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In This Issue

	Page
Frontispiece	
A Catholic Santal archer.....	2
Home on the Range	
Gerald Kernan, S.J.....	3
At Heart Butte, or "Heart Ache," Montana.	
Could Happen to Anyone	
Joseph P. Connell, S.J.....	4
Boys will be boys.	
Two Pictures and a Legend	
Rt. Rev. John Ross, S.J.....	5
In a Japanese Summer time school garden.	
Fiesta at San Jose	
Quirinus P. Leonard, S.J.....	6
Where the dance must go on.	
"Not Paulina!"	
Albert R. O'Hara, S.J.....	7
Lobbying for Christ in China.	
Mantivu Leper Colony	
John J. O'Connor, S.J.....	8
A colony of exiles, forced and voluntary.	
The Human Side	
Mortimer Murphy, S.J.....	10
Where laughs and Fords come dear.	
Into New Lakes	
James A. Creane, S.I....	11
Counting the catch in India.	
From Many Climes	
Current News from the Missionary World	12
Papoose to Pupil	
Leo F. Lanphier, S.J.....	13
Where papoose to pupil is the order of the day.	
Way Up at Tumpagon	
Walter J. Hamilton, S.J.....	14
Superstition in the hills of Mindanao.	
Editorials	16
The Mission Intention.....	17
Communications	17
Our Tenth Year.....	18
Gloria—A Poem	
Francis S. Allen, S.J.....	19
Afield with American Jesuits....	19
First Priest of Dharwar.....	24
A hundred-fold in this life.	
Christmas in Ontario	
Alexander Rolland, S.J.....	25
Where it is always White Christmas.	
Book Reviews	26
Grateful Acknowledgments	

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Sacred Heart Novitiate, Los Gatos, Calif.

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221 N. Grand Boulevard
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With this issue JESUIT MISSIONS begins its tenth volume. We are proud, and you should be proud of the magazine's accomplishments. JESUIT MISSIONS has won vocations to the Society of Jesus. JESUIT MISSIONS has sent over \$150,000 to the missions during the past nine years. JESUIT MISSIONS has been credited, here and abroad, with being one of the best mission magazines published. JESUIT MISSIONS has been especially blessed by the Holy Father. JESUIT MISSIONS is your magazine. JESUIT MISSIONS' successes are your successes.

In making JESUIT MISSIONS your magazine, you have made the missions, which the magazine represents, your missions. During the days of depression you have supported most generously the missions of the American Jesuit missionaries. Naturally then, as the New Year dawns with considerably brighter prospects for the future, they hope with your aid that they may begin to feel the passing of the depression.

Wherefore, from the outset of its tenth year, JESUIT MISSIONS pleads with you—**BE GENEROUS! IF YOU CAN, BE EVEN MORE GENEROUS THAN YOU HAVE BEEN IN THE PAST! HELP FINANCIALLY AT LEAST ONE OF THE MISSIONS MENTIONED ON THIS PAGE!** Each mission needs help in the way of stringless gifts and Mass stipends. Your JESUIT MISSIONS truly hopes that, in its tenth year more than ever before, you will make its missions your missions.

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. For these missions the Province Mission Procurator is

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51 East 83rd Street
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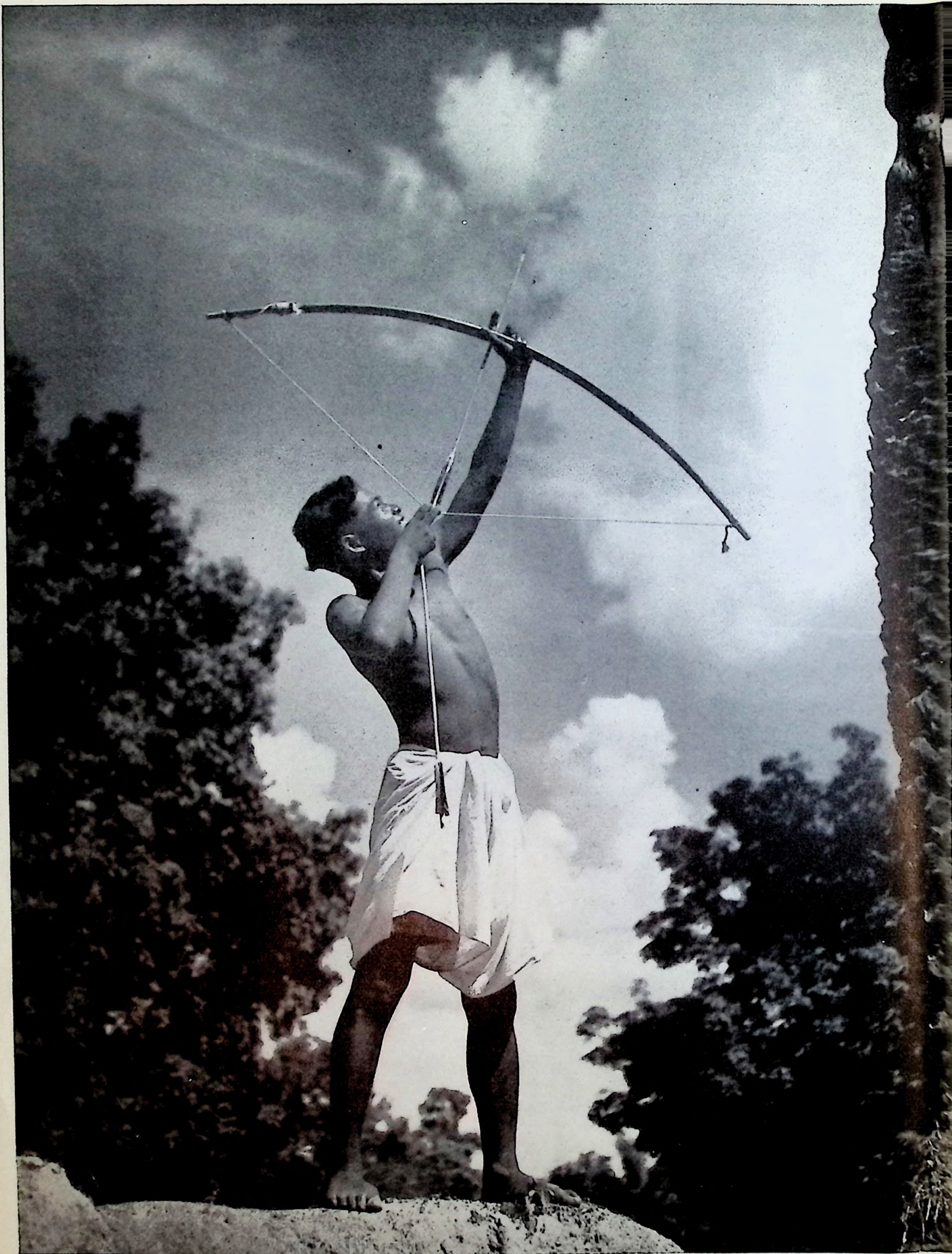
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A Catholic Santal. The Santal lads are crack shots with bows and arrows. In Patna Mission, India, entrusted to the Chicago Province Jesuits, these aborigines are numerous. Yearly over one thousand embrace the Catholic Faith.

Home on the Range

Gerald
Kernan, S.J.

“A H yes,” said Father Egon Mallman, S.J., “here’s where the road turns off for Heart Butte.”

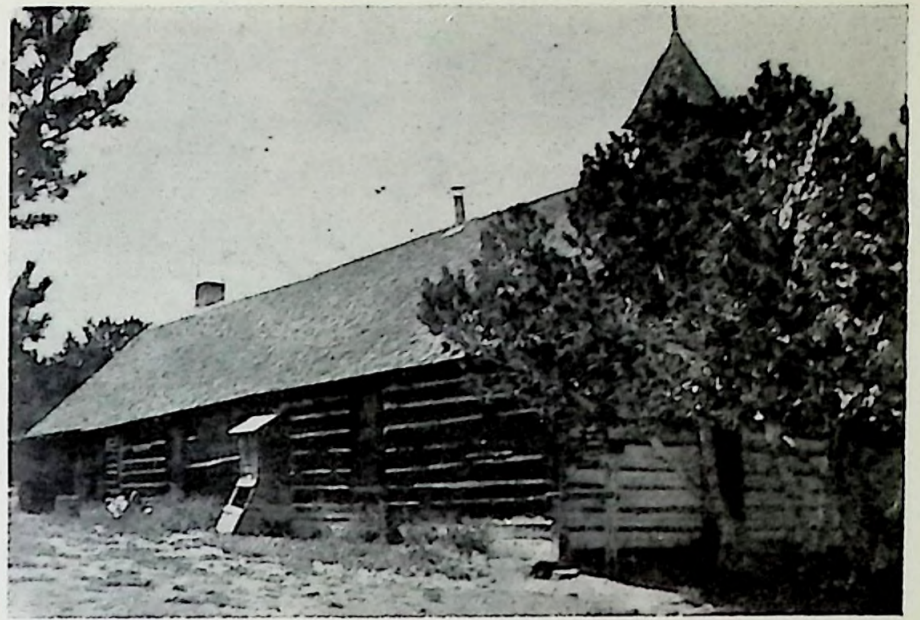
I looked, expecting to see something that resembled a road in the ordinary civilized acceptance of the term. Not finding it, I swept my gaze over the interminable distances of the Montana prairie. But still no road. Then I turned to look at Father Mallman, fearing that the intense midday heat had either produced sad effects on his head, or else he was deceived by a mirage. But to my surprise he was calmly pointing the nose of the car down a bank so steep that even the most intrepid cayuse would have balked. Down we went, and to my amazement remained topside up. Then we were off over the prairies. And over the prairies we remained for the next few hours—save what time we spent in looking up at them while slewing around in gullies.

After seeing the prairies and coulees from various horizontal and perpendicular positions, and getting many intimate glimpses of cattle at home upon the range (by driving right through herds of them), we arrived at the cluster of Indian cabins known to Uncle Sam’s post office as “Heart Butte, Mont.” And with a flourish, Father Mallman waved his hand at the “ecclesiastical edifice and presbytery” outlined against the Rockies in back of the village.

AT first glance I thought that he was designating a relic of the pioneers, preserved for the admiration of future generations. Weather-greyled, adz-hewn timbers, calked with sun-baked mud and topped with defeated-looking shingles—this was the exterior of the “House of God.” But on entering, I found that the interior was as scrupulously clean and neat as loving care could make it. And it was heartening to learn that every Sunday, weather permitting, the two Masses were so crowded that many of the Blackfeet Indians, who had come miles from the surrounding country, had to stand outside. Heartening, yes—but also discouraging to think that such faith must go unrewarded by the liturgical helps that the Church can give.

And then I was ushered into the “residence and study.” In reality, it is separated from the chapel by a distinction without a difference. A tiny cubicle downstairs boasts of an oil stove, where the batching is done; and the head-scraping attic upstairs is living room, bedroom, study and general recreation hall for this poor Pastor of souls among his poor Blackfeet children. A Bohemian of the Parisian Latin Quarter could not ask for more, but a priest of God might.

While listening to the English accent of this modern



“And with a flourish, Father Mallman waved his hand at the ‘ecclesiastical edifice and presbytery’ outlined against the Rockies in back of the village.”

De Smet (his schooling was English and his training cosmopolitan), I looked out at the snow-capped Rockies, gleaming in the July sunlight, and shuddered as I heard tell of the nine-months Winter, when one is snowbound for a month at a time while the thermometer shifts between twenty-five and forty below zero; when the prairies are a bewildering sea of white, and the very peaks of Glacier Park in the distance seem to crack with the cold. The mere thought hung icicles upon the bare plank walls of the “study.”

The Summer night comes slowly within the shadows of the Rockies, and it was not until late that we turned the lamps up and made ready to turn ourselves in. Then came a call that brought one face to face with the stern realities of the missionary’s life. The local doctor received word that an old Indian woman was dying, several miles back in the mountains. It looked as if a priest would be needed, too. So off they set together, helper of souls and helper of bodies.

NOW, merely to find the road at night was a task that would have assured Daniel Boone immortal fame. But to locate an Indian cabin in the Stygian blackness of the foothills was the sort of task the bad king used to set the good prince in fairy tales. Yet I learned next morning that the bad king (read: Satan) had once more been foiled, the Indian woman taken to the hospital some forty miles distant, and that Father Mallman had returned in time to greet the awakening birds.

He returned to a shack that must serve as the earthly residence of the most high God. He returned to a room where his bed takes up half the space; where he has had to construct all the furniture; where there is no water or electricity or stove or any dignity befitting his priestly station; where it is unbearably hot in Summer and unutterably cold in Winter; where he must live, save what time he is outdoors—and all this within a few miles of an internationally famous Summer playground, where everything ministers unto the pleasure of the eye and the ease of the body. But Father Mallman goes on with indomitable courage, building—not for the bodily pleasures of time—but for the welfare of souls in eternity.

Could Happen to Anyone

Joseph P. Connell, S.J.

AMERICAN Jesuit Scholastics preparing for future work in Baghdad pass one year in Beirut. This means learning Arabic through the medium of French. And that it is not without its embarrassing situations you may readily appreciate, if you but consider that one often leaves himself to the mischievous mercy of very young school boys. I relate one episode because of its delightful sequel.

The scene is a moving auto-bus. The protagonist is a twelve year old school boy, Antoine to you. Duty places me in the bus with Antoine and thirty-odd youngsters. I ride with them each evening to their homes for the general purpose of keeping order and with rather definite notions of what that means. Lively youngsters must not wrest the steering wheel from the chauffeur, nor go treasure-hunting in the padded cushions, nor risk losing their teeth in merry fracas—because some have not yet many teeth to risk losing. Again, when passing through certain quarters of the city, the boys must not return the favors of the populace. Not, of course, that my boys would heave orange-peels at the passers-by or expectorate (not while I am there to punish); but there is always a strong temptation to retaliate in kind—especially in certain quarters of the city.

