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# In God's Acres

ie the mortal remains of many a loved  
nee. Loving parents, devoted children,  
riends tried and true have been laid to  
esst by all of us. But even as many of  
is often fail to visit the graves where lie  
hee bodies of those who have been dear  
o us, too often, too, are we unmindful  
een of their souls' needs.

What time is better than the present,  
hee month of November dedicated to the  
Holy Souls, to be reminded that "it is,  
herefore, a holy and wholesome thought  
o pray for the dead that they may be  
loosed from sins!" And of what more  
ffective prayer can we think for their  
elease than the Holy Sacrifice of the  
Mass?

Priests there are aplenty who would  
be glad to offer Mass for the souls of  
your dear departed. Missionaries in particular would be especially grateful for the stipends you  
would send them. Many of them are entirely dependent for their support upon the offerings for  
Masses sent them by generous friends.

Won't you, dear reader, during the month of November be mindful more than ever of your dear  
departed? Won't you provide that Masses be offered for their souls? Won't you commission the  
American Jesuit missionaries to offer those Masses for you? You will benefit the Holy Souls and  
the missionaries, too. In turn God will bless you. Your Mass stipends, sent to one of the addresses  
below, will be forwarded intact to needy missionaries.

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 adminis-  
tered by the Jesuits of the Chicago Province, which is made  
up of the States of Illinois (northern part), Indiana, Ken-  
tucky, 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 In-  
dian 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 Pro-  
curator is

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



God's Acre at St. Francis Mission in South Dakota.

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, Ne-  
braska. 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

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

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A view of the north shore of Jamaica, B. W. I., taken from the Mission at High Gate, where Father Charles Eberle, S.J., now in his tertianship, did yeoman's work for the Lord not only in High Gate territory, but in the attendant missions of Port Maria, Preston Hill, Annoto Bay, Mile Gully, Oracabessa, Belfield, Free Hill and Port George.

# We Visit Rajgaon

George A.  
Dertinger, S.J.

**Q**UITE some time ago I had the privilege of visiting Rajgaon (Gokla), the new station among the Santals of Patna Mission, India. It is here that Fathers Creane and Bohn built a large mission center and school where Father P. L. Frank, S.J., is now Superior.

Rajgaon should be seen to be appreciated. Mere figures giving the length to which red tile roofs have been strung out may have given you a picture of a train of box cars rather than of a California suburb. The buildings of the boys' school, Fathers' residence and church, are grouped around a spacious level lawn. (It will be a lawn by the time you read this, and Father Bohn gets through with it.) The school of a dozen classrooms in single file parallels and faces the Fathers' residence and the church. The boys' dining room and storeroom crosses the end of the lawn. The grouping is perfect. Father Frank can sit in his living room, if he wishes, and prefect the whole camp.

Across two cornfields from this suburb is another one on the same plan, but a bit less extensive, for the Sisters and their school.

**T**HE walls of all these buildings are, as you know, adobe—sunbaked mud, erected at the cost of forty cents a running foot, to any desired height, and this includes both side walls with the cross walls thrown into the bargain. Construction guaranteed to last forever if you keep a roof over it.

Not the least of Rajgaon's merits is the fact that it is Santal in style and construction throughout. These people, as I probably told you before, are remarkable home builders. From the lowliest materials this earth provides, they make dwellings which are substantial, artistic and above all—clean. At two miles distance, you can distinguish a Santal village or house from its less favored neighbors.

One concession was made to western style in the construction of the Rajgaon church. Within its mud walls and under the bamboo roof, is a light frame work of steel. This will be useful at least as a memorial tablet to the efficient builder. The Steel Company has "R. W. Bohn, Esq." painted bright on every beam and rafter.



*The Sisters' House which forms part of the extensive series of buildings of St. Mary's Mission among the Santals at Rajgaon in Patna Mission, India.*

When one recalls that the total length of buildings, end to end, equals twelve hundred feet, one realizes what a gigantic task Father Bohn accomplished in less than eight months. True, it is all of mud, with bamboo and home-made tile roofs, but even so, to provide church, school and dwelling accommodations for a boys' and girls' boarding school, with five Jesuits, six Sisters, two hundred boys and almost as many girls, together with the teaching staffs required, and to do that in little more than seven months and in the face of the difficulties which actually had to be met by Father Bohn, is no mean test of human ingenuity and courage. But Father Bohn, you must realize, was building for no mere earthly purpose.

**Y**OU understand why the Mission is happy over this big Santal school in Santal land. It's a mile-post, an epoch, a new era, to say the least,—and that only months after the reverses and semi-official inhospitality which sent some of the missionaries looking for shelter. Father Creane looked for it in the shade of a row of tall toddy palms which mark the boundary of the Santal reservation. And the result is Rajgaon. It is only four miles from a railway station, and this is reached by a respectable road which providentially was maintained for the convenience of a small non-Catholic mission on the sunny side of those palms. So you see, the new Santal center has changed the characteristics of at least one of the six Santal mission districts. The isolation and inaccessibility are here overcome. The homelessness of the missionary in that section is a hardship of the past. The "Tramp" now has a roof of his own. And please God, Gokhla will be a sort of spiritual nursery where under the ministering care of the Fathers, Scholastics and Sisters, Father Creane's new and ever-growing Catholic flock, already approaching the two thousand mark, will become far more than just so many converts.

# "Wanna Kikta Po!"

George L. Klaus, S.J.

**T**HE early morning air was tinged with a gentle reminder of approaching Autumn. Slowly our automobile wended its way through Slaughter House Canyon in the Sioux Indian country of South Dakota. It was not merely a desire to enjoy the cool, fresh air of the morning that impelled us to drive slowly through the Canyon. Speed is impossible on a road which has no less than fifty turns in a three-mile stretch.

At the mouth of the Canyon we found the encampment. The quiet and solitude was now broken by the raucous honk of our horn. No one was in sight as we drove through the camp until we reached Kills-in-Water's cabin. Here all were astir, for the Kills-in-Water family were to play host to the missionary. Already the mother of the family was making preparations in the bower near the cabin. But in the other cabins and tents there was still no sign of life. Evidently our honking had failed to arouse the sleeping Indians.

After an exchange of greetings with our hosts, we set about to prepare the altar in the bower. Pine branches served as a background. The sanctuary carpet was a cowhide; a small table the altar. A brown and white kitten found great delight in playing with the lace edges of the altar cloths. In one corner a furry pup gnawed away energetically at his breakfast. A mother goat with her babies passed by and disappeared into the bushes.

**T**HEN suddenly from a nearby hill came the notes of a deep bass voice: "Wanna kikta po!" The words rang out: "Wanna kikta po!" "It's time now; wake up!" One by one the tents came to life. Men, women and children awakened and responded to the call.

Soon the congregation began to assemble in the bower. No human respect here. Down on their knees—children, men and women, hunched up grandmothers leaning heavily on their staffs, wrinkled grandfathers in braided hair and beaded moccasins—down they knelt in that open-air church to prepare for confession. The confessional? The front seat of the automobile with a screen propped up in the middle. While the sacred tribunal of mercy was kept busy, final touches were put to the altar. At last confessions were over and holy Mass was begun. I have been present at a Solemn Pontifical Mass in a great cathedral; I have attended Mass at the great Eucharistic Congress at Soldiers' Field, Chicago; but never did the beauty of the Holy Sacrifice seem so fascinating as it did here in the simple dignity of a pine-tree bower.



The pine tree bower where Mass was said for the Sioux Indians working on relief projects near Slaughter House Canyon, South Dakota.

**W**HILE you have been reading this account, perhaps there has been bobbing up in your mind some such question as this: "Why haven't the missionaries built a church for these Indians?" My answer is ready. This camp is not a permanent settlement. The Indians are taking advantage of relief projects to get work. They take their families with them and camp near the site of the activities,—usually far from any church or chapel. And so the missionaries' labors are doubled. They must attend to their established chapels, and at the same time they must heed the cries of their scattered flock for spiritual ministrations. And thus it is that Father Albert Grueter, S.J., finds himself saying Mass in cabins and tents and bowers along the banks of the Little White River. But because his churches at Rosebud and Bull Creek demand his attentions on Sundays, he visits the river camps during the week. How eagerly these people seek the helps of religion is seen from the alacrity with which they attend these week-day services. With two or three exceptions, every person present partook of the holy Sacrament. But even as of old, so now too, Jesus of Nazareth goes out to the sick and the lame. In nearby tents lay three faithful souls too ill to come to Mass. And so the missionary, still wearing his priestly vestments, visits the tents and brings our Lord to those who cannot come to Him.

After Mass is over, the altar and vestments are packed away in the automobile; papers and magazines are distributed; and we begin our winding trip up the canyon. In two weeks the story will be repeated. But by that time it will be too cold for out-door Mass, and then good Mrs. Kills-in-Water will have to prepare her cabin for the reception of the King of Kings. But she will consider that a real privilege. Our Sioux Indians of Dakota are in many instances extremely poor, but amid their poverty they realize the wealth that is theirs in the possession of the Catholic Faith. They know, too, that their missionaries have ever stood by them in face of almost insurmountable difficulties of every kind. The Black-robe is ever their friend.

# "Light of the Moon" Wilfrid J. Le Sage, S.J.

**M**Y companion and I had been studying Chinese at Zi-ka-wei in Shanghai for the past eight months. Shanghai is not really China, so we were now going to learn something about the life of the Chinese in the rural districts.

You are invited, kind reader, to accompany us on our trip. We are Jesuit Scholastics from the California Province bound for the small village of T'ang Shan in Süchow Mission. Since the final part of our trip was the most interesting, we shall omit everything except the "home stretch." We shall begin at noon and end with "Moonlight."

After bidding good-by to Very Rev. George Marin, S.J., and the missionaries with him, we board the "Express" and leave the important mission and railroad center of Süchow Fu. As we begin to move along, low hills are on our right, while on the left clusters of small mud houses are separated at intervals by narrow streets, or perhaps a canal.

The inside of the train was like the inside of a pill—less interesting but more important. Some of the passengers were examining articles which they had purchased in Süchow Fu, others were practicing the language, and the remainder had slipped into the land of nod.

**T**HREE hours travel bring us in sight of the wall of T'ang Shan. After leaving the train, which is a decided relief, we hand the baggage examiner our cards instead of our luggage, and pass on. A tussle with the ricksha drivers follows immediately, but finally we locate the two that had been bargained for by the resident missionary. We climb in and jog along toward the village wall humming a new refrain, whose last lines went like this: "Just open up your golden gate, Ole T'ang Shan—here we come!" We pass row after row of mud huts, mud stores, until finally we reach that "golden gate" through the mud wall. Several soldiers stand at attention—mud guards!

As we pass along, young and old eyes peep at us from all directions. The women stop cooking, men stop eating, children stop playing, and babies crying, and one and all, they gaze upon the two strangers. After going a short distance, we make a quick turn into the church yard, just missing a young goat. He also looks



*This group was baptized on the feast of St. Francis Xavier by Very Rev. Adelard Dugré, S.J., Provincial of the Province of Lower Canada, who is seated near the center of the group. To his right is Father Ho, and to his left is Father August Gagnon, S.J.*

surprised, but chews on.

The door of the brick residence opens, and we hear this hearty welcome from smiling Father Gagnon, S.J.: "Brothers, we haven't much here, but whatever we have is yours. Come right in and have some hot coffee." "Hot coffee," where had we heard those words before! In the corridor we meet the parish priest, Father Ho. He gives us another welcome in Chinese.

**A**BOUT a half hour later, a bell rings. Perhaps school is out. No, not this time, for Father Gagnon tells us that twenty catechumens are going to receive Baptism. As we watch them enter the church, Father tells us about their school.

"We have a large building for the men, and another for the women catechumens. The instruction period lasts for five months of the year. This group (in the picture) was baptized by Very Rev. Father Dugré, S.J., (Provincial of the Lower Canadian Province) when he visited the mission last December."

About an hour later the mail arrives. Much to our surprise, there is a letter from the Orphanage at Zi-ka-wei, telling of a rather interesting incident.

"Any news?" asks Father Gagnon.

"Something about another Baptism. You will understand it better than we will, Father, it's written in French."

The missionary holding the little card towards the lamp reads the following:

"The baby's Chinese name is, 'Light of the Moon.' The infant was born in Shanghai. Her father died before she was born, and the mother shortly afterwards. Some friends took the little orphan and walked along the street asking passers-by, 'Who wants it?' Fortunately, two Jesuit Brothers met the people, and told them to bring the baby to the Orphanage."

Father smiled and said, "So (Turn to page 279)

# The Road to Baghdad

Frank A. Sargeant, S.J.



OMEbody in Baghdad must have built the best mouse trap in the world. That is the only way in which I can explain it. Has it not been said that if a man in the woods built a better mouse trap than anybody else, the whole world would wear a pathway to his door? How else then can you explain the whole world passing by our house along the road to Baghdad? For surely the whole world does come and go along this road. The movies boast that they can bring the peoples of the world to you on the silver screen, and march them in review before you as you sit in an easy chair for which you have paid a half a dollar. But after all, they are only pictures. If you want to see the whole world pass in review, come up on our roof and see the real thing. We have no easy chairs up there—but then again, we'll not charge you a half a dollar.

