitto" received the worst injuries. Unconscious for many hours, for a while very near the brink of another precipice, "Mitto" now lies swathed in a cast, a tiny mite with a big cross to carry. Whimpering in pain he grits his teeth and acts every inch a hero. One by one the other seven have been discharged from the hospital—but "Mitto" is still awaited at Alpha.

MEANWHILE, all undaunted, the Band boys have been making music in the air,—the survivors at least. Much of the musical manuscript is now worthless and the uniforms have come to the end of their usefulness. Presented by Fordham University many years ago, their white has turned to an ashen gray and the red sashes look forlorn. I used to call the boys the "Red Stripe Band," after a well-known beverage here in Jamaica. But red and white are not so marked now.

Have you ever heard of soap as a remedy for broken horns? The "Red Stripers" had patched up their long-used and now doubly-injured instruments with yellow soap. But the horns resented this indignity, and many a piece of soap was spouted into the eyes of the Band boys. Even trumpets have feelings! An appropriate piece for the occasion would have been, "I'm forever blowing bubbles!" Oh well! . . . let's play the "Rhapsody in Blue." Ready? One, two, three . . .

The Bells of Zi-ka-wei

Ralph J. Deward, S.J.

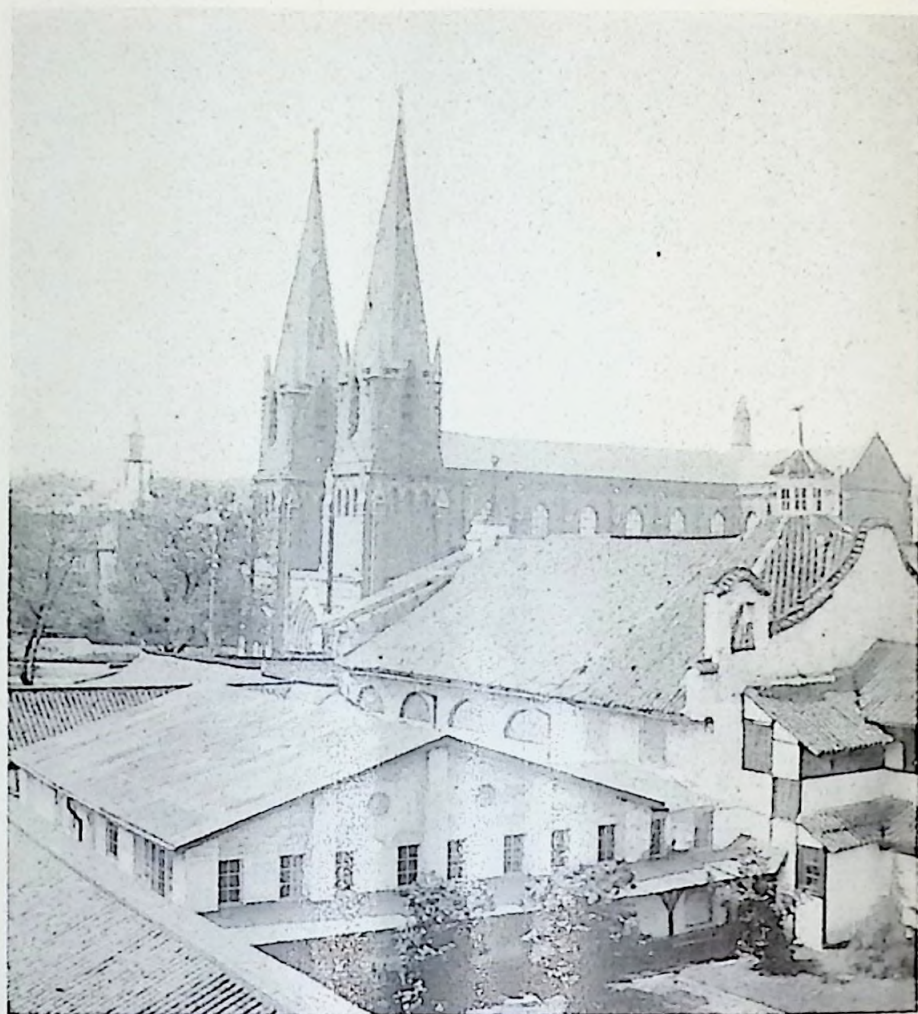


ANYONE who has spent but a few weeks in Shanghai would gather the conclusion that China is essentially a land of noise. It is true that not many miles from the din of the overpopulated city, one may be paddled along in a canal boat enjoying the serenity of the countryside as he passes through the never ending rice fields, whose quiet is unbroken save for the song of a bird or the gentle lapping of the water. But back once again in the city, the noise seems to have intensified. Poorly dressed coolies push and pull heavy loads on rickety carts that joggle over the cobble stones. Others, with lighter burdens suspended from bamboo poles, trudge along, uttering their "He-huh, huh-ho," chant that invariably accompanies the carrying of anything over four pounds. Merchants cry their wares and noisy brass bands announce a reduction sale. Children play about, taking the greatest pleasure in blowing whistles and beating pans. Beggars haunt the streets, crying piteously for an alms, and to add to all this, modern invention has brought us the taxis that wend and honk their way through heedless multitudes. Yet of all the sounds that prey upon the ear, the most impressive is that of the bells of Zi-ka-wei, impressive because of their significance, impressive because each peal is a call to the service of God.

ZI-KA-WEI lies just outside the French Concession, and is perhaps the most unique mission center in the world, comprising as it does, a beautiful cathedral, the main residence of the mission, a Jesuit theologate, St. Ignatius College for boys, the Zi-ka-wei Observatory, the girls' orphanage, the Normal School, the major and junior seminaries for native priests, the famous boys' orphanage of T'ou-se-we and the Carmelite monastery.

As the cathedral Angelus breaks the stillness of the early morning hours, each of the neighboring bells takes up the peal, and all through the day some bell here or there reminds us of the continual call to duty or prayer. The cathedral bells, ringing so long and often, bring to our minds the impressive picture of hundreds of native Chinese assisting devoutly at Mass and Communion; little children chanting their prayers; diminutive altar boys marching in a monthly procession of the Blessed Sacrament; the clear voices of a children's choir singing at Benediction. Now and then the sad tolling of the cathedral bells tells us of a Requiem Mass for some departed Christian.

The huge observatory clock, chiming out the quarter



"As the cathedral Angelus breaks the stillness of the early morning hours, each of the neighboring bells takes up the peal, and all through the day some bell here or there reminds us of the continual call to duty or prayer."

hour, checks off the hours of the day, reminding us of the invaluable information offered to coastwise shipping, as well as other scientific work of importance accomplished by the observatory staff. The bells of the several seminaries tell us of young men engaged in long hours of serious study and prayer, in order that China may soon have what is so badly needed, a large native clergy. The bells of the Normal School tell us of God's work being accomplished there in the selective training of youth to become catechists and teachers in our mission schools. The orphanage bells remind us of devoted Sisters day after day receiving abandoned infants, whose numbers annually run into the hundreds. We see them nursing the sickly, nourishing and caring for those that survive, teaching them and later training them in delicate needlework until they have acquired the greatest skill. The bells of T'ou-se-we tell us of orphaned boys under the direction of Jesuit Brothers, toiling in the printing department or acquiring the art of painting; working in the foundry or at wood-carving; all receiving a Christian education, as well as a knowledge of some useful trade. The bells of our Carmel remind us of saintly nuns whose sacrificial lives draw down God's blessing upon the labors of our missionaries, and whose prayers are causing the light of Faith to pierce the darkness of paganism. There are bells, too, that remind us of a group of old missionaries who, worn with the toil and hardship of apostolic life, are spending their declining days awaiting the Master's call.

May the bells of Zi-ka-wei continue to tell the story of heroic men and women who have come to China in God's service, to bring to a less fortunate people the knowledge and love of our Lord, Jesus Christ.

"Adios, Virginia!"

Joseph L. Lucas, S.J.