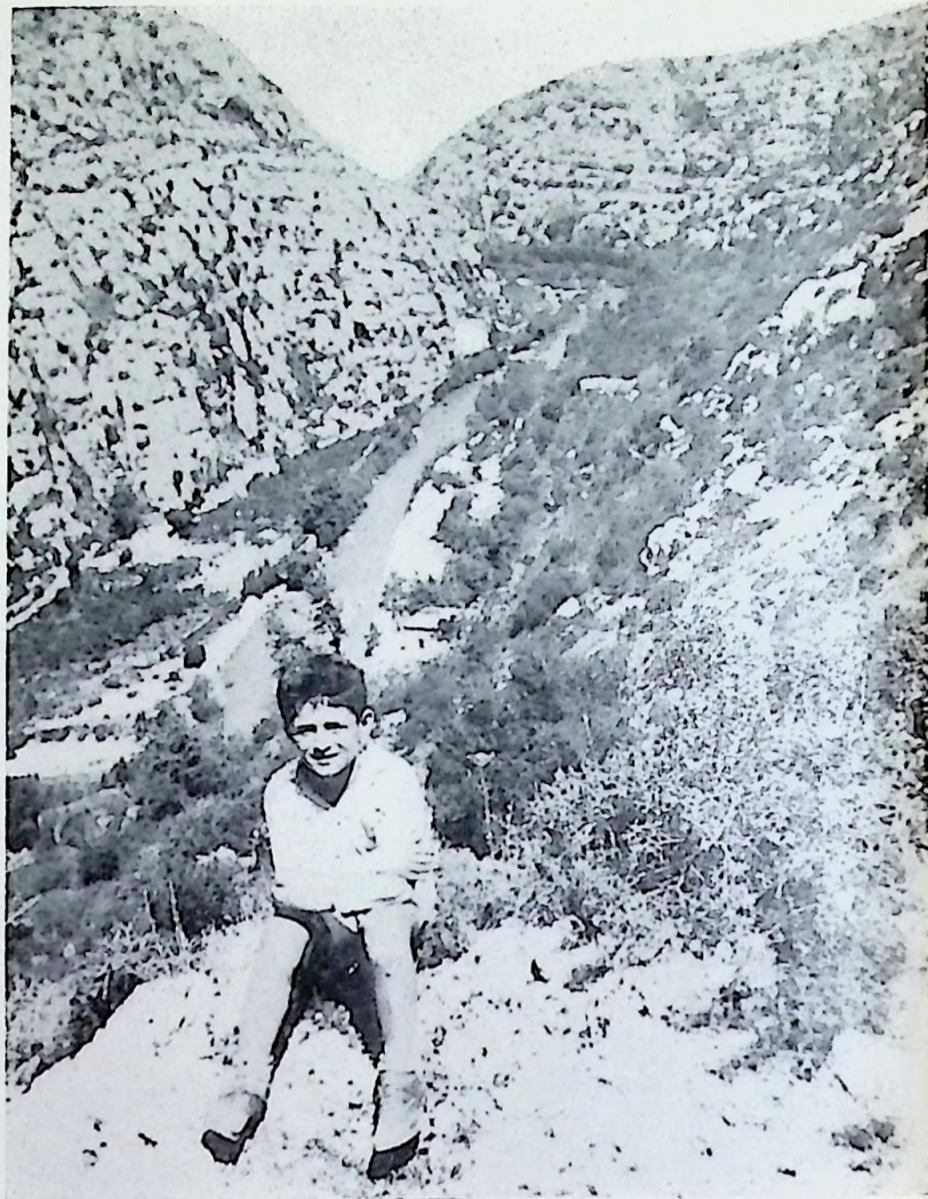
THE action begins after a judicious placing of the harmless youngsters in the front of the car and the more lively boys by my side. Antoine, directly in front of me, noisily gambles away his marbles and shouts his Arabic. He repeats a word several times. Ever on the quest for new words, I ask its meaning. Not at once does Antoine answer. He looks long at me. And I should say now that if ever there are eyes that reveal a soul of innocence, those eyes are Antoine's. Antoine asks me to repeat the word. I do. And to his "What?" I repeat it a third time. When he says, "Say it again!" once more I say it to his loud laughter.

"*Mon pere*, I'm going to teach you to pronounce Arabic," he offers. "Say the word after me."

"Very well. But what does it mean?"

"Mean? Oh! it means . . . equal. But say it!"

I say it. Again and again I repeat it, while the other youngsters show a pleased interest and Antoine is positively hilarious. The particular sound combination is not difficult. And long before I am hoarse from repeating this and other words (whose meaning I knew he was concealing), I am suspicious. But to act on suspicions is the part of an adult. I am a child learning how to speak. If I have not childhood's innocence, I must



Michel, a pupil of the author, not the hero (?) of the story, with his back to the famous Naho el Kelb, Gateway to Syria.

feign it and learn to be laughed at for childish and stupid blunders. All this Antoine does not know, so we go on happily with our game.

Antoine's home reached, my vocabulary, if not enriched, is considerably enlarged. I promise Antoine to consult the dictionary—just to clinch the words. The smile drops quickly; but in his eyes I think I read the challenge to look until you are blind, for you will never clinch those words by consulting a dictionary. Nor did I. The dictionary approximates them only. Their meanings and how I learned their meanings need not be revealed. It is sufficient to say that Antoine taught me words that I can never use. Alas, good reader, never!

THE incident did not close with a laugh, granted that Antoine, never hearing of Barnum, did not lack the showman's acumen. It may also be advantageous to learn what words not to use. But should little school boys be encouraged to teach Blackrobes naughty words? Hardly.

The next day, Sunday, Antoine did not ride with the other boys. Instead, he had a large classroom all to himself. He had paper, pen, ink and plenty of time to write for me exactly what he means when he consecrates to our Lady the use of his tongue. For each day, with the other students, Antoine utters a touching prayer to our Lady: offering her his eyes, ears, tongue, heart, himself.

When I visited the classroom, (Turn to page 27)

Two Pictures and a Legend

Rt. Rev. John Ross, S.J.

HAPPY?—Look at them and say if there could be anywhere in the world happier faces than these. And no *uwabekazari* this time, to be sure. That is to say, it is all spontaneous, genuine, true mirth that is reflected in the broader, subdued smiles that greet you from these Japanese groups. One would have to be an expert in character reading to say just which particular phase of joy and pleasure radiates from each face: surprise, expectancy, satisfaction, fun, good-naturedness or what not. But whatever the individual characteristic feature may be, the whole is like a rich accord of joyous notes all jumbled together in one big wave of joy that sweeps over you and sets all the joyous chords of your soul swinging in harmonious concord.

And what is it all about? I do not know, I should first have to ask Father Ogihara, S.J., the missionary of Shimonoseki, who sent me these photos a few days ago. He is in both of them, and evidently as happy as the children gathered around him.

But wait, there is a clue. Do you see the board in the left hand corner of one of the photos? From top



"Happy?—Look at them and say if there could be anywhere in the world happier faces . . ."

to bottom these Chinese characters read as follows: *Ka-ki-gaku-en*, in English: Summer-time-school-garden.

SO now we know: it is a Summer School, assembled in one of the outposts of Shimonoseki, where Father Ogihara is hard at work starting a new mission. The children are one of the links between the priest and the people, and certainly one would say: if the grown-ups are one-tenth as much interested as the children are, there is every chance of Father's endeavors being soon crowned with success as time goes on.

Another typical aspect of mission work in Japan is brought out by the photo taken in front of the grotto of Our Lady of Lourdes. It is the local group of the *Seibo Shimai Kai*, Our Lady's Sisters' Club.

These girls are most of them pagans, but somehow or other they got in touch with the Catholic Mission, and many of them would
(Turn to page 27)



Father Aloysius Ogihara, S.J., of Hiroshima Mission, Japan, and the members of "Our Lady's Sisters' Club."

Fiesta at San Jose

Quirinus P.

Leonard, S.J.

FIESTAS in British Honduras are usually held in honor of the village patron, or the *santo* of some prominent individual of the pueblo who wishes to celebrate his name's day. In some places the fiesta has degenerated into a few prayers and songs by the women, prolonged rowdy dancing, an occasion of much eating by all and much drinking on the part of the men—with its natural sequel of fights and brawls. In San Jose, however, the fiesta has to a great extent retained its religious character. Arrangements are always made to bring the Padre for the preparatory novena, each day of which opens with Holy Mass in the morning and closes with evening services in the church, and on the feast day itself practically all the villagers go to the sacraments. The dance is conducted modestly and is not unduly prolonged.

Let me give a short description of the fiesta of San Jose, held without fail each year in the month of March. After the preparatory novena, we come to the grand day itself. Promptly at 5:00 A.M., the band began by serenading the village, marching along the principal street (there is only one!), amid a chorus of dogs, pigs, mules, chickens, and the shouts of delighted boys and girls. Thus awakened, the people soon congregated in or near the church, and a few more came to confession. A handful of men in the open dancing pavilion opposite the church disturbed the worshippers by their loud talking and laughing, but they were soon reprimanded and quite willingly came over for services. There was a good crowd at the High Mass, sung by the Maya Indian boys and girls of the school, and I preached as well as I could in Spanish on the Patron Saint of the village.

SHORTLY after breakfast the tocsin sounded and the men gathered to clean the path along which the procession was to proceed in the afternoon. Machetes were swung vigorously to cut away the small bushes and grass that are freely allowed to grow in every Indian village, and then the whole was swept clean with brooms hastily made of branches of trees. Meanwhile, others had been out in the bush cutting palm fronds to be woven into arches and set at intervals along the way. This work continued during the remainder of the morning and early afternoon, while I was busily engaged with Baptisms in the church, each group being accompanied by the band.

The grand procession started from the church at 5:00 P.M. The order was as follows: cross, girls, boys, the statue of *El Senor San Jose*, carried on a nicely decorated table by four men, the Padre, the band, women and men. Under the able direction of the teacher and the



Natives of San Jose, cooking bollos for the grand fiesta.

second *Alcalde*, good order was preserved, although we marched over creeks, up and down hills, and through back yards. At each of the arches, we halted to recite a *Salve* (Hail, Holy Queen), and as the procession got under way again, a little bomb was shot off, for the Mayas—like most people—are fond of a little fireworks. The villagers were all dressed in their Sunday best, and conducted themselves quite reverently. A large crowd of Creole mahogany cutters and their families from the nearby *bocadier* (logging-camp) were also present, and apparently were favorably impressed, for they viewed the long line of march in silent reverence. After circling the entire village we wound up at the church, where the closing prayers of the novena were recited and Benediction given with the Blessed Sacrament.

ABOUT 8:00 P.M., the *bailadoras* (women dancers) were conducted by the band from the house at which they had gathered to the church for a brief visit before commencing the great dance. Promptly at 9:00 the dancing started, continuing during the entire night. *Mestizadas* and *zapatias*, two native dances, were the favorite ones. In these dances, the dancers never touch each other. The men line up on one side of the dancing pavilion, the women on the other. At a sign from the *bastonero* (a kind of master of ceremonies) the band strikes up, the assigned couples bow to each other—and the dance is on. *On* is right, because sometimes they last for forty minutes. As there are always more *bailadoras* than men, when one of the girls gets tired she bows to her companion and another girl takes her place. This continues until all the girls (some of them are old ladies, and do they take pride in (Turn to page 27)

"Not Paulina!"

Albert R. O'Hara, S.J.

"ARE you sure it's not Paulina or Paula?" I urged.

"No," said Father Delbeck, "her name is Theresa, I tell you."

"Well, it ought to be Paulina," I insisted. The two of us had just had a joyous reunion after a year's separation, and I was quizzing my bearded friend from Ma Ching on his latest adventures. "She certainly resembles the great Apostle Paul in her zeal and work," I continued, referring to his recent convert who was bringing converts to his catechumenate in job lots. Her latest achievement was the conversion of a whole village.

"Have a chair and a fan," invited my companion, as he mopped his brow, "and I'll tell you all about it."

"Sure," I grinned back, "but stoke up your pipe first."

"It started this way: last year a young Chinese Protestant showed up at the catechumenate and asked for instruction in the Catholic religion. I took her over to the women's quarters, but I was afraid she would not last long. Her clothes were modern and smacked of Shanghai, while our Christians were all wearing simple country dress.

"May I smoke here?" she queried hesitatingly.

"Not during the catechumenate."

"Not even in private," she faltered.

"Well, if you can't do without it, I suppose we can make an allowance," for I wanted to give her some chance.

"A DAY passed and she came to me again.

"Father, I can't stand this food. I know that it is good and suits the others, but I am not accustomed to it. Could I buy and cook my own, for I do want to stay and be a Catholic."

"All right," I conceded reluctantly, and then with an attempted air of casualness, "What made you want to be a Catholic?"

"Oh, I shall tell you briefly. I was a convert from Buddhism to Protestantism and I worked hard to convert others. Then I began to find that Protestantism was made up of so many divisions and that each group believed what it wanted. Even in each group there seemed to be differences of opinion on important doctrines. Next I heard of the Catholic Church and how all of its members believe the same doctrines and all were united in one body. Now, thought I, the true church can't be divided nor can there be many true churches, but it should be just one church and all of its members should



"As we could not accommodate all the people that poured in, we commenced to take their names and promised to notify them when we could give them a place in the class."

believe the same thing, so the Catholic Church must be the right one,—and here I am.'

"She persevered in her instructions, surmounted the wave of every difficulty, and then came the day of her Baptism. As she spoke to me after the ceremony, joy and peace shone from her face, and her words spilled over with happiness and gratitude. She went her way and an uneventful week passed at the mission. Suddenly a group of men and women presented themselves for instructions.

"Where are you from and who sent you?," I asked.

"We are from Hsiao Shien, and Theresa sent us," was the answer. "We used to be Protestants, but we believe that we should become Catholics."

"IN a few days more catechumens from Theresa arrived, and soon we had no more room. Then the new apostle herself showed up, and her simple comment was:

"I have to show my gratitude to God and let others share my good fortune, so I encourage all I meet to become Catholics."

"As we could not accommodate all the people that poured in, we commenced to take their names and promised to notify them when we could give them a place in the class. One old woman hesitated about giving in her name and she was asked:

"What's the trouble, don't you want to be a Catholic?"

"Of course, I do," she replied, quite firmly. "But if I do so, Parson Wang will be left without even one member in his congregation, and I hate to see him lose so much face."

"All this good work could not go on without some jealousy, especially from the women, and also a certain amount of criticism from the older Christians.

"She's a busybody—she wears modern clothes—she smokes cigarettes—she speaks to everyone."

"Finally, I went to see for my- (Turn to page 28)

Mantivu Leper Colony

John J. O'Connor, S.J.



The bungalows of Mantivu are occupied by the family leper groups.

CEYLON'S Mantivu Leper Colony is different. You notice that difference the moment you put foot on the sandy beach of Leper's Isle. No wild deserted place this, no skulking shadows and hideous forms scurrying behind rock and crevice. Smooth as a Wimbledon tennis court is the elevated roadway leading to the heart of the reservation. Young, evenly spaced shade trees act as momentary companions along the pathway. Shrubs, fruit trees, paddy patches, small shrines here and there, all border the well kept road, while off in the distance lane slices lane giving the land a quilted effect of triangles, squares, rectangles and even circular patches. Everywhere men are busily engaged. A glance ahead reveals a sturdy crew with rakes, spades and heavy rollers, trimming, levelling and packing the sandy clay you are treading. Some are turning the sod, drawing circles around shrubs and fruit trees. These men are rolling barrows, those carrying unwieldy bundles of firewood on their padded, oil-soaked heads, and before you ever surmise that all are lepers, a gray walled cloister frowns quite abruptly upon you.

A cheerful ringing "Good Morning" from two sweet-faced Sisters, Franciscan Missionaries of Mary of Canada.

"Mother, we must show them everything!" the younger smilingly exclaimed when the purpose of our visit was explained. They were as good as their word.

THROUGH the neat window of the highly polished and immaculately clean parlor we had caught a glimpse of a flower garden and lawn. Now as the Sisters led us to the cement porch we noticed that it



Unable to walk, these lepers are taken to church by a fellow leper who pulls them along in this little cart.

was enclosed in the form of a quadrangle by four cream colored buildings with long wide verandas all patronized by wounded humanity.

