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— Where financial aid is needed —

FOR nine years JESUIT MISSIONS has adhered faithfully to its policy of not being a begging magazine. Month after month our readers have been given articles of interest and inspiration that have not been punctuated with pleas for money. The missionary side of the Jesuit apostolate has been made known to American Catholics far and wide so that today the fact is well known that one in every eight Jesuits is a foreign missionary.

It is, however, encouraging to note that although our requests for financial help have been confined in each issue to this first page of JESUIT MISSIONS, the response has been most generous. And so, even as we adhere to our fixed policy of making JESUIT MISSIONS a news magazine and not a begging magazine, we feel that our readers want to know how and where they may send what financial aid they wish to give to the missions of the American Jesuits. We shall continue then to make known in a general way our missionaries' needs.

In the Philippine Islands, the foreign mission of the Maryland-New York Province which comprises the middle Atlantic States, money is needed for

catechetical works. The success of the local missions in the island of Mindanao, and in the leper colonies of Culion and Cebu, depends largely on the work of catechists. These men and women receive salaries—hardly more than a pittance—of \$5.00 a month. But their labors are more than fruitful and they are indispensable to the missionaries who, without them, would never be able to reclaim those who have fallen into the Aglipayan schism, and those who have been perverted from the Catholic faith by American Protestant missionaries.

Catechetical work is also carried on by the students of the Ateneo de Manilla. These students receive no salaries, but money is needed to supply them with books and pamphlets to further their work. Will you provide the financial aid which will enable the Jesuit missionaries in the Philippine Islands to multiply themselves through their catechists? Please send your offerings to JESUIT MISSIONS or to

REV. GEORGE J. WILLMANN, S. J.
51 East 83rd St. New York, N. Y.

Jamaica, B. W. I., an island in the Carribean lying south of Cuba, is the field of foreign missionary labors of the New England Province of the Society of Jesus. Educational work at Baghdad College in the capital of the Kingdom of Iraq, is entrusted to Jesuits from each of the American Provinces, but this work is administered by the New England Province of the Society of Jesus. The Province Mission Procurator is

REV. GEORGE M. MURPHY, S.J.
Boston College, Chestnut Hill, Mass.

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

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

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

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

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

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

American Indian Missions in Wyoming and South Dakota; and British Honduras, a foreign mission in Central America amongst the Caribs and Maya Indians, are cared for by the Jesuits of the mid-western States that comprise the Missouri Province. This Province also cares for four Negro Missions; three in Missouri, in or near St. Louis, and one in Omaha, Nebraska. For these missions the Province Mission Procurator is

REV. WILLIAM J. WALLACE, S.J.
221 N. Grand Boulevard, St. Louis, Mo.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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Sioux Chief of St. Francis, South Dakota—Jesuit Mission which this year celebrates its golden jubilee—expressing the Tribe's gratitude to Rt. Rev. Msgr. William J. Flynn, P.A., and to the Marquette League of New York. Both personally and as Director of the League, Monsignor has rendered generous and timely assistance to the Indian Missions.

Her Memory Immortal

John J. Wynne, S.J.

WHAT one of the many readers of this magazine, or, for that matter of the seven million readers of three hundred Catholic magazines and periodicals published in the United States, can expect or hope to be remembered by any-

one who may be living two hundred and fifty years from now? How very few of all of us now existing will be remembered fifty years, or even less?

And still there are a number whose lives are in whole or in part on record in historical documents, from that long ago period, and among them, ranking with the immortal Cartier and Champlain, with the inefaceable Jogues, Brebeuf and their Martyr companions, is one whose life is not only a precious memory, but a most fascinating object of veneration.

Kateri (Catherine) Tekakwitha, among all the Servants of God, stands out as a child of special grace or Divine favor. She was not baptized until she was twenty years old, because her Christian Indian mother was carried off by smallpox when Kateri was only four years old, and missionaries were wanting. Still her innocence was marvelously preserved, and, when baptized, she was heroic enough to withstand threats and persecution because of her steadfastness in the Faith. She was dutiful in Indian field and cabin, engaging in manner, skilled in the art of decorating moccasin, legging and border of coat and petticoat.