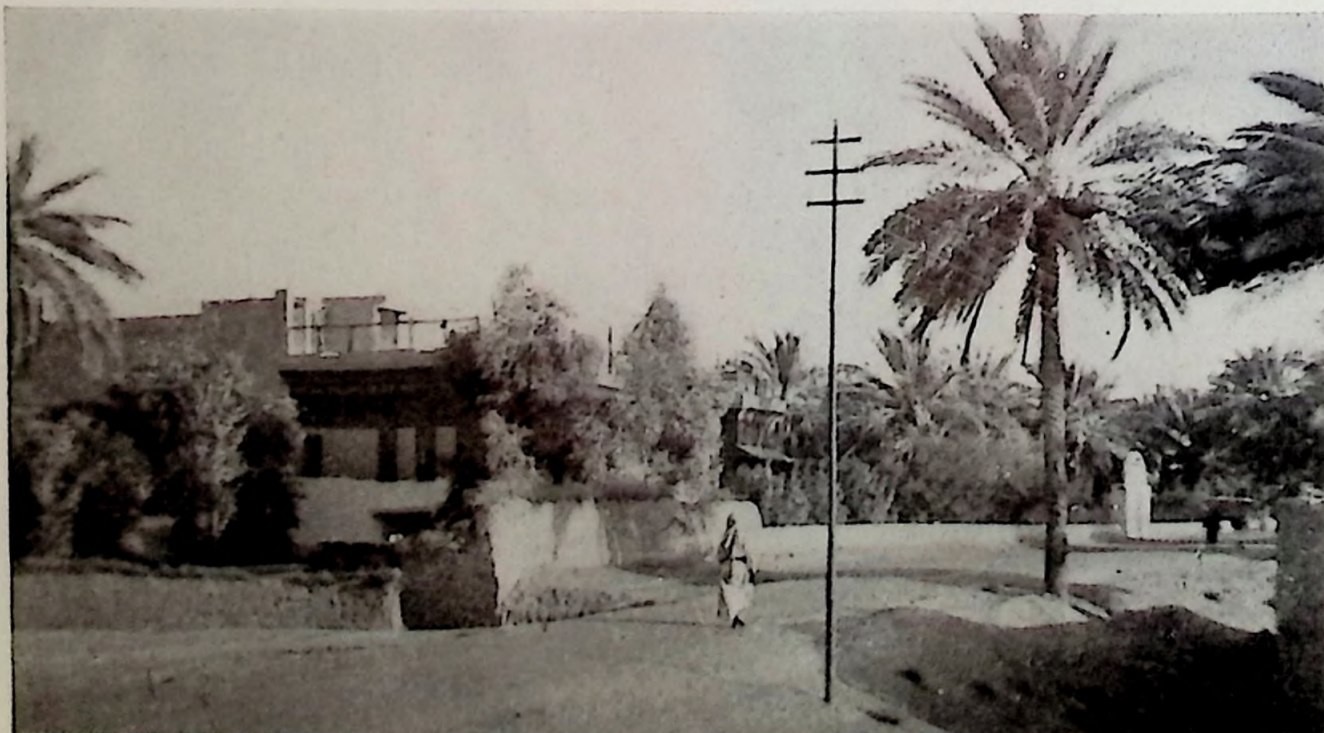
Let us locate this road. From the north of the city of Baghdad it moves more or less along the Tigris River for four or five miles until it passes just in front of Baghdad College, whence it continues through the town of Sulaikh north towards Mosul. For the first five or six miles it is asphalt, and then it takes the form of a dusty rut. Built by German engineers during the Great War, it is more than a road. It serves also as a bund. And mighty grateful were we to the Germans for this bund when the Tigris rose about fifteen feet last Winter



Father Frank A. Sarjeant, S.J., inspects a shipment of pots and pans from the U. S. A. His companions are Ibrihim and Abid, Moslem and Chaldean.

and threatened to wash us away. As you look down directly on this road from our roof, you have the city of Baghdad some five miles to your left; Sulaikh with its mud huts on your right; in front of you on the other side of the road runs the river, hemmed in on both sides by date trees. If it is late afternoon when you come up to the roof, the setting sun on the opposite shore of the river will surely distract you. But just keep your eyes on the road, and you will see the most varied assortment of living creatures—human and dumb—that can be found outside the valley where they will all meet when the trumpet blows.

WHO said the East and West would never meet? They meet on this road. East and West, Orient and Occident, ancient and modern, Christian and Moslem and Jew, city folk and Bedouin, Iraquis and Indians, Arabs and Armenians and Kurds, meet to make up this kaleidoscopic scene. There are braying donkeys and camels and arabanas and trucks and automobiles and bicycles; there are Arabs in their *cheffias* and long robes, and schoolboys in the latest European fashions; there are veiled ladies tripping along silently as the river; others walking gracefully with several water jars balanced on their crowns; young boys vociferously driving their donkeys to work, while other more fortunate youngsters wend (Turn to page 279)



Baghdad College, Iraq, from the north, along the bund.

# They Died for Christ *Franklin J. Ewing, S.J.*

**T**HIS is the story of the defense of their Church by some Mexican Catholics. It illustrates at once their spirit and their defenselessness. You may ask: "If Mexico is so largely Catholic, how is it that they allow this persecution to go on? What are they doing about it?" Read this as your answer. But remember that this is exceptional: an unarmed people against machine guns is rarely successful.

Reminiscent of the times of the "Know-Nothing Movement," when Archbishop Hughes of New York had the churches guarded by men armed with shot-guns, the story is told by eye-witnesses; their matter-of-factness about the tremendous events of life and death reminds the reader of the simplicity of the Gospels.

Coyoacan is a residential suburb of Mexico City. Its streets, white in the warm sun, the quiet that lingers amid its trees and flowers, its comfortable homes and high-walled gardens, reflect the spirit of its peaceful inhabitants. But of late, Garrido Canabal has been destroying that peace, in the name of progress . . . and of the devil! The "Red Shirts," who figure largely in the story, are a band of Bolshevik men, under the leadership of Garrido, who are officially disowned by the Government, but are in reality working under its direction.

**T**HE thirtieth of December, last year, the Catholics were wending their way to the seven o'clock Mass (the priest is one of the few registered ones). What follows is taken from the eye-witnesses' account, never before published in the United States.

"The Directress of the Catechism Center was Señorita Carmen Baz. . . . As she entered the courtyard of the church, she heard one of the Red Shirts call out: 'Señorita, do not go in, for we are going to burn the church.' She was indignant, and searched out the fellow and recognized him. He was an unhappy boy whom she herself had prepared for his first Holy Communion."

The Red Shirts gathered, but the Mass began. "From the very beginning of the Mass, there were heard blasphemies, ribald guffaws and insolent hoots, which the Reds showered on the Faithful from the courtyard; but their wrath, their jibes and their blasphemies rose to a crescendo at the moment of Elevation."

At the end of the Mass, the Red Shirts pressed close against the crowd of the Faithful as they attempted to leave the sacred edifice, and they uttered such hor-

rible attacks on God and the Blessed Virgin that there broke from the Faithful—as from one man—the rallying cry of Mexican Catholics: "Long Live Christ the King and our Lady of Guadalupe!" The Red Shirts were so aggressive that some more courageous souls pried up some of the paving stones from the floor of the church, in order to defend their church as best they could.

"Among those who picked up these stones was the young Luz Camacho, who threw one, which, owing to her weakness, did not reach half way. Then, instinctively, and seemingly without knowing exactly why, she stretched out her arms as one on a cross and cried at the top of her voice: 'Long Live Christ the King.' The

answer was a .45 bullet, which pierced her breast, stretching her on the threshold of the church. Her sister and a neighbor lifted her from the ground, and placed her on a table which stood at the door of the church, displaying holy pictures and rosaries. There she received Extreme Unction. She lived but three minutes more, and was unable to speak."

**T**HE first impulse of the crowd was to rush back into the church for safety. "But when the multitude saw that the six hundred Red Shirts were following them, firing their revolvers and killing and wounding their comrades, they were moved by an impulse of defense, and sallied forth against their tormentors.

"A young workingman, J. Inés Mendoza, only nineteen years of age, fell back into the arms of his aged mother. She was dry-eyed as she looked at her dead boy covered with blood, and in intense anguish, cried out to Heaven: 'Revenge, O Lord, this injustice! There are enough, O my God, more than enough victims.'

"Another victim pierced by the bullets was an aged Spaniard, Don Angel Galerón. Wounded in the shoulder, his blood poured over his breast and gathered about his clasped hands, so that it looked as if the bullets had surprised him while he was at prayer. Still another 'martyr' was Inocencio Ramírez: a poor paralytic beggar whose head was pierced by a bullet. Andrés Velázquez also fell dead under the fire of the young Reds." With what epic simplicity the death of these heroes is recorded!

When the Reds had fired all their bullets, they turned tail and fled before the just indignation of the Faithful. One of them was overtaken by (Turn to page 279)

## MADONNA

William Noë Field, Jr.

Carved of marble white as snow;  
Crowned above with aureate glow;  
Set on pedestal of gold  
Bordered with mosaics old.

Serpent's head in fear recoiling.  
Moon and stars her gown are soiling.  
Feet caressed by planets bright;  
Earth and skies below in flight.

In her arm bend lies a Child,  
Features wise, and kind, and mild.  
Son and Mother, one they stand.  
Pain and care they can remand.

Holy Mother, Holy Child,  
Through cathedrals, golden aisled,  
In their marble purity  
Rise like angels' melody.

# Beginnings in Batticaloa

John T. Linehan, S.J.

In view of the fact that the New Orleans Province of the Society of Jesus has begun to send priests and Scholastics to St. Michael's College, Batticaloa, Ceylon, it was thought timely to print this account of the growth and development of the school. The author was the first American Jesuit to go to Batticaloa. *Editor.*



*Thirunavakarasu, a Hindu boy pupil at St. Michael's. As Portia in the Merchant of Venice, he would make Mrs. Kean or Helen Terry turn green with envy.*

**T**HE sixty-third anniversary of an event of capital importance in the civic, educational and religious life of Batticaloa occurred in October. The beginnings of Catholic culture in the seat of the Eastern Province of Ceylon will be commemorated. In Advent 1872, Rt. Rev. Doctor Christopher Bonjean, O. M. I., fearless upholder of Catholic education and later Archbishop of Colombo, was Vicar Apostolic of Jaffna, of which jurisdiction Batticaloa was a part. The deplorable condition of Catholic education or lack of education in Batticaloa caused considerable anxiety and no little concern to the Bishop. The following extract from the Bishop's letter gives a clear insight into the then prevailing conditions:

"The destitute condition of your mission, as regards Catholic education, has ever weighed upon our mind. It is now high time that a state of things which is such a deep disgrace for us all, and which is so prejudicial to the souls of your children, should cease. We have this day sent directions to your worthy pastor, Rev. Father F. Xavier, to take at once the necessary steps towards the establishment in Puliantivu of two schools for Catholic boys, one vernacular, the other English. We have voted the Reverend Father a first allowance of Rs. 350, to commence work with, and we now call upon you all to come forward with your mite towards this holy undertaking."

**I**N accordance with those directions, Father Xavier, the first Ceylonese Tamil to be raised to the priesthood, set to work to improve conditions. Father Xavier interpreted the Bishop's instructions to mean something in a "good and grand style." His idea was that the building should cost fifty pounds (a large sum in those days) and would accommodate fifty or sixty boys.

In October, 1873, fifty-seven boys were attending the English school. The staff consisted of three teachers. All the Catholic boys—thirty-three in number—with the exception of four, left the Wesleyan school to attend the Catholic school. Of the four, two went to Colombo, the other two continued to attend the Protestant school because their brother was a member of its teaching staff.

In the Tamil school were one hundred and twenty-seven boys taught by two teachers and a monitor.

The good priest, desirous of making his school in a "good and grand style," went far beyond his estimate. By November, 1873, he had spent nearly ninety-five pounds over and above the subscribed amount. To trace the development of Father Xavier's school up to the arrival of the Jesuits in 1895, is impossible, due to the scarcity of documents.

**T**HE Jesuit Fathers at their coming found this school which was built in a "good and grand style" to be a thatched open bungalow with a brick floor. (The total enrollment was about sixty boys.) At night it served at times as a convenient sleeping place for dogs and stray cattle. Four years after the coming of the Fathers, the thatched roof and brick floor were replaced by Calicut tiles and a cement floor.

Not only physical improvements were made, but the curriculum also was altered, so that in 1904, the first students to take part in a public examination underwent the Cambridge Junior Local. St. Michael's under Jesuit direction made such giant strides that a new building became a necessity. On July 16, 1912, Sir Henry McCallum, the former Governor of Ceylon, laid the foundation stone for the present college building. All Ceylon gives testimony to the fact that it is the finest building devoted to school purposes in the island. The main structure, two stories high, is U-shaped. Its three hundred feet of length are terminated by two towers, forty-six feet high. Each of its wings extends one hundred and sixty feet. Beautifully arched verandas run along the front and rear of the main section which houses the administrative departments, the house library, a modest but devotional Community Chapel, a small Sodality Chapel, the Fathers' dining room and recreation quar-

teers, a parlor, teachers' room, study-hall and bedrooms for Fathers and Brothers. The verandas are so constructed that the fierce heat of the sun is, in great part, materially lessened.

**A** GARDEN, second to none in Batticaloa, sets off the front of this imposing edifice. Many indigenous shrubs, trees and plants lend the view a harmonious floral effect. The coconut palm adds its due of solemn melancholic beauty; the jak, with its odd-shaped fruit, gives as its share a pleasing variety; the flamboyant tree, with its entrancing old rose flowers, heightens the exquisite effect of oleander, temple and peacock flower trees.

One wing gives space on the ground floor for ten classrooms; the second floor serves for bedrooms for the Fathers and a large and small dormitory for the boarders. The dormitories can easily accommodate one hundred boys. The other wing takes in the culinary department and storerooms.

Detached from the main building is McCallum Hall. This well constructed building has under its roof a splendidly equipped physical and chemical laboratory, an art room and a band room. Alas! the excellent chemical and physical apparatus has not much of an appeal for Tamil and Singhalese youths.

In addition to the main block and science building, the entertainment hall takes a prominent place. Of light steel construction and roofed with corrugated iron, it is so set up that on one side the doors may slide along to give entrance and exit to many at one time. It is capable of holding four hundred people. With the above described buildings, it forms a quadrangle, where volleyball, the most popular game in Ceylon, attracts the students and gives them much healthful recreation. Under the same roof, but behind the stage, is the Scout Sanctum. Here their trophies, mottoes and insignia are kept. Some things are stored away; others are used to beautify.

**T**HE need for these buildings may be gauged from the growth in numbers at St. Michael's. In 1900, sixty pupils attended St. Michael's; today, two hundred and fifty are under instruction. At the opening of this century, Central College, conducted by the Wesleyans, boasted two hundred and fifty pupils, at present, only one hundred. St. Andrew's, the Anglican school, counts forty students.

Another improvement for which the Jesuit Fathers were responsible was the installation of an electric plant, which supplied electricity to all the Catholic institutions

of Batticaloa. Today the town has its own generating equipment and supplies light to all who want it.

**A**S far as means allow, every facility for the mental, moral and physical development of the pupils is obtained. Besides the class instruction, a literary and debating society, which uses English as the medium of expression, materially aids their mental growth. For the same purpose, a Tamil debating society flourishes vigorously. Entertainments of various kinds help to bring out their dramatic, musical and kindred talents. In the past, Shakesperian dramas, plays by old French masters and dramatic offerings of the modern era have graced its theatrical hall.

The band must not be passed over in silence. This organization, usually composed of twenty-five players, gives them an opportunity of learning to play Western musical instruments. Since it is the only band of its kind in Batticaloa, it is much in demand for processions, parades and celebrations of a religious and civic character.

Religious development is fostered, of course, by the teaching of catechism in all the classes. Two sodalities, also, help in the religious formation. Regular attendance at daily Mass is encouraged by means of rewards offered to the regular at-

tendants. A short instruction and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament every Friday afternoon for Catholic boys assists their moral growth. On the Thursday preceding the first Friday, four of the Fathers are at the disposal of the boys who make their monthly confession. All the Catholic boys are requested to hear Mass on Sunday in the college chapel. At this Mass, likewise, a sermon in English is preached.

Athletics play a prominent part in student life at St. Michael's. English sports, particularly cricket and football, are very popular, but volley ball takes the palm. The volley ball matches, as a rule, are played in the quadrangle, but games with other teams are sometimes played outside the school precincts. Cricket and football fields on the public Esplanade, which is located about five minutes walking distance from the college, provide ample playing space. Intra-mural contests are always fostered and the keenest kind of competition, as a result, is developed.