"This is Ward No. 1," Sister said, "and that feminine group laughing and chattering on the porch are my charges."

After passing from ward to ward you begin to get leper-conscious, for you notice that some keep their arms folded, others sit native fashion, but limbless, on the floor, still others hold a hand at nose or ear or eye, while the more helpless are confined to bed. Yet when you see their apparent bravery, you rather thank God for their cheerful resignation than sigh over their human malady.

"Mother," I remarked, "your patients are very cheerful and contented."

"Indeed, yes!" replied she. "Far from being merely resigned, the lepers seem to enjoy life. The more able sweep, cook, sew, cultivate flowers, fruits and vegetables, make pottery, weave, and were they not banned from the outside world, would be perfectly self-supporting like any other Ceylonese. Nor are their mental faculties neglected, for English, Tamil and Singalese teachers Government paid, are kept on the reservation."

"Yes, she, too, is a leper," whispered my guide to whom I turned questioning eyes on approaching the next room. The lady in question was beautifully robed in dainty native fashion and occupied a private suite. Her rather fair skin was smooth and clear, her cheeks an Indian glow. She spoke flawless English, was refined. Drawing back the lace-curtained door, she revealed a *Conte, Rex, or Roosevelt* boudoir expensively comfortable with mahogany dresser, large rounded mirror, stylish pictures, rug, tapestries and a realistic Colonial or Southern Plantation canopied bed with richly delicate coverings. Hardly leper's boudoir! But a blood-test had proved otherwise, marred her life, and

separated her from mother, father and luxurious home surroundings, for disease values neither wealth nor caste. She was happy at Mantivu and came to Batticaloa specially to ward off dangerous visits from her devoted South India family.

NEXT came the doctor's home and the apothecary's, both Government appointed.

"Now, these bungalows you see here," Mother continued, "are occupied by the family leper groups." Certainly this was different. No hand-wrought sun-dried thatch roof, but rich red, Kandyan tiled cottages. Each had a fine porch, well furnished interior, and artistically designed flower garden. Few natives can boast homes such as these. No wonder Mother Superior said that some years back she had to discharge some thirty-one shelter seeking leper-fakers.

"In this cottage is our operation room." The table, medicines and instruments, told graphically enough the fate of the missing fingers, hands, arms, legs and other members of the human body that had to be amputated for the good of the whole. Bone sawing seems at least antiquated, but cannot be styled brutal, since there is no feeling in the diseased member of the unfortunate victim.

With justifiable pride and a thrill in her voice, Mother pointed out the weaving shed. As we entered the thatch-roofed building with waist-high mud walls, we beheld a scene of feverish activity. So fast the bobbin sped right and left, so timely the change from white to blue thread, that the skillful workers turned the rather reticent inspector voluble. This boy could do a bolt and half a day. That one turned out the best checkered cloth. Muthu, Sister's pet, there on the floor with his spin-wheel, received three cents a yarn; the weavers twenty cents per cloth. It kept the boys in pocket money, furnished high grade cloth for sarongs, banions and all clothing, and in quantities sufficient to keep the cabinet well stocked. Above all, it afforded practical training, wholesome attraction, and consumed all idle time. The boys were undoubtedly happy at their benches, as was evident from their gay smiles and loom-to-loom chatter.

TOM-TOMS and shouts! A Hindu worship is being convoked at the end of the gravel walk where stands a Hindu shrine.

"The Government demands freedom of cult and absolutely no interference or proselytizing," explains Sister. Then you gleaned in a short walk what a life's experience had taught these consecrated Religious—how the Hindus hardly knew what they believed; that they mimicked the Christians and were often caught peering through the Catholic Church windows and ingenuously adding the rites to their own services.

Having circled the grounds, we returned to the parlor

where Mother reviewed the history of Mantivu while we munched cookies and sipped lemonade.

"Our Mission at Mantivu was founded thirteen years ago by Mother Salvatoris and five other pioneers. One of these is now eighty-four years old, having spent fifty-eight years on the missions. The youngest in point of service is twenty-four years. At present there are only nine in the Community. No other Chaplains but Jesuits have had the spiritual care of our patients, though not half of them are Catholics. We have two hundred and four lepers under our charge. Their ages range from seven to sixty-five. They enjoy perfect freedom over the one hundred and four acres of land, but sometimes



This good Samaritan, the infirmarian, a Franciscan Missionary of Mary, leads a blind leper on a little walk about the grounds.

unruly men are locked in cells for creating exceptional disturbance. We are expanding and will add a second story to our modest convent. We are making room for more souls devoted to lepers."

HARDLY a word about themselves. No need; for their work, their lives, the good they effected and the influence they wielded was portrayed before our eyes. These gentle souls, these delicate, child-like virgins, had fallen in love with Jesus Christ. That told all! For Him they left mother, father, brother, sister and all the world held dear. For Him they love and serve leper humanity. For Him one of their number lives a continual martyrdom, victim of the people she so generously served. How you admire their courage and marvel at their beautifully happy lives! With reluctance you turn back to the world of ready acquaintanceship and quick oblivions, and as you cast a last glance on the "Asylum," you offer a fervent prayer: "God bless all Mantivu lepers; bless, and protect the self-sacrificing Religious devoted to their care, and grant them the needed increase in numbers."

The Human Side

Mortimer
Murphy, S.J.

RECENTLY I bought a car in Kingston because I could not return to Savanna-la-Mar without one. If I came back in the collection of tin and rubber that I had, I would have had to get tires, and God knows in what part of the mosquito-infested parishes of Westmoreland and Hanover I would get a breakdown and have to spend the night, without a net! When the garage mechanic went through the litany of defective parts in the old car, my response was always the same: "I gotta get a car." I really needed a sedan, but the difference was twenty-three pounds. I didn't know that glass was so expensive! Why, my father would have built a couple of houses for that price and have enough left over to furnish them. And so-o-o I got a Ford V8 Tourer for the small price of one hundred and ninety-two pounds (that's the price of only one car, believe it or not, Mr. Ripley). And in the States the same car could be had for almost half the price. Well, England expects every man to pay his duty.

As this is the rainy period, all the rain doesn't stay outside a touring car, but it's better to get a little wet, and get there, than to just get nowhere but wet. Of course, it's just a shame to travel in the country with it, as the folk think Fadda's pockets are lined with shillings. Have they got the tourist complex? Before they even admire the car, the first reaction is: "Please Parson, a truppence?" I suppose it's the Irish in me that elicits the comeback: "I'se axin' a sixpence to pay fo' de car dem." That is the nearest I've gotten to the Jamaica bush yet; give me six more months. But I do recognize the pronoun after the noun, like the Greek demonstrative that points out the object besides naming it. "Who did that?" "Him say de children, dem." There is one consolation, however, from my super-superlative chauffeur, when he tells me that the car is the "most fittenest for de work."

I JUST had an interruption. A young fellow wanted a job. Him can't git no work. Him mudder sick. Willin to chop de yard, cut wood, run errands, etc. Sorry, but I have a chauffeur to pay, and he does the odd jobs in his spare time. I have a housekeeper that chops the wood and does the errands (chopping wood and breaking rock for the road are women's jobs here). So, what fe do? Just a case of where a little education is a bad thing. The island is loaded with chauffeurs, clerks, school teachers, nurses, seamstresses, servants. This might interest you and the masters of finance,—my weekly collections just about pay my chauffeur, after him come the housekeeper, food, light, water bills, and heaviest of all, my gas and car expense. If I just had



Father James M. Harney, S.J., former Pastor of Savanna-la-Mar, Jamaica, B. W. I., riding the Revival bush. Father Harney is at present in his Tertianship at St. Robert's Hall, Pomfret Center, Conn.

Savanna-la-Mar, shank's mare would suit me, but the bush stations are twelve miles from here, and Lucea is twenty-four miles away. My capital (pretentious word) is rapidly evaporating. When that is gone, what will the robin do then, poor thing? I'm trying to strike up a friendship with the inspector of poor, so that if to dig up funds, I am not able, to beg will bring no gain, then he will take me into his home.

IT is great to have a sense of humor though, for there are many laughs for those who enjoy a laugh; whereas if one were to put on blinders and merely look at the financial side of missionary life, he would become a cynic. When the picknies ask me for a penny, I start to cackle, and laughter being infectious, they start to laugh and forget what they had so recently asked for. A man came to me some time ago and told one of the saddest stories ever told. Well, it got me, so I gave him four shillings, which were to be returned promptly in two weeks. I gave in haste and repented in leisure, for I figured that I had been thrown for a loss—when lo and behold he came back promptly in two weeks. "There you are," I said to myself, "you thought that you were bilked, but not yet." "So you've come to pay back the four bob," I said as I held out my hand. And here, my dear children, is what is known as the denouement. He had come, not to pay back the four shillings, but to borrow six more. Well, I laughed until my sides ached. Here was O. Henry in the flesh. When I got my breath, I asked him if he ever met the man that killed the goose that laid the golden eggs. To which he naively replied: "Ah doan deal in poultry 'tall suh." So you see, sometimes laughs come dear. I paid four shillings for that one.

Into New Lakes

James A.
Creane, S.J.

LAST year we told you that in our sector of Patna Mission we intended launching out into new lakes to cast out the net for Hindus and Mohammedans in addition to our regular work among the aboriginal castes such as the Santals, Mahles and Pahariyas. We must admit that the year's catches have given us nothing to boast about. On the other hand, little successes here and there were sufficiently encouraging to induce us to keep at it. Of course, with nearly two thousand Chris-

tians scattered through more than a hundred villages to look after, with close on five hundred catechumens to prepare for and put through the ceremonies of Baptism, with catechists and schools to direct, with not a little correspondence to tend to and a host of other odd but necessary jobs, we could not devote nearly as much time as we wished to propaganda work.

Ghasis.—Among the first to make a break were the Ghasis. They are a Hindu caste of leather workers. They also have their fields and do a certain amount of agricultural work. It was on the feast of Blessed Edmund Campion that Father Bohn and I cycled over to Rampur and had our first ten Baptisms among them. Since then the number has increased to about thirty. Unfortunately, the Ghasis are to be found in only one village in this part of the Mission, and hence there is no possibility of a big movement. Some of their children are attending our boarding school.

Mochis.—They, too, are low caste Hindus. Their chief occupation in the Santal Parganas is drum making. To date some forty of them have been baptized. Owing to their conversion, they have had to suffer a good deal of criticism and persecution. Their pagan relatives will not eat their food nor smoke their *chutis* (cigarettes). They will not even allow them to touch their *kandas* (earthen vessels in which drinking water is kept). But they have remained firm in their faith. So far not one of them has shown the least sign of reverting to paganism.

Kamars.—The Kamars are the village blacksmiths and metal workers for the Santals. Often only one.



A caste group of Tamils in southern India. The Hindu purohit or Brahmin spiritual director of the Hindu household is being offered the customary gifts on his arrival.

seldom more than two or three houses of Kamars will be found in a village. In addition to their own dialect of Hindi most of them also speak Santali. We found them well disposed toward Christianity in many villages, but it was hard to get any one to take the lead. Finally, however, we persuaded one family in a village called Karharia to come in. Their good example was soon followed by the conversion of another family. The initiative of these two families has been a powerful stimulus to others. During the coming year we look for a number of conversions among the Kamars.

Other Hindu castes.—We have been striving to influence a number of other Hindu castes, but so far actual conversions have been nil. Among the more hopeful are the Kumhars, Dhangars, Mals, Ghawars, Hajjams, Doms, Lohars and Kurmis.

Mohammedans.—Among the followers of the Prophet we have made little headway. One entire family and five members of another family were baptized. But they have not proved steadfast. I do not believe they have apostatized, but persecution has intimidated them from practicing their religion. Not a few Mohammedans told me that they would like very much to become Christians and send their children to our schools, but that they fear to take the step because of persecution which is sure to follow. Not long ago a Mohammedan allowed me to baptize his dying baby. The Baptism caused such a furor that the poor man nearly had to pay a heavy fine.

During the months ahead we shall push on our Hindu and Mohammedan work. We need your co-operation.



FROM MANY QUARTERS



CURRENT NEWS FROM THE MISSION WORLD

A New Missionary Bishop

The Most Reverend Philip Cote, S.J., newly elected Vicar Apostolic of Süchow, was consecrated at Süchow, September 29, by the Apostolic Delegate, Archbishop Mario Zanin. Bishop Cote belongs to the French Canadian Province of the Society of Jesus; he is a native of Lawrence, Massachusetts, and is thirty-nine years of age.

Outlaws Strangle Missionary in Szechwan

Details of the tragic death of Father Henry Biron, a priest of the Foreign Missions of Paris, who was murdered recently near Kiating in Szechwan Province, are contained in a letter written by a fellow missionary to Bishop Louis N. Renault, Vicar Apostolic of Suifu.

Father Biron was seized by outlaws of the Lolo country in western Szechwan August 20. The brigands bound him and fastened a chain to his neck, and in this brutal manner he was dragged for several miles through the mountains until he was strangled to death. The body was recovered and brought to the mission of Mapien.

During the month previous to his death Father Biron had been hard at work fighting a serious epidemic of dysentery.

Human Sacrifice in India

Two men have been condemned to death by the Nagpur Court and three others sentenced to transportation for life on the charge of performing human sacrifice. The incident took place in a remote village of the Central Provinces and is reported in the *Statesman* of Calcutta.

To propitiate the gods and to bring to an end the successive failure of crops in their region, two men, Adkoo Marar and Timia Madya, leaders in their village and believed to be witch doctors, made plans for a human sacrifice on the Holi Festival. They coerced three other men to join them, threatening them that if they should refuse they would destroy their children. They kindled a fire of unhusked rice and grass around which one of the sorcerers danced while the other

men beat drums and women from the village worshipped and sang. This went on until midnight. The two leaders then brought forth an old man and, after an invocation to the fire, threw him into the flames. The man leaped up and ran away, severely burned, but he was soon caught. His neck was broken by one of the wizards, and he died almost immediately.

The Jesuit missionaries who work in a district near the scene of the tragedy, commenting on the article in the *Statesman*, say that such occurrences are extremely rare. The incident, they say, shows only the darkest side of Indian life and is by no means characteristic of the country.

Worthy of a Better Cause

Nine Jain monks and nuns have arrived at Karachi after a journey of three months on foot from Nagore. One of the monks took nourishment only once every forty-eight hours during the pilgrimage, while another fasted for forty-seven days; last year the same man completed a fast of ninety-one days. One of the nuns had been fasting for twenty-two days when she reached Karachi.

The Jains, of whom there are 3,500 in Karachi, and 1,252,000 in all India, are heterodox Hindus, intermediate between Brahmanism and Buddhism. They adore the sacred personages who founded and developed their sect, and they venerate some of the deities common to Hinduism, but their view of divinity is different from the Hindu concept, and in the opinion of Hindu theologians they are atheists.

Although the temples of the sect are richly adorned, and it is said that poverty is unknown among them, Jain monks and nuns follow a strict rule of poverty and penance and go about the country begging, covering thousands and thousands of miles in their bare feet.