"VIRGINIA has gone away with the Angels." "Father says that the Angels came last night while she slept and carried her away to Heaven. Who will take her place in the *Flores de Mayo*?" Wisps of conversation, as our little Flowers of May assembled for their lovely May Devotions to Heaven's Queen on May twenty-third. Our leading angel of the *Flores de Mayo* ceremony had exchanged her crown and paper wings of this earth to become a lovely little angel before God's Throne in Heaven. For four years had she served at Mary's earthly shrine in Malaybalay, almost from the very dawn of reason, and now at the early age of ten she is called to serve at Mary's Shrine in Heaven.

The May Devotions here are beautifully simple and artistic, and have been handed down from generation to generation from earliest Spanish times. Two lines of little children, all carrying bouquets of fresh flowers, form before Our Lady's Shrine. At the end of the lines are little girls dressed in white, wearing a crown of flowers, each holding a wand to which is attached a large letter, all together spelling out the words, "*Ave Maria Sanctissima.*" As each Hail Mary in the Visayan dialect is sung, the little guardian angels escort one of the letter-angels to the shrine, until the whole invocation is completed. Then the little flower-angels are led to the shrine, where they place their blossoms at Mary's feet. The beautiful devotion is concluded with the hymn, "*Adios! Adios! Maria,*" when all the children bow low in rev-



The Queen and Princesses of Charity in the *Flores de Mayo* celebration at Malaybalay. The Queen is a sister of Virginia and a teacher in the first grade.

erence, and then file from the church still singing.

A DECADE ago, when the Angels attended Virginia's birth, they touched her eyes and heart with their magic wand, that her eyes should behold only beauty and her heart know only goodness. Very early in life she manifested an ardent love for the Immaculate Mother of God, and took greatest delight in her devotions to the Blessed Virgin Mary, especially in the *Flores de*

Mayo. Her duty was to lead the other children to Mary's Shrine, there to place sweet and tender blossoms, as a sign of their filial love, and a symbol of their pure and innocent hearts, a duty which she ever performed most seriously and devotedly. By her beauty
(Turn to page 251)



"All that was mortal of little Virginia lay in the tiny casket before the Shrine of Our Lady in the very spot where the little feet had trod so often . . . and another earthly angel performed the duty that she loved so well."

Storms and Floods in Texas

Carmelo

Tranchese, S.J.



HIS is not going to be a scientific dissertation. Writing for a missionary magazine that would be out of place. But, dear friends, have a little patience and you will see how Texas storms fit in with missionary work.

When you reach the borders of Mexico, you are told that you must not leave that country without having seen two things: a bull fight and a revolution. When you visit Texas, you cannot leave unless you have seen two things: a Texas steer and a Texas storm. Both are equally interesting. The steers

are huge oxen with exceedingly long horns which measure as much as twelve and fourteen feet from point to point. It is a magnificent sight to see these animals peacefully pasturing on the plains of Texas, and enjoying their trophy, the horns, in which lies their power, just as much as a king would enjoy the possession of his sceptre.

But a storm is something which once seen will never be forgotten. It reminds you that we are simply mortals, powerless,—and that God is all powerful. Everyone has witnessed a storm; but we who live in Texas are the only ones privileged to witness a Texas storm.

THESE storms generally take place in the evenings or very early in the mornings. You get up in the morning, say at 5:00. You notice at once that there is something out of the ordinary in the atmosphere, I would say something mysterious. Later, the sun comes up gallantly; then a few clouds, some insignificant spots in the sky, which play hide and seek with the sun. Mexican people will say at once that there is a storm coming. You will not believe them. The day goes by. The air is stuffy, heavy, charged with something strangely thick. The sun is still shining, the clouds are still very small. Gradually the sun is obscured. By this time the heat is almost unbearable. A few drops of rain begin to fall. You will welcome those drops. It is March or April, and you crave some rain. Those drops are large, heavy. Then a flash or two of lightning: *culebras*—"snakes," the Mexicans call them. Suddenly and without warning—there comes a whole artillery of thunder, ac-



The San Antonio emergency dam as it appears after a Texas storm.

panied and followed by sharp flashes of lightning. The water pours down in ever increasing torrents; then the sinister crash on the window panes and on the roof will tell you that the hail is there. And what a hail! I had read in the books when I used to go to school that the hail could reach the size of a walnut or of an apricot. I had never believed it. But when, on March 5, I went out of doors to see what the Texas hail was like, and I got a few stones on my head, I did believe this and much more than this. While the storm is going on, you are dazed, almost beside yourself. You would like to do something,—but what can you do? The window-panes crack and crash, the door, although closed, rattles constantly, the chimneys fall, the water floods everything . . . ah, what a sight! What an experience . . . ! The first storm, March 5, kept up about ninety minutes. The last, some four hours. That was May 10. During these four hours we had six inches of rain.

THE storm over, we go sadly around trying to figure out the extent of the damages. My first experience on March 5 was something which I shall never forget. In the church, in the house, in the school, almost all the windows were gone. The doors would not open, the screens had been torn away, the roofs had become like sieves. The force of the hailstones was so fierce that when these stones hit the screens the wires were cut as by a sharp instrument. In the middle of such a desolation, I felt as if all my energy and will power had left me. "*Domine quid est homo?*" All we could do was gather the broken glass, dry up the water, and praise

God for this visitation which had come from above.

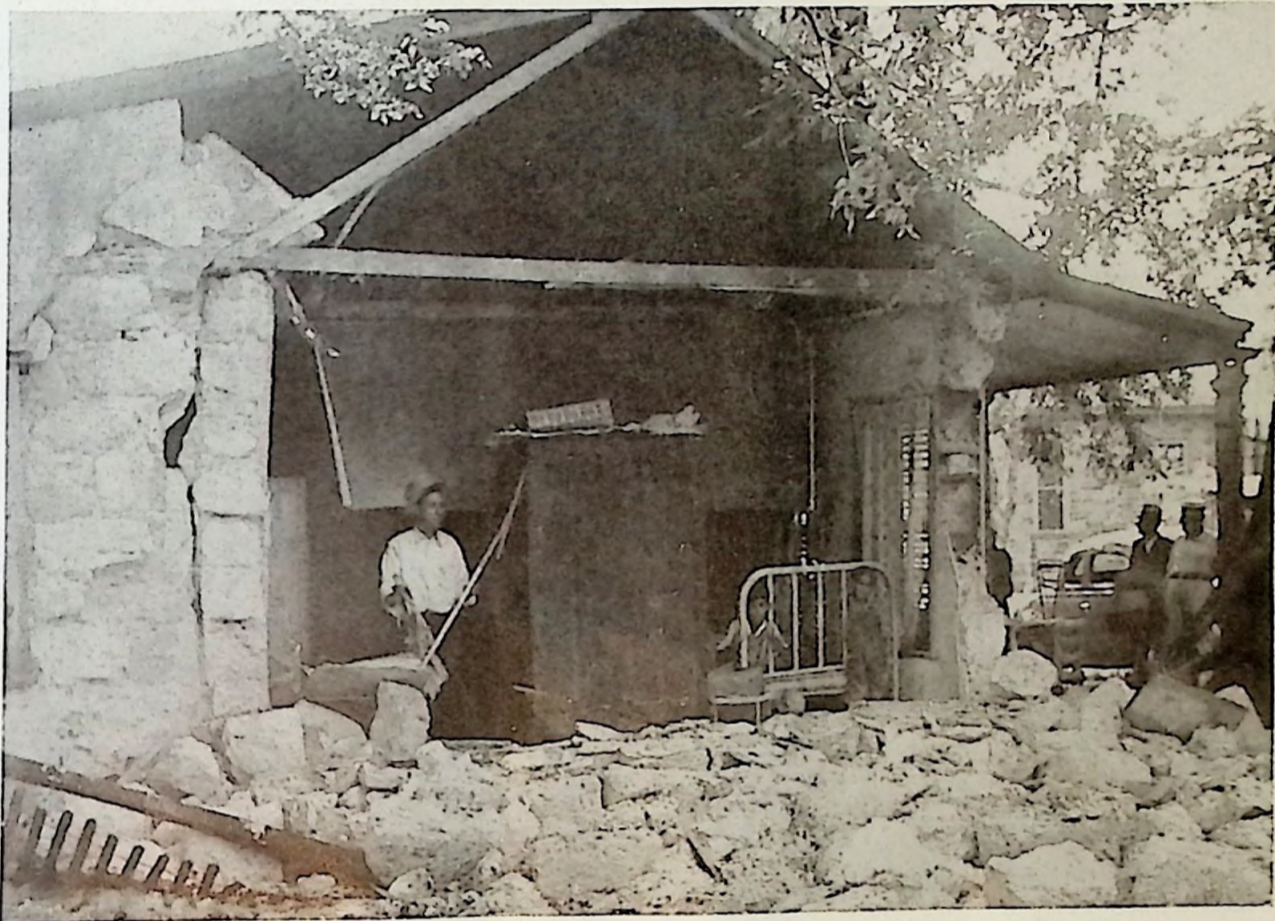
The worst was still to come. That night and next day and many days afterwards, the weather was very cold,—so cold that the working men could not start replacing the broken glass. How many panes were broken? One report said one hundred and twenty-five, another, one hundred and ninety; another two hundred and forty. We settled on two hundred and forty. The fact is that it took some three weeks with five men at work to replace them. Glass was so scarce in San Antonio at that time that we were very lucky to secure what we needed. That first storm cost San Antonio some two hundred and fifty thousand dollars in glass alone.