It was a great mercy of God when she could escape from the brutal members of her adoptive tribe, the Mohawks, and make that long journey from the banks of the Mohawk, where she was born, and arrived at the reservation on the banks of the broader St. Lawrence, opposite Montreal, where the Christian Indians of her time had safe refuge. There her life was extraordinary, almost constantly from early morning in the chapel and time and again during the day, building her simple oratory of a rude cross when on the hunt, most assiduous in the household duties of the cabin, determined, as when younger, in spite of the pressure of her relatives and even of her director, to remain single,—she edified everyone so much that the first of her race in the vast regions of North America was permitted to make the vow of virginity.



Then things began to happen. So impressed were her tribespeople by the fact that one of their race could do this heroic thing that the missionaries had to restrain them from going to extremes in their ardor to imitate her. They wanted to emulate her habits of penance, whereas her directors had to set limits to her own fervor in this respect. They venerated her, so much so that when she came to die they made an exception to the rule

that a dying Indian should be brought to the church in order to receive the last sacraments: they brought the Viaticum and the holy oils to her cabin, the entire reservation thronging about.

It is on record that after her death her face was transformed and shone with great beauty; that the missionaries permitted her remains to be interred under the altar; that immediately great favors were received through her intercession; that she was regarded as the "Good Catherine," the Genevieve, or wonder-worker of her people. To that name she is still entitled.

To come back to the first lines of this brief account of Tekakwitha, why is it she is so well remembered and venerated, and that the memory and veneration keep growing? We might say that she herself is the explanation. Her very name means "she moveth all before her." She exercises her power of intercession to obtain favors of every sort, many of them extraordinary and apparently miraculous. From the time of her death until now there has been an uninterrupted record of such favors. Her spiritual directors wrote her life and recorded many. Others, at first doubtful about her, felt compelled at last to testify to her intervention in numerous cases. The wonder is that through all these years the record of her virtues and of her power of intercession has been preserved and has come down to us so well authenticated, that when the documents were submitted to Rome, the word was: "Few Causes so well documented."

WE speak of miracles when treating of the beatification and canonization of saints. Many miracles are reported about the intercession of Tekakwitha. First, however, there is her own life. One of the members of the Congregation of Rites, then its Promoter of the Faith, whose duty it was to pick flaws in the testimony about her virtue, told me: "She (Turn to page 55)

Patna Reports

HIS Excellency, Bishop Bernard J. Sullivan, S.J., recently sent us his "Annual Report for the Diocese of Patna." The Report gives the story of Patna from July 1, 1934 to July 1, 1935, and will prove of interest to our readers who have been following the story of the work of the American Jesuits in this Mission which has a total population of 27,566,413. We can give only a summary of the Report, but from it will be evident the fact that missionary work is going on apace in this thickly populated Mission of Northern India.

Personnel. Patna Mission at the present time, in addition to the Bishop, has in active service 25 Jesuit Priests, 13 Scholastics and 3 Brothers. There are 36 Jesuits belonging to the Mission who are making their studies outside of the Diocese, most of them in Jesuit Houses of Studies in various sections of India. Also working in the Diocese are 7 diocesan Priests, most of them natives. There are 15 native Seminarists preparing for the priesthood. At St. Michael's High School in Kurji, there are 8 Irish Christian Brothers.