Petition to Equalize Footing of Private and State Law Schools in China

A petition asking that private law schools be granted equal footing with state schools and that all students be permitted to take the civil service examinations is being presented at the Judiciary

Congress which has just opened at Nanking. All schools and faculties of law were allowed to send delegates to the Congress. The petition was presented by Mr. Chan Yu Hoa, a Shanghai barrister, representing the Aurora University, a Jesuit institution of Shanghai.

Ancient Christian Gravestones in Japan

Sixty Christian gravestones were found recently at Goryo, in the Amakusa Archipelago off the west coast of Kyushu, some of which are believed to date back as far as 1574. Mr. Honda, a scientist of Hondo, who discovered the stones, and Mr. Motoyama, of Katusa, Shimbara Peninsula, a well known collector of Christian antiquities, later brought to light three hundred and seventy-nine such monuments at Goryo and one hundred and ten at Saitsu nearby. The most recent belong to the period ending in 1820 or 1830.

The gravestones are flat rectangular prisms; some of them have a cross chiseled on the base.

In the sixteenth century the entire Amakusa Archipelago was Christian. Of the flourishing Christian communities of those days, however, only Oye and Sakitsu preserved the religion intact, and now the Catholics of these two districts are once more in touch with the Church.

Where St. Francis Xavier Is a Foster Father

During the first week of November, Catholics of Tuticorin will celebrate the Fourth Centenary of the conversion of the Fishery Coast. The founder of the Church there was the Reverend Michael Vaz, Vicar General of Goa, who had the whole tribe baptized early in the sixteenth century, about eight years before the arrival of St. Francis Xavier. Hence, as the people say, Xavier was only their foster father.

The people of Tuticorin feted their Bishop, the Most Reverend Francis T. Roche, S. J., October 2, the Silver Jubilee of his ordination. Bishop Roche was ordained at Kurseong, Bengal, in 1910, by the late Archbishop Meuleman, Archbishop of Calcutta. He was made Bishop of Tuticorin in 1923, and is the first Indian Bishop of the Latin rite.

Papoose to Pupil

Leo F. Lanphier, S.J.

INTRODUCING little Mary-Steals-Along-the-Fence! This little posing papoose (whose fan mail may be addressed to St. Xavier Mission, Big Horn County, Montana) is one young lady that is "all dolled up" and yet glad of having no place to go! Here she is and happy to remain, for Mary, like all our moderns, has a message for the waiting world!

It is this. The little red schoolhouse has at last flung open its doors. Papoose to pupil is again the order of the day; boarding school and day school, grade school and first year high school all under the care and guidance of four Franciscan Sisters. And little Mary-Steals-Along-the-Fence will soon be taking her place with the thirty other young Indian scholars. The tender counsel, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me" has sounded deep in the hearts of our benefactors, and our Mission school has at last been reopened.

Fifteen long years ago, (a brief bit before our Mary's time) the little schoolhouse had to board up all its windows and put away its bell to gather dust and rust. Dire financial straits offered no alternative.

In that interval, many of our Indians were drawn away from the practice of their religion. In that night of need "the enemy came and oversowed cockle among the wheat and went his way." For, due to slight material advantages, the Baptists have succeeded in luring many into their church. Moreover, a large number of the Indians have become addicted to the opium-like peyote drug, the influence of which is most degenerating. In these and in many other respects, waywardness has become plainly prevalent. The saving influence of the Mission school has been sadly missed.

NOW, at long last, those Indians who once strongly opposed the boarding school, and who discontinued it by withdrawing their children, have undergone a radical change. They have been brought to realize the great need of religious and moral training in the lives of their children, the great need of that religious and moral training which the Mission school can give to their children. Too many of them, especially the girls, have been running utterly beyond the control of their parents.

And now, after these long years of waiting and hoping and praying, the School of St. Xavier, mother mission of the Crow Indians, will undoubtedly prove a predominating factor in bringing back the days when these Indians were one big happy family. True, there is much to be done. The sixteen hundred square miles of missionary land demand much labor combined with

generous financial assistance. This assistance has to come from outside, for the Indians themselves are poor.

One of the means of arousing interest at the Mission is the brass band, recently organized for the Indians. Yet, a more direct means of helping them spiritually is that of visual instruction. Books are not read by them with any degree of interest or intelligence,

but pictures appeal to them mightily. To contribute the means of procuring a much needed projection machine would be to contribute a means of showing these Red men the way to Heaven. It would bring to them the Life of Christ, the Catechism, the Lives of the Saints, the Liturgy, the Mass.

Every effort, indeed, is being exerted for the spiritual welfare, the spiritual betterment of our Indians. Though they be ignorant, somewhat unwashed, and shiftless, they are lovable characters. Father De Smet, as early as 1840, was, in this country, their first champion.

He used to celebrate Mass in the open air at what is now known here as "De Smet Tree." Those prayers which effected the founding of our permanent Mission site in 1886, and which stimulated its growth for thirty-four successful years, must undoubtedly even now permeate our Mission, give it strength to carry on, and give it grace to reap happy harvest. That saintly pioneer would have it so. His successors at St. Xavier Mission are carrying on with the same zeal that fired De Smet and his companions.

In speaking of the reopening of the Mission School, one is reminded of

what Father Charles L. Owens, S.J., Superior at St. Xavier, said in *JESUIT MISSIONS* last April. He had just returned from administering the last sacraments to one of the Indian women. "Once again," he wrote, "I could thank God that, at the approach of death, she thought first of the priest and of making her peace with God. And yet, mingled with my thankfulness, there was a sense of foreboding. The thought of those other children playing so carelessly, strangers as yet to thoughts of such far-off things as death and judgment and eternity, kept coming into my mind. Poverty forced the Sisters to leave the Mission School some years ago. What does the future hold for these children? What will the dawn of young manhood and young womanhood mean to them? What will their old age be? How will they die? If I can open the Mission School again, I shall have little fear of the future, for experience has taught me that the Indian children whom the Sisters train preserve through life, as a rule, an integrity of character and a spiritual fineness which many of our White people might well envy." May the new School make many friends among our readers.



Way up at

Walter J. Ha



Tagnipa, Father Hamilton's parish site, means "Place of Nipa" from which material this typical Filipino house is constructed.

ST. PETER, in his first epistle says, "Wherein you shall greatly rejoice, if now you must be for a little time made sorrowful in divers temptations: That the trial of your faith (much more precious than gold which is tried by the fire) may be found unto praise and glory and honor at the appearing of Jesus Christ." What a happy comparison the Apostle makes! Up at Tumpagon, some thirty-five kilometers in the interior, where gold-prospecting and assessing is now well under way, one can clearly observe the tests that gold must pass even before reaching any fire. Mine was recently the privilege of a week's missionary endeavor in those vast mountain recesses.

The spirit of idolatry which still lurks and lingers in these isles is more pronounced in places which rarely are blest with priestly ministrations. Besides, the oriental character seems more naturally prone to superstitious beliefs and practices than the occidental. Much of this deep-rooted superstition seems to have its root in a gripping innate sense of fear. Impostors, in the form of medicine men, wax fat on the animals given them by the poor people to propitiate false gods. A *divatero*, (a feminine, is one who makes a business of this, practicing on the people. Some, it is true, of these spirit-men and women (*diva* means spirit) really seem to believe in their practices and take it all seriously enough. In the distant mountains all the *divatens* are "medicine men" also, though on the coast not all medicine men practice *divata* (superstition). There is no resident physician all along our coast, but the little medical help we have been able to give, thanks largely to the Catholic Medical Mission Board, is doing much to teach the people the use of proper care of body and soul, and save from the vulgar, unenlightened manoeuvres of these *cirujanos* those who otherwise would endure a plight similar to the woman recorded in the Gospels who "suffered much from doctors for twelve years"—presuming, of course, that these doctors were "medicine men."

DIVERS indeed are the temptations to try the faith of the people. What with the bewildering confusion of the sects, native and foreign, the godless schools and sectarian institutions which "place" well their finished "products" as "leaders," bigoted periodicals, crafty Masons, the "Y" and the "Pioneers," Legionaries, etc., one must admire the steadfast Filipino Catholic who will not sell his precious birthright for a mess of political or social potage, but perseveres on the straight and narrow road, overcoming as he must the innate tropical tendency to a life of ease and pleasure.

The Aglipayan *pari-pari* had been up about a month before to Tumpagon. None of us Fathers knew just where the place is, or within what parish boundaries the section is situated. (We've discovered it pertains to Cagayan.) These *pari-paris* do not have to run schools, hear confessions or attend the sick and

dying. So they have time galore to ply their vicious soul-destroying trade. Besides, the *pari-pari* who carries on in these parts, lives close to the trail that leads to those hills of gold. We crossed the Iponan River twenty-one times on our trip. After hiking and horseback riding over vast sun-baked plains, we came across a refreshing stream where we could drink and bathe our heads, and put some leaves in our hats to help keep our heads cool. Then in a few moments we were ascending a mount whence we could rest our eyes on as gorgeous and luxuriant a panorama as can be desired (at least by missionaries). Later, on finding a coconut grove, we imbibed the cooling water from these useful fruits. Before long we arrived at the river we were to cross twenty-one times. After about the sixteenth crossing, we sat on a shady bank and consumed some light provisions, rigged up some bamboo drinking contrivances and washed down our picnic lunch with river water. Our "freight"—Mass supplies, etc., were on a carabao, which arrived the following day. During the brief respite we were enjoying here on the bank, I was able to "first aid" a bruise that kept me lame for the rest of the week. The only disinfectant on hand was a strong concoction of one of the ingredients the Samaritan applied to the Levite's wounds.

ON and up, boys, Heaven's above! We could not delay too much, as there is always the probability of afternoon rain in these hills, with consequent swollen rivers. On and up we pressed, skirting towering heights, winding through the cool river. My mount is a race horse, but he balked continually on this, his first real mountain trip. He absolutely refused to negotiate one deep narrow cut. One has to keep his feet raised going through many of these mountain passes, and keep alert at times to avoid a fate similar to that of Absalom. As neither kindness nor pulling availed ought, I kept whipping from the rear, but no such measures prevailed to persuade the poor animal that parking was prohibited. While thus appealing to the brute's feelings, I slipped and fell on a sharp bamboo stick that slit my right arm. By this time our guide was far beyond. Signalling to him, I proceeded quietly down the hill where to my grateful surprise the river was rushing to my aid. How St. Francis of Assisi would have wept tears of joy under such providential circumstances, praising the eternal mercies of the Lord.

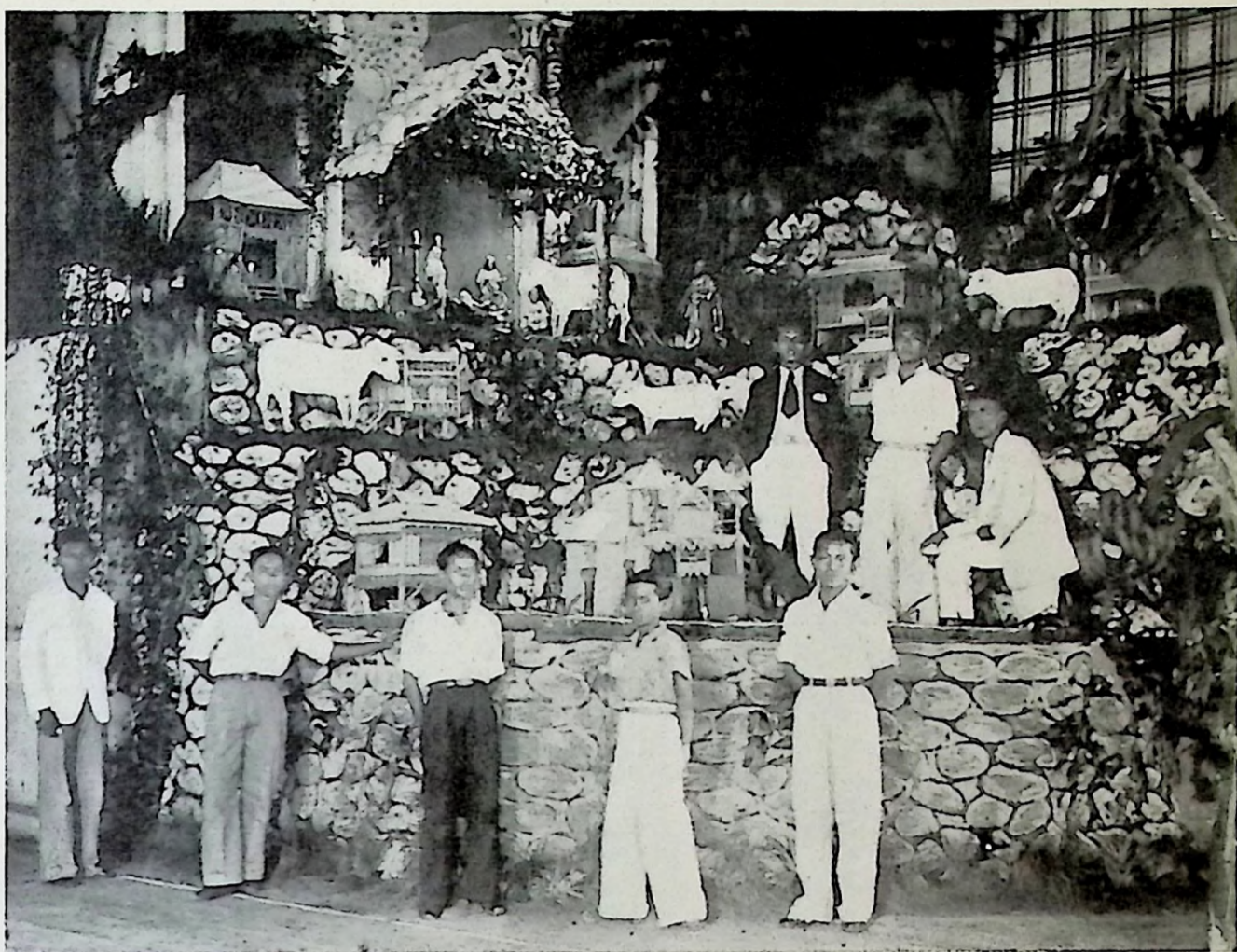
The young man guide finally succeeded in

Tumpagon

ton, S.J.

leading the horse while I first aided myself, and off we started. After some two hours we arrived at the little village, the scene and center of our operations for a week. The mining work was at a lull and the camp somewhat depleted, pending arrival of expected capital for carrying on on a commercial basis. Besides the Christian miners, there are many native Bukidnons here and some Moros. Word was sent around by a messenger, to summon them to the center.

WHILE a spacious temporary chapel was being put up, we went about visiting the people, instructing them, pointing out the futility and invalidity of the Aglipayan ministrations. A bright little Bukidnon girl remarked to a friend, "That is the real Padre, not the other one who came here" (Aglipayan). This bright, active little Bukidnon girl is being cared for by Mrs. Dahlke, wife of the Superintendent of the mine there, as her father has proven unworthy of the precious charge, and her mother can hardly support her. She became most friendly and interested in all our activities. One evening we straightened out a marriage of a pair of Christians who had



These youthful artists are responsible for this Belen (Bethlehem) or better, perhaps, Christmas Crib, which quickened the devotion and gladdened the heart of Tagnipa's Faithful on the Holy Night

gone through the ceremony previously before the Aglipayan *pari-pari* (fake priest). It was at a late hour that I turned down the lonely trail to my little bamboo quarters that night, tired but happy. It is impossible to be otherwise if one has the peace of Christ.