After nearly a month, in April, we had another storm. This was not so severe, but it was a storm just the same. Our damages were slight compared to the first one. And then a month later, the night of May 10, we were visited by the third storm. This last one did nearly a million dollars damage to poor San Antonio, and for us at Guadalupe Mission it was the climax of dire misfortune. We had hardly finished paying two hundred and fifty-seven dollars for the damages of the first storm when this other one came. Now we are repairing the roofs,—which will cost two hundred and fifty-four dollars, if there are no complications. We had to borrow most of this money. This is one,—or some—of the results of the famous Texas storms. But there is something more pitiful.

MOST of the Mexican houses of our Mission are very poorly built. They are just miserable shacks, put up with lumber from old houses. Many of these shacks are situated on both sides of a creek which usually runs very low. But when these storms come, the creek surges to a great height and floods these poor shacks. The evening of May 10 was a hard one for these poor people. They had to leave their dwellings and take shelter wherever they could. Men, women, children, hundreds of them, were homeless. The police and fire departments had a busy time trying to salvage what they could, and take the residents to the public school buildings, where they spent the rest of the night. Next morning the poor people returned to find their homes half wrecked, no roofs, no windows, their property carried away by the merciless flood water. Many of these people were helped by the relief; many applied to us for something to eat.

When these storms are raging, I do pray hard that there may be no sick calls. Usually there are. It is pre-

cisely then, when the rain or the thunder are at their best, that some remember that the sick in the house have not received the sacraments as yet. That is the best time for them to call. There is nothing else to do but go. On one occasion, after wading through muddy water, I reached a house that was only a shack with four "booths" which they called rooms. Three of them were simply flooded with the water coming down from the broken roof. The sick person was a young man about twenty-four years old,—in the last stages of consumption. The place was, naturally, very damp, the atmosphere stuffy and cold. After administering the sacraments, I asked the persons around how much rent



What was left of a house after a Texas storm had hit it. Other homes fared as badly.

they paid. An old man with an arm paralyzed, the sick boy's father, told me that he had been paying two dollars per week. I asked him if the boy had had any doctor. None. Had he anything to eat? Any milk? No. I got busy, called up the Tuberculosis Association, and a kind gentleman who is very interested in our work. They both came. It took almost four days before all the red tape could be gone through and a nurse and a doctor could come. Mr. Henderson, our friend, who knows how to get around things, saw to it that the sick boy had some help from the relief.

THIS storm came on Friday evening. Next Sunday we had three funerals on the same day and four more in the week: all poor people who had died as a result of the cold, dampness, etc. At the next meeting of the County Tuberculosis Association I made a plea for an Emergency Hospital for tuberculosis patients, for cases like the one just related. My relation of the case and my plea won the attention and good will of those present. A committee was named to interview the proper authorities and take the necessary steps for this hospital.

In the Land of the Chaldees

William J. Casey, S.J.

CHALDEA, what an age-old name! Old as the land which harbors little Baghdad College now passing through its infancy and aspiring to grow up in one of the palm groves of Sulaikh just at a point where the wide Tigris swings in its time-worn channel to sweep down past Baghdad a few miles below us.

The land of the Chaldees is ever changing and yet never changing. The old race, the old dress, the old customs still live on. But best of all, the age-old name has been Catholicized; for those Christians, once called Nestorians, but who have returned to union with the Vicar of Christ, bear the proud name of "Chaldean" Catholics. Their Patriarch is our dear and venerable friend, His Beatitude, Joseph Emanuel II, Patriarch of Babylon over the Chaldeans.

I think I shall never forget my first introduction to the Chaldean ritual. Our Fathers went with our Chaldean boys to their ceremonies for the jubilee year of the Holy Father. Later we assisted at the ceremonies of all the Oriental Rites combined. Off one of the narrow lanes of Baghdad's Christian quarter, the Chaldean church, much too small for its increasing Faithful, was packed to its doors with women in rustling mantles and sturdy looking men and boys. It was inspiring; the Chaldean prayers sung from the foot of the altar, and the church resounding heartily to the universal singing of the responses; His Beatitude standing there in his red robes, himself directing the singing of his flock by the movement of his hands. And how they responded to the



A Chaldean woman from Tel Keif.

slightest movement of those hands! It was a living realization of the words of the Good Shepherd: "I know Mine and Mine know Me." They have known one another in sacrifice. When a young man studying under the Jesuit Fathers at Beirut, it was his desire to become a Jesuit, but he was advised to become a priest among his own Chaldeans. It was his first great sacrifice for them. Born among them at Al Kosh in 1852, and Patriarch of Babylon over the Chaldees since 1902, God alone knows at what personal sacrifice he watched over and guided that flock through the troublous times of Sultan Abdul Hamid, never letting it wander from the great shepherd at Rome who is the Vicar of Christ. Even the Nestorians come to him to profess their love and reverence. He took delight in telling us that on one such occasion he picked up a little Nestorian child and sat him in the chair of honor (*Turn to page 251*)



His Beatitude, Joseph Emmanuel II, Patriarch of Babylon over the Chaldeans, and members on the Faculty of Baghdad College. Left to right: William J. Casey, S.J., Father Augustine C. Wand, S.J., Very Rev. William A. Rice, S.J., Rector, Father John A. Mifsud, S.J., Father J. Edward Coffey, S.J., His Beatitude, Joseph Emmanuel II, Father Frank B. Sargeant, S.J., Father John J. Scanlon, S.J., Father Joseph P. Merrick, S.J., and Father Cheikho.

Bonze Number Two *George Marin, S.J.*

DURING this age of specialization, the district of Sutsien, in the Mission of Süchow, has for its specialty the conversion of bonzes! On my arrival there in the early Winter of 1928, my first tryout as a missionary, I noticed a wonderful bell of silvery tones hanging in an improvised scaffolding near the church. Wondering why my predecessor had purchased such a beautiful bell whilst everything else in the mission compound, chapel, residence and schools were in such a wretched condition, I was told that the bell was a legacy of a converted bonze. This convert had been most zealous and edifying. He died a few years previously, bequeathing to the missionary all his wealth to buy the bell which would for years to come replace him in singing the praises of the Lord, and continue to call Catholics to common prayer.

Since then, Sutsien has been completely renewed with new schools, a new residence, and particularly with a beautiful little church in whose lofty tower hangs the gift of the bonze. This bell tower has lately been the occasion for the grace of God to lead another bonze to the light of Truth. By means of the church bell, bonze number one has been the means of drawing to the true fold bonze number two! And the life of this latter bonze is a little epic of its own.