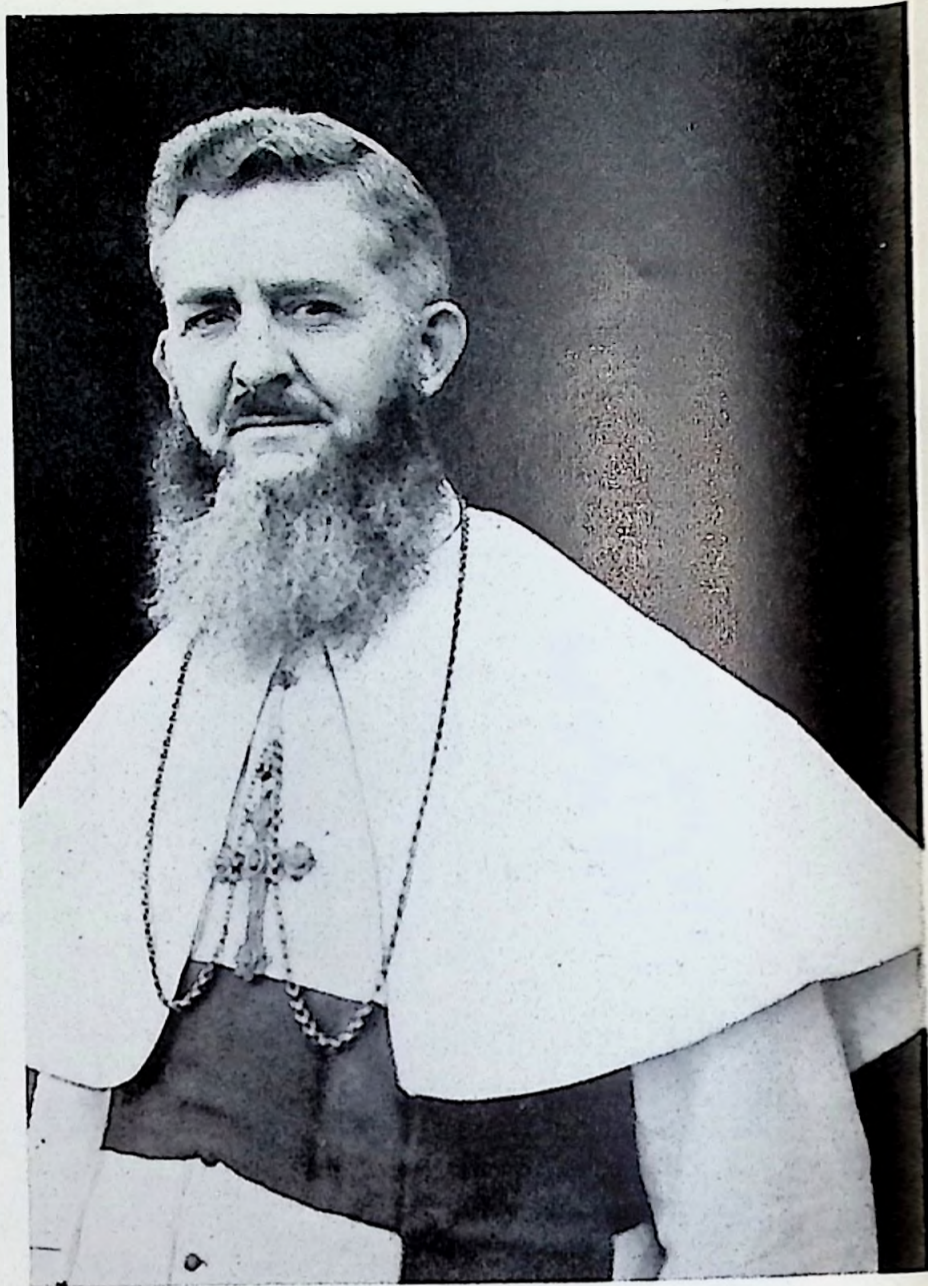
Four different Congregations of Sisters are working in the Mission. The Sisters of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary (Bavaria) number 34; the Sisters of the Holy Cross (Switzerland) number 23. Then there are 30 Sisters of the Sacred Heart, and 11 Sisters of St. Clare. These 41 Sisters are all natives.

With its great advance during the past years, the Mission has had to enlist a number of lay helpers. There are at present 87 Catechists and 148 Teachers laboring in various sectors of the Mission.

CHURCHES and Chapels. In spite of the fact that the terrible earthquake of January 15, 1934, destroyed or damaged a number of the churches of the Mission, His Excellency can report 17 churches with resident Priests and 58 missions with chapels. Our readers must not suppose that all of these chapels are neat brick or stone structures, for some of them are merely mud-walled and thatch-roofed.

Realizing that the education of the young is a most important factor in building up a strong Catholic body, the Mission is devoting considerable attention to schools. In 66 Elementary Schools there are 1,550 boys and 489 girls. In 7 Middle Schools, the boys number 214 and the girls 53. There are 3 High Schools at present, 1 for girls and 2 for boys. The boys total 176 and the girls 8. Industrial Schools to the number of 4 are conducted and have an attendance of 53 boys and 94 girls, and there is also 1 Training School attended by 10 girls. Over and above this, there are 65 Kindergarten Schools with 942 boys and 299 girls. Readers will note the small number of girls who are receiving an education. This is accounted for by the fact that India in general has not yet advanced to the American and European ideas in the education of women.