MANY gathered for our Mass, especially on Sunday. For some time before, we would teach them doctrine and hymns. Altogether we had almost one hundred Baptisms and some marriages. Late Sunday afternoon we crossed the river to a house where a baby lay very sick. Together with all the children of the family, this infant had been baptized,—Aglipayan. After some explanation to the father, I was able to baptize the family and incidentally make the baby another "Thief of Heaven," for it did not linger long in this vale of tears. The mother was sitting at a little distance from the

child, on the floor, a victim of melancholy. She would not talk to us, nor would she accept gifts from others, but when I offered her a Sacred Heart badge, she kissed it. We secured some appropriate medicine for her, for injection, and she recovered, thanks to the Sacred Heart.

As our time was limited we could not branch out during our week's stay. I am anxious soon to go up again and invade a colony of Bukidnons at some distance from Tumpagon, living a rather wild existence, unwilling to conform to some of

(Turn to page 28)



The Tagnipa marry-go-round. Five pairs of newly-weds, and the Pastor, Father Walter J. Hamilton, S.J.

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A MAGAZINE OF APOSTOLIC ENDEAVOR

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Worthy of Praise or Blame?

IN a work entitled, *Manuale Historiae Missionum*, written by the Rev. Francis X. Montalban, S.J., and published recently in Shanghai, the author devotes some pages to the mission history of the Church in North America. We are given an opportunity to see ourselves as others see us, and the picture is not too complimentary. There is, of course, due credit given to what the author calls the "Heroic Epoch" of the seventeenth and eighteenth century mission history in Canada and the United States. Mention, too, is made of the extensive effort to Christianize the Indians of today. However, our record is marred (*macula*—"stain"—is the word used), in two ways, and, by inference, in a third. An examination of each should bring us to frank admission of deficiency and should stir us to greater action.

The first accusation is leveled not so much against the policy of American Catholics as against the national policy which has tended to the destruction of the aborigines. We have, to use the author's words, "hunted down" the Indian and have then bottled him up in Reservations. There is no denying the fact,—for this is the history of our Indian policy up to more recent years. In his estimate of what the Catholic Church has done for the Indians, the author is rather badly off in his statistics. Giving the Indian population as 440,371 (whereas the 1930 census placed it at 332,397) he credits the Church with only 45,553 Catholic Indians. The 1935 official Annual Report on "Our Negro and Indian Missions" gives 100,000 Catholic Indians. Hence nearly one third of the Indians are members of the Church. Much work is still to be done, and herein lies the challenge to us for greater interest in and support of our Catholic Indian work.

The second accusation is much more damning. It is leveled against our culpable inactivity in the matter of the spiritual welfare of the Negro. The truth of the situation is even worse than painted by the author. He

credits us with 300,000 Catholic Colored people in a Colored population of 12,000,000. It would be more correct to say that there are only about 250,000 Catholic Negroes in an approximate population of 13,000,000. Recent activity in the various dioceses indicates a gradual awakening to our responsibility, but we need more dynamics, and it behooves everyone of us to examine the why of our prejudices, if only to see how thoroughly un-catholic and un-missionary they are. We like to feel justly proud of our growing missionary spirit in America. The Negro must be the beneficiary of that growth if it is genuinely Christlike. What are we individually going to do in our own diocese and in our own parish?

The third accusation, at least implicitly made against us, is our failure to make more converts. Giving unstinted praise to our marvelous organization, our dioceses, schools, parishes, etc., still, the author can point out a serious defect in our growth. Our increase in the number of Catholics is due, he contends, mostly to immigration. In the course of the nineteenth century more than 40,000,000 immigrants came to the United States. Of these, some 20,000,000 were Catholics. Taking into consideration the natural increment arising from Catholic offspring, can we contend that there has been very much of real spreading of the Faith by way of convert work? Mixed marriages have resulted in leakage and loss of Faith,—and there have been other causes. But have we really made adequate efforts at conversions? Our Catholic population surely ought to show a much larger figure than 20,523,053 if that were the case. Herein lies the challenge to Catholics—both priests and laity—in the United States. Let us see ourselves as others see us, and be challenged to greater effort to make Christ and His Church more widely known among and embraced by our fellow citizens.

The Church Unity Octave

FOR some years we have invited our Readers to make the Church Unity Octave from January 18 to 25. We trust that the Octave will be made again by all this year, and for your convenience we are printing here the prayers prescribed for the Octave. The intentions are given on page 17.

Antiphon: "That they all may be one, as Thou, Father, in Me, and I in Thee; that they also may be one in Us, that the world may believe that Thou hast sent Me." St. John xvii, 21.

V. I say unto thee, that thou art Peter;

R. And upon this Rock I will build my Church.

PRAYER

O Lord Jesus Christ, who saidst unto Thine Apostles: Peace I leave with you, My peace I give unto you; regard not our sins, but the Faith of Thy Church, and grant unto her that peace and unity which are agreeable to Thy will, who livest and reignest God forever and ever. Amen.

(Under the usual conditions, a Plenary Indulgence is granted on the feast of the Chair of St. Peter, and a further grant of two hundred days is extended to those of the faithful who simply join in the devotions piously.)

THE MISSION INTENTION

The Conversion of the Lutherans

“THE Conversion of the Lutherans” is most aptly and appropriately linked up with the January Intention of the Apostleship of Prayer, namely, “May The Gift of Faith be Valued Highly by Everybody,” for the entire history of the Lutheran heresy teaches us unmistakably how tremendous are the evils which follow the loss of Faith and how difficult it is to rediscover that treasured possession when once it is lost. Again, among the Intentions recommended during the Church Unity Octave from January 18 to January 25, we read for the fourth day this: “The return of the Lutherans and of the other Protestants in Europe to the Holy Roman Church.” The Lutherans are here named first because the sect is the oldest, and as it were, the unhappy parent of numberless other mutually conflicting sects. According to statistics for 1934, there are 65,000,000 Lutherans in the world, of whom 42,500,000 are in Germany, 21,500,000 in the rest of Europe, 4,000,000 in America, and 384,194 in Canada.

Lutheranism in Germany today is divided into two opposing camps, the Church of the Credo and the Church of the Empire. A few dates will clarify the march of events. On January 30, 1933, President Hindenburg offered Hitler the post of Chancellor and by the elections of the fifth of March, Hitler was given full power for four years. We are interested from the religious point of view. Hitler is the temporal ruler of 20,000,000 Catholics and more than 40,000,000 Protestants. A Concordat presumably regulates relations between Rome and the Reich. Not so, however, between Protestants and the Reich. The twenty-eight autonomous regional churches were invited to unite as the Church of the Empire under control of a national or Reichbishop. Protestants considered the nomination of Reichbishop Muller as an insult. There have been many attempts to re-substantiate the ancient German paganism. God is no longer the center of religion, but man divinized. Man has not been created to the image of God; the idea of God has been created by man. Instead of a Savior, man has to save himself, and produce a type of superior species. Blood and race are the basis of all religion. The new Credo can be formulated thus: “I believe in the God of the German race.” This paganism is all the more dangerous because its mystic language is taken from Christian terminology. It preserves Christ, but He must now become a Nordic. It must be evident that today, Lutheranism is passing through a tragic crisis. In the fight between the Racism of Hitler and Christianity, between the German Neopaganism and the Gospel, between the Swastika and the Cross of Christ, Lutherans are cruelly divided. Had they not been loyal to their Christian instinct they would by now have apostatized in a body. On the contrary, the majority have loudly and uncompromisingly proclaimed their intention of remaining Christian in their accepted sense of that term, and to submit in no manner to the caprice of an arbitrary and autocratic power. May God reward this courageous stand of our separated brethren by leading them in a body back to the one, true Fold.

COMMUNICATIONS

The Editor will welcome your communication on any topic connected with JESUIT MISSIONS and Jesuit missionaries.

The Church Unity Octave

To the Editor of JESUIT MISSIONS:

In the January issue of JESUIT MISSIONS in previous years, you interested your readers in the Church Unity Octave. Since this Octave is so very missionary in character, I trust that you will again print the usual prayers for the Octave and will also state the intentions assigned for the different days of the Octave. I hope that all of the readers will take up the praiseworthy custom of making this Octave in 1936.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

(Miss) Margaret Lavin.

The prayers for the Church Unity Octave are given on the editorial page (16). We are happy to add here the list of intentions for each day of the Octave.

January 18: Feast of St. Peter's Chair at Rome. Return of the "other sheep."

January 19: Return of Oriental Separatists to communion with the Apostolic See.

January 20: Submission of all Anglicans to the authority of the Vicar of Christ.

January 21: That Lutherans and other continental Protestants may return to Holy Church.

January 22: That all Christians in America may become one with the Chair of St. Peter.

January 23: Return to the sacraments of all lapsed Catholics.

January 24: The Conversion of the Jews.

January 25: Feast of the Conversion of St. Paul. Missionary conquest of the world.

On Collecting Cancelled Stamps for the Missions

To the Editor of JESUIT MISSIONS:

Received your letter of the twenty-ninth of October today and hastened at once to send each of the six missionaries some magazines.

While putting them up I was thinking of the missions and of stamps. I have a box here in front of me—a small cardboard one, about four inches by four inches—in which I keep all the stamps I save for the missions. The thought came to me: “Why doesn't JESUIT MISSIONS get some small cardboard boxes made and print on it: ‘Help the Missions by saving Stamps,’ and have a space in the magazine some month given over to a campaign to get more readers of JESUIT MISSIONS to save stamps for the missions,—each one who volunteers to be sent a box to save them in?”

Perhaps this little suggestion might be of some slight help to you, I hope so, anyway.

God bless JESUIT MISSIONS and the glorious band of Soldiers of Christ it represents!

Edenderry, Ireland.

Eugene Tyrrell.

Readers who save cancelled stamps for the Missions are invited to send them direct to any of the Jesuit stamp bureaus listed on the back cover of JESUIT MISSIONS. Through money made on the sale of these stamps, the various Jesuit bureaus have been able during past years to send some thousands of dollars to our missionaries.

A Welcome All-Year-Round Visitor

To the Editor of JESUIT MISSIONS:

The JESUIT MISSIONS has been a wonderful visitor all year. The stories are beautiful, even if they are filled with heart throbs of sorrow and disappointments. Makes the lay-people fully realize what our other Christs are suffering to preach the word of God.

Lynden, Washington.

Louise Cusin.

The 1937 Manila Eucharistic Congress Pilgrimage

To the Editor of JESUIT MISSIONS:

Let me wish your Manila Pilgrimage a great, blessed success. If I were young it would have a real attraction for me, but for an “octogeranium” there is no place like home.

Malden, Mass.

(Rt. Rev. Msgr.) Richard Neagle.

OUR TENTH YEAR

of publication begins with this issue of JESUIT MISSIONS. To all friends of JESUIT MISSIONS the Editors wish every joy and happiness. We look forward with eagerness to the New Year, confident that our friends will continue to give their financial and prayerful support to the American Jesuit Missionaries and to their magazine. As the New Year, our Tenth Year, dawns so brightly, we hope and pray that each and every reader of JESUIT MISSIONS will share in our happiness and have

A Truly Holy and Happy New Year

We are pleased at this time to tell you how our Tenth Year is to be climaxed. In February, 1937, the XXIII International Eucharistic Congress is to be held in Manila, Philippine Islands. For the benefit of our friends of the missions and the missionaries, JESUIT MISSIONS will conduct a special pilgrimage to the Eucharistic Congress and the missions.

At prices much reduced from the usual fares to the Orient, we offer an opportunity, which may never be presented again, of a two months, or longer, Summer vacation in the Winter time. Pilgrims will visit Honolulu; Japan and some of its missions; Shanghai and Hong Kong, in China, with all that they have of interest to the mission-minded; Manila and the missions of Mindanao in the P. I.; and on the return trip the beauty spots of the Western United States.

Those whose relatives and friends are in Ceylon, India or Baghdad, by extending their vacation, and continuing around the world, can also go to the Eucharistic Congress and tour the missions in which they are most interested. Pilgrims who will visit Ceylon or Patna Mission and Baghdad will be in Rome for Easter of 1937.

Month after month on this page we shall explain our pilgrimage program. Wherefore, for a fuller knowledge of our plans, be sure to

Mail coupon to

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Rev. E. Paul Amy, S.J.

JESUIT MISSIONS, 257 Fourth Avenue
New York, N. Y.

I am thinking of going to Manila and the Missions in 1937 and would like to receive all information describing your Eucharistic Congress Pilgrimage. Just send literature. Probably I cannot go on your Pilgrimage, but I would like to read about the trip anyway.

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A FIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUITS

BRITISH HONDURAS

Father Michael A. Shaefer, S.J., is the zealous Pastor of the new church being erected in Burrel Boom, a suburb of Belize, British Honduras. Under date of November 6, *The Daily Clarion* carried the following note:

"The beautiful suburb of Belize, Burrel Boom, will witness a bit of Catholic Pageantry Sunday, November 10, at 1:00 P. M. The corner stone of the new church of the Sacred Heart will be laid with fitting ceremony. The drum and bugle corps under the leadership of Father Hugh E. Harkins, S.J., the Boy Scouts under the guidance of Brother John M. Jacoby, S.J., the Faculty of St. John's College, acolytes, Fathers of the Presbytery, members of the Sodalties, will march in procession to the spot where the corner stone is to be laid. The significance of this event will not only be a demonstration of Catholic Action and of Faith which has marched on since the dawn of the Christian Era, it will also be a forward boom to Burrel Boom, whose future is pregnant with the possibilities of a charming suburb of Belize."

JAMAICA, B. W. I.

Father Joseph F. Ford, S.J., of Mandeville P. O., Jamaica, B. W. I., writes:

"My sincere thanks for your financial help, always helpful, but especially so at the present, when many taxes are due. This month we have been on edge, with two hurricanes almost hitting us, and doing as much material damage as if they had.

"I am opening a new church on December 15, in honor of St. John Fisher. I have a church to St. Thomas More already, so I am installing his statue in it on December 1. You can see from this that I am combining loyalty to the Saints and to the secular authorities under whom I am working."

In another letter, Father Ford reports:

"I am embarking on a social program which consists of turning two of my sacristies into a parish meeting room by tearing down the partitions. In these we have started a circulating library, and games and music, when, after the evening services, the people

gather. Before or after the social hour, we have a serious talk or reading. On certain afternoons, we are to have sewing classes for the young girls who are mostly attending such in Protestant places. This is no wonder, as most of them are recent converts from these churches.

"Each Sunday I binate from fourteen miles to thirty-seven, and on some I start from Mandeville at 6:00 A. M., after giving Communion to the Sisters at the Academy, and drive twenty-six miles to May Pen with Mass at 8:30, after which I return to Mandeville for 11:00 o'clock Mass. Occasionally in the afternoon, I drive another twenty-

Gloria

FRANCIS S. ALLEN, S.J.