LI FUCHENG, as he is called, came from the neighboring province of Anhwei. From early childhood he was given by his parents to a Buddhist monastery to be schooled as a bonze. But at the age of twelve, finding the life too dull and monotonous, he ran away. After roaming about, he finally enrolled in a revolutionary army. As luck would have it, this army was badly beaten. Then the restless Li Fucheng determined upon another career. He became a school teacher, during which time his mind was imbued with many new ideas; he waged battle against all superstitions, and personally destroyed many idols in neighboring temples.

But troubles began for Li Fucheng. His wife died, and one after another, all of his children. Whereupon poor Li, like a storm-tossed vessel without a rudder, traveled from place to place seeking for a solution to the problems of life. To make matters worse, a bonze told him that these trials were a punishment of the gods for having deserted their temple as a boy, and for having destroyed their idols. The bonze went further, saying that his wife and children were in hell. Should he desire to regain peace for them and eternal bliss for himself, he should become a fervent bonze. After re-



Jesuit missionaries of Süchow returning to their mission stations after a conference at headquarters.

flecting upon the matter, Li once again entered a Buddhist monastery. However, Buddhist doctrines could not satisfy his craving for a solution of life's problems, especially since some of his confreres were rather lax in morals. He traveled from temple to temple, searching for a group of fervent bonzes. Finally, Li Fucheng became a sort of superior of two or three famous temples in Yangchow.

IN this city an American Protestant minister made his acquaintance, and each time that he met him, he gave Li Fucheng pamphlets and books to read. But the latter was rather anti-foreign then, and as soon as he received the literature, threw it into the wastebasket or burned it. Then what happened? The poor minister, having heard of this, begged him as a favor to promise to read entirely just the one book that he was about to give him, and after reading it, to kneel down and pray to the Lord. The promise was made and faithfully executed. Li was always sincere. After praying to the Lord, he was touched by Divine grace and believed in Christ. Thereupon, he followed instructions, was baptized and became the minister's catechist.

Then the troubles of 1927 arose. The Protestant minister was forced to leave for America and entrusted his flock to the care of Li Fucheng. But here once again Divine Providence intervened.

One day Li met a Catholic missionary in the person of Father de Bodman, S.J., now deceased. In chatting with him, he was struck by these words of the Father, "Protestantism has a part of the truth, but it is far from being complete." Out of friendly respect for Father de Bodman, Li accompanied him to Shanghai when the priest was forced to take refuge there. Li, now an ardent apostle of Protestantism, dreamed of converting China to Christ. He thought that the best way to begin would be to convert all the bonzes. Not a bad idea! With this end in view he once again be- (Turn to page 251)

and of Fire (Continued)

John A.
Morrison, S.J.

setting: Patna Mission India. An American is recounting to himself some of the difficulties of his apostolate, as he pushes his bicycle along the road. Among other things he recalls the story of Muni Lal, a Hindu lad, who had attended the Catholic school. Unexpectedly, Ram had secured his father's permission to become a Christian, and had taken up his abode with the missionary.

AND then the hurricane broke. Ram Lal's uncle paid Shyam Sundar (Ram's father) a visit and learned what had befallen his nephew. No newfangled ideas had made any impression on Muni Lal's orthodoxy. This was

he thought, and must be recalled at least to have taught a lesson and not to make him forget his foolishness. Shyam Sundar remonstrated; the uncle listened in earnest and said that he was about to choose his own future. His brother-in-law reminded Shyam Sundar of the mortgage he had on his house and lands, stating that unless the money were brought back by the next evening he would foreclose on that very property. His father was help-

less. In the morning he went to Parbattipur to the bungalow to tell Muni Lal. Nothing could be done and a sad young man returned home with his head down. But his troubles had now begun. Muni Lal

thought that the boy be purified and reinstated in the caste. Brahmans were called and feasted. Ram Lal was forced to eat and drink Ganges water, and he was obliged to perform other ceremonies that were never recorded. When the boy was once more according to the Hindu idea, his uncle took him home, threw him down and caned him until Shyam Sundar rushed into the room and stopped him. As the missionary learned from one of Ram Lal's neighbors. He himself had not seen the boy.

Thus musing on the sad fate of the brave little Hindu boy, the Padre Sahib pushed his cycle along the road to his bungalow which was situated at the end of a village of Indian Christians some three miles from Parbattipur. After a bath and a wash, the missionary retired to a darkened room

for a siesta, telling Peter, his cook and man of all work, to call him in an hour.

But Peter never called the priest. It seemed to him that he had just closed his eyes when he was awakened—in a heavy sweat in spite of the fact that the curtains on the verandah had been lowered to keep out the heat and the room also had been darkened—by loud shouting from the Christian village. Hastily getting up and throwing on a white cassock, the priest went out onto his verandah to learn the cause of the commotion.

He was not long in discovering the reason for the excited shouting. Off in the direction of Parbattipur a huge column of black smoke was being whirled up and

whipped about by the hot wind which had not abated since his morning trip. The missionary whistled softly to himself as he realized what story that swirling column of smoke told. This was no ordinary dry season fire in which one or two houses were lost. It was evident that a good part of Parbattipur was blazing, and if this wind was in an unfavorable direction, the entire village would probably be lost. Only a few of the houses in Parbattipur were constructed of brick, and even these had many parts that were inflammable. All the other houses were made of bamboo wattles and thatching grass which the protracted drought and intense heat had so dried that they would burn on the least contact with spark or

flame. Of course, there was no fire fighting apparatus. But he could not stand where he was and watch the village burn. Perhaps some part at least might be saved. Hastily snatching up a sun helmet without which it would have been suicide for him to venture out on such a day, and calling to Peter to come and help, the priest tucked up his cassock and set out at a run across the fields towards the burning village.

BUT he did not run far. Men simply do not run on such days. The sun was at full strength almost directly overhead, and the bare ground of the fields radiated a hot glare from beneath. After a sprint of perhaps fifty yards, the priest slowed down to a trot and then to a walk: and thus walking when he had to and trotting short distances when he was able, he approached the doomed village.

A VISION SPLENDID

(Lines addressed to a Religious taking vows)

GEORGE T. BERGEN, S.J.

Faith, and I saw no more through mortal eyes!
All things about me seemed to fall away,
To fade, as shadows at the dawn of day:
I saw, yet did not see; then in surprise,
Startled, though glad, I woke as from a dream . . .
Your awful words, that Suscipe intoned
In purest strains to Him Who lay enthroned
Before you there amid the humble sheen
Of gilt and gold, unsettled for a space
The mystic shroud which floats in hoary drifts
About our outward sense, and through the rifts
There came a gleam of that celestial Grace.
Blinding my common vision it arrayed
All common things in Heaven's splendid light.
I saw but for a moment 'ere the white
Dank mists of time once more cast all in shade;
But in that fleeting glimpse I saw Christ bend
All radiant from His throne, and softly bless,
In words that spoke of fondest Love's caress,
You, as you rose, not Servant now, but Friend!

Fully half of its houses were burning fiercely, the hungry flames roaring and crackling as they consumed the dry materials out of which the buildings were constructed. Great billows of hot black smoke rose high above the leaping flames, scorching and withering the leaves of the plantain and neem trees that partly shaded street and tiny courtyards, now hiding, and as the wind shifted, now revealing the houses of the village that had not yet been burned. Women and children gathered out in the fields with what scanty articles they had been able to snatch up, weeping and moaning in despair as they watched the cruel fire demon destroy their all, while they stood by powerless to withstand him. Men whose houses were already destroyed ran here and there aimlessly shouting and wringing their hands instead of trying to save the houses that yet remained. Villagers whose homes yet stood were making frantic efforts to save as much of their goods as possible, working until the intense heat of the advancing flames drove them from their burning dwellings, often with singed hair and eyebrows.