Charitable Institutions. Patna Mission has 16 orphan-



His Excellency, Bernard J. Sullivan, S.J., Bishop of Patna, India.

ages in which it cares for 201 boys and 310 girls. It also has 17 Homes for the Aged in which there are 101 inmates. The 15 Dispensaries of the Mission treated as many as 71,197 cases in the course of the year. Surely, these figures are proof that the Corporal Works of Mercy are given deep and loving attention by the missionary Priests and Sisters.

IN the course of the year the Catholic population has risen from 12,145 to 13,923, a very gratifying gain of 1,778 souls. In addition to this, there are 3,147 catechumens preparing for Baptism. In the course of the twelve months, 427,788 Holy Communions were received in the Diocese. This surely gives a consoling average for a Catholic population that is slightly less than 14,000.

Though the number of Catholics as compared to the total population is somewhat insignificant, still, it is most consoling to note that since the first American Jesuits arrived in Patna early 1921, the Catholic population has increased about three-fold. Surely this is a tribute to the untiring zeal of the whole missionary personnel of this vast Mission which has such tremendous difficulties in the matter of climate and especially of caste. That the coming year may bring even a greater increase in every way is the ardent wish both of the missionaries and of those here in America who have come to know the truly apostolic work that is going on in Patna.

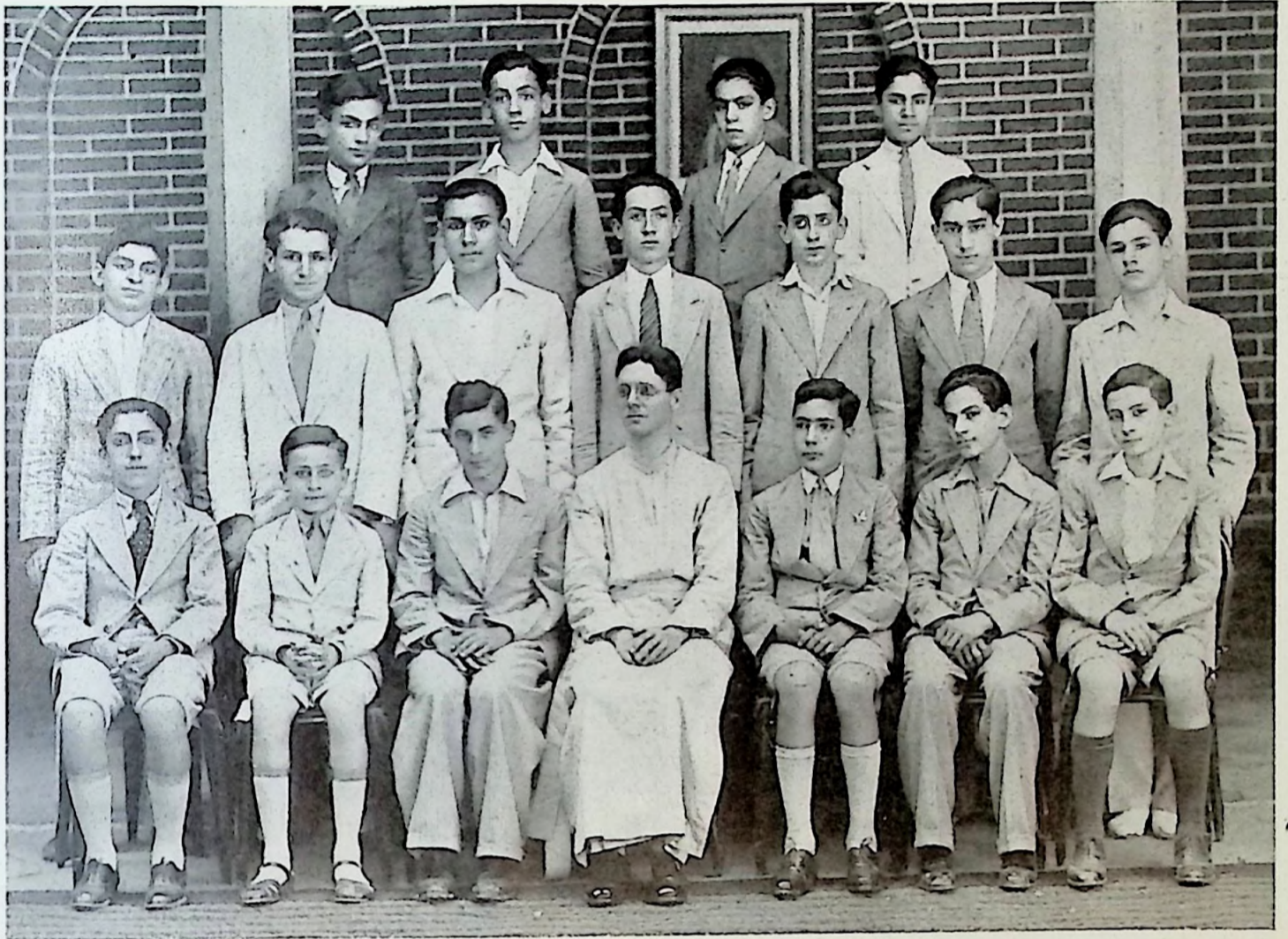
Checking up in Baghdad

Edward F.
Madaras, S.J.

STATISTICS and figures usually make dry reading, but as we know no other way to proclaim to the outside world the success we are having in our work of educating young Iraqis, our readers must perforce bear with us while we summarize the year's results. Of the 98 boys who completed the work of the year and found a place on the final list (some because of sickness or other reasons failed to qualify) fourteen had marks between 90 and 100; twenty-eight were between 80 and 90; thirty-eight were between 70 and 80; and all the rest, except two, were over 60, which is the passing mark. The first boy in the list had a mark of 94.2. This was his average for the whole year. Taken month by month during the year, the high mark averaged 95.7; the school mark 78.3. We could give you a lot more figures than this, for Father Coffey was not satisfied until he had worked out every possible average from every possible angle. But we have given enough to indicate that our work here is bearing good fruit.