**T**O foster zeal for learning and to attain as high a degree of proficiency as possible, the school is divided into two houses called the Boutry House and the Lavigne House. The former (Turn to page 280)



*Native Ceylonese winnowing rice near Batticaloa.*

# Heap Plenty Speed

Gerald J.  
Nagle, S.J.

“A PRIEST, quickly! The Indians wish a blessing.” This word passed around the Scholastic and immediately action was the keynote of the house. Now there are blessings and blessings, but just to behold the Indians in question revealed that this one was important.

A wrinkled stubby squaw nervously paced back and forth, anxious, expectant. I thought she was elderly—until her father stepped into view. He was one of those railroad calendar types of Indian with moccasined feet, braided hair and wearing an outlandish big hat. Eighty-four he was, we later learned from his sixty year old daughter. While introducing our friends, it might be well to say that the old man's granddaughter was in the group as well as his great granddaughter, a youngster of about ten or twelve. Two Indian youths completed the party. But what about the desired blessing?

Garbed in surplice and stole and carrying the necessary articles, a priest finally entered the yard. Already a Scholastic had preceded him with Holy Water. Was it a new-born babe, or did the young couple present want to be blessed? Not quite. Rather, a nearly new, streamlined Chrysler sedan was the object of benediction. Oh my, all the expected romance suddenly vanished. But there was the car in all its glory, and the Indians, having just bought it, wished the machine blessed. It was, and immediately they sandwiched in and drove away.

“BUT how do they do it?” our Eastern friends—and Western, too, might rightfully ask. They simply rent to neighboring farmers the acreage allotted them by the Government. The money received is given to the Agent who in turn distributes it to the Indians. Promises of a certain portion of the crops also go with the deal.

His pocket bulging—any slight amount of money bulges these days—one of the family goes to town and buys the best car possible for the money at hand and then returns for the family. In they pile; human cargo aplenty, as well as necessaries innumerable. Smiling a toothless smile, the old man in the back seat might grunt as they speed along, “Heap plenty speed,” and then fall back into his quiet doze. At the wheel the young grandson, somewhat modernized, might answer, “Yep, Granddad, the old heap rolls along with plenty of speed.” As for the aged squaw; she says nothing, but no millionaires with chauffeur and footman ever felt prouder.

But whither? This is the least of the Indians' troubles. When nightfall greets them they welcome it and camp by running water. Somehow, though, they usually find a Jesuit mission or house at just about twelve noon or



The old railroad calendar type of Indian with moccasined feet, braided hair and wearing outlandish big hats.

six in the evening, for here they are always sure of a meal.

What do Indians talk about while galavanting about in their autos? It's hard to say, but a group of Scholastics were quite surprised a while ago when talking to one of them. He and his family had just finished a meal, so we started to question them. I had always revered Indians as perfectly natural weather prophets. It was Fall, so we asked what kind of Winter we might expect. Well, for him it was Fall and football, and thus after hurriedly mumbling something about the weather he cleverly linked brisk afternoons with the gridiron. “Lone Star Deitz is back with the Haskell Indians now. Good coach, Deitz. Pop Warner had great teams when he coached Carlisle.” Then he talked on about the merits and demerits of coast teams and recalled various players of past years. Weather forecasts were not just in his line, but football, well . . .

WHEN the cold weather approaches, the motorized Red Men slowly trek back to the missions whence they departed. For example, many of them return to Sacred Heart Mission at Desmet, Idaho. Here, below the old, yet still respectable chapel, they settle in their village. So deserted was it in Summer that it resembled an abandoned motion picture settlement used on location. Now, however, it comes to life as the Indians move into their Winter homes. Ranging from over-sized piano boxes to mansions of three or four small rooms, these houses present a unique picture. In the village is a well whence water is drawn by all the inhabitants. Quite a contradiction appears when before each shanty stands a late-modeled motor car.

When the Indians are home for the Winter, regular church services are held for them. Although the younger generation speak English and understand it, yet the old folk still retain their native lan-

(Turn to page 280)

# “Memie”

## White *Edward J. Whalen, S.J.*



It is refreshing, at times, for a missionary whose lot it is to waste “plenty time” worrying about the source of supply to finance churches, schools and rectory, to take a holiday and consider for a while the things he can count off his list of worries.

During the past forty years, the pastors of St. Anne’s, Jamaica, B. W. I., have never had to bother about the care of their altar linens, in fact, up until recent years, they could always walk into the church and find it immaculately clean with no trouble or expense on their part. This is all due to “Memie” White, and I am going to tell you about her. Many a time I have tried to convince her that she is young and only fifty, but she will have none of it: she insists that she is old and eighty-two. So Memie must be right; she is eighty-two.

We had a little talk one day and she told me her story. It goes back to 1892, when Father Beauclerk, of the English Province, began to work in this district. At that time Memie was a bed-ridden invalid and the thought of being cured had never entered her mind. She was “just for to dead.”

When Father Beauclerk went to pay her his first visit,



*Father Edward J. Whalen, S.J., and a Jamaica pickney in the schoolyard of St. Anne’s parish, Kingston, Jamaica, B. W. I.*

she told him so, and then, as in the question of her age, Memie was, humanly speaking, right. But Father Beauclerk was a priest of strong faith, and without hesitating gave her his plan in her regard. He told her that he intended to erect a church in honor of St. Anne, and that St. Anne was going to cure her. She must begin a Novena to her on the next day and he would bring Holy Communion each morning during it. Memie admits that it was just to please Father that she began the Novena, but day by day, as she gradually regained the use of her limbs, her faith increased, until at the end, it was strong. Her body, too, was sound, and, best of all, her gratitude to God and St. Anne was genuine.

MEMIE’S first thought was an outlet for this gratitude. She approached Father Beauclerk, and he merely smiled when she told him that she wanted to do something to thank God for the great favor she had received. “I can’t choir, and I can’t teach, but I can be a washerwoman.” And Memie persisted, until finally Father told her to kneel at the altar rail, renounce her worldly ways and offer herself to the service of the Church. This she did and then “went home for to dead with all her vows.”

And Memie has kept her promises. For many, many years she has taken painstaking care, first of the old church, then of the new and larger one, and even today when Memie is not as strong as she used to be, she is still responsible for the clean white linens used for the altar and by the priests.

*Memie (pronounced Meemee) White at eight-two. “I can’t choir and I can’t teach, but I can be a washerwoman.”*





# FROM MANY QUARTERS



## MISSION BRIEFS

### Maryknoll's Personnel and Missions

According to a Corporation Report cited in *The Field Afar* for September, 1935, "the Maryknoll personnel today comprises 204 priests, 244 students, 71 Brothers and 4 Oblates. Counting the Sisters, who number 478, we have a Maryknoll family of 1,001. The mission fields are five (with a sixth in prospect): (1) the Vicariate of Kongmoon—Bishop Walsh; (2) the Prefecture of Wuchow—Monsignor Meyer; (3) the Vicariate of Kaying—Bishop Ford; (4) the Prefecture of Fushun—Monsignor Lane; in Korea (5) the Prefecture of Peng Yang—Monsignor Morris.

"The properties held in our five missions are free of debt. Each mission has its center, which is usually a large compound with several buildings; and the priests, scattered over wide areas, occupy 76 mission stations, each with its chapel and residence, and many with other buildings.

"There are 82 elementary schools, 3 seminaries, and 8 other buildings used as novitiates and catechist training schools; 49 more buildings including hospitals, orphanages, dispensaries, and homes for the aged and lepers."

### The Negro Home Mission Problem

Statistics published in the August issue of *The Interracial Review* place the number of Negroes in the United States at 13,000,000. It is estimated that of this number, 5,000,000 are Protestants and 250,000 are Catholics; 7,750,000 are classed as "unchurched."

There are 300 priests and 1,100 Sisters engaged in the Colored missions of the country. Catholic Negro churches number 210, and Catholic Negro schools, 205. The Negro enrollment in Catholic schools is 35,092.

Statistics of the Colored population in the large cities show that there are 327,726 Negroes in New York City, 233,000 in Chicago, 219,000 in Philadelphia and 132,068 in Washington.

### A Japanese Relic from the Days of Persecution

On May 25, the city of Sendai celebrated the three hundredth anniversary of the death of Daimio Date Masamune, a great champion of the Christians of northern Japan. Father Huber,

O.F.M., whose researches into the history of this period are well known in Sendai, was asked by the authorities to give a public conference on the Daimio. A stranger approached him after the lecture and invited him to his home where he had a souvenir of the times of which the priest had spoken.

The man showed Father Huber a carved ivory statue of the Blessed Mother, which he called the "*Birgen Santa Maria*" (Virgin Holy Mary), with an inscription in Latin around the base, "We fly to thy patronage, O Holy Mother of God." The man was not a Christian and he knew nothing of the origin of the statue nor of its significance, but he gave an intensely interesting account of how it had been handed down in his family for seven generations and of how his grandfather had been saved from death in answer to a prayer said before the statue. It was evident that the owner of the statue was a descendant of the early Christians of the north.

### The Faith of our African Mothers

"Mothers, Christian Mothers, are the same the world over," writes Bishop Byrne of the Holy Ghost Fathers and Vicar Apostolic of Kilimanjaro, Tanganyika Territory, British East Africa, on the occasion of the erection on Fumba Hill of the Centenary Cross of the Redemption. "These good African mothers toiled up that hill carrying a double burden, their infant babes tied to their backs and loads of sand on their heads, and that the infants might have a share in the erection of the Cross, the mothers placed tiny grains of sand in the hands of their babies to be carried by them to the place of the Cross. This was spontaneous; we heard it only afterwards."

### Binding the Feet of Baby Girls

The Mayor of Peking has begun a campaign to abolish the practice of binding the feet of baby girls. Parents violating the law will be fined. This inhuman custom continues despite the many attempts to end it. In 1850, Bishop Daguin of the Vincentian missionaries, Vicar Apostolic of Siwantze, published an instruction for his Christians condemning the practice and showing, in the words of St. John Chrysostom, that binding the feet was contrary to the honor of

the Creator and carried with it many harmful effects for both body and soul. Missionaries discourage this usage.

### A New American Mission Seminary

Another training field for missionary priests and Brothers is the new seminary of the Missionaries of the Sacred Heart at Shelby, Ohio, dedicated by His Excellency, Most Rev. Karl J. Alter, Bishop of Toledo, on Sunday, June 16, 1935. The new seminary will give poor boys an opportunity for studying for the holy priesthood by scholarships provided for their education.

### The Brothers of Mercy

Somewhat different, though apostolic, is the work of the Brothers of Mercy of St. John of God who care for and nurse male patients both in hospitals and in private homes. These Brothers are seeking candidates. Young men who are between the ages of 17 and 37, and feel themselves called to this noble work, will please apply to the Novice Master, Brothers of Mercy, 49 Cottage Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

### Superstition on the Mission Field

The hopes of Catholic missionaries in Siwantze, Chuhaha, Mongolia, for mass conversions have been suddenly dimmed, if not completely extinguished, by a superstitious propaganda that is being preached by a new sect of fanatics. The rumor is that of approaching trouble for the Christians of China, and is based on a superstitious fear that since the Boxer uprising of 1900 occurred in the twenty-sixth year of Emperor Kuang Hsu's reign, so also next year, which will be the twenty-sixth of the Chinese Republic, is the time fixed by fate for a fresh outbreak against Christians.

### First Doctor of Missiology

The first degree of Doctorate of Missiology conferred by the Gregorian University, Rome, has been received *Magna cum laude* by Father Thomas of Jesus (Francis Pammolli) of the Discalced Carmelites who, on July 2, defended his thesis on "Father Thomas of Jesus and His Missionary Work at the Beginning of the 17th Century."

# The Bethany Movement

*His Excellency, Mar Ivanios*

Late in 1930, a significant report from the *Fides Service* of Rome carried the following news: "An event, very important in the missionary history of India, took place on September 20, when Mar Ivanios, Jacobite Archbishop, and his assistant, Bishop Theophilus, were received into the Catholic Church by His Lordship, Bishop Louis Benziger, O.C.D., Bishop of Quilon. The Jacobite Syrian Christians date from the year 1663, when they broke away from the Portuguese missionaries who had reared them in the Faith, and set up a schismatical church. Now they are gradually finding their way back into the True Fold. In recent years, sixteen priests and about three thousand people have become Catholics. The conversion of the two prelates is expected to have great influence among the remaining Jacobites of Malabar."

Since this report of 1930, "The Bethany Movement," as it has been called, has grown in importance and in the effectiveness of its work, as is evidenced from the statistical account given by His Excellency, Mar Ivanios.—*Editor.*

**B**Y the grace of God and the blessings of the Holy Father, considerable progress has been made in the Archdiocese of Trivandrum, India. During the year 1934, the Catholic population of the Archdiocese rose to 18,725 by December 31, 1934, and by June 30, 1935, it had reached the consoling total of 22,914. During 1934, two Jacobite priests were received into the Church.

The following institutions were started in the Archdiocese in 1934: Mar Ephrem's Seminary—the Special Seminary for the reunited priests—building not completed; St. Aloysius' Petit Seminary; Pope Pius XI English High School for boys.

The following churches were erected in the year 1934. All these are substantial buildings. The Church of Our Lady of Sorrows at Kottarakara; the Church of St. Albert the Great at Kattoor; the Church of St. Patrick at Pandalam South; the Church of St. Antony at Vattiyoorkavoo; the Church of St. Joseph at Arasuparampoo; the Church of St. Matthew at Pazhakulam. Resident priests have been posted at Adoor, Kottarakara, Kadamminatta, Pattazhi, Vattiyoorkavoo and Marthandam. Chapels and new stations were opened in twenty-eight different places during the year 1934.

A higher grade Secondary School for boys (which has the status of a College in Europe) has been opened. This institution was started on the birthday of the Holy Father and was named, "Pope Pius XI English High School." A substantial building has been erected in the center of the Jacobites where I have over fifteen hundred reunited. The High School has been fully equipped with scientific apparatus and library, satisfying the requirements of the State Educational Authority.

**B**ESIDES the above mentioned items of external progress there has been considerable internal progress too. Conferences for the laity, in which apologetic subjects have been particularly stressed, were conducted in the principal centers. Large numbers of Jacobites, too, attended these conferences. Retreats for the laity were



*His Excellency, Mar Ivanios, leader of the Bethany Movement.*

conducted in the various churches and mission stations. Pious Associations have been established in several places. Catholic Action Guilds have been established in some places. Retreats for the priests and catechists have been conducted.

The following brief summary of statistics for December 31, 1934, will be of interest. The Archdiocese of Trivandrum now has 22 churches or head stations, 17 sub-stations with chapels, 52 sub-stations with sheds, 42 out-stations with sheds on leased property. There are 2 high schools—one for girls and one for boys,—2 Middle English schools for boys, 2 vernacular Middle schools, 40 Primary schools, 2 Industrial schools. The total attendance in these schools is 5,800. The Archdiocese has 36 priests, 44 Religious (men and women), 57 catechists. There are in the Archdiocese 387,429 Jacobites and Protestants. The total pagan population is 1,969,636. In addition to this, there are 225,420 Mussulmans.