IT had all happened so suddenly and unexpectedly. A gust of wind had carried a live spark from the bowl of Padmini's *hookah* on to the thatch roof of her little hut. There it had smouldered and burst into flame. Losing her head completely, the startled old woman ran into her house to hide, instead of crying out and running for help as she should have done. She had seen other villages go up in smoke before; what would her neighbors do if they knew that she had been the cause of this one's burning? Very soon the heat and smoke drove her choking and gasping out into the open, but still she did not give the alarm. Instead, she had run stumbling into the fields back of her house. It was only when fat old Ram Prasad, dozing in his doorway, had been aroused by a strange roaring and crackling sound and had looked up to see the roof of the house across the road transformed into a blazing inferno and had bellowed out a frantic and stentorian "*Ag lagal ba! Ag lagal ba!*" that the villagers knew anything untoward had happened. But then the wind had begun whipping the flames from house to house, and thinking that it was useless to try and check the flames, the villagers wished only to save themselves.

Shielding himself as best he could from the heat radiating from the blazing houses, the Padre Sahib went

along the fields to that portion of the village that had not yet burned. Ram Lal's house was on the western side of town in a part that was blazing fiercely, but he could see neither the boy nor his father. There was one block of houses at the extreme eastern edge of the village, cut off from the main section by a few rows of plantain trees, and the priest thought that if houses on the west of the plantain trees were knocked down and carried away, the fire might not be able to leap the wide breach thus formed and that one section could be saved.

He hurriedly explained the plan to Peter and to the masters of two of the houses. These reluctantly gave their consent. Before beginning to demolish the huts, the priest tried to form some kind of bucket brigade from



"All the other houses were made of bamboo wattles and thatching grass which the protracted drought and intense heat had so dried that they would burn on the least contact with spark or flame."

a nearby well, but it was a question of each man for himself and no one would listen to him. Even though their huts were doomed, the owners vainly tried to save them, running to the well with water jugs, hurrying back to splash what water had not been spilled on the return journey onto their walls and roofs, and then fleeing helplessly as the scorching heat drove them back.

WHEN the missionary began to cave in bamboo and wattle walls with heavy jolts from his shoulder, and together with Peter and the two other men to remove sections of the thatch, some grasped the idea of making the breach and also helped. Boys brought plantain leaves, and dipping them in jugs of water that some of their mothers and sisters had the presence of mind to bring, beat out sparks and blazing embers that fell on roofs knocked down by the workers but not yet carried away.

Only a few houses were left in the breach, and there was hope that the eastern end (Turn to page 251)

This is Camanocan *James G. Daly, S.J.*

WE motored up to Camanocan early in April to dedicate the new Cathedral of San Vicente Ferrer. Perhaps the settlement received its name from the wild chickens formerly found in those hills, since *manok* is chicken in the language spoken here. Occasionally even now, one runs across one of those wild chickens on expeditions into the wooded mountains. At first you think you have come upon a large bird as the chicken takes to fleet wings for a long low fly to a secluded thicket. If their great grandparents had not strayed from their first homes in safer zones, the few wild chickens now at large would not behold their number fast approaching extinction, preyed upon as they are by the smoking musket, if they have the good fortune to escape the foxes, wild cats, mountain eagles and another deadly enemy ever on their trail, a long fleet lizard that grows over one yard in length. This is Camanocan.

SAN ROQUE, who shares popular honors with San Vicente, has a well deserved vacation in the month of April, when San Vicente is on every lip and in every heart. Armand J. Guicheteau, S.J., and Richard H. Dowling, S.J., who were visiting this Mission before their return to Woodstock for theology, after completing their regency in Manila, went along with me in the Rolls Royce to Camanocan. I doubt if Mr. Ford could



Armand J. Guicheteau, S.J., and Richard H. Dowling, S.J., standing with natives before the Cathedral of San Vicente Ferrer, Camanocan.

recognize this model from his Detroit factory, as it has many purple patches where it has been shingled over in frequent repairs. If it is possible for us to invest in a bargain car on a merciful instalment, we may donate an interesting antique to the Smithsonian Institute. If this antique were safe as well as historical, we could not bear a parting with a faithful old friend. Believe it or not, with no knee action on wheel or axle, and no stream lines on the cubic model, old Rolls Royce rolled over that elliptical convex concave highway up the hills and dumped us out at Camanocan, steaming like the Express from Chicago when it clangs into the Grand Central Terminal. This is Camanocan.

THE late morning Mass, Low Mass, since there was no choir for the usual *fiesta* High Mass, consoled the loyal hearts of a crowded cathedral, and after Mass the periodic striking of a suspended iron bar served as an improvised bell to summon the babes for Baptism. Rather ingenious, the two artillery pieces we found firing off at the cathedral portals, made from four inch bamboo, three yards long, poised at an angle to keep a small
(Turn to page 252)



After the dust of the battle has settled, the knightly riders of the joust rest their mounts.



Newly-weds of Akulurak Mission, Alaska.

WE were off for our first big trip of the season. The dogs had been well hardened by daily trips to the black fish and mink traps. Four good fast trips to the reindeer camp for meat had also been marked up to their credit. We were now set to go to the Kusilvak Mountains and the Black River district with its numerous lakes and widely scattered villages. The Kusilvak Mountains seem much higher than they really are. This is due to their abrupt ascent from a dead level of tundra waste. On the low lying tundra which spreads all around the mountains there is not even a tree to obstruct the dreary monotony of the landscape.

The mountains themselves serve both as a guidepost and as a barometer to dog mushers. The Eskimo can gauge weather conditions unerringly by the formation of clouds hanging about the mountains. In March and April, when the day stretches long into the night, queer, fantastically shaped mirages spring up about the mountains. Sometimes these take the shape of towering citadels and cathedrals, at other times mountain crags are multiplied out in the tundra.

Banjo, Ukelele, Saxaphone, Monkey, Pepper, Scotty, Uzok and Stick-in-the-Mud, with Berry at the lead, were tugging at the tow line, yelping to be off. My two hundred pounds, swathed in furs, was standing on the brake. My Eskimo boy with a nod from me "*Upskena*"—"Are you ready?") unleashed the tug-line from the hitching post—and we were off over the hard tundra. Before Christmas this year we have had very little snow in Alaska. Unprotected by their regular blanket, the ground

Mushing Along

Paul C.

and the lakes have frozen very hard. Some of the creeks have frozen to their very beds. If the weather keeps on the ice may stay with us the bigger part of our Summer. Of course, down here on the Yukon Delta we are only a few miles from the sea. We thus have a tide even in the sloughs, and for this reason there is always an overflow affording fresh skating every twenty-four hours for the boys of Akulurak. Just a few days ago I took a fifteen mile jaunt with my boys on skates, and before the trip was over wished that I had not been quite so ambitious!

Over the tundra we flew, bouncing from one niggerhead to another until I began to wish that sleds were equipped with balloon tires. From tundra we dropped down on inland lakes swept smooth as glass by the play of winds from all directions. It was here that I breathed a prayer of gratitude for the thoughtfulness of the Brother in putting on ice breaks on the sled to keep it from swerving over the polished ice.

LIKE the wind we sped. We were on the broad surface of the Kwimlih now. Just about four miles on the other side of Panrevik, the Kwimlih broadened almost into an inland sea. All at once there was a cracking of the tide ice. I yelled to the dogs,—“Mush! Mush!” I cried. We were not quick enough. The heavy sled dropped into a foot of water and stayed put. Ten minutes were spent in splashing around in icy water. We pulled and hauled and yelled, and again were finally off with nothing but soaking reindeer boots and wet feet to mar the trip. Fortunately the weather was not too cold—only eight above—so an hour or so running would keep me from freezing before I reached a native cabin for dinner.

Wet feet on the trail can become very disagreeable. However, on this occasion I reached a nice clean cabin of two of our old mission children and was well taken care of. My boots were pulled off while I supped steaming coffee; fresh straw was inserted and then they were hung up to dry. I dug out dry socks from my bag and all was ship-shape again.

At 11:20, I was off again over a new and trail-less country heading straight for the mountains. After an hour or so on the trail, I saw a black fox about two hundred yards away curiously watching the dogs straining at their harness. I stepped on the brake, but Mr. Fox was off before I could so much as reach for my rifle. If I had been a trapper instead of a missionary, I would have started after him, but I had a long journey ahead of me and no time to waste. Just beyond this point, while sliding down into a little lake, my dogs spotted a mink at the far end. Off they went, yelping with delight. I put all my strength on the brake, but the dogs sped across the lake after the frightened mink like greased lightning. The mink slipped into a hole just in time. I veered the dogs off to the left with a hearty “Haw.” Two days later, another mink would not be so successful.