FROM the moral and spiritual side, we have no less reason to be elated. What we have already written of the Sodality of Our Lady gives you a part of the picture. Of the boys in general we may repeat what we said two years ago: they study hard, they play hard, they are respectful, obedient, well-disciplined, and definitely religious. This last is manifest from the frequency with which they approach the sacraments, although confession at the school is voluntary, and the idea of frequent Communion has not yet made the progress in the East that it has in the West.

It is scarcely necessary to mention that their zeal in the matter of athletics has suffered no abatement. As proof of this we mention that we have again won the city-wide ping-pong tournament, and thus retain pos-



The versatile author, Father Edward A. Madaras, S.J., of the Province of Chicago, and his 1934 First Year-A Class at Baghdad College, Iraq. Father Madaras is fearful lest a much needed "boarding school must go by the board."

session of the cup. One more victory will give us permanent ownership. That full credit may be given where it is due, let us say that Father Sarjeant and his partner came out victorious in the handball tournament.

WE have no reason to suspect that our enrollment next year will fall off any, at least as regards the first year classes. Concerning the upper classes, there seem to be some misgivings, and that for two reasons. In the first place, Iraq recently passed a universal conscription law which is soon to go into effect; and although students are supposed to be exempt, we have heard that there is some kind of feeling among them that it would be wise to join the military college and get into the army as officers. In the second place (and this concerns only our own students) our graduation certificate has not yet received Government approval, which means that our graduates must submit to an examination to get into Government Medical and Law Schools. In addition, a Government recognized certificate seems to be regarded here as a *sine qua non* for a successful career. But this subject has ramifications around which a whole book could be written. So we desist. Our new school building is as yet no farther than the plans, and even in that state it seems to have suffered something of a setback. The reason is mainly a matter of money and a delay in the plans.

Fighting on

Joseph L. Lucas, S.J.