O'er these snowy plains
Floats the voice of angel choirs,
Praising God as shepherds watch
Round their midnight fires.

Glory to God in the highest,
Peace to men of good will.

Snow-like is the song
Gently falling on the earth,
Telling of the glad report
Of the Savior's birth.

Glory to God in the highest,
Peace to men of good will.

five miles for a third station, returning in the evening. With such a Sunday order, my Mondays are the days of rest.

"At present I am building a small meeting house at Christiana, fourteen miles away, where we hope some day in the near future to have a real chapel. At another mission, Chapelton, thirty-seven miles away, we have received an acre of land as a site for a chapel. At present we have Mass at an abandoned movie palace."

* * *
Father John A. Blatchford, S.J., of Winchester Park, Kingston, Jamaica, B. W. I., writes:

"The seismograph arrived October 17, 1935. I have it set up approximately and will leave it on exhibition for a month or so and then place it in an underground vault. It is a photo-

graphic instrument and, therefore, must be kept in the dark. It will not be easily accessible to visitors after that. This is simply because we cannot afford to fix up a special place for it. We are hoping to build a Science Building in a couple of years and will try to fix up a section of it for the seismograph. Off-hand, I should think that this section would cost at least five hundred dollars, as there will have to be a vault about the size of a living room; a dark room for developing records; and a room for measuring them and doing the necessary computation, etc.—a sort of little office. The two first can be underground. The other above and with it also will probably be the transmitter if we can get a license. As nearly as I can tell now, it will cost twenty-five cents a day to keep the seismograph going. This is the expense that will be hard to meet. The seismograph is a Wood Anderson horizontal type. We have only one component. There should be another, but it would cost two or three hundred dollars.

"The instrument is loaned to us indefinitely by the Carnegie Institute in Washington. All the accessory parts, that is, the clock, the lamp and the recording drum, are from Georgetown."

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

His Excellency, James T. G. Hayes, S.J., Bishop of Cagayan, writes from Bishop's House, Cagayan, Oriental Misamis, Mindanao, P. I.:

"New work goes on apace here. I have just now finished the new Bishop's House and two high schools, as well as minor repairs on the cathedral. Some people may be surprised that I would build two high schools at the time. I did it, not because I thought it the most prudent thing at present, but simply because I was forced to it. The American Protestants at Silliman Institute have been very active lately. Since their new President took office, he has visited all the public and private schools in this part of Mindanao and made very attractive offers to the graduates.

"I issued my Pastoral Letter, forbidding Catholics from attending Protestant schools. Thus, I had to have a Catholic school for boys and girls where those in this diocese could go.

The results so far have been very consoling. I am making the same offers as Silliman, so there is no excuse for Catholics going to Silliman. Please pray that we may succeed. I feel sure we will. All my confidence is in the Sacred Heart."

* * *

Father John A. Pollock, S.J., stationed at Catholic Rectory, Mambajao (Camiguin), Misamis, P. I., writes:

"The people, now that they have a leader, are getting interested and we are gradually getting ready to start work on putting a front on our barn, so we can call it a church! By the middle of September, we expect to begin assembling materials. It takes a lot of pushing and shoving to get these committees moving and keep them moving, but not in vain was all my American training in crowded street cars, subways, movies and baseball parks! These committees are being very much surprised to find that they can be kept moving.

"However, don't worry, I am not Kipling's fool who is trying to hurry the East. It is almost eleven months since I was first introduced over here, and the plan of the church is not yet finished. But we are moving where they had been stopped dead for some years, and even going backward. So we are progressing—the architect is almost finished with the plan! and we are gathering in funds to start with."

* * *

While we are waiting for complete details in regard to the passing of Brother Patrick McKenna, S.J., whose death was reported in the December number of *JESUIT MISSIONS*, we wish to publish two tributes, sketchy though they are, that have just arrived from two of Brother's many admirers in the Philippines.

The first is from Father Joseph Reith, S.J., Maria Auxiliadora Mission, Dansalan, Lanao, Mindanao, P. I.:

"The Manila radio broadcasted an account of Brother's death in Cagayan,

in which it called him the best beloved and the best known Brother in the Philippines. He died on the boat as he was about to leave the island. It was on these boats that he had shipped tons and tons of supplies for our Mindanao missionaries. He did not wish to return to Manila but wanted to die on the missions. Only the word of Superiors, who thought better medical help could be given to him in Manila, was sending him back. He died alone, his companion Brother having gone to mail a letter on the boat. His daily 'Lights' book for that day was marked, 'Prepare for a good death.' He is the only Jesuit in memory buried in Oriental Misamis, and he lies in a new priests' plot in the Cagayan cemetery. All our missionaries loved Brother for his kindly ways and his great charity. You could not ask him a favor too great. He knew every corner of Manila and probably saved more for the missionaries by his shrewd buying than comes to them by gifts. Bishop Hayes marched in the line of the funeral procession and presided at the Office of the Dead and gave the Absolution. The people of Cagayan had never seen such a solemn service as the Office of the Dead. We were all seated directly around the bare coffin. The funeral impressed them, too, but they could not understand why no one cried. If you have ever heard the wailing at a Filipino funeral, you can sense their mystification at the absence of this essential sign of mourning."

This next note is from Father Walter J. Hamilton, S.J., Pastor of the Tagnipa Mission, Cagayan, Oriental Misamis, P. I.:

"I have written for some data on Brother McKenna so that I can write a brief account of him. We were sitting together on the steamer, *Luzon*, about a half hour before he was called home. This afternoon Brother Valero, who made spiritual reading with Brother McKenna, happened to read a chapter on preparation for a happy death. All

the Fathers and Brothers who could arrive in time, attended the funeral, a Pontifical Requiem Mass. Fortunately, I was in Cagayan. Even as we bid the Brother farewell when leaving the boat, we felt it was the last time we would see him alive, as he had been failing since his arrival about a month before. He was suffering from kidney trouble, blood pressure and gall stones. The Superior of the Mission had finally persuaded him to visit us in these parts. He seemed fairly well the few days he spent with us in Tagnipa. One night at Cagayan he suffered from pains in the side, and this was the beginning of the end. Some think that after this he had a stroke, some of the signs being manifest. However, he rallied, picked up considerably, and the doctor advised him to return to Manila. His speech was slow and rather weak, his pace very feeble, like that of an old man. He managed to pull himself up the narrow flight of stairs to the top deck of the boat like a happy warrior. We had only been back in the *convento* about twenty minutes when word came of his death and we rushed down to administer the sacraments. Brother was sixty-two years of age and had been thirty-five years on the missions."

* * *

The following brief account forwarded by Father Thomas A. M. Shanahan, S.J., through Father Joseph Reith, S.J., gives us the only details now available in regard to the death of the zealous Philippine missionary, Father Pius M. Martinez, S.J.

"I am sending you such information as is available concerning the death of Father Martinez at Davao. Father Martinez entered the Davao Hospital on Monday afternoon, September 30, and on Saturday morning at seven o'clock Doctor Camacho began the operation for appendicitis. On account of the irregular location of Father's intestines, the doctor was unable to find the appendix, and finally at nine o'clock he called in two other doctors, and all agreed that a further incision was necessary. Up to this time Father Martinez had refused to take ether but was now compelled to receive it. After giving him the ether the operation was continued and about ten o'clock the appendix was found and the doctors were confident that the operation would be successful. The next news was a telegram sent on Tuesday, October 3rd, stating that Father Martinez was in a serious condition. At that time, Father Thomas Puig, S.J. the Superior at Davao, was absent on one of his mission journeys along the Gulf of Davao. Fortunately, Bishop Del Rosario, S.J., was present in the city of Davao. On Friday morning, October 4, he received word that Father Martinez had died at 8:30 P. M., Thursday evening. As yet, no further details have been received."



Father Joseph Reith, S.J., Pastor of Dansalan, Mindanao, P. I., always an interesting contributor to the pages of *JESUIT MISSIONS*, with two muchachos, making time in his streamlined ox-cart.



His Excellency, Bishop Philip Cote, S.J., of the Jesuit Province of Lower Canada, was consecrated Bishop of the Süchow Mission, China, on September 29, 1935, by His Excellency, Most Rev. Mario Zanin, D.D., Apostolic Delegate to China.

CHINA

Father Charles D. Simons, S.J., of the California Province, on completing his Tertianship in China, was assigned to Catholic Mission, Shuyang, Ku, China. Writing from his mission some weeks ago, Father stated that in the last two weeks of September, half of his territory, thirty miles by forty, was under water. On the elevated villages the water reached the waist; the mud houses all crumbled away. In early October he received his first band of refugees, fourteen mouths to feed. A boat load of twenty or thirty was expected to follow shortly. On October 3, the waters had not yet stopped rising, neither had prices for foodstuffs.

* * *

Father Leo F. McGreal, S.J., Superior of Gonzaga College, 734 Kiaochow Road, Shanghai, China, writes:

"Your letter of September 10 and the enclosed check arrived and are herein gratefully acknowledged.

"Here in the school we are going along under full sail. The increase in registration is more than normal. More than 100 new students in the High School; 224 in all, and 240 in the parochial school. We were fortunate in having Father Louis Zi, S.J., assigned to Gonzaga to carry on the parochial work which Father James F. Kearney, S.J., has so ably developed during the past two years.

"I was present at the consecration of His Excellency, Bishop Philip Cote,

S.J., in Süchowfu on September 29. Bishop Cote is a citizen of the United States, though he belongs to the French Canadian Province. He is, I think, the first American Jesuit to be made a Bishop in China. A large portion of his vicariate is now suffering from a disastrous flood that has rendered millions homeless and destitute. The Canadian Jesuits will need all the help they can get to carry their people through the Winter. Father Charles D. Simon, S.J., is also in the midst of the flood. All here in Shanghai are well."

* * *

Albert R. O'Hara, S.J., also of Gonzaga College, writes:

"I have the prefecting of sixty-five boarders, and besides, teach physics, physics laboratory, Latin, have a class in the mandarin language for foreigners, and coach basket ball on the side. This year brought an increase both in the number of our boarders and of our day scholars. While most schools have a decrease in their enrollment, some as high as fifty per cent, we have a large increase. The elementary school in connection with the parish has shown a like increase.

"Father James F. Kearney, S.J., is hard at work preparing the way for the new Institute at Nanking. Father Charles D. Simons, S.J., writes that his Christians in his mission at Shuyang are responding generously to his efforts. Part of his district is hard hit by the recent floods. Wilfrid J. LeSage, S.J., is teaching English in both the Junior and Senior divisions here. Ralph J. Deward, S.J., is teaching English and Latin in the Senior division. Father Joseph I. Gatz, S.J., has been appointed Pastor of the foreign section of our parish. This year, George H. Dunne, S.J., will be ordained. Fathers Thomas Philips, S.J., and Francis A. Rouleau, S.J., finish their theology."

PATNA, INDIA

In a recent letter, Very Rev. Peter J. Sontag, S.J., Superior of Patna Mission, sent along some items from a letter written to him by Father Rudolph W. Bohn, S.J., who is proving himself a valiant Santal missionary. Father Sontag writes:

"I was going to transcribe part of his letter, but I find that Father Bohn seems to forget that the whole world is not Santal, and I fear much that the reports would be unintelligible to you.

"First, he complains (does he expect to rival Father Lievens?) that in the last trip of fifteen days he had only thirty-five Baptisms instead of the fifty he expected,—forgetting that there are many missionaries who would be glad to count thirty-five converts in a year. But he is going out again in a few days. . . .

"No, he is not being starved. The field corn is maturing, and so he and

his catechist enjoyed the days of plenty. 'An old Muslim lady to whom we had given some medicine, brought us twelve ears of corn. John Hopo sent us eggs. Joseph Murmu supplied fine rich milk. A Paharia woman stopped us on the road to give us seven cucumbers,' and so on.

"'Last Sunday we walked through the rains to Rohora. Had Mass in the village headman's house. He is still a sturdy pagan, but his married sons may "come in"—that is, embrace the Faith. The *malik* or chief of fifty houses of Kumhara, a Hindu caste, came for an interview and listened to an explanation of Christian doctrine. The Mochis, too, leather-workers, are "nibbling." Denis, the chief of thirty-five villages of Paharias, also attended Mass and offered to accompany me on a tour of his villages. Five headmen of other villages, still pagan, also were present.'

"And so the letter continues its account of marriages here and Baptisms there, and prospects everywhere. But, alas! Father Bohn, with all his untiring zeal is after all only just one lone missionary in this vast district where the harvest is so great! And he gently hints to the Superior, 'Couldn't he at least engage a few more catechists to help him gather in the harvest?' You will know, of course, what the Superior, who has to guarantee the pay of these catechists, answered."

* * *

John A. Morrison, S.J., to whom JESUIT MISSIONS is indebted for a number of splendid articles and some wonderful photographs, writes from St. Mary's College, Kurseong, D. H. Ry., India, to tell of the cosmopolitan group that makes up the student community there. St. Mary's is the house



This Hindu cremation of the dead took place just outside the front gate of Khrist Raja High School, Bettiah, Patna Mission, India. The cloth, hanging from the pile, marks the place of the dead body.

of studies in which the Jesuit Scholastics make their final preparations for the priesthood. Among the Jesuit students of theology there, 12 different foreign nations are represented and 7 different classes of Indians. Besides, there are also Anglo-Indians. The total number of students is 121, divided as follows: 35 Belgians, 13 Spaniards, 10 Italians, 8 Americans, 4 English, 3 Irish, 2 Maltese, 2 Jugoslavians, 2 French, 1 Scotch, 1 Hollander, 1 Luxembourger, 9 Anglo-Indians, 9 Tamilians, 7 Malayalis, 6 Mangalorians, 5 Goans, 1 Munda, 1 Ouraon and 1 Telegu.

* * *

Father Henry P. Milet, S.J., one of the veterans of Patna Mission, and Pastor of St. Joseph's Church at Jamalpur, a large center on the East Indian Railway, will soon have a new church to replace the one so badly damaged by the Bihar earthquake. According to the latest news, the building is now up as far as the windows and doors. This building is being erected with the help of the East Indian Railway, which has a large number of Catholics working in its Jamalpur shops.

* * *

Writing under date of October 8, from St. Mary's Mission at Gokhla among the Santals of Patna Mission, Father James A. Creane, S.J., says:

"Your treasure-laden letter was fortunate in getting through the Suez Canal and the Red Sea before the Italo-Abyssinian war began. Now that the awful conflict is on, let us hope that the mails will continue to travel safely. No doubt they will, unless the struggle becomes an international one. If need be, mail could go via the Pacific.

"Yesterday the Hindus held forth in grand style. It was one of their big mela days. In various villages around

here, huge statues of Kali were made and fantastically decorated. Great crowds gathered from the whole countryside. The local *dukandars* (petty store and shopkeepers) put their wares on display for sale. There was general merrymaking with music and song, feasting, dancing and drinking.