AROUND 2:30 the sky began to darken. It would be dark before 4:00. I must make time if I expected to escape a bivouac for the night. Following a compass in the dark lacks every element of fun. Just at 4:00 P.M., we dropped into the Nantivik Slough and we had our bearing. One could follow a slough no matter how dark the night. A long way from the village the dogs got the scent of their husky brothers. With an extra spurt, completely oblivious of the fatigue of the day, they raced over the last lap of the journey.

Nantivik consists of two habitations—one a log cabin and the other a dugout. I handed my dogs over to one of the boys and decided to make a tour of inspection before choosing my lodging

The Bering Coast

or, S.J.

for the night. The cabin looked more promising from the outside, but on entering I found no less than twelve people huddled in the surroundings that would make one prefer the cold, crisp air of the broad outdoors. I greeted all the inhabitants cordially and after a few words passed over to the dugout. I found it even though underground. Only three people lived here, and this, I decided, would be my resting place for the night.

On these trips I generally go pretty well provided with food. The Eskimos will give you what they have, but this may be all the way from an eel to a muskrat. On this occasion I was treated to a nice Arctic hare. I seasoned the cooking myself, so the meal quite palatable. As a rule, coming in from the trail, anything is eaten with relish. I have stored away beaver and porcupine after spending nine hours on the trail and found them the most tasty of foods. Off the trail, I must confess I am a bit more circumspect!

After supper I gave the current news of the trail, spoke of the snow which is so abundant this year and then prepared for a little instruction. Afterwards, followed rosary and confessions. The night was spent on the ground floor. Mice are ubiquitous this year, but for once I was not bothered with the pesky little fellows. These nights they actually presume the warmth of my sleeping bag.

WAS up at 4:30 and by 5:15 was saying Mass with the little dugout packed to the brim. The Holy Sacrifice is ever the simplest of mysteries no matter how lowly the surroundings. I think of Christmas and the Manger when I celebrate Mass in these humble habitations. At 7:00 A.M., I was off again in the penetrating air of the morning. It would be a long hard day on the trail. Luckily, I had a boy going in my direction to set his traps. At noon we were at the foot of the mountains. A bear stood still for two shots but the distance was too great for successful hunting. The lakes at the foot of the mountains are always swept by the winds. There is open water here also. Attention for the next few hours would be strictly on mushing. We avoided all dangerous places. On rounding the mountain we slipped into the Black River. Here the team ahead of me came



Akulurak Eskimo smiles for mission lovers the world over.

near getting a cold bath. Vigilance on the part of the musher saved all but two dogs from going under. The leader and swing dog went down, but managed to get up on solid ice again. We gave this hole a wide berth. After almost ten hours on the trail we finally reached our destination, too tired to think of anything but a warm supper and repose under a bear skin.

There is nothing special to note about this night's rest, but I recall one night when I was awakened by a continuous smacking that seemed to come pretty close to my head. There was nothing in sight, but the noise continued. It appeared to come from a harmless looking gunny sack. Curiosity finally got the better of me. I peered into the sack and found it full of black fish, smacking against one another in endless activity. These sturdy little creatures are known to live for over a week out of water.



"We were off for our first trip of the season. The dogs had been well hardened by daily trips to the black fish and mink traps."

OCTOBER

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JESUIT MISSIONS

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An Important October Date

SUNDAY, October twentieth, has been designated as "Mission Sunday" for the Catholic Church throughout the world. Because of certain local conditions, some dioceses of the United States have dedicated a different Sunday of the year to this cause, but the spirit of that day for them is the same. The purpose of Mission Sunday is largely educational. Of course, it is hoped that special financial assistance will be given more generously that day, but in no sense is it to be understood that help given to the missions is to be confined to one day of the year. Mission aid is rather one of those deep Catholic charities which calls for attention the year round. All Catholics have a share in the responsibility of carrying out the commission of Christ to go and teach all nations. For many, the direct mission apostolate in fields afar is not possible, but for them especially there is the duty of lending help financially.

One hears now and then, in some form or other, the complaint that it would seem to be unwise to send men and means to foreign mission fields when the need at home is so great. This, however worldly wise it may seem, is not the supernatural wisdom that has guided the Church in her extensive mission apostolate. Her position is well expressed, at least in part, in lines quoted from the writings of Cardinal Manning.

"It is because we have need of men and means at home that I am convinced we ought to send both men and means abroad. In exact proportion as we freely give what we have freely received will our work at home prosper, and the zeal and the number of our priests be multiplied. This is the test and the measure of Catholic life among us. The missionary spirit is the condition of growth, and if the Faith is to be extended at home, it must be by our aiding to carry it abroad. To say that we are overwhelmed with local claims and home wants, and that the money expended for Foreign Missions had

better be spent on the spiritual destitution at our own doors, is the most shallow and the most miserable of delusions."

Surely, if the great Cardinal could write thus to his English Catholics when the needs of England were so pressing and her Catholic population so small, we of the Catholic Church in the United States ought to feel the greater call to do things on a large scale for the missions. Our very power should make us increase our efforts for the missions, and on the other hand, our very great needs of apostolic work here at home should impel us to finer generosity in foreign fields in accordance with the policy so well expressed by England's famous Cardinal.

Here is precisely where Mission Sunday has its place. It aims to place before our people the full meaning of the missions. It aims to educate them to the missions by explaining the principles behind mission interest and to lay before them the story of the expansion of the Church throughout the world. And that story is most fascinating in its details drawn from every country and every clime. There is scarcely a part of the world into which our missionary priests, Sisters and Brothers have not penetrated or are not planning to penetrate.

No obstacle is too great for them, be it climate, food, persecution, caste or other social custom hostile to the advance of Christianity, idol worship, devil worship, or any of the thousand difficulties presented in opposition to the spread of the Kingdom of Christ. The accounts of heroic deeds and heroic lives on the missions should be told our people at home to increase their interest. These missionaries working in the field should be considered as the representatives of Catholics at home. The greater the contact we can establish between missionaries afield and our people at home, the greater help will be given to carry on the work. This work of information and education in the mission cause is decidedly the work of Mission Sunday. Let us hope and pray that the work carried on this year on October twentieth will result in a noticeable increase in mission enthusiasm, and in a greater support given to the Society for the Propagation of the Faith and every other Society or Religious Order or Congregation entrusted with the care of missions. Upon priests, Sisters and teachers especially rests the responsibility of making Mission Sunday a success, for the power of the pulpit, the rostrum and the platform is preeminently theirs. Consoling for them should be the story of what Catholic America has already done; challenging for them should be the realization of the vast work that still remains.

Vatican Mission Broadcast

THE Vatican Radio Station is organizing a hook-up with American Radio stations for a broadcast on Tuesday, October eighth. This broadcast will take place at three-thirty o'clock, Greenwich middle time (15:30 G.M.T.)—about 10:30 A.M., Eastern Standard Time,—on a short wave length of 19.84 meters. The subject of the broadcast will be: "Catholic America and the Missions." Readers of JESUIT MISSIONS are invited to listen in to this broadcast from the center of Christendom.

The Mission Intention

The Missionary Union of the Clergy

THE Missionary Union of the Clergy, organized in behalf of the missions, was first proposed by a Father of the Foreign Mission Society of Milan in 1915, and approved by the Congregation of Propaganda in 1916. With the support of Benedict XV and Pius XI, it has since spread throughout the entire Catholic world, so that today out of 320,000 Catholic priests, about 115,000 are members. Its activities embrace the entire field of missionary action and include in particular among other objectives: (1) prayer, apropos of which each priest obligates himself to say the Votive Mass for the Propagation of the Faith once a year; (2) missionary education which is promoted by conferences, congresses and the support of the press,—each country wherein the Union exists having its own Review; (3) vocations, the need of which is poignantly evident when we realize that while 320,000 priests care for 350,000,000 Catholics, only 13,000 priests are in charge of 1,000,000,000 infidels; (4) the conversion of the Protestants, whose dissension is the scandal of the mission world and an obstacle to the spread of the true Faith; and finally, (5) an increase in the actual membership of the Missionary Union of the Clergy. May the apostolic Heart of Jesus make this Union flourish and bear fruit, and may it instill in the hearts of all our priests a universal zeal for souls, modeling them after the pattern of Its own most Sacred Heart. Prayer is also asked for the Societies of the Propagation of the Faith, of the Holy Childhood and of St. Peter the Apostle.