All this progress has been due to the great support that the Holy See has so graciously rendered to me. I am confident that the ardent desire of the Holy Father for the return of his erring children is being fulfilled, and that sheltered by His Holiness' loving arms, the reunion movement will attain greater force and momentum in the near future.

# Little Lepers of Culion

Hugh J.  
McNulty S

**T**O meet the difficulties of instruction and language, Providence has blessed Culion with a first-class language specialist, Father Francis Xavier Rello, S.J., one of our Spanish Fathers, who has been in Culion for over seventeen years without ever a fear of leprosy. It was to try and help Father Rello that the present writer was allowed to come to Culion four years ago. Father Rello planted several of the big trees that stand about our church. And as he saw the trees develop, so he saw many hundreds of leper boys and girls growing bigger and better, though often not stronger. He meets them now as men and women, and calls them all by name and they know that he is their own Padre.

But children are and have always been altogether in the minority here in Culion, the great "Leper Island" of the Philippines. At present we have out of nearly seven thousand lepers, only about three hundred boys and some six hundred girls that we might class as children. So it is true to say that Father Rello has watched over and consoled many thousands of leper adults. In his time, nearly two thousand nine hundred and thirty-eight have been cured and discharged, and sadly enough, thirteen thousand six hundred and thirty have died. But he will meet them all in Heaven, because all except a very small proportion received the last sacraments as is certified after each one in our big ledger-like "Records of Death." And how old is His Reverence? We were both born the same year, 1877, and are getting younger every day. We studied together twenty-five years ago in Woodstock—so we are well met.

**O**UR catechism plan is this. Each week Father Rello translates a lesson (our adaptation of a point or two in the catechism) into seven native dialects which we run off on a mimeograph and distribute and which we try to make practical by the help of five or six teachers in each language. But then we meet another difficulty. Many of

those who need instruction cannot read at all, even in their own language. How could they learn? They had no schooling at all, and are debarred! There is a public school here in Culion with all leper teachers,—but that is only for children, and half the children are too sick or too disabled to attend. For our catechism teachers we attempted to make "model classes" of small groups in order to show how to do it. This model work we had to carry out on week-days—it is preparation for the Sunday teaching. That is as far as we have got up to the present. It is really very little because our Sunday School never numbers more than five hundred of whom about one hundred and fifty are children, where we have thousands who are woefully lacking in instruction.

**W**HY don't we buy catechisms? We do, when we can. But it is like ordering Ford parts in the locked section of Tibet. Three months ago we ordered hundreds of simple catechisms in eleven different Filipino dialects. In an attempt to make our order "sure fire" we wrote in each case to persons of authority, asking them to have our letter forwarded to the base of supplies. Up to date we have three answers. We do not resort to this extreme plan till we had tried unsuccessfully other possible vendors. Here's a paragraph from a letter of one to a man in the States who wanted to help our Sunday School. It probably frightened him because we have not heard from him since. Sic: "The only way you could help us would be by money. Beggars have to be frank, especially when it is for lepers, the poorest of God's poor. If I could pay teachers (sixty dollars a year) and translators (so much a job)—I could probably do something worthwhile, but such payments for such multiple propositions (Culion is a Babel in languages) would run into big money. I have hesitated about being so frank even with your generous self and your splendid proposals."

Many ask for photos showing the ultra-realism. "Why doesn't he send us some photos?" For the simple reason that they are hard to get. The poor people are sensitive about being pictured

for propaganda. So we make word pictures instead. Here is a boy coming along, and I'll tell you about him. He is twelve years old. I have nearly fifty little fellows in one house ranging from six to fourteen years, mixed in with a fair number a little bit older. This boy's face and hands and feet are all broken out with spots and sores—ulcers to put it plainly. Neither has he rest day or night, but the smoke of his burning will not arise forever, for he might go to Heaven very soon. His lips and nose are a fright; his eyes are being crowded out by sores; he will probably be blind before long; many get blind from leprosy—and lame. This poor kiddo is limping like a broken soldier. But you should see the grown-ups: many look very old and many of them are awfully broken.

Every morning at 5:15, if you flew over Culion in a plane, you would see hundreds of Angelitos hurrying by varying paths

*Little leper girls, six to twelve years of age. We have housefuls together with other housefuls of their little brothers. There is some hope for their recovery though hundreds have been cured in Culion.*





fairly at home. But, of course, such an institution can hardly ever be a real home, and as one gets to study these small boys one encounters some very sad features of child life. We find them thinking of their brothers and sisters, not to say their mammas and papas; we find them, not often indeed, but still often enough, in a corner crying, and sometimes the trouble is that they are missing very much the fondness of a home.

**B**UT Father Rello, who was very wise about all these problems, selected a clever young woman, and after a good deal of thinking he asked her if she would accept the very difficult task of mothering our small boys. Would she be the matron of their house? She was twenty-two years old at the time, a very practical character, happy and light-hearted, though a leper, a good housekeeper, a good manager, and best of all, a person of very tender devotion and a strong Catholic piety and

faith. She accepted the task enthusiastically, and has never received one penny of pay for all the wonderful work that she has done for many hundreds of outcast small boys. She loves them, and they look up to her almost as much as to their mother. She teaches them their prayers, she puts them to bed, she wakes them in the morning, she takes care of them when they have a cough or cold or any little seizure that does not mean hospital care. She mends their clothes, she looks after their manners, settles fights and cares for them in every way and has done it without a cent of pay.

**W**HERE does this wonderful leper matron live and keep her leper boys and play mother to them? Until we began to build our church, they lived in a mere shack with a roof of grass. It was propped against (Turn to page 280)

of hundreds of leper boys, victims of attempts at proselytizing of the cheapest and most kind, including insistent misrepresentation of the sacraments and articles of piety. So leprosy is not the worst thing in Culion.

chaplains' quarters to do honor to the Blessed Sacrament. do not enter the house or the chapel, not allowed, but they a double line off at a distance just beyond the quarantine, by ten or twelve of them, clothed in red cassocks with surplices, to accompany the priest when he carries the eucum. Here we must do honor to Father Rello.

**R**OOM the beginning of Culion Leper Colony in 1906, the problem of the small boy and the small girl offered many difficulties. In 1917, Father Rello, whom I am trying to help who has been chaplain in Culion all these years, suggested partrate place for the small boys. His plan was accepted, and then he has had the small boys living in one house under patronage of the Holy Angels, called "Casa de Angelitos." The problem with regard to the small boy was this: originally a kiddo was "committed" he was placed in the tutelage of some house in the Colony, so you found scattered in the Colony in present little thatch homes, two or three or five small boys, who were taken into the and who lived there more or less like boarders. The good man or woman in charge, of course, had a certain care for these strangers, but it became more and more need that these children were neglected with regard to their religious development, their schooling, and even their conduct and play.

**W**HEN they were gathered together in their own house, a new problem was to secure somebody who would be in charge, somebody to mother them. They had all been taken from their homes in different parts of the island because of their sad affliction, leprosy, and all missed their mothers' care. It is true for the most part they adapt themselves to their situation in the Colony so that they can, at least now, in their own house, to be

of our seven thousand lepers. Hundreds are in shacks that are rotten and falling to pieces.



# JESUIT MISSIONS

A MAGAZINE OF APOSTOLIC ENDEAVOR

Published monthly, September to June, bi-monthly, July-August, by the JESUIT MISSION PRESS, INC., in the interest of the home and foreign missions attached to the North American provinces of the Society of Jesus.

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## More than a Passing Interest

TOO often the mission cause is given only a passing interest. We listen to some mission appeal or other, made from our pulpits, and we are moved to give an alms. Praiseworthy though this be, it is not sufficient answer to the call of Christ, given to every one of us, to take a deeper interest in the spread of the Faith throughout the world. Something like an abiding Crusade spirit is called for, and it is in the hope of helping that spirit that the following lines are written.

It was in the latter part of November of the year 1095 that many knights and men of all conditions among the laity, 400 abbots, 250 bishops and 14 archbishops with Pope Urban II at their head, gathered in solemn council at Clermont in Auvergne in southern France. On the second last day of that solemn council,—a memorable day, November 27, 1095,—the Pope arose to address the vast multitude. In rapt attention they listened as he unfolded before them the sad story of the condition of the Holy Land which rested in the hands of the Turks. He told them how ill-fitting it was that the places made sacred by the Passion and death of Christ should be desecrated by the hands of the haters of Christianity. With the fire of apostolic zeal burning in his soul, he exhorted the assembled knights to go forth and rescue the Holy Sepulchre. As he spoke, the hearts of his listeners were fired with his zeal, and amid wonderful enthusiasm and cries of "God wills it!" all rushed towards the Pontiff to pledge themselves by vow to depart for the Holy Land and to receive the cross of red, the Crusader's badge of honor and loyalty.

In our day, another Pope, no less zealous, no less afire for the things of God, has arisen to speak to the millions of Catholics the world over. Like another Urban he is all aglow with the fire of zeal for the things of God. But unlike the call of his predecessor of the eleventh century, his call is one to spiritual arms, to a spiritual conquest of the world for Christ. Looking out over

the world, Pope Pius XI sees the millions of souls who have not yet come to know and love the Savior of the world. And with the realization of the sad condition of the pagan world, a holy restlessness seizes him,—it is the restlessness of the apostolic heart. "With the ever recurrent thought," he says, "that the gentile world is ten thousand times a hundred thousand souls wide, we know no rest to our spirit."

And the restlessness of the Holy Father has manifested itself in constructive far-reaching ways. He launched the great mission exhibit of the Vatican in 1925; he developed further the Society for the Propagation of the Faith; he studied, reorganized, divided, rearranged and extended mission dioceses, vicariates and prefectures; he pushed the work of forming a native clergy and a native hierarchy in mission countries. But he neither does nor wishes to work alone. He has enlisted the zealous cooperation of every cardinal, archbishop, bishop and priest of the Catholic Church, and through them has sent out the call of the missions to Religious and laity the world over. It is the call of the great spiritual Crusade, the call to every Catholic man, woman and child to share in the work of winning souls to Christ and to establish the Church of Christ in every corner of the world.

But what is it that as loyal mission enthusiasts we are called upon to do? We may not be called on to leave home and loved ones to sacrifice ourselves directly for the missions, but all of us can do the one thing that helps the missions most: we can pray. Pray that the pagan hearts may be softened to give entrance to the sweet Gospel of Christ; pray that the missionary priests and Sisters may be brave of soul and strong of body to endure the hardships they must face on Christianity's battlefield,—do this and you will be a real missionary at heart. But most of us can and should do more; we can and should make financial offerings for the carrying on of mission work. The financial strain on the Religious Orders, Congregations and Societies who have charge of missions and have to give or raise a large part of the mission money needs is indeed great. Priests and Sisters cannot be educated for the missions; they cannot be cared for; their support on the mission itself cannot be properly attended to; catechists cannot be paid; small schools cannot be built or chapels erected unless we at home are ready at hand to lend support. Many of us have felt the pinch of the financial crisis, but even so, in many instances we can make at least an occasional sacrifice to help on the mission cause. The missions have felt the financial crisis more than perhaps we realize, for before the crisis they were running on a close financial margin, and when America's financial crash came, and friends at home ceased to send donations, the missions all but collapsed in places, and today are facing the necessity of retrenching their plans for advance in preaching the Gospel for the one and only reason that they are nearly financially bankrupt. To us Catholics of America the missions send their appeal for help. We cannot, we must not fail them in their hour of trial. We must make them feel that we are behind them with all the assistance we can give. The call is still: "God wills it!" And the response of American Catholics must and will measure up to high Crusade ideals.

# The Mission Intention

Preparatory Seminaries in the Missions

OUR Holy Father, Pope Pius XI, proposes as an object for our prayers during the month of November the needs of our preparatory seminaries already in existence and the erection of new ones. It is in these seminaries that native youths, the hope of a native clergy, are prepared by six or eight years of study and formation to enter the major seminaries, where they study philosophy and theology for seven or eight years more. Today, minor seminaries are far more numerous and for that very reason are more in need of financial assistance, of professors, of a constant inflow of vocations, and of the cooperation of parents who will impress their children with the proper esteem for the clerical state. While the seminaries of India, China, Japan and the Malay Archipelago have their own peculiar needs, those of Africa call for special mention. From 1932 to 1933, out of a world total of 404,744 conversions in mission lands, Africa had 249,841. Out of 22,614,036 catechumens there were 1,937,587 in Africa. According to statistics for 1934, tabulated in the *Guida della Missioni*, there are today in Northern Africa 3 major seminaries with 36 students, 8 minor seminaries with 98 pupils. In Western Africa, 7 major seminaries with 42 students and 12 minor seminaries with 259 pupils. In Eastern Africa, 6 major seminaries with 276 students and 17 minor seminaries with 982 pupils. In Central Africa, 9 major seminaries with 237 students and 32 minor seminaries with 1,322 pupils. In South Africa, 3 major seminaries with 84 students and 5 minor seminaries with 147 pupils. In Madagascar and the Islands, 1 major seminary with 73 students and 6 minor seminaries with 272 pupils—a total of 29 major seminaries with 748, and 80 minor with 3,080 pupils.



The chapel of the Leprosarium, Cebu, P. I., where Father Clement R. Risacher, S.J., of the Maryland-New York Province, says Mass for his lepers.

# The Mass of the Missions

Domine Non Sum Dignus  
(Continued)

In eternity there shall be neither sacraments nor sacrifice, but only the Lamb of God, the self-same Victim of Sacrifice Who on earth died in Blood, but now in Heaven lives in glory forevermore.

The purification of the priest's consecrated fingers which now follows, symbolizes the desire of his soul to remain forevermore unstained by sin, even as he now is in the presence of his Savior and his Lord.

The Communion Prayer

"And I say to you, I will not drink from henceforth of this fruit of the vine until that day when I shall drink it with you new in the Kingdom of My Father."

"And a hymn being said they went out unto Mount Olivet." (Matt. xxvi, 30.)

This ended the world's first Mass.

Of that first Communion hymn the present Communion Prayer is an almost forgotten relic.

"O praise the Lord, all ye nations: praise Him all ye people. For His Mercy is confirmed upon us: and the truth of the Lord remaineth forever." (Ps. cxvi.)

Post Communion

The final prayer at the Epistle side is called the Post Communion, in which the priest asks for himself and

for the Faithful who are present the full fruits of their Communion, be it Communion of the Sacrifice or in spirit.

Quickened anew by Thine atoning gift, we beseech Thee, O Lord, that by this very help to eternal salvation the true Faith may spread more and more:—to every race and to every clime.

Dominus Vobiscum

"The Lord be with you,"—"And with thy spirit."

After Communion He is with you in a union that is both vital and full of fruit. That this is a vital union, Saint John shows us by the Parable of the Vine.