"I happen to be home because of the first Friday. Every first Friday of the month my catechists and village school teachers come in from all sides for their salaries and a little spiritual jacking up. The occasion gives them an opportunity for confession and Holy Communion, Holy Hour, spiritual reading in common, and an instruction. The Blessed Sacrament is exposed during a good part of the day in the church and convent chapel, and there is constant adoration by the school children.

"Father Leo Frank, S.J., Headmaster of the school and Superior of the Community here, is arranging for the annual retreat of the school children just prior to the feast of Christ the King. On the feast itself we are planning to have our Corpus Christi procession. The Sisters have been busy during their leisure moments making a canopy, banners and all sorts of other nice things which are to be used for the first time on that occasion.

During the month of October, in compliance with instructions from His Excellency, the Bishop, we are having daily Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament and Rosary for a number of intentions specified by His Excellency. Our benefactors will be pleased to know that one of the principal intentions is for them.

"Our Scholastics and the boys have been active during their free time doing a lot of gardening. As a result, we hope to have a nice variety of home-grown vegetables to sink our teeth into in the not too distant future. Flowers, too, are beginning to beautify the place.

"Our old local Superior, Father Rudolph W. Bohn, S.J., came back to pay his old home a visit yesterday. In spite of handicaps of a dozen different kinds he is able to report one hundred and seventy-one Baptisms since taking over his new sector of the Mission last March."

IRAQ

From Baghdad College, Sulaiikh, Baghdad, Iraq, comes the following amusing incident.

"Baghdad can hardly be said to be on the crossroads of the world. Shut off as it is on one side by six hundred miles of desert and on the other by more desert and isolation-seeking Persia, it attracts relatively few tourists. Gradually, however, the news is seeping out that the land is simply steeped in history. So it was that recently an old schoolmate and fellow Jesuit, who had been spending some months in Palestine, garnering biblical lore to reinforce his Roman studies, found his way across the desert in company with a Dutch Jesuit by name, Father Rood, and a Swiss Benedictine, Father Gut. The American's name was Father Hodous.

"The correspondence preliminary to their visit began just about the time that the Shiah tribes along the Euphrates began to demolish the railroad, to cut the dykes of the Euphrates, and to make themselves generally disagreeable. Our air-mail letters back and forth were taking a week to reach their destination, though Palestine is but a few hours' ride from Iraq. So finally Father Hodous wired us: 'If seeing Ur safe wire.' It appeared that Father Hodous was more concerned about seeing Ur of the Chaldees than seeing us, so we wired back: 'Ur safe.'

"Father Edward Madaras, S.J., was at the airport with the Buick to meet them when they rolled in on the bus. Since they all carried nothing but small satchels, such as those in which schoolboys carry their books, Father Madaras, told them not to bother about the customs, but just to jump in the Buick and be gone. Only afterwards did they learn that when the customs officials found their signed declarations, which they had filled out during a prior stop at Ramadi, and the signers already departed, they were on the point of sending the police after them, and only desisted when some understanding acquaintance explained the probabilities of the situation. It was July 6 when they arrived. The next day, as though Iraq wished to put on its best exhibition for the visitors, the temperature went up to one hundred and fourteen. Fortunately, the Fathers of the Community were of such build, height, and weight as to make it possible to furnish our guests with Summer trousers and cassocks. By serving ice-cream frequently to Father Hodous and pro-



Unemployment crisis in Baghdad. Yet, why worry? What difference does employment make? There's no coal bill to worry about, and for one anna (two cents), you can always buy four little loaves of bread and six at least of the large, flat kind. Rolled about a head of lettuce, together with a few dates, this makes a decent meal.



Father John B. Baud, S.J., who is stationed at Nulato, Alaska, with Father Joseph L. McElmeel, S.J. Father Baud went to Alaska as a volunteer in May, and before going to Nulato spent two months in Fairbanks, helping Father Aloysius S. Eline, S.J., who had been seriously ill with pneumonia.

curing some Amsterdam beer for Father Rood (Father Gut and the rest of us did not hold back, of course) our guests were convinced that Baghdad was not such a bad place, in spite of the heat.

"It would be impossible in our short space to describe all they did and saw during the two weeks that they were with us. They visited Baghdad, of course, and Babylon, Birs Nimroud, Ctesiphon, Ur, Samarra, Mosul, Nineveh, Khorsabad, Tepe Gaura, Mar Behnam, many Syrian and Chaldean villages in the north, the devil-worshippers at Sheikh Adi, and other places.

"Father Hodous returned to Jerusalem on July 22 by the same route by which he had come. Fathers Gut and Rood preferred to cross over to Syria from Mosul in order that they might visit Aleppo and Antioch. Maybe, too, they had read about Musa Dagh, and wanted to visit that neighborhood."

* * *

The Community at Baghdad College wish "to assure all our friends back home that the thousands of miles which separate us make us no less mindful of them in our prayers, for we remember them all daily at the altar, where remembrance counts most. May God bless them all abundantly."

ALASKA

Father Joseph Tomkins, S.J., of Holy Cross, Alaska, writes:

"Father Segundo Llorente, S.J., arrived here on the Yukon river boat, *Alice*, September 24. On his way to the Yukon he picked up seven reels of motion picture film from Seward, and thus insured some entertainment for the school children and townspeople during the Winter months.

Father Hubert Post, S.J., is slowly but surely overcoming the paralytic stroke he suffered this Summer. Gradually his right arm and leg are getting useful, and the fact that he is gaining every day makes us happy. Yesterday he began to say his breviary, but it will be some time before he can say Mass. Doctor Doyle says that it is possible to recuperate here as well as he could in a larger hospital.

"The Lord gave us a wonderful garden crop this year. The harvest was really successful, and the canned vegetables and fruits are now stored away in our various cellars."

* * *

On October 3, 1935, Father Edward J. Cunningham, S.J., succeeded Father Gabriel M. Menager, S.J., as Superior of Pilgrim Springs, Alaska. The latter has been assigned to Indian Mission work in Montana. Father Cunningham was formerly a missionary at Holy Cross, Alaska.

* * *

Father Thomas Cunningham, S.J., who went to Alaska this Summer, writes:

"Just a word to thank you for the check which arrived last week. As you notice, I am located in Nome, and I have, I believe, all Seward Peninsula as my parish. Much stress was laid on the fact that I should learn as much of the Eskimo language as possible this year.

"The work so far has been both pleasant and consoling, though it would be stretching things a little if I called the life a picnic. But physically it could be much worse. I am my own cook, house-keeper and Jack-of-all trades, and in spite of it all I am still alive after a month of it."

AMERICAN INDIANS

Father Edward P. Manhard, S.J., of Holy Rosary Mission, Pine Ridge, South Dakota, writes:

"Holy Rosary Mission is a large Catholic boarding school conducted by the Jesuit Fathers for Sioux Indian children on the Pine Ridge Reservation, South Dakota. Here seven Priests, three Scholastics, twelve Brothers and twenty-one Sisters of St. Francis minister to the spiritual needs of the Indians.

"At present, one hundred and sixty-eight boys and one hundred and eighty girls are enrolled at the Mission School. From September to June the Mission School must feed, clothe, educate and entertain the children under her care. This alone is a big work, but the zealous work of the Fathers and Sisters reaches out over the entire Reservation, which extends over six thousand square miles, and embraces about eight thousand, three hundred Indians. Thus Holy Rosary Mission is truly the heart of Catholicism on the Pine Ridge Reservation. Thirty small mission churches have been built

at various points on the Reservation, and each Father is appointed to take charge of a certain number.

"Last August, six of the churches were placed under my care. They are the six which Father Cummings had last year. Father Cummings was transferred to St. Stephen's Mission, Wyoming. I am enclosing a road map of my thousand square miles of territory, which marks my churches and indicates the trails leading to them. It will also give you some idea of the distance and location of my stations from Holy Rosary headquarters.

"The erection of the churches was made possible by large and small donations from friends interested in spreading the Faith among the Indians. Each missionary must attend to the up-keep of his churches, and he depends entirely on charity. He gets no salary and the Indians are too poor even to pay for the gas necessary to reach the various stations. The Sunday collection amounts to only a few cents.

"Every one of my churches needs some repair and improvement. I find that as a young missionary I have turned into an amateur carpenter, painter, and general repair man, and in addition to that, I find that I must of necessity become a better beggar than my Indians, if I want to keep my churches in repair and serve the needy. We have already had a touch of Winter weather out here and hard months are ahead. My people are asking me for food, and especially for clothing, but as yet I have nothing to give them. A warm coat, a pair of shoes, or some other useful garment,—in general—serviceable old clothes may make it possible for some man or woman, boy or girl to come to Mass and receive the sacraments.



Cunning little Isaac Paul Moccasin Face, fourteen months old, a Sioux Indian of St. Francis Mission, South Dakota.

First Priest of Dharwar

For the substance of the following article we are indebted to *The Catholic Leader* of Madras, India, which published the account in its issue of September 19, 1935. Father Charles Saldanha, S.J., of Patna Mission, India, was ordained priest in the United States, and returned to India in the late Summer of 1935. Before his entrance into the Society of Jesus, he had been a professor at Dharwar in southern India.—*Editor.*

A PREDOMINANTLY non-Christian city like Dharwar has generally little news of Catholic interest to give. But the three days from August 31 to September 2 were days quite out of the ordinary, for during those three short days we had the long looked for happiness of having in our midst the Reverend Father Charles Saldanha, S.J., the first priest that Dharwar has given to the Church.

The railway station of Dharwar was a scene of great rejoicing on the evening of August 31. The entire Catholic population of the city had collected there with hearts brimming with joy to welcome home from distant America their fellow parishioner, Father Saldanha. It may be recalled that just ten years ago, Father Saldanha, or rather, Professor Saldanha, as he was then known, vacated his chair of Mathematics at the Karnatak College, Dharwar, where he had endeared himself to one and all of his colleagues and students by his affable ways and a never ending fund of gentle humor. He had resigned his lucrative post in answer to the call of his Divine Master to follow Him more intimately in the Society of Jesus. After finishing his novitiate and philosophy at Shembaganur, Father Saldanha proceeded to America for his theology. He has now returned a priest to work in the Patna Mission. It was in the fitness of things, therefore, that Father Saldanha, before beginning his work as a missionary, paid a visit to his dear place of birth and his many relations, friends and well-wishers over here. Nor did they on their part fail to give him a very cordial welcome. He was received at the station in the midst of deafening cheers by his former colleagues, and after being garlanded, he motored to the parochial house where the Very Reverend Father W. Noronha, parish priest of Dharwar and Father Saldanha's friend, guide and philosopher, was awaiting him.

THE next morning our little chapel, tastefully decorated with a tracery of garlands and banners of the choicest assortment and color, was packed with Catholic worshippers and non-Catholic admirers of Father Saldanha. Every heart throbbed with joy, every breast heaved with holy emotion, nay, it would be no exaggeration to say that many a tear of sheer gratitude moistened the eyes of the eager congregation when Fa-



Father Charles Saldanha, S.J., of Patna Mission, India, the "First Priest of Dharwar."

ther Saldanha, who in his professorial days had knelt day in and day out at the altar steps to serve Mass, now ascended the same, chalice in hand, to offer the Sacrifice of the Mass. Every heart went out in silent prayer to Father Saldanha in whom indeed the Lord found a vessel of election.

After the Gospel he preached a very eloquent sermon on the existence of God and proved the claims of Christianity to be His religion, basing his arguments on human reasoning. He also thanked his fellow parishioners for the ceaseless prayers they had offered for him during the ten years he was away from them, and solicited their prayers for the success of the hard work that lay before him. A larger number approached the Sacred Table and offered their Communion for him. At the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, which was given after Mass, the *Te Deum* was sung in thanksgiving to God for having called one at least of the parishioners of the place for the sacred ministry.

A CONTINUAL stream of visitors never gave Father Saldanha a moment's rest in the forenoon. He received every one of them with his usual genial smile, and in spite of the volley of questions with which he was pelted on his experience in America, he seemed ever willing to answer many more and answer them in his inimitably humorous way. For (Turn to page 28)

Christmas in Ontario

Alexander
Rolland, S.J.

In the December number the author, a Canadian Jesuit, told of his Christmas trips in Ontario's hinterland. As the present account begins, he has just gotten over the effects of hard travel and is ready to start again.—*Editor.*

IT was Saturday, December 27. Mass three hours before daybreak, and all the Indians present. Farewells said, I left Grand Bay for Gull Bay. Some two miles out on the great surface of Grand Bay I looked back towards the cluster of Indian homes and saw, beyond and behind the hills, sundogs, bright halos to either side of the rising sun. "A sign of coming cold," said Dominic, my new guide.

And it must have been already between thirty and forty below zero! We were twelve hours en route, and arrived in the dark at eight-thirty. Tea and heavy bannock, the kind that gives you heartburn. Saw to the heating of the church, then confessions till eleven.

Sunday morning I was early to church to hunt up and prepare everything for solemnizing the Lord's Day. Endless confessions and an Indian sermon retarded the finish of High Mass till about noon. Breakfast, a little of the Divine Office, and back to church for four hours. There was water to be blessed for the whole community, beads to begin the service, Vespers, Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, with countless hymns, confessions again and finally a blessing for an ailing woman and a sick child. The physical exhaustion was trifling in comparison with the mental strain of trying to combine words in a language of which I knew little.

MASS at five o'clock Monday. Again the Indians were edifying. They filled the church. A forty mile trek lay ahead of me this cold closing day of 1934. We had four beautiful huskies, young powerful dogs, which, unfortunately, had not yet been trained to the command of "Gee" and "Haw." Alex, the driver, was lean, very lean and consumptive looking, clad in sparse, ragged clothing, but he could run! He attempted to ride but the dogs would not hold their direction, so he resigned himself to a steady trot, leading the first dog by the traces. Alex did not wish the priest to tire. I saved energy till we took tea at Nipigon's Gibraltar, a half-way rock on the west shore, and then I made my guide freeze on the sleigh for some long stretches. I felt now that fatigue did not matter, as the hardest mission was behind me. "Do you need rest, Father?" Alex kept asking. I answered, "No," and dared not slacken pace. Miles and miles we mushed. Barn Island loomed near ahead, yet it took hours to bring it closer. Night found Alex and me still taking turns in the lead.

Dogs gave warning of our arrival at White Sand. No



"Mush, mush, mush!" There are miles and miles to measure on this missionary journey over Ontario's lakes.

Indian came out to meet us. The school house (our church-quarter) was barred and the key away with the teacher, so there was no ringing of bells to announce the priest. Envoys were sent from cabin to cabin to summon the retiring community for prayers. New Year's Mass was celebrated below the roof of a very poorly furnished home. I brought Holy Communion to two aged persons a mile across the bay and returned for breakfast and a Baptism. There was nothing to eat in the house except bannock, and only water to drink. That afternoon I made a fifteen mile jaunt to the extreme north end of the lake, said Mass next morning in Paddy McGuire's shack, and continued on to the railway track.