The Mass of the Missions

Domine Non
Sum Dignus
(Continued)

Great is the humility of the priest, yet not so great as to destroy his confidence in the mercy and the generosity of his Lord, and, therefore, with a sanctifying fear and an assured faith, with wondering hope and anxious love, the priest first crosses himself with the Sacred Host, praying as he does so: "May the Body of our Lord Jesus Christ preserve my soul unto everlasting life. Amen."

The invitation of the Host: "Take ye and eat," has been heeded.

Now at last he is united with His God by the Sacrifice and Sacrament of Love.

"My Beloved to me and I to Him. I found Him . . . and I will not let Him go." (Cant. ii, 16; iii, 4.)

"Thou hast created me for Thyself, O Lord, and my heart will never rest until it rests in Thee and Thou in me." "For what have I in Heaven, and besides Thee what do I desire upon earth? For Thee (O Lord!), my flesh and my heart hath fainted away; Thou art the God of my heart, and the God that is my portion forever." (Ps. lxxii, 25, 26.)

Uncovering the chalice, he genuflects in adoration before the Sacred Blood.

We adore Thee, O Christ and we bless Thee, because by Thy Holy Blood Thou hast redeemed the world.

With the paten he gathers the fragments of the Host from the corporal and deposits them within the chalice.

"What shall I render to the Lord for all the things that He hath rendered unto me?"

For "I have not wherewith to make Thee recompense" (Luke xiv, 14), for "Thou (O Lord) art my God, for Thou hast no need of my goods." (Ps. xv, 2.)

Naught in me is worthy of Thee, my God. Thou alone art worthy of Thyself. Therefore: "I will take the chalice of salvation and I will call upon the Name of the Lord. In praise I will call upon the Lord and from my enemies I shall be saved."

With the chalice of his Savior's Blood, the priest blesses himself, and as he does so he beseeches for his soul this grace, a sacred grace, the grace of the full fruits of the Sacrifice, the grace of the sacrament's most perfect boon, the salvation of his immortal soul.

"May the Blood of the Lord, Jesus Christ, preserve my soul unto everlasting life. Amen."

The Victim has been consumed. The Sacrifice has been completed. The memorial of Christ's Passion and His death has been consummated.

"What we have taken with our mouth, O Lord, may we receive with a pure mind, and from a temporal gift may It become for us an everlasting remedy."

While he thus prays, the priest purifies the chalice with wine which he then consumes.

*Father Joaquin Martinez Manrique, S.J., of the Province of Leon, Spain, murdered by brigands in the Anhwei Province, China, April 7, 1935.
R. I. P.*

The Body and Blood of Christ is called a "temporal gift": (1) because it remains within us only as long as the species of bread and wine remain within us.

P R O X I E S

Our constant appeal on this page that readers of JESUIT MISSIONS subscribe to the magazine, and that subscribers renew their subscription may appear to many as a one-sided proposition. It seems that it is always a case of your giving but not getting. May we presume to correct that notion?

Each and every one of us has been enjoined to "go . . . and preach the Gospel to every creature." Few of us have done the preaching, fewer still have gone to preach. And why? For reasons far too numerous to mention, and much too valid to question. They can be summed up simply by saying—we can't go, and we can't preach.

Still we have the obligation of winning souls to God, of spreading Christ's Kingdom. And because so many can't go we suggest that they subscribe to JESUIT MISSIONS. But what's the connection? The American Jesuit missionaries have gone and are preaching the Gospel. They want as many as possible to share in the reward of their labors. They are anxious to act as proxies for those who can't go to the foreign missions, and who want to do the work Christ has given them to do.

Subscribers to JESUIT MISSIONS are missionaries in that they give support to the foreign missionaries, always by prayer and often by alms. Subscribers to JESUIT MISSIONS automatically appoint the American Jesuit missionaries as their proxies in the work of the foreign missions. Subscribers to JESUIT MISSIONS, while they stay at home, give heed to Christ's command, and merit to share in the reward that is promised to those who give up home and country to show the way to the eternal home for millions who sit in the darkness of paganism. Subscribers to JESUIT MISSIONS do the impossible by overcoming the impossible—in appointing the American Jesuit missionaries to be their proxies they stay at home at the same time that they go and preach the Gospel to every creature.

Our appeal that you subscribe to JESUIT MISSIONS, or renew your subscription is not a one-sided proposition, is it? Won't you then

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

(Find a subscription blank on the back cover)

AFIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUITS



PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

Father Joseph M. Reyes, S.J., Pastor of the Church of the Holy Child, Clarion, Occidental Misamis, announced to the congregation recently that one hundred barrels of cement had been ordered, and invited them to fetch them to the church, as well as to dig the ground for the foundation. Three hundred pieces of big lumber for the church are being cut in the forest, and if the people pay for the teacher and the school supplies, Father will be able to open the first four grades the next school year. However, though the people can supply the work, they cannot supply the money. "Because the season has been very dry we began a Novena to the Holy Child and had a *sakay-sakay* at the end. This is an old Filipino custom which is equivalent to a religious naval procession."

* * *

Father Salvator Riera, S.J., Pastor at Cotabato, acknowledged a donation from JESUIT MISSIONS and noted:

"I am alone, but there is enough work for three more priests at least. Cotabato is a whole continent, and every time a boat arrives it now brings dozens of home seekers, attracted by the facilities granted them by the Government. This place is called 'The Promised Land of the Philippines.' By bringing Filipinos from northern Luzon to Cotabato, the Government hopes eventually to stop the advance of the Japanese and the Moros. French Canadians, I understand, will soon arrive to take over this mission. They will find a field ready for the blessings of their priestly activities. Zamboanga is the only place where Spanish is of any value. Cotabato needs more and more English-speaking missionaries to cope with the needs of the young generation. My Spanish is here little less than useless, and for this reason I am very glad that the French Canadians are coming. They will do great good to the people, especially to the young and to the Government employees who are the ones more in need of spiritual help."

* * *

Father Laureanus Contin, S.J., acknowledges a check from JESUIT MISSIONS with gratitude and writes: "In my territory, despite the de-

pression, we have the consolation of knowing that the poor have the Gospel preached to them by means of the Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius. At Caraga especially, we have had some very encouraging retreats. Beginning with February, I gave five retreats of five days each, and in company with Father Raymond Vila, S.J., gave five more in Caraga. Altogether, the total of retreatants included 215 married ladies, 157 single ladies, 125 married men, 87 single men and 259 boys and girls, or a total of 843.

"I find it impossible to send any photographs of my work for the simple reason that there are no photographers in these regions, nor are there any vehicles or autos. Today, Father Edward Rodes, S.J., has just started for Baganga, mounted on a carabao, the classical mode of travel in these parts."

* * *

From *The Philippine Mission News*, published monthly at Novaliches, Manila, P. I., comes the report of a discovery that may be quoted with



Father William J. Ryan, S.J., of the Oregon Province, who has been assigned to the Indian Mission of St. Francis Xavier, Montana.

much apologetic force by our missionaries in the Philippines, namely, a copy of José Rizal's retraction of Masonry and the removal of the last argument against the fact that Rizal died a Catholic. The retraction was found by the secretary of His Excellency, Archbishop Michael J. O'Doherty, of Manila. Not only did Doctor Rizal make a retraction, but the two men between whom he was buried, and who were supposedly Masons, also made out a formal document of retraction. Twenty other retractions were found, among them those of General Luna and Juan Luna, the painter. The document testifying to these facts has been put on public display by the authorities at the Government building, Ayuntamiento.