NOW that our Holy Week has come to a successful close, I must write to thank you for your great kindness to me, and for your enthusiastic interest in my poor mountain mission. I wish you could witness our simple, but beautiful ceremonies, and the fervor with which the child-like hearts, even of the pagans, enter into the spirit of Holy Week. The closing ceremony is most tender and inspiring,—the meeting of Our Risen Savior and His Sorrowful Mother. An arch is erected, opposite the church, in which a little Angel is hidden. The men, carrying the statue of the Risen Savior, and the women, bearing on their shoulders the statue of Our Sorrowful Mother, start in procession from the church at dawn, taking opposite directions. The two processions meet under the arch, the choir sings the *Regina Coeli, laetare*, the Angel lifts from Our Lady the somber robe of sorrow, under which is the beautiful white robe of joy. The processions join, and march to the church together for the celebration of solemn Mass. It is quite touching and dramatic, and of course intensely impressive. This attracts many pagans and Protestants. We are still lacking many things to make the portrayal of the ceremonies a work of art, but everything is satisfying and inspiring to these simple child-like souls.

IT is one thing to plant the Faith, and build up a vast new mission, when resources are at hand, but quite another thing when accompanied by actual apostolic poverty and the lack of barest necessities. Working



Father Joseph L. Lucas, S.J., of the Province of New England, Pastor of Malaybalay, Bukidnon, P. I., offering the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass at the mission post of Linabo. One glance at this dilapidated sanctuary and the reader will understand why this article is entitled, "Fighting On."

among those who have the precious gift of Faith is far more easy than the labor involved in surmounting pagan pride, prejudice and superstition; and striving to win souls to a higher life when bodies are famished for want of food is without doubt the hardest task of missionary life.

Nevertheless, we are building rude bamboo chapels in the principal towns, teaching catechism, forming catechetical centers, launching church societies, baptizing, preparing young and old for confession and Communion, giving missions, retreats and lectures and striving to make Malaybalay a strong Catholic center. Every detail of these varied works must be worked

(Turn to page 55)



Here Comes the Bride

Ignatius T.

Glennie, S.J.

“HOW would you like to attend a Ceylonese wedding?” asked Father de la Haye one evening. “Very much,” I answered.

The next morning at 5:30 we were seated in his Citroen, a small car of French origin, and speeding towards Karakallimadu. Fortune favored us,—rather it was the moon. Not that it was visible at that hour of the morning, but the fact that it was the time of full moon. This monthly occurrence brings to the Hindus the Teertan festival, a festival which lasts all through the night. When our little Citroen was honking down the well paved road, thanks to His Majesty's Government, the pious revellers were on their homeward way. Some were carrying mats brought to the temple in case the celebrations grew dull. This was my personal deduction. Others were proudly bearing on their shoulders the *Karvady*, a wooden structure made in the form of a triangle and adorned with tinsel, mirrors and a variety of feathers. This they carry in procession from one temple to another to the sound of wooden music, soothed by the fragrance of sweet incense.

After an hour of Ceylon scenery we came to Karakallimadu. At least, the car stopped and Father de la Haye informed me that we had arrived. He looked about and made an act of faith that the village was somewhere about. A little off the main road stood the church named after the Apostle of the Indies. I called it a church, but I am afraid that in America or Europe it would not go by that name. The structure was fifteen feet wide and forty feet long. It was surrounded on the sides and back by a clay wall of about four feet in height. The rest of the walls and the roof were made of coconut leaves. Of the front nothing is to be said because there was none. To tell the truth, before I learned that the stable of Bethlehem was a cave, I had fancied it very much like this.

WITHIN this cathedral of the jungles were kneeling the bride and groom. The groom was dressed in his best silk *verti*, a sheet-like cloth, which is wound about the waist and looks like a shirt. He also wore a silk *banian*, a loosely hanging shirt which covers the top part of the *verti*. His attire was made complete by the *alvei*, a long shawl or scarf worn very gracefully over

the shoulders and hanging down in front. The bride was dressed in white, her head covered with a veil. It was a very special occasion, so both wore slippers. The congregation squatted on the floor. Yes, the stage is set except that I must find a place for myself. Must I squat with the congregation? Prudence said, “No.” I knelt close to the altar.

Father de la Haye, preceded by an altar boy, came into the sanctuary and faced the happy couple. A long wave of silvery Tamil rolled gently from his tongue. Alas, my month of Tamil study had completely failed me! I understood not a word. Anyhow, the groom said, “*Amma*” and nodded. Again more Tamil, and “*Amma*” came from the bride. The groom was now made to hold the bride's hand. This might have been the first good look he had at his future wife. In Ceylon, marriages are arranged by the parents. To many a couple their wedding day is their meeting day.