Christ the Head is likened to the Vine. He Himself tells us so: "I am the Vine." We the members are likened to the branches: "You the Branches." Now the union of the branches with the vine is a vital union, that is, if the branches are in union with the vine, they live; if not, they die. A vital union, a mortal separation. Therefore, if we the branches are not in union with Christ the Vine, we die—a spiritual death by fire. For "If any one abide not in Me, he shall be cast forth as a branch and shall wither and they shall gather him up and cast him into the fire and he burneth." But if we, the branches, are in union with Christ the Vine, we shall live forever. And, therefore, does your priest pray: "The Lord be with you." But after Communion, the Lord is with you not only in a union that giveth life, but in a union that is full of fruit. For "He that abideth

in Me and I in him, the same beareth much fruit." And if you bear fruit, you shall be given power to bear still more by the Father Who is the Husbandman. For "every one that beareth fruit, He (the Father) will purge." Why? "That he may bring forth more fruit."

# Introducing

# Jesuit MISSIONS

"After a long and patient study of the problem and with the details all completed, it gives us great pleasure and joy to announce . . . that after January 1, 1927, the mission section of *The Pilgrim* will be published as a separate magazine, entitled JESUIT MISSIONS. . . .

"The new magazine will have as its dominant purpose the cause of the many North American Jesuits working in

the mission fields today. It will tell the story of these soldiers of Christ, mark their conquests, recount their failures, and put you in touch with their aims and ambitions to protect or extend the kingdom of Christ. It hopes also from time to time to carry the stories of other Jesuit mission fields which encircle the globe and wherein according to our latest statistics over two thousand Jesuits are toiling."

*So ran an Editorial published in The Pilgrim just nine years ago. It tells its own story—and the Editors of JESUIT MISSIONS like to believe, in fact we know, that the magazine has accomplished what it hoped to accomplish when, at that time, these other words were written editorially.*

"The establishment of JESUIT MISSIONS, the new national Jesuit mission magazine will, we think, bring courage and strength and hope to our American Jesuit missionaries who have been employed in their lonely and hidden tasks with no organ to tell the story of their labors for God or to win friends for their many works. JESUIT MISSIONS will fill a need for the families and friends of the missionaries who can thus follow though afar their footsteps, rejoice in their triumphs, and be reminded to pour forth prayer for their success. JESUIT MISSIONS can be an inspiration to the thousands of students in Jesuit Colleges

and High Schools who through its medium can be brought in touch with another and hitherto unknown phase of Jesuit activity. . . . JESUIT MISSIONS will inspire our parishioners and friends to keep the home fires burning for the brave soldiers on our far flung battle line, keep them burning first of all by ardent prayer until they have enkindled in their own hearts and the hearts of others a veritable conflagration of charity that will consume them with zeal to spread Christ's kingdom amongst the unbelieving, and then keep them burning by their alms which though small, when prompted by charity, can work a mighty conquest for God."

*But hope then required, as accomplishment now requires, cooperation. Therefore, the lines that conclude the editorial in the November-December 1926 issue of The Pilgrim are as timely and as much in place in 1935 as they were nine years ago."*

"The task of promoting missionary enterprise and of stimulating the faithful to an active share in the spreading of Christ's kingdom makes the work of the editors in a very live sense missionary. With full consciousness of this missionary phase of their activity the editors appeal to you, gentle readers, not to withhold in the future that cooperation which has been so helpful in the past. With this we

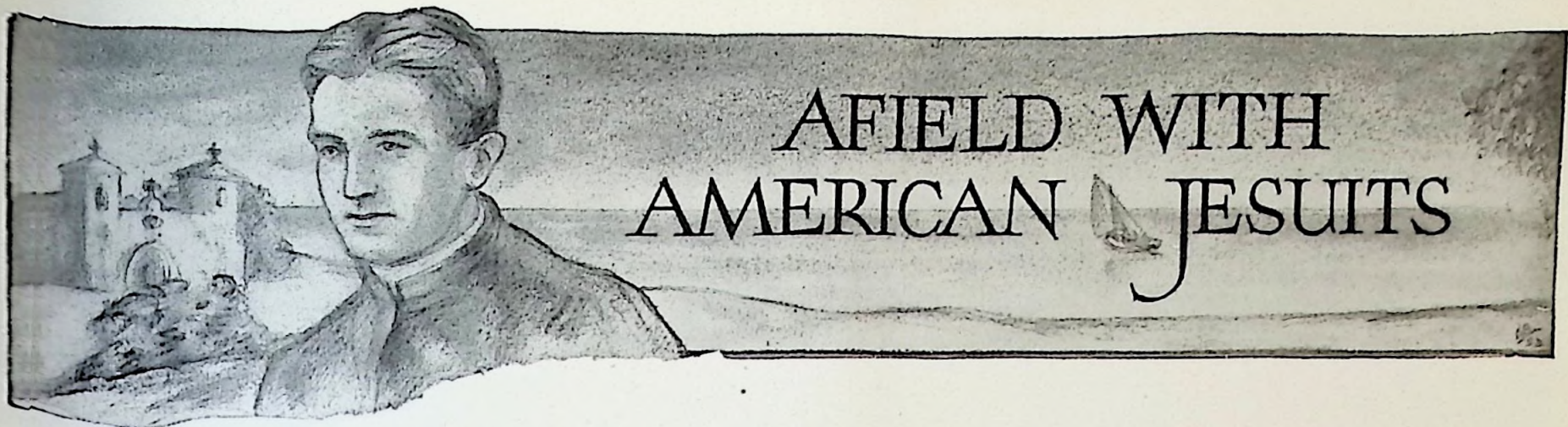
introduce to you JESUIT MISSIONS and welcome you as fellow missionaries in the task of making it a success. By cooperating with us you will share in the good which, our hopes, our ambitions, our love for the missions tell us, will be accomplished by this little magazine in the unfolding years."

*For nine years readers and subscribers to JESUIT MISSIONS have given us splendid cooperation. Some friends who read the first issue of JESUIT MISSIONS are still subscribers. Other friends are more recently acquired. But subscribers of a year's, of five years', and of nine years' standing are all cooperating with us now. Thousands have joined the ranks of subscribers, thousands have died, other thousands, through the depression, have left the ranks. For these latter we have no criticism. Towards all we feel deep gratitude.*

*As our tenth year dawns, as JESUIT MISSIONS begins to round out its first decade of helpful service to the missionaries, we Editors hope that the places left vacant by the thousands who once were subscribers, will be filled by new friends. Will you, kind reader, cooperate with us and help to fill those vacancies*

**by renewing your subscription to JESUIT MISSIONS — by subscribing to JESUIT MISSIONS for a friend — by subscribing if you are only a reader but non-subscriber?**

(Find a subscription blank on the back cover)



# AFIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUITS

## CANADIAN INDIANS

John McKey, S.J., and Charles McGee, S.J., who are at present in Toronto engaged in their study of philosophy and science, spent the Summer at the Indian school at Spanish, Ontario, where they rendered valuable assistance in perfecting the boys. Each saved a youngster from drowning. Startled by their exhibitions of baseball, weight-lifting, swimming and running skill, the Indian boys thought that some of the missionaries of legend had returned in the flesh. Before returning to Toronto, the two Scholastics were invited to attend the powwow at Wikwemikong where they were received into the tribe. Mr. McKey was christened (or Indianized) *Maiawigabo*, "The-man-who-stands-straight;" and Mr. McGee, *Jomingwe*, "Smiles."

"The Indians made very little on their blueberries this year. Formerly a family would clear about two hundred dollars a Summer, but with prices as low as thirty-five cents a basket, it did not pay for a man's time, since two baskets per day is considered good picking.

"The Holy Rollers have erected large tents on the Sagamok Reserve, and representatives from far and near have gathered to make it a monster revival. The effects have been counteracted to a great extent by a mission preached there during the last week of August by Father John Fillon, S.J.

"The number of bears around Georgian Bay is increasing quite perceptibly. On the Sagamok Reserve they are so numerous that no Indian will venture along the main trail without a loaded gun. Even this Summer, when food was plentiful, one Indian wheeled around on the trail and shot a bear that was following him, and an Indian family brought home the pelt of a wolf that disturbed their blueberry hunt. Father Timothy Dwyer, S.J., always carried a .32 revolver.

## AMERICAN INDIANS

Writing from St. Francis Mission, South Dakota, George L. Klaus, S.J., explains how the auto is a real necessity for missionaries working on the extensive Sioux Indian reservations.

"Something terrible has happened

at Bad Hands.' Such was the message that reached the Mission through the Agency Office. A priest was wanted. What could have happened? Bad Hands and their four children live up beyond Dog Ear. Their nearest neighbor is five miles away. The ominous tone of the message, coupled with its annoying vagueness, brought lines of anxiety to the brow of the missionary. Dog Ear chapel is seventy-five miles from the Mission. From the chapel to the Bad Hand home is twelve miles over roads that are well nigh impassable. Father Louis J. Goll, S.J., was clearly worried. Would I go with him?

"The water jug was filled; a lunch was packed. Then Father got the holy oils and the Sacred Host, and we started on this strange trip. Mile after mile of prairie slipped by. All sorts of conjectures flitted through our minds. Had someone been shot? At Dog Ear we stopped to make inquiries. Mr. Bad Hand had been very ill at the home of relatives near Dog Ear. In spite of his condition he had gotten out of bed and walked home. That much we found out. But that didn't ease our anxiety. Evidently the message had been relayed several

times, and in the process had suffered considerably from changes and exaggerations. We were still pretty much in the dark.

"We had to leave the highway now. Gradually the road narrowed down until it was not much more than a trail. Then even that had to be abandoned. We cut out over the hills, with five miles to go. Topping a hill somewhat higher than its neighbors, we caught sight of the Big White River in the distance. A little further, and a speck was seen on the flats. 'There's the place!' Slowly we made the descent. How that automobile ever reached the flats without turning over is still a mystery to me.

"We reached the house—a one-room shack. In one corner on a bed lay the sick man. He was breathing heavily. The priest prepared at once to hear his confession. When the confession was over we re-entered the house. The mother sat with her baby on her lap while the last sacraments were administered to her husband. The other three small children were playing outdoors, unaware of what was going on inside.

"When we reached home the speedometer showed that we had traveled one hundred and seventy-five miles on that sick call. Is it surprising, then, that the missionaries consider the automobile as necessary equipment?"

## BRITISH HONDURAS

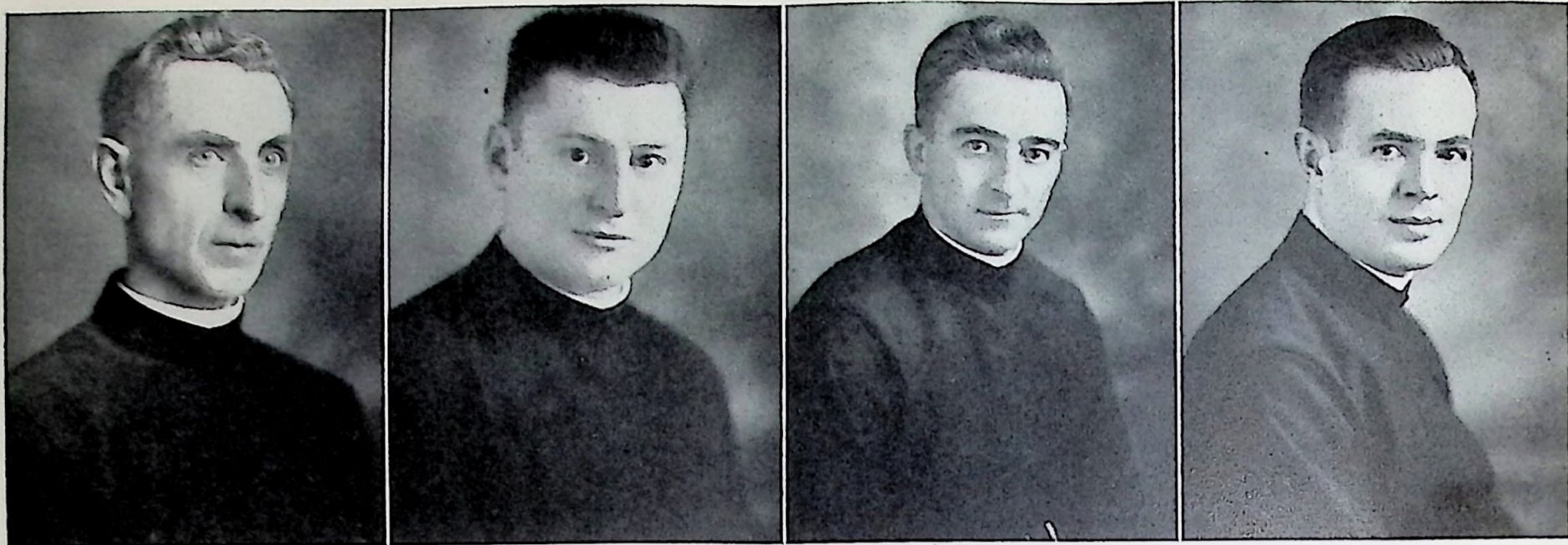
For the following notes from British Honduras, we are indebted to *The Daily Clarion* of Belize for August 3, 1935:

On August 2, Father Robert L. McCormack, S.J., became headmaster of St. John's College. Father McCormack is well known to many former students and friends of the College, since he was a member of the Faculty as a Scholastic at Loyola Park from 1927 to 1930. In the latter year, Father McCormack returned to the United States to continue his studies, being raised to the priesthood in June, 1933. He returned to Belize a week ago.

Father Anthony H. Corey, S.J., who since his recent return from the United States has been acting as a headmaster of the College, will go to Corozal where he will be assistant pastor and have charge of several mis-



*His Excellency, Rt. Rev. Philippe Côté, S.J., of the Province of Lower Canada, who has been chosen first Vicar Apostolic of Süchow Mission, China.*



Members of the Province of Lower Canada who have gone to Süchow Mission, China, this year. Left to right: Fathers Donat Gariépy, S.J., Louis Joseph Primeau, S.J., Cornelius Pineau, S.J., and Rosaire Renaud, S. J.

sion stations. Father Corey has been directly connected with St. John's College since 1922, as professor, headmaster, Rector, and again as headmaster from January, 1933, to September, 1934. Father Corey has done much in his various positions to improve the standard of studies and discipline in the College. His many friends who regret to see him leave Belize, offer him their best wishes for success in his new field of labor.

Father Edward W. Courtney, S.J., who also arrived in Belize from the United States a week ago, has gone to Punta Gorda, where he will be assistant pastor to Father Herman J. Tenk, S.J.

Father E. J. Coony, S.J., who came to Belize from Punta Gorda two weeks ago, suffering from influenza, is much improved and expects soon again to be able to take up his work.

Father Michael Schaefer, S.J., left for Northern River yesterday to visit the Catholic missions there. Father Schaefer will reside in Belize and have charge of the mission stations in the Belize district except those of San Pedro and Cay Caulker.

\* \* \*

Fathers Joseph Melchior, S.J., and Aloysius Smith, S.J., returned to the United States recently. With Father Smith came Messrs Bernard Hoyer and John Badilla, the former of whom will enter the Society of Jesus as a Scholastic and the latter as a Brother. Both have gone to the Novitiate at Florissant, Mo.

#### CHINA

Writing from Gonzaga College, 734 Kiaochow Road, Shanghai, under date of July 31, Father Leo F. McGreal, S.J., Superior, reports that the registration for the new school year is above normal. He says further:

"We have had very pleasant visits with the Fathers and Scholastics on their way to and from Manila, and we shall have the Southern Jesuits with

us next week. They are on their way to Ceylon.

"Father James F. Kearney, S.J., is away from Shanghai at present and will not return until the fifteenth of August. He is at Kuling, giving two retreats to the Columban Fathers who gather on the mountain top for vacation and retreat. Everybody is well at Gonzaga, and most of the Fathers and Scholastics have gotten away or will get away for a short vacation from the monotonous heat of the city."

\* \* \*

Writing from Süchow, under date of July 14, Very Rev. George Marin, S.J., Superior of the Canadian Jesuit Mission in China, says:

"It is not so very surprising if our missionaries rarely write. They are really overworked. I have just finished compiling the yearly statistics for Propaganda. There are eighteen central stations in our Mission where our missionaries live. In five of these stations there are two missionaries, but out of these five, two are still studying the language and cannot be calculated as really active missionaries. In six out of the eighteen stations, there are over four thousand Catholics on our registers, and these Catholics are spread over a large territory, living in innumerable villages. We now have 59,838 Catholics in our Mission and 20,445 catechumens, an increase of 1,872 Catholics over the preceding year. And just twenty-two active missionaries to do all the work! It's not to be wondered at that they hardly find time to write."

#### ALASKA

Father Martin Lonneux, S.J., Pastor at St. Michael, Alaska, writes:

"The fishing of the Akulurak Mission is all over for this year. It was not a success, as never before did the salmon keep away from this river as they did this Summer. Brother Alfred Murphy, S.J., has been a fisherman here for the last fifteen years and

he says that this is the poorest year he ever had. During the whole of the fishing season we did not get as many king salmon as we were able to get in a single day in other years. Of course, we did get enough silver and dog salmon, but we wanted the kings in order to mild-cure them, and ship them outside. We expected to secure fifty tierces, but we were able to obtain only nine. If we had success, it would have been a great help for the Akulurak Mission."

\* \* \*

Writing from Kotzebue, above the Arctic Circle, under date of July 24 (Readers must remember that sometimes a letter takes a long time in coming from Alaska to New York), Father Francis M. Menager, S.J., tells of happenings in his distant mission.

"We are almost in the middle of the Summer now and we have plenty of daylight for a change; a change appreciated by all, I assure you, for darkness is more trying than one would think. I went to Pilgrim Springs at the end of May to give a retreat to the children there and to take the hot baths of the Springs to get rid of the flu that had kept with me a good part of the Winter. The flu here was not as severe as it was at Barrow where seventeen deaths were recorded; but we had quite a time with it from almost Christmas until the end of May; but now under the benign influence of the midnight sun and the constant stinging of the ubiquitous mosquito, we are beginning to revive."

#### PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

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

"Many thanks for the check which I assure you did yeoman's work in these distressing times. With plenty of food but no money available, the famine is at its height, especially among the tribal people in the far in-

terior, but we here in the center are feeling the effects also. To me, the future looks ominous, at least materially speaking. Trusting only in the grace of God and acting on the principle of 'stultitia Christi,' I am opening a two grade school. I hear you say: 'People starving for want of food and you give them a school?' But I figure that the material famine may soon pass away, while the spiritual blight that has fallen upon us will remain, and our only hope of accomplishing anything is with the schools. Thus we continue with 'The birds of the air and flowers of the field' policy, and trust in the Lord Who has blessed every other project of ours in His loving way."

\* \* \*

Father Walter J. Hamilton, S.J., writing from the Tagnipa Mission, Cagayan, Eastern Misamis, Mindanao, P. I., has this to say:

"Our two big *barrio* feasts are over for another year. Our schools are crowded. I am trying to push things at Initao, and am building a *convento* so that a priest can remain there for many days at a time. Father Peter M. Dimaano, S.J., is taking charge and is going there week-ends at present. The patron is no other than St. Francis Xavier. The people are helping towards the construction of the *convento* or priest's house, though they are hindered by attacks from Aglipayanos and Sabbatists."

\* \* \*

Father Vincent I. Kennally, S.J., of St. Augustine's Church, Cagayan, Eastern Misamis, Mindanao, P. I., writes:

"Counting heads here in Cagayan, I find my parochial school of St. Augustine larger than last year, the increase necessitating an additional teacher. There is a certain satisfaction in that, of course, but it also raises the problem of paying an additional salary. The Ateneo de Cagayan, opening its third year in a new

concrete building, more than doubled last year's enrollment, so much so that the new building is already crowded. The pastoral letter of Bishop Hayes on Catholic Education, with especial reference to the condemnation of the notorious Silliman Institute, is bearing fruit. Lourdes Academy, the high school for girls, also more than doubled its enrollment over last year. We are becoming quite a Catholic educational center. All along this stretch of Northern Mindanao there is the same story of advance in schools. Talisayan, Balingasag and Oroquieta, opened their seventh grade this year, and Mambajao under the energetic management of Father Pollock has broken all bounds with over four hundred children in his seven grades. Malaybalay with Father Lucas has its Catholic school now, beginning with two grades. The West coast has been especially blessed with the arrival there of six Franciscan Missionaries of Mary to take charge of the schools in Jimenez and Oroquieta. Undoubtedly, there will be a high school for girls there within a year or two. The 'system' as you see is growing. And it is impossible to calculate the wonderful effect the schools have had in bringing the Faith back to life in these parts. Each year, however, the problem of how to continue to maintain it becomes more difficult. Our Jesuit colleges and high schools in the States have done greater work than they can realize in providing at least a partial stable income which can be counted on. But still the brunt of the expense has to be borne by what the different Fathers can obtain by appeals to individuals. That certainly is precarious foundation on which to rest such an edifice as our Catholic school system here has grown to be. But it would seem that that is the way the Holy Ghost wants it and I suppose we can't go wrong if we build on the Holy Ghost. Arguing from the fruits to date, the Holy Ghost is with us."

Father Eusebio G. Salvador, S.J., writes from Plaridel, Occidental Misamis, P. I.:

"I can boast now of being the only one in this place that owns a three-passenger car, a gift from our beloved and generous Bishop, Most Rev. James T. G. Hayes, S.J. As it is a second-hand one-hundred dollar car, I do not expect it to last very long. It is a strange thing, but almost immediately upon the acquisition of the car, sick calls and visits to *barrios* increased phenomenally. It seems evident that no sooner did His Lordship give me a car than our Lord gave me more work to do with it."

#### JAMAICA, B. W. I.

Father Raymond R. Sullivan, S.J., writes from Brown's Town, Jamaica, B. W. I.:

"I am certain that if we had a priest at Alva he could build up three stations, two of which are the largest of the seven that I have, into self-supporting centers. But I suppose there is nothing to do but wait for God's Providence."

\* \* \*

Father William H. Feeney, S.J., reports his change as temporary Pastor at Savanna-la-Mar to St. George's College, Kingston:

"Just a line to let you know that I was called in from Savanna-la-Mar and put in charge of the Spanish classes at St. George's."

"I came in on the tenth of September with Father Francis Kempel: *Schola Brevis* was the eleventh."

"My last week at Savanna-la-Mar was quite typical of a missionary's life. On September 1, I said my first Mass at Savanna-la-Mar at 8:00 A. M. It was Sodality Sunday and confessions and Communion reached about sixty. After Mass I got into the car and sped nine miles to the west, to Top Hill. Here we had to set up the Mass kit. hear about forty confessions, say



Members of the Province of Lower Canada who have gone to Süchow Mission, China, this year. Left to right: Ernest Lalande, S.J., Leonard Lévesque, S.J., Brothers Dominique Pesant, S.J., and Jean-Baptiste Bédard, S.J.

Mass, give Benediction, baptize a child and meet the people. I got away for lunch at 1:35. The people of this whole section are extremely fervent. They come six or eight or ten miles distance to hear Mass. Then they sit around and eat their lunch.

"I returned to Savanna-la-Mar in time to take a short rest and then go to catechism at 4:00 P. M. At 7:00, we had Sacred Heart Devotions.

"Monday we stayed in Savanna-la-Mar and took things easy. Tuesday, about 3:00 P. M., I drove thirteen miles to the west (as far as the car could go) and then transferred to a saddle. An hour in the stirrups brought me to Brighton. Here I had supper, after which we had confessions, devotions, more confessions and then bed. The priest sleeps in the sacristy. Next morning, more confessions, then Mass and Communions. After Mass I brought Holy Communion to the sick.

"About noon I got back to my car and rode about ten miles to Orange Hill. Here I went through the same work. The work is most consoling. I don't think you could find a stronger faith anywhere. The people have the greatest esteem for the priest. After services they don't want to go home. I slept in the church at Orange Hill Wednesday night. Thursday morning we had Mass and Communions at the same place, followed by two Baptisms. About 9:00 A. M., I started back to Savanna-la-Mar and thence to Cata-dupa, a railway station, where I picked up Father Mortimer Murphy, S.J., the permanent Pastor of Savanna-la-Mar.

"From Thursday on I repeated to him all that I had learned of the mission. On Tuesday, Father Kempel drove me in to Kingston and classes."



Father Vincent A. Gookin, S.J., of the Province of New England, who sailed on September 3, to join the Faculty of Baghdad College, Iraq.

## IRAQ

Father Edward F. Madaras, S.J., of Baghdad, explaining the purpose of the *Baghdadi*, from which frequent quotations have been made in these columns, writes:

"The *Baghdadi* is sent to a fairly large number of newspapers and magazines in England and America. Frankly, our purpose is to make Baghdad College better known, though the motive is not, we hope, that of idle vanity. We may admit that we scan the papers that come from home to see if they have used any of the items we print, particularly the columns of the *Near East Relief*. But as yet, our search has been but little rewarded. Only JESUIT MISSIONS seems to find the fare we dish up to their liking."

Speaking for the readers of JESUIT MISSIONS, the Editors feel that they can sincerely assure Father Madaras that they do find the fare to their liking. (Editor.)

"The last issue, postage and all included, set us back over one hundred dollars. We don't like to preach money, good people, but you know how it is. The tuition we get from our students amounts to about one-fifth of our total expenses. So we've just got to mention money sometimes, even though these general appeals for the most part fall on stony ground. Somehow, everybody seems to think that everybody else sits right down and mails us a check when we so much as hint that the ship of finance is scraping bottom. To think that our neighbors are more generous than we may be a fine form of self-depreciation and an indication of humility, but if it suffers us to leave the missionary's bark high and dry, we should recall that the spirit of emulation in piling up good deeds is not alien to Christian sanctity. All this, we may say, is an interpolation following upon a visit to the printer in which we haggled about the matter of price. So you will understand.

"Before I finally sign off, I must tell you about the fine letter which we have just received from Mrs. Harrington of Boston. You should know Mrs. Harrington, anyhow, for she is one of our staunchest supporters. She will forgive us if we say she ought to be, for she has two sons who are Jesuits. Perhaps by her work she is helping to prepare a place for them here. She is one of the lieutenants of Father Collins of Shadowbrook.

"She tells a story which we cannot keep to ourselves. She writes: 'One day the laundryman, on seeing the large packing-case in our hall marked "Rice-Baghdad" said: "Is there a famine over there?" How we laughed.'

"We had to laugh, too. Practical-minded always, she ends her letter by saying that she is sending five dollars to buy a brick for the new school."



Father Francis W. Anderson, S.J., of the Province of New England, who sailed on September 3, to join the Faculty of Baghdad College, Iraq.

## PATNA, INDIA

Father August F. Wildermuth, S.J., of Patna Mission, writes from Rome under date of August 1:

"We were ordained in our Jesuit Church of St. Ignatius on July 25 by His Eminence, Cardinal Marchetti, Cardinal Vicar of Rome. I said my first Mass at the Tomb of St. Ignatius in the Gesú. Since then, I have said Mass at some of the other shrines: the Altar of St. Francis Xavier, Madonna della Strada, the Tomb of St. Peter in St. Peter's, etc. It is wonderful to be able to say Mass at all these holy places, but it is far more wonderful just to be able to offer the Sacrifice of the Mass. Really, I feel as though I had entered a new world."

\* \* \*

The most important Patna news for the month of November is the ordination to the holy priesthood of four American Jesuit Scholastics. On November 21, His Excellency, Most Rev. Ferdinand Perier, S.J., D.D., Archbishop of Calcutta, will confer the Sacrament of Holy Orders at St. Mary's College, Kurseong, D. H. Ry., India. The four Americans who will be ordained are: Marshall M. Moran, S.J., John J. Brennan, S.J., Felix F. Farrell, S.J., and Marion R. Batson, S.J.

Marshall M. Moran, S.J., eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank D. Moran of Chicago, Ill., was born May 29, 1906. His early studies were made under the Christian Brothers at St. Mel's parish, and his high school course was at St. Ignatius. After completing his Freshman College year at Loyola University, he entered the Jesuit Novitiate at Florissant, Mo., in September, 1924. After completing his classical studies there and part of his studies in philos-

ophy and science at St. Louis University, he volunteered for Patna Mission, and reached there in November, 1929. In India he completed his philosophical studies at Shembaganur and then spent two years at the parish in Bettiah. There he assisted in the school and parish work as Prefect, as Headmaster or Principal of the Middle English School, as Sodality Director, and as general promoter of plays and picnics. Other duties had to do with free dispensary work, Director of the altar boys and a small choir. Mr. Moran did his best pioneering with the village schools, starting and building the first Primaries outside of Bettiah which are now linked in an encircling chain to Khrist Raja High School. Early in 1933, Mr. Moran went to Kurseong to begin his theological studies.

John J. Brennan, S.J., eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Brennan of Cleveland, Ohio, was born in Chicago, Ill., August 15, 1904. He received his primary education at the parish school of the Visitation and at St. Margaret's. He was in Quigley Preparatory Seminary, when his family transferred their place of residence to Cleveland, Ohio, where he entered Loyola High School. After two years, Loyola closed its doors as a high school and Mr. Brennan was given the opportunity to go to Campion, Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin. The impression he got of boarding school life from Father Finn's stories caused him to seize this opportunity with enthusiasm. On being graduated from Campion, Mr. Brennan entered the Society of Jesus at Florissant, Mo., in 1923. After his classical studies there, he was sent as a volunteer to Patna Mission in 1927. His philosophical studies were made at Shembaganur in the Madura Mission. Following that, he spent two years of teaching at Khrist



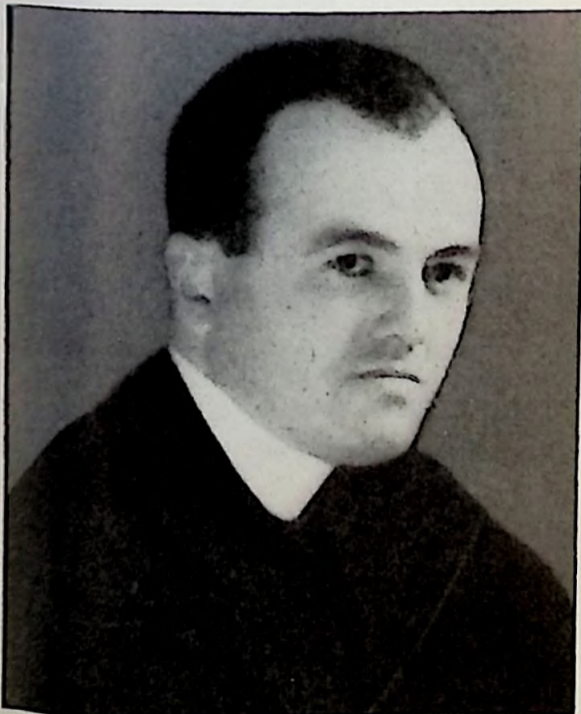
American Jesuits who will be ordained priests on November 21 at St. Mary's College, Kurseong, India. Left to right: John J. Brennan, S.J., Marion R. Batson, S.J., Marshall M. Moran, S.J., and Felix F. Farrell, S.J.

Raja High School, Bettiah. During the occasional holidays, Mr. Brennan made trips to the various mission stations to secure a knowledge of work being done, the habits and customs of the people, the trials and joys of the missionaries, and meantime, acquired great facility in Hindi. In 1933, he went to Kurseong to begin his theological studies.

Felix F. Farrell, S.J., son of Mr. and Mrs. F. F. Farrell of Denver, Colorado, was born on July 20, 1905. He studied at the Cathedral school in Denver and later at Regis High School, where he attained a high record in studies. In 1924, he entered the Jesuit Novitiate at Florissant, Mo., and following upon his classical studies there, he went as a volunteer to Patna in October, 1928. While teaching at Khrist Raja High School at Bettiah, he began the publication of a Hindi monthly magazine, *Khristrajya*, for the Hindi-speaking population of Northern India. Mr. Farrell made his studies in philosophy at Shembaganur and following that, spent some time among the Santals before going to Kurseong for his theological studies. Before leaving the States for India, Mr. Farrell had done considerable work on Hindi and Sanskrit. During his time on the Mission his zealous work on the vernaculars brought unusual success, and as a result he has not only contributed to some of the leading Hindi periodicals, but is also the author of a series of pamphlets in Hindi that are being widely read in the Jesuit schools not only in Patna Mission, but in other sections of Hindi-speaking India as well.

Marion R. Batson, S.J., son of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel R. Batson, was born October 18, 1901, in Newman Grove, Nebraska, though a year later the family moved to Lincoln, Nebraska. His early education was had in St. Teresa's parochial school, Lincoln, conducted by the Sisters of Charity.

The last two years of high school and four years of college were spent at St. Mary's College, Kansas. During his years at college, Mr. Batson gave evidence of those qualities that were to mark him out as a leader and apart from the crowd. He was elected Prefect of the Sodality, Class President and Captain of the varsity football team, his work at tackle earning for him a place on the mythical all-state eleven. On receiving his A.B. degree in 1924, Mr. Batson entered the Jesuit Novitiate at Florissant, Mo. After completing his studies there, his great desire of going to the missions was satisfied, and he went to Patna as a volunteer in 1927. Teachers were needed in the newly opened Khrist Raja High School in Bettiah, and shortly after reaching India, Mr. Batson's services as teacher were requested. This year spent in Bettiah, getting acquainted with strange languages and a strange people in the mysterious East, teaching Indian boys, visiting Hindu and Mohammedan villages with medicines, prefecting, doctoring, advising, being, as the Indians say, "father and mother" to pagans and Catholics alike, was a time in which Mr. Batson really found himself. Seeing and doing was not enough; he longed to tell others of the fascinating work in Hindustan and his facile pen narrated the story of mission life as he saw it and lived it in many interesting articles in *JESUIT MISSIONS* and *The Patna Mission Letter*. *The Patna Mission Letter* is also indebted to Mr. Batson for the many clever sketches that have illustrated its pages. After this year of teaching in Bettiah, Mr. Batson spent two years in the Madura district of south India, studying philosophy under the direction of the French Jesuits of the Toulouse Province. This was followed by a second year of teaching in Bettiah, after which he began theology under the Belgian Jesuits at St. Mary's Seminary, Kurseong.



Father Charles W. Mahan, S.J., of the Province of New England, recently appointed as a member of the Faculty of Baghdad College, Iraq.

# Land of Fire (Continued)

John A. Morrison, S.J.

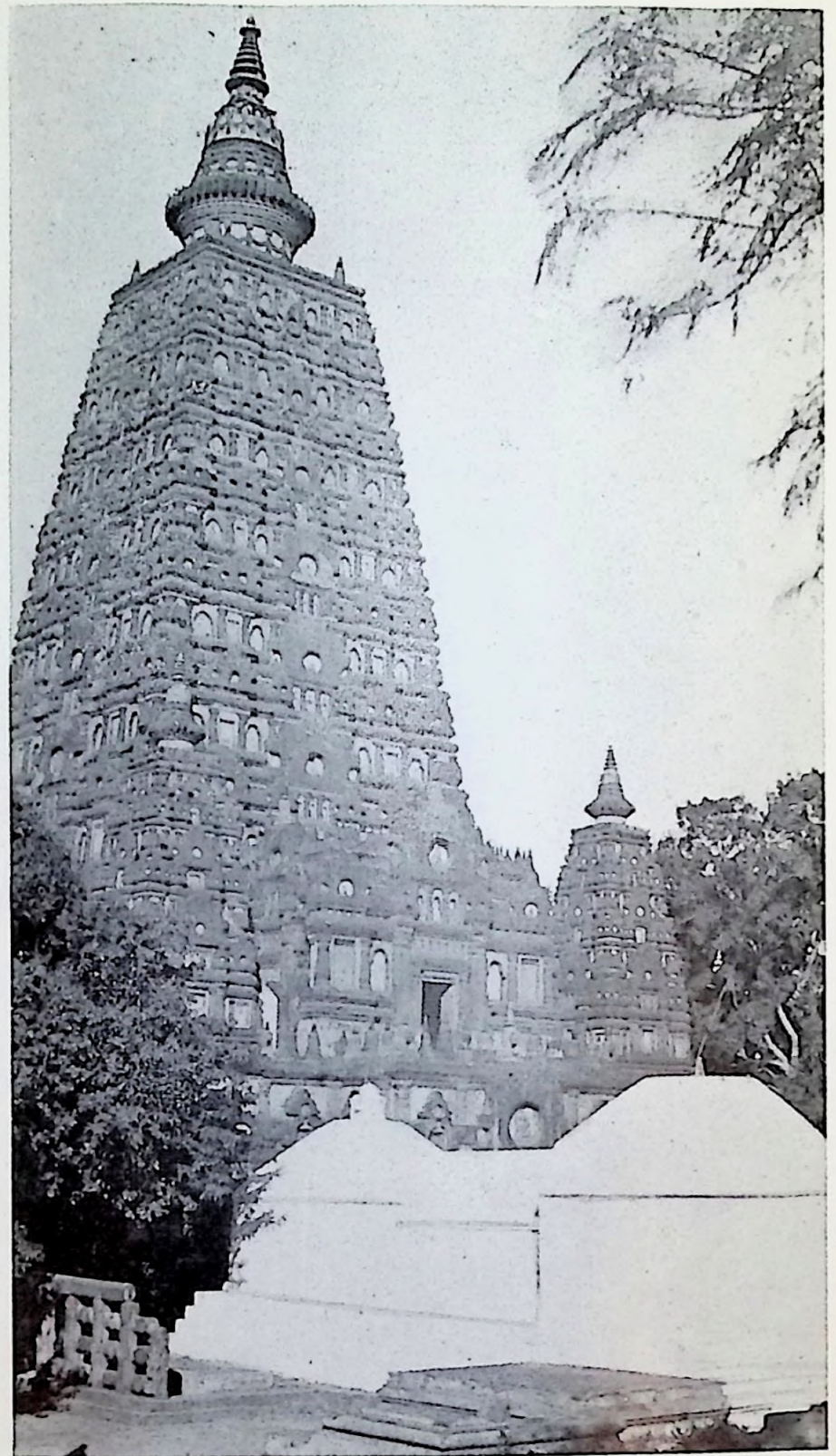
The setting: Patna Mission, India. An American Jesuit is recounting to himself some of the difficulties of his apostolate, as he pushes his bicycle along the dusty road. Among other things he recalls the story of Ram Lal, a Hindu lad, who had attended the Catholic school. Unexpectedly, Ram had secured his father's permission to become a Christian, and had taken up his residence with the missionary. But the lad's uncle, an orthodox Hindu, interferes, and Ram Lal goes back to his pagan home. As the missionary, now returned to his hut, takes a short rest, fire breaks out in the village nearby. He rushes to help fight the flames, but in spite of his efforts, the village is soon in ruins. One child is burned to death,—and then it is noticed that the boy, Ram Lal, and his sister are missing.



HE missionary was very thirsty after all the strenuous work of attempting to put out the fire, and he went over to a well that stood near a heap of smoking ashes to get a drink. As he approached the well, he was startled to hear a call coming from its depths. Rushing over he peered down. Water in wells on the alluvial Gangetic plains is seldom far from the surface. There in the well, some fifteen feet below the ground level and up to the neck in water were Ram Lal and Manorma, the little girl, clinging desperately to chinks in the brick wall, and Ram Lal supporting himself with one arm and holding his sister securely with the other.

A bamboo pole was brought and the children were quickly drawn out of the well, frightened but otherwise none the worse for their long soaking. The boy quickly told his story. Manorma and he had been in the house taking their siesta. They had shut the door to keep out the hot wind and dust. When the fire started, Ram Lal was sound asleep and at first the shouting had not aroused him. When he did awaken and rush outside to discover the cause of the uproar, he saw that all the houses around the little court were blazing and the roof of his own house was afire. Escape was cut off, and if he and Manorma remained where they were, they would be roasted. Only the well standing to one side of the court offered them a chance. Making Manorma stand in the bucket, the lad had quickly lowered her to the water. The small bucket sank with her weight but she clung to the rope. Next he had tied the rope to the top of the well and had slid down himself. There the two had remained safe from the fire and the blazing embers that the wind carried into the well's mouth only to be quickly quenched in the water.

“AND when sparks burnt the rope where I had tied it on top and it fell into the water,” went on the boy, apparently not noticing his uncle who was standing



*Pray that the day may dawn soon when India's millions will not worship pagan gods enshrined in temples like this one, but will adore the One True God present in the tabernacles of Catholic mission chapels.*

near, “I wasn't sure how long we could hold on to the sides, so I baptized Manorma because she is my sister, and I wanted her to go to Heaven. And I taught her how to baptize me, and she did it, too. Wasn't that right, Father Sahib?”

Of course it was right, and the missionary could have raised the boy onto his shoulders and cheered. But he simply bit his lip. Muni Lal was standing opposite, his face a veritable thunder cloud.

“Come, Shyam,” said he roughly to his brother-in-law, “you must move to my village and live with me until you are able to rebuild. And purification ceremonies will be necessary it seems,” he added with a sneer, “it will be more difficult to restore these children's caste this time, and more expensive too, but still it can be done. *Salaam, Padre Sahib!*” And he turned and walked off, holding Ram Lal's arm in no gentle grip, and followed by the half unwill- (Turn to page 280)

# Ten Days on Snowshoes

Timothy J. Dwyer, S.J.

**Y**ES I know it sounds small in these days of speed . . . one hundred and twenty miles in ten days, but you try and do it on snowshoes some time and you will be glad, just as I am glad, to stretch out your legs before a good warm fire and enjoy a few days' rest. If ever I get time, I shall most certainly gather up all the interesting things that happen on the Reserve and sum them all up in a book called, "Round about Sagamok."

Sagamok is a Canadian Indian Reserve some nineteen by twelve miles, and the little groups of Indians are scattered through this space in all directions. Some live along the shoreline that stretches for nearly twenty miles along beautiful Georgian Bay. Others live far back in the bush and come out but rarely. The Indian people are not the most energetic people in the world, as a rule, and the inhabitants of Sagamok were not by any manner or means exceptional. I had only to say Mass at the church once or twice to verify this fact. The congregation was very small, and considering that there were about one hundred families in the Reserve, I made inquiries as to the absentees from church . . . the answer was reasonable enough, considering the little religious education these people get, the church was too far and they did not feel like walking.

**T**HE only means then seemed to be to visit the houses. I chose six houses which seemed to be most centralized, and there began to say Mass, going to the church only on Sunday. It cost so little effort that they came willingly, and once they are available for a few sermons it is not hard to begin the necessary instruction. Nearly all the Indians speak Ojibway and most of them prefer it to English for confession and for sermons. The hearing of confessions with a fixed list of questions is not nearly as hard as one might think, and a few memorized words of advice must do for now. It is the preaching which offers most difficulty, and there our good friend, Bishop Baraga of holy memory, helps, as he has always helped struggling missionaries among the Ojibways.

The Mass over at one of my houses, breakfast duly partaken of, and some breviary done, catechism begins. A few candies are of great help in these little classes, and a lollipop will create as much genuine rivalry as a chair of philosophy might in higher circles. The little ones are quick to learn once you have conquered their shyness, and there is real satisfaction in hearing their



Canadian Indians drying moose meat near Lake Atawapiscat. At the left are fishing nets drying in the sun.

first distinct pronouncing of the prayers. Some of the older folk who have come in the morning for Mass, confession and Holy Communion, very often stay for a little instruction. It is too bad that they have no school, but means are being employed to get a Catholic school for them in the not too distant future. There is an Anglican school, and for a while it seemed as if it were going to play havoc with the Faith of the people there, but it boasts only one or two pupils now and its glories are past. It is not a non-sectarian institution.

**T**HE afternoon is passed in visiting the families, regulating any trouble that may have come up. They bring all their troubles to us and have great faith in the power of the priest. When evening comes, there is a sermon for the older folk of the village. They are always glad to hear instructions in their own tongue and will listen with great interest. Darkness comes soon and they all go slowly to their own log huts to retire early.

Next day, if it be Sunday, finds them all in best array at the church, and a High Mass at 10:00 is in order. The choir is, I must confess, somewhat of an uneven type. There is much good will, but the result is still appalling. The choir, to put it in the ordinary way of speaking, is a male choir, but when you add that there are but three in it and that the youngest of these three is over seventy, it rather changes the face of the situation. No one has been trained since their time, and so these worthy old souls keep up the trust given them years ago when they first learned to sing the Mass.