* * *

Father Joseph Reith, S.J., writing from Maria Auxiliadora Mission, Dansalan, Lanao, P. I., notes that "Dimakaling, our famous outlaw, was almost caught yesterday. A Constabulary Corporal would have had him, but a friendly Moro put a bullet through the Corporal's head. I just preached over the remains of the poor fellow and gave him the last blessing of the Church. Dimakaling is still at large."

* * *

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

"You will be pleased to hear that six Sisters, Franciscan Missionaries of Mary, arrived at Jimenez on the twenty-sixth of May to establish a community here and direct our parochial school. For the present the Sisters will rent a building near the church. The coming of the Sisters to this province has been my particular desire for some time. I am sure that their presence will mean many Baptisms for Western Misamis."

* * *

Father Austin V. P. Dowd, S.J., writing from the Ateneo de Zamboanga, Zamboanga, P. I., but who for the future will be stationed at Novaliches, Caloocan, Rizal, P. I., notes that "Father Thomas Murray, S.J., Superior, is going hither and thither and yon to the *barrios* to celebrate *fiesta* days.

"I am directing the school this year. We have a banner enrollment of one hundred and four in the high school

and two hundred and thirty-four in the grade school. We cannot accommodate any more. The public schools this year are in a bad way. Some few intermediary schools in the *barrios* closed down, and these youngsters flocked into Zamboanga for an education. Schools couldn't begin to hold them. All have a large and enthusiastic waiting list, but there is no hope of anything except waiting.

"I am writing a play for my Young Lady Sodalists, this time one with a warning to go to Catholic colleges, adapted from Chesterton's 'Man Alive.'"

PATNA, INDIA

On July 19, Father Charles Saldanha, S.J., sailed from the port of New York to return to Patna Mission. He had come to the United States five years ago to complete his studies in theology. He was ordained priest at St. Mary's, Kansas, in June, 1934. In a later issue of *JESUIT MISSIONS* we hope to have Father Saldanha's first impressions on his return to his native country. His stay in the United States was especially helpful in giving Americans some knowledge of India and especially of Patna Mission. Father Saldanha endeared himself to the many people whom he met during his stay in the States.

* * *

Very Rev. Peter J. Sontag, S.J., Superior of Patna Mission, India, writes from Kurji, under date of May 17:

"St. Joseph has been singularly good to us this year. On his very feast day, March 19, he brought us the first of the substantial grants-in-aid from Government for the reconstruction of our quake-ruined schools. This was promptly followed by several similar grants which have made it possible for us to



Robert E. Ludwig, S.J., of the Chicago Province, who will sail in October for Patna Mission in India.

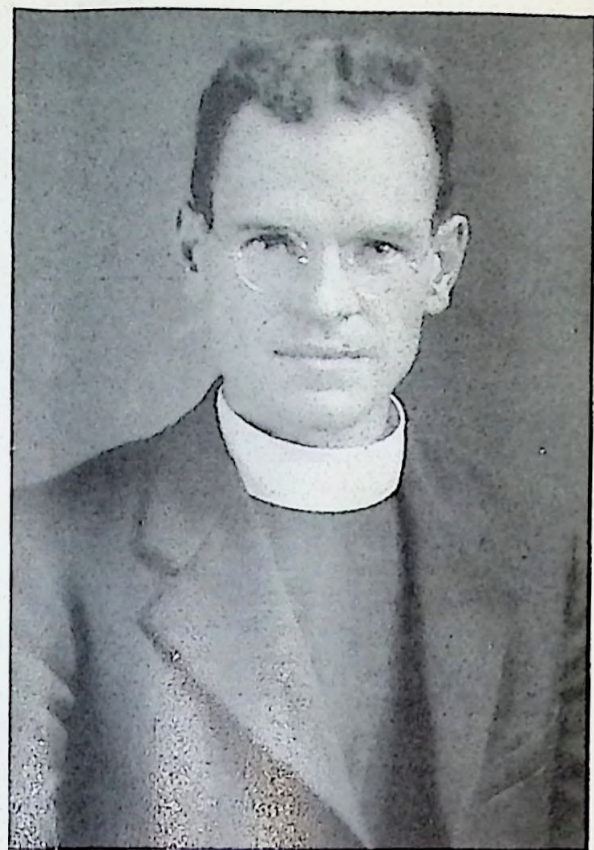
restore nearly all our schools to their pre-earthquake condition. In keeping with their general policy, Government is not offering any aid in the restoration of churches destroyed in the quake. And so, despite the generosity of our friends here and abroad, we are still far from being able to rebuild all of our ruined churches and chapels.

"Khrist Raja High School, at Bettiah (and with it all of our missionaries) came in for a very delightful gift from St. Joseph. 'Please note,' so the letter ran, dated March 19, 'that this comes to you from St. Joseph.' Surely, this just had to be a precious gift, being good St. Joseph's very own. The letter wasn't in his own handwriting, for he had used as his secretary, 'A humble handmaid of Christ the King, who wishes to remain unknown.' It was the same 'humble handmaid' who a few years ago had built Khrist Raja Chapel, School and Residence. She herself had christened the Fathers' residence the 'Jesuit Rest Home,' and it was her ambition that it should be all that its name implied. She herself had been in India and remembered that for a good many months of the year old Sol glares and scorches with an intensity that is aptly described as 'fierce.' And so she would not rest content until her Rest Home for her missionaries had the comfort (surely not a luxury in this climate!) of electric lights and above all fans. And so, evidently, good St. Joseph's 'secretary' cajoled him into writing out a very handsome check, amply covering the entire cost of installation. Thus Khrist Raja's Jesuit Rest Home will now be fully true to its name, and what St. Joseph's mission-minded secretary desired it should be. I am sure all our friends will join us in giving thanks to St. Joseph, and in the fervent aspiration that he may be even more gracious to his 'secretary,' the humble, unknown handmaid of Christ the King.

"The friends of Khrist Raja High School will be pleased to know that this year the success of our students in the University Entrance Examination was almost equal to that of the crack school of the entire Province, while in the athletic sports, in which all the schools of the district participated on the occasion of the King's Silver Jubilee, Khrist Raja students carried off fifty per cent of the prizes offered, while the Middle classes secured as high as sixty per cent of the total points. For the diligent training which enabled the boys to do this, Edward Niessen, S.J., deserves much credit."

* * *

The *Patna Mission Letter* for June, 1935, announced the opening of a new mission station at Huri Modar under the care of Fathers John A. Kilian, S.J., and Francis A. Stoy, S.J. Due to the restrictions of the authorities, the new station is situated at the out-



John M. Cosgrove, S.J., of the Chicago Province, who will sail in October for Patna Mission in India.

skirts of the Santal Parganas in Bhagalpur District, but it is centrally enough located to serve as a base of supplies for Fathers Kilian and Stoy's excursions through their sector. Awaiting only a thatch roof for its completion, is their spacious new "cathedral" which will accommodate the congregation that assembles for Sunday and Holy Day services. Besides the church the station will also have a boys' boarding school, a convent for the Sisters and their girls' school and dispensary.

* * *

John M. Cosgrove, S.J., and Robert E. Ludwig, S.J., both of the Chicago Province, have been assigned to Patna Mission and will sail from New York probably some time early in October. Both of these Jesuit Scholastics have just completed their course in philosophy and science at West Baden College, West Baden, Indiana. They will be assigned to the work of teaching in one of the schools of Patna Mission.

* * *

John S. O'Connor, S.J., writes from Khrist Raja High School, Bettiah:

"Khrist Raja's reputation is growing in the neighborhood. In February, the High School sent up thirteen candidates for the Patna University Matriculation examination. The results of this examination were published at the end of April. Out of the thirteen Khrist Raja boys who took the examination, nine passed. Three of these won honors. That gave Khrist Raja an average of about seventy per cent, a record nearly forty per cent better than the other local high school.

"Passing the matriculation examination is a real feat for our school boys. Before they can qualify for the examinations they must pass a stiff test on