Now, kind reader, prepare yourself for a surprise. As Father de la Haye's hand was raised in the all-important blessing, the little church and surrounding country shook as if a bomb had exploded. It seemed as if the Ethiopian war had broken in all its fury right in Karakallimadu. More than one reflex action was necessary to enlighten my startled brain with the fact that all this bombardment was a Ceylonese greeting to the newly-weds. I wonder how often it proves prophetic!

I WAS glad that the other recent arrivals from America were not present. They would have sworn that I had risen fully two feet from the ground. However, you may be assured that I remained composed.

After the bell had rung itself hoarse and the fireworks had been exhausted, the Holy Sacrifice began. It was the same Sacrifice that is offered all over the world from the rising of the sun to the setting thereof. But with all the cannonading I hope that on that morning the Eternal Father gave His first blessing to Karakallimadu and Ceylon.

As time goes on, no doubt many of the native customs will become familiar every day affairs for us. But for the present, we Jesuits who have come over here from the New Orleans Province of the Society of Jesus find much that is novel and fascinating in Ceylon.

GARDENS

Arthur R. McGratty, S.J.

When the choring birds of paradise
Caroled their evening hymn,
God walked the garden pathways,
And Adam walked with Him—
While the sun rayed benediction
From the flaming western rim.

In the evening tide of Nazareth
When their carpentry was done,
Joseph walked the garden
Beside the Holy One—
While swallows sang approval
To the gently setting sun.

Yet silent was the garden
Whence the song of birds had flown,
And the moon was white for wonder
When Christ knelt down alone—
The olive branches trembled
To hear their Gardener moan.

But the third dawn brought rejoicing
And hymns of feathered praise,
While an Easter garden glistened
And the morn was all ablaze—
Christ walked into His garden
Underneath the blossom sprays.

Ho Chia Chuang

Ralph J. Deward, S.J.

LITURGY WEEK being over, the missionaries, weary from the long services and many hours in the confessional, were truly entitled to a bit of relaxation and a day of rest together; so on Easter Monday we played host at Rangshan, inviting the nearby missionaries to unite with us in joyous Allelujas and to grace our festive board. The Vicar of Ho Chia Chuang arrived at an early hour, followed by his two Scholastics, traveling the dusty roads in mule cart. Then there was old Father De Geloës, who rode his mule from Hwang K'e in spite of the fact that he is seventy-eight years of age. Brother Souligny arrived rather late after a long ride from Feng Hsien, and with Father Gagnon, Father Ho and myself there were eight of us at table. The dinner was ushered in with a great explosion of fire-crackers and when the racket had died away, the genial Father Ho wound up his little musical statue that chimed out repeatedly the notes of a hymn until the spring grew weary. A stout little porker lay grinning on the platter until the skillful carving of Father Gagnon sliced away all recognition. There was a rabbit pie and delicious ham, radishes and onions and vegetables from the garden at Ho Chia Chuang, and the meal disappeared amid hearty laughter.

THE next morning I decided to accompany Father Beaulieu back to his mission center. We were to make the trip of forty *li* by bicycle, and must get an early start to avoid the heat of late April. So Father, his sacristan and I wound our way through the crowded lanes of Tangshan and made for the North Gate where we found the highway,—and what a highway it was! The road is not good for about eight *li*, I had been told, and the same might have been said for eighty or eight hundred *li*. But Chinese roads, if we may give them the name, have their good and bad, the good consisting of somewhat solid dirt over which one may ride rather quickly, and the bad consisting of heavy dust and deep ruts making travel difficult and skiddy. Not far out of town Father rammed the sacristan's bicycle, bending a wheel, so that he was forced to return for repairs, but we continued on. What a contrast with an American highway, broad, paved and smooth, with hundreds of expensive cars gliding over its surface, and



The Chinese are great lovers of birds. This pet cats from the mouth of its owner.

this Chinese highway, just a narrow dusty road with great grooves worn deep by the heavy hand-plied barrows or clumsy ox-carts, creaking and screeching along for the want of oil! Now or then a mule or two, rarely a bicycle, but