Without doubt, time will give better organization, but it suffices to say that at any rate the people have the sacraments at hand whenever they wish to attend them. Their children receive the beginnings of instruction which a school will later give them more fully, and the three force male choir is of just as much importance in its way here as the greatest cathedral group of trained voices.

# BOOK REVIEWS

**Mirage and Truth.** By M. C. D'Arcy, S.J. The Macmillan Company, New York, N. Y. Price \$1.75.

The Truth is the Christian ideal epitomized in the everlasting challenge, "*Per Crucem Ad Lucem*"; the Mirage is the world of competing ideals, Agnosticism, Atheism, Modernism, and all the varied and variable tenets of unbelievers with which the ideal of Christ is in daily conflict. In his debate with these, the distinguished author carries the fight to the battleground of first principles, and after establishing himself on the grounds of certitude, entrenched within the logical bases of Catholic philosophy, effectively and cleanly disposes of the attacks of his adversaries. In his arguments, as you might presume, he goes beyond the technique of his opponents, which concerns itself merely with the experience of the senses and of science, and replaces in their rightful niches absolute and not merely relative standards, belief in God and in immortality. His expose of the Christian ideal is uncompromising, and believers and non-believers alike, must recognize in it the sole system of truth that holds within itself the solution to the problems of life. Sacrifice as a means to salvation is herein proposed, not merely as one in a choice of alternatives, not merely as a privilege, but as an absolute necessity. The volume will find favor among advanced discussion groups, philosophical seminars, and in salons of the learned and wise.

**Prayers for the Dying.** "Let Us Pray" Series, V. By Francis P. LeBuffe, S.J. The America Press, New York, N. Y. Price thirty cents a copy, postage extra.

Of all the prayers which the Church uses in her Liturgy to bring the minds and the hearts of the Faithful back to God, none are more sweet, more wholesome, more moving or fraught with more sacred unction than the "Prayers for the Dying." Like the radiance of divinity escaping through the pores of a mortal body so the promise of immortality and of eternal life with God breaks through these pleas of the dying Christian. Their beautiful and consoling message is interpreted by Father LeBuffe in this latest number of the "Let Us Pray" Series which reveals God's last attempt to bring man to Himself.

**One Hundred Pictures of Little Known Alaska.** The Father Hubbard Lectures, 2 West 45th St., New York, N. Y. Price fifty cents.

Beauty spots of the Northland, an album of fine art photography.

**Christ's Alternative to Communism.** By E. Stanley Jones. The Abingdon Press, New York, N. Y. Price \$2.00.

A magnificent paradox. In the face of his own admission on page 190 that "Jesus never formulated a fixed creed nor did His immediate disciples," the author does violence to the Scriptures in order to educe the fixed creed of Jesus, and to urge its adoption upon the world as Christ's alternative to Communism. Preach Jesus is his spiritual dynamic, yet what does preaching Jesus mean if it does not mean preaching His principles of action, and if He has never formulated a fixed creed where will we ever find His principles of action? While failing, as Protestant Christianity always fails, to construct a working system with which to combat the economic and spiritual ills of the age, this book is in many ways a remarkable contribution to the outstanding challenge of Communism. That the author is too highly optimistic in his picture of Russian progress, and that his faith in glamorous but misleading statistics is truly childlike, would be evident to any one who knows the real condition in Russia today. It is hard to reconcile the notorious fact that throughout a book of 302 pages the program of Roman Catholicism on capital and labor and the conditions of the working classes as laid down both in the Encyclicals of Pope Leo XIII and Pope Pius XI should have been so flagrantly disregarded. No reason in any way complimentary to Mr. Jones suggests itself. Furthermore, an omission such as this will never speed the day of that united Christian front six hundred million strong which he so desires. It is in these Encyclicals and the fixed creed of Christ as preached by the Holy, Roman, Catholic, Apostolic Church, and not in his own grand *ignoratio elenchi* that Mr. Jones will find Christ's true alternative to Communism.

**A Retreat for Priests.** By Rev. Antoine Giroux, S.J. Translated by Rev. Edgar J. Bernard, S.J. Revista Press, El Paso, Texas. Price \$1.00, plus postage. (Thirty-day free trial.)

The late Rev. Emil Mattern, S.J., former American Assistant to the Very Rev. Father General of the Society of Jesus, wrote of these notes: "I have been making constant use of Father Giroux's work in the many retreats I have given to the clergy in the States and since my coming to Rome in the retreats given to the students of the American College." Father Mattern's choice was excellent, for the forty Meditations and the sixteen Considerations

are as solid as they are simple, as practical as they are revealing, and as inspiring as they are comprehensive. In his applications, the author leaves nothing to the imagination. His questionnaires cover every phase of the priest's life. It is impossible for any priest with even a modicum of good will to use these notes as a guide and not be both materially and spiritually rejuvenated, as well as inspired anew with the privilege and dignity of the priesthood.

**Villeneuve-Bargemont.** By Sister Mary Ignatius Ring, S.N.D., Ph.D. The Bruce Publishing Co., Milwaukee, Wisc. Price \$3.50.

This work provides a comprehensive commentary on the life and theories of that remarkable early nineteenth century Frenchman, Jean Paul Villeneuve-Bargemont, who recognized the needs of his people and made a scientific study of the whole social-economic system of his day.

Villeneuve-Bargemont visioned the disastrous results of the individualistic philosophy of ethics and economics then heralded as the panacea of all social maladies. Using surveys and facts as a basis for his recommendations, and at the same time applying Christian principles and morality to economics, he planned and advocated a series of practical social reforms almost identical with those which today we hail as the salvation of our economic life.

This great lay apostle devoted his life unsparingly to the two important needs of his day: social relief and social reform. He advocated in almost identical language the reforms asked by Popes Leo XIII and Pius XI. He urged shorter hours, higher wages, better working conditions, and attention to recreation and health. What is more, he really established subsistence farms and other means of relieving the worker. He was a practical, not a visionary, reformer. In fact, he was one of the very earliest leaders in the now worldwide revolt against liberalism, *laissez faire*, and individualism. This study of his life and work will be both a revelation and an inspiration.

**Mustard Seed and Little Cords.** By Francis P. Donnelly, S.J. William J. Hirten Co., Inc. New York, N. Y. Price twenty-five cents each.

Some pungent paragraphs on the customs and foibles of men, with kindly taps from the light lash of a schoolmaster who has at once the virtues of the old-fashioned pedagogue and the timeliness of the modern. Two samples of exquisite, rarely written English.

## "LIGHT OF THE MOON"

(Continued from page 257)

the baby's name is Sen-Yueh-Tsin (Light of the Moon), or in English simply, 'Moonlight.'

It was now bed time, and our first day in the bush was drawing to a close. It was past bed time five hundred miles away in Shanghai, and tiny "Moonlight" was tucked in a warm, little bed in the Orphanage called "Seng-mou-ieu," (Garden of Mary).

Little "Moonlight" was baptized Anne Mary, and shall be supported during the months of infancy by means of a donation received from the Brothers of St. Mary's College in California.

Since little Anne Mary is too tiny to speak for herself, we shall say "Thank you" for her. However, our little word of gratitude is nothing compared with the infinite appreciation of Christ. His gentle voice to those in home or foreign lands is ever the same loving appeal: "Whatsoever you do to even the least of these My little ones, you do it unto Me."

## THE ROAD TO BAGHDAD

(Continued from page 258)

their way to the city schools; peddlers carrying their wares in baskets on their heads with never a worry about their falling off; now and then a fully armed policeman riding by with his rifle slung from his saddle; children and dogs aplenty. Poverty and abundance march past our door. The rich *effendi* rides by in a car of the latest American make. A Kurd comes riding full tilt on his superb horse. A barefooted, dirty and ragged urchin shuffles along to his work which will bring him eighteen cents at the end of the day. A child with bells on its fingers and bells on its toes tinkles along with the stream. We hear on this road all the bells that Edgar Allen Poe put into his poem: camel bells, donkey bells, peddlers' bells, bells that make music, and some that don't. Here is a picture of all times as well as of all peoples. Baghdad of the days of Harun al Rashid goes by with the Baghdad of King Ghazi. One swings along on a camel; the other rolls by in a tractor. East and West, old and new.

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author of

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25 Barclay St., New York

AND out on the river the circular *gufas* are floating down the river as they have done for centuries; and huge rafts called *kallaks* float hundreds of bags of produce down to the city on inflated skins; with now and then a sail boat or a motor launch lending color to the picture. On the *kallaks* you may see an Arab boatman cooking his supper over an open fire—for himself and his crew who pull at primitive oars merely to keep the raft in the middle of the stream. The river is as much of a contrast as is the road itself. Forty centuries mingle there as on the road. Once—only once—I saw a twentieth century speed boat out there. But most of those who pass our college—whether on the road or on the river—are not in any hurry. Those on the river are content to drift with the current of the river; and those on the road drift with the current of the crowd.

And where are they going? To Baghdad for a mouse trap? It can hardly be that. In truth, I was more or less joking when I said that. It seems scarcely credible that all this commotion should be made over a mouse trap. Of course, I realize that our Western world does make a lot of noise over trifles like mouse traps—because they have, many of them, lost a sense of values. But these peoples that flow by our door—where are they going? Now that is a question.

### THEY DIED FOR CHRIST

(Continued from page 259)

the crowd and fell lifeless. "This unfortunate man . . . had entered the legion of Garrido very much against the wishes of his old grandmother, who never ceased commending him to God." "But God," adds our chronicler, "always full of mercy, permitted that at that very moment (of his death) Father Cabrera happened on the scene, and he was able to give him conditional absolution."

THE Red Shirts finally managed to reach the Municipal Palace, where they were protected by the Secretary of Canabal, and the Delegate of the District. They removed any evidence of their being Reds, so that should the Government be

forced to bring them into Court, or even punish them, they could be sentenced to a week or two in jail and be loudly condemned by the very Government whose behests they were fulfilling.

We have space only for a few details of the funeral of the "martyrs." The funeral cortege traveled the three kilometers to Xoco through lines of people, eight deep, and the majority workingmen. "On all faces emotion was reflected, respect for the new 'martyrs' of Christ the King, and a great indignation towards their persecutors. This manifestation was all the more important and deliberate, as the Government tried to prohibit it." Along the way, the Rosary was recited. Newspapers estimated the crowd at twenty thousand.

The last paragraph of the narrative reflects Christianity from the Catacombs to the twentieth century. "Before Luz Camacho was laid in her grave, her companions of the Women's Catholic Action League, of the Third Order of St. Francis and the catechists, sang the Franciscan Hymn and that of Catholic Action. At the interment of the workingmen, the hymn to Christ the King was sung, and an oath pronounced by all the men present, to die defending their religion. It was an unusual scene, moving and solemn. One of those present related his emotions at seeing his brother of the Third Order fall, and said that his thoughts then were of how sinful and unworthy he himself was that he did not merit to be chosen to shed his blood for Christ; that he was making public promise of greater fidelity to the Lord that he might, like his companion and brother, obtain the grace of offering for Him the testimony of his blood."

## BEGINNINGS IN

### BATTICALOA

*(Continued from page 261)*

bears the name of a late lamented Rector; the latter, one-time Bishop of Trincomali. Marks are given for studies and sports. At the end of each month, they are totaled and the total for each house is inscribed on its shield which hangs on the hall wall near the main entrance.

The high educational standard

demanding at St. Michael's has shown splendid results in the record attained in public examinations. This superior type of education is further accentuated by the success of former pupils. Formerly, all Government posts were given to the boys of the Wesleyan school. At present, half of the officers and clerks who hold positions in the Kachcheri, the seat of fiscal, land and other offices of the Eastern Province, are one-time pupils of St. Michael's. Others, who have obtained their elementary and secondary education here, have gone farther afield and have made its worth felt throughout the island.

## HEAP PLENTY SPEED

*(Continued from page 262)*

guage and care little about the White Man's tongue. Hence it is that each Sunday and Holy Day one of the sermons is preached in Indian. At Desmet, Father John Post, S.J., a veteran of thirty years service among the Coeur d'Alenes, weekly speaks to the older tribal members in their native dialect.

Although the various tribes are slowly dying out, yet the Jesuit missionaries are remaining with them to the end.

## LITTLE LEPERS

### OF CULION

*(Continued from page 267)*

our old wreck of a church and had to give place. You could see daylight through the chinks in all directions, so that when a tropical rain struck it, the place was all wet; we have more than once supplied umbrellas for the kiddies to use in the house. I saw inverted umbrellas hung up. I thought it was to dry, but no, it was to catch the drip from the roof. At present they have no shelter of their own; we have them crowded in downstairs, in a house for bigger boys.

Just think of it—for one hundred leper boys or girls we can build a pretty good house, not cement, and no architecture to it, but a good tropical habitat with corrugated iron roof for five thousand dollars. We are hoping to give at least our small boys a shelter soon, and we are confident that the Holy Angels will inspire somebody to contribute, because in all the world there is prob-

ably not a more deserving set of small boys,—certainly no set of boys with a stronger appeal because every one of them is a real live leper.

These boys are also good carpenters, but in a very special line. They not only know how to hammer a nail and use a saw, but they have a very special work,—they make coffins. Of course, their coffins are not works of art and they are not covered with silk and silver. In fact, they make them out of old packing boxes, even soap boxes, and boxes that held the canned milk that came from Seattle and parts further west and east, but they turn out real good coffins, and hundreds of people have been buried in them. Lepers are not "particular" about anything, and least of all about their coffins.

## LAND OF FIRE

*(Continued from page 276)*

ing Shyam Sundar and little Manorma.

LATE that afternoon a very tired and very dirty missionary made his way across the bare rice fields towards his bungalow. He was almost exhausted physically, and his disappointment was great. This was another case in which caste had been victorious. The setting sun was tinting the shining white of the Himalayan mountain tops, first a delicate pink and then a richer red, as it slowly sank below the haze on the horizon. As the priest looked at this gorgeous spectacle of nature, it seemed to him that most of his efforts so far had made no more impression against the barrier of caste against which he was battering than the rays of the sun made upon the perpetual ice and snow of those mountain tops, so cold and so aloof in the distance. Humanly speaking the task was impossible, and no one realized it better than he did. And yet, strangely enough, he was not hopeless. The day would surely come when Hindu hearts would bow before their Lord. They must, because He wanted them. Pagan hearts were hard, the priest knew, and cold, but he also knew of a Fire capable when it came—and oh how he prayed that it might come soon—of melting even Himalayan snows and the hearts of India.

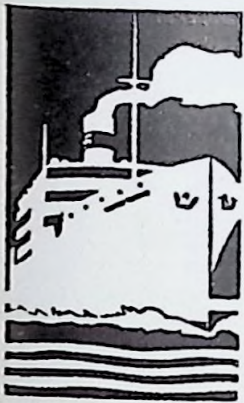
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