HERE, on the coldest day of my holiday outing, I left the intimate companionship of the friendly dog team and straddled the cold boards of a gasoline speeder, answering to the reported need of a priest at Ferland, seven miles down rail. The Mass wine, by way of indicating the cold, froze solidly. At Ferland I was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. John Tuset. Present also were the mother of my hostess, Mrs. Paddy McGuire, (a thoroughbred Ojibway Indian weighing three hundred and fifty pounds), Tuset's boy, Miss Amelia McGuire (school teacher at White Sand), and two big McGuire boys, all united over New Year's. The home measured about fifteen by twelve feet. It was interesting to guess how all would be housed that night. One bed was moved out into the snow and I took the other. All lined up like soldiers, heads to the one free wall.

At Ferland, where no priest had called in two years, much spiritual business was to be done. Besides every day ministry during my very brief visit here, I joined in proper Christian wedlock two couples, after bringing the husbands to the true Faith, and converted the male party of a former mixed, though authorized marriage. With exceeding consolation, too, I brought Sanctifying Grace to the soul of an aged pagan with the words and waters of Baptism. Thus ended my Christmas in Ontario.

BOOK REVIEWS

Saint among Savages. By Francis Talbot, S.J. Harper & Brothers, New York, N. Y. Price \$3.50.

Historical and biographical background, the result of voluminous reading and research in the archives of Orleans, Quebec, Montreal, and New York, combined with data gathered by traveling every mile of the trail, followed by his Blackrobe hero three hundred years ago, have all been impressed into service by the author to furnish this splendidly executed life story of Isaac Jogues. The selected bibliography of primary sources and supplementary material from the 17th and 18th centuries, with additional matter from the 19th and 20th, together with a careful cataloguing of the writings of Jogues and notes and references by chapters, raise the work to one of critical scientific history. From the cradle to the cloister, from the cloister to the cabins of the red-skins, and from the cabins of the red-skins to the consummation and the end, the life of Isaac Jogues is that of a priest of Providence. For as we see him moving westward from New France as the course of his spiritual conquest takes its way into the hill country of northern New York, the heroism of his sanctity as well as the sustaining power of God are powerfully, and to men of good will, conclusively demonstrated. Through the squalor of savage life, ever in the shadow of death, in conflict with the powers of the other world working through vicious medicine men, in ambush, along the terrifying trail of torture, with the tomahawk, like the sword of Damocles, ever impending, like his Master, a worm and not a man, it is impossible not to see in Isaac Jogues a soul of destiny and a martyr saint of God. The book has all the authenticity of the original "Jesuit Relations" and allied documents as well as the pleasing presentation of a literary artist.

Father Pierre Bouscaren, S.J.
Edited by William L. Hornsby, S.J. The Bruce Publishing Co., Milwaukee, Wisc. Price \$1.50.

A precious spiritual autobiography for Religious of both sexes. A refutation in the flesh of the alleged impossibility of a life of sanctity in the midst of the modern melee of materialistic thought and action. The short and simple annals of the Jesuit Pierre Bouscaren who was born in Cincinnati, December 30, 1889, entered the Missouri Province of the Society of Jesus, August 14, 1908, and died at Florissant, Mo., like the saints of old in the odor of sanctity, on December 25, 1927. Refusing to be drawn into the suction of inordinate, external distractions, he clung tight to the basic principles of asceticism as they had been

expounded in his noviceship, and used all things with which he daily came in contact as stepping stones to union with the Will of God. In commenting upon the life of this modern Jesuit, the Reverend Matthew Gerding, S.J., says: "He cultivated the interior life with extraordinary intensity from the first day of his entrance into the Jesuit novitiate, in health and sickness—he was often distressingly sick—and he did so consistently, steadily, ever supported and buoyed up by an ardent personal love for Christ. As a result, in early manhood he achieved true interior holiness of life, an accomplishment which many of us deem impossible in this age of limitless external activity." Briefly, the distinction of this champion of modern religious life lies in the fact that he lived and died in the spirit of his *Suscipe*, the theme song of his few but perfect years, and in the living, like Browning's hero, "he never turned his back, but marched breast forward." The content of his letters, his views on friendship, on poverty, his resolutions, his use of failure and success, his zeal for the missions, offer most practical and inspiring selections for the spiritual reading period in convents and religious houses generally, and show him as always the master of his fate and captain of his soul.

Married Saints. By Selden Peabody Delany. Longmans, Green & Co., New York, N. Y. Price \$2.00.

A most interesting and thought-provoking apology for sanctity in married life. With an edifying freshness of viewpoint that is due in great part to the author's non-Catholic experience, Father Delany opens the volume with a chapter on "Sanctity and Marriage," another on "Marriage in Paganism and Christianity," and a third on "Some Practical Aspects of Mystical Experience," applicable to married and non-married life. As is noted, not all the characters in this symposium of asceticism have been formally canonized as yet by the Church. Yet, without anticipating Papal decisions, the reader must feel that Father Delany has been wise in his selection and both persuasive and orthodox in his general thesis that marriage and sanctity are compatible. As witnesses, he cites St. Monica (331-387); St. Paulinus of Nola (353-431); St. Margaret of Scotland (1045-1083); St. Elizabeth of Hungary (1207-1231); St. Louis of France (1214-1270); St. Frances of Rome (1384-1440); Blessed Nicholas of Flue (1417-1487); St. Thomas More (1478-1535); Madame Acarie (1566-1618); Blessed Anna Maria Taigi (1769-1837); Mother Elizabeth Seton (1774-1821), and some others. In the face of the many moral and economic obstacles confronting the

married state today, one feels that Providence and not mere chance dictated the publication of this book.

Land of Women. A novel by Katharina Von Dombrowski. Little, Brown & Co., Boston, Mass. Price \$2.50.

Fact and fiction are well blended throughout the book. Despite a puzzling multiplicity of characters, a strong picture of Paraguay's bloody history during the dictatorship of murderous Francisco Salano Lopez (1862-70) is presented to the reader.

"Land of Women" is a title well chosen for this book in that, when Paraguay's war with Brazil, Uruguay and the Argentine came to an end with Lopez's death, there survived four women for every one man in the country. But the reader, long before the end of the book, wonders if its title is not derived as much from the author's effort to immortalize the immorality of the native women and the story's heroine (?), as from the historical fact of the decimation of the populace. Furthermore, as the novel is historical, one wonders why the author has chosen questionable instances of history to illustrate the spiritual attitude of the native people. Surely truth cannot be found in this statement: "Regular marriages hardly existed among the Guarani people, one of the arrangements made already by the Jesuits, probably because they knew it was the nature of these women to leave the man they had ceased to care for and to associate with another." Yet other statements, even more untrue, occur throughout the book, so that the impression is made of a desire on the part of the author to make not too covert an attack upon Christian morality as we know it today.

A Fantasy of the Passion. Price \$1.00 a copy. Behold the Man and Pilate the Governor. All by Daniel A. Lord, S.J. The last two plays mentioned are in manuscript form only, for which a deposit of \$10.00 is required. The Queen's Work. St. Louis, Mo.

No better apostolate can be imagined during Lent than the dramatization anew of the tragedy of Calvary. This Father Lord does in a most appealing fashion in "Behold the Man," "Pilate the Governor," and "A Fantasy of the Passion." The first and third have been modernized and reveal the wonderful possibilities inherent in the story of Calvary when presented in the perspective of the present. The three should be read and played throughout the country.

COULD HAPPEN

TO ANYONE

(Continued from page 4)

the orange and rolls I had left on the desk—despite Antoine's protest that he was not hungry—had disappeared. Tearfully Antoine read his composition. I submit a part of it and trust that, in my translation the sentiment of a penitent of twelve is not greatly altered.

"My Sovereign Mother, I offer you my tongue and everything good that I say. For I was born to do only good, not evil. You who are my Preservatress from all evil, I can put myself under your protection and not under the protection of others. With your help I can always speak good words. Man is nothing without your help and the help of your Son, Who gave Himself up and died upon the Cross to save us and gain Heaven for us by His merits. Mary, my Protectress, please pity my weakness. Mary, pardon me all that I have said today, for I do not wish to fall into the same faults into which I am in the habit of falling so often. Come to my aid. Deliver me from the temptations of the devil, who drives me to say bad things so that I may fall into hell with him. Mary, with your help, I can save myself from the temptations of the devil who always torments me. Save me, Mary. And assist me in my last agony. Amen."

Long after Antoine has forgotten the incident, the one who punished Antoine will be offering to our Lady on his own behalf the twelve year old's prayer of penitence.

TWO PICTURES AND A LEGEND

(Continued from page 5)

soon be Catholics, if they could as they would. But even those that are not yet won over so far as that, are good girls, in whose hearts the good seed, once sown, bids fair to strike root sooner or later and produce the desired fruit. So they are being grouped together, have occasional meetings, are provided with suitable reading, devote themselves to works of charity, try to interest their friends and acquaintances.

Looking at the photo one seems to feel the various stages which they

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have reached in their approach towards the Catholic Faith. Some in full possession, others near the goal, others not yet quite sure of themselves, or leave-me-alone-like.

But it is good work that is being done in this way. As in ancient Rome the spread of the Faith was perhaps chiefly due to the fact that many of the ladies and girls of the more educated classes were won over to the Faith and secured it a footing in their families, so we hope that in a similar way the Faith may conquer Japan, through the quiet yet irresistible influence of the young girls of today, the wives and mothers of tomorrow.

FIESTA AT SAN JOSE

(Continued from page 6)

this gala affair!) have had a chance, and quit; only then does the band stop, quite contrary to the custom in the States, where the dancers are at the beck of the musicians.

The whole dance was conducted in a very orderly fashion. Everyone seemed to know his or her place and kept it. The *bastonero* rules like a king in his own realm, inviting individuals to take part (some of them need coaxing), assigning partners and giving the "stop and go" signals to the band. A policeman was there from Hill Bank, but he had no work to do, as no one caused any trouble. I only saw one man drunk, and he was promptly taken away by his companions. Between dances, many of the people strolled over to the church to light a candle before the statue of San Jose and sit for a while in silent adoration, or they might pay a visit to the thatch hut of the "Patron" of the fiesta, where *bollos* (boiled corn cakes with pork or chicken filling, wrapped in green plantain leaves) and black coffee—or perhaps something stronger for the men—are on hand.

Some might object to the all-night dancing, but such is the Mayan *costumbre*, a firmly established way of doing things, a Gibraltar upon which many a conscientious objection has been wrecked. Moreover, it is only done on one night, whereas in some places where the religious fiesta has lost much of its primitive character, all-night

dancing is indulged in every night of the Novena.

Dancing recommenced at 11:00 A.M., next morning, and continued during the day until 5:00 P.M., when the statue of San Jose was removed from its place of honor on a table outside the sanctuary and placed back on the altar.

"NOT PAULINA!"

(Continued from page 7)

self and find out if perhaps she was too indiscreet. Of course, she smoked cigarettes, but only at home; yes, she wore modern clothes, but they had pleased her husband before he had died and he had left her money to buy them; she was busy, but busy lobbying for Christ, and not about other peoples' business; to be sure, she spoke to everyone, but always on the same matter,—God, their souls, and the Catholic religion. She met an acquaintance on the street. He or she, it didn't matter which, was questioned about his religion and his work. Then with a tone of finality the person was told that the Catholic Church was the only true one and that they should apply for admittance."

FATHER DELBECK paused to relight the forgotten pipe.

"Hm-m-m," I mused, "Cigarettes—modern clothes—zeal for all; yes, she should have been named Paulina, for St. Paul would certainly have been all to all to gain all for Christ."

But Father Delbeck passed over my insistence with:

"Oh, yes, I've heard that you are from Missouri. Well, now our modern apostle is back for more instructions so that she may do her work more intelligently. So numerous are the Christians up in her section now that a few days ago they sent to me a delegation of their leading men asking for a resident priest and a school."

"Sure now, if I could only go up there and help them out," I burst forth.

"Slowly, slowly," cautioned Father Delbeck. "You already have your hands full, and even if we split every missionary in two there would not be sufficient for this little

section of the Lord's field."

Suddenly my gaze rested on the picture on the wall,—a ripe field of wheat—the Master—the disciples—"Laborers are few. Pray you. . ."

"Yes," we both sighed, "Let's pray, for prayer accomplishes far more than this world dreams of!"

WAY UP AT TUMPAGON

(Continued from page 15)

the requirements of civilized life and Government restrictions, taxes, etc. There is a male nurse working in these parts, employed by the Rio Verde Mining Company. He is able to help us "on the side" considerably. For some time before he went up there, we were acquainted. He had Protestant tendencies before, but with some kindly treatment and instruction, the reading of "Rebuilding a Lost Faith," etc., he has become a most ready enthusiastic ally of our cause, and is now pushing forward the preparation for the construction of our church there.

We set out from Tumpagon one afternoon at about two o'clock, stopping at a few places to instruct the people a little, and, as we neared Taglimao where we would spend the night, we invited the people to leave their homes very early to be present at what would probably be the first Mass in this village. The sun set long before we could reach our goal, and we had a hard time of it in the "jungle," as it was impossible to light any flares, or at least to keep them lighted, due to dampness. Finally we reached Taglimao where we celebrated Mass the next day, baptized and instructed the people. We did not have as many present as expected, as it was planting time. The *pari-pari* goes to Taglimao once a year, to celebrate the feast of San Miguel who drove the rebels out of Heaven. In fact, a number of the patron saints in northern Mindanao were natives of the Spain condemned by these *pari-paris* who teach the people to hate the Friars and the Government which civilized them. We hope soon to have a chapel in Taglimao where valid honor will be given the faithful angelic leader. May these poor people under his guidance and also through the prayers

of our dear readers persevere in the light, though "made sorrowful for a little time in divers temptations," so that these hills that once resounded with the tomtoms of fear-inspired idolatrous superstition may awaken to the love of the Sacred Heart and echo the praises of Him Who on Mount Calvary wrought our salvation.

FIRST PRIEST

OF DHARWAR

(Continued from page 24)

all this, Father Saldanha was none the worse off in the evening for a lecture in the Karnatak College, the old scene of his labors. A packed house was eagerly awaiting him there. For nearly one hour he held the audience spellbound by his wonderfully graceful eloquence. Speaking on "Democracy as realized in America," carefully eschewing the political side of the question, he spoke on the social side of it, plentifully punctuating his speech with hearty jokes of quite a Yankee flavor which literally sent the house into roars of laughter. The lecture over, the professors were at home to their former colleague, and after two happy hours spent in their company, Father Saldanha motored back to the parochial house.

On Monday morning again the church was full when Father Saldanha sang Requiem High Mass for the repose of the souls of his parents who are both buried here. He then blessed their graves at the Kelgerry Government Cemetery at which several of his relations were present. Later in the day, the pupils of St. Joseph's European School assembled in the school building to pay their respects to the visitor. In an elegantly written address they welcomed Father Saldanha in their midst and expressed their joy at the sight of one of the "Old Boys" raised to the priesthood. The Principal granted the pupils a holiday in honor of the distinguished guest. The same noon he left for Bettiah, the field of his new labors. The station was once again crowded with his friends who renewed their wishes and prayers for his success as missionary—a success as thorough in the vineyard of the Lord as was his in mathematics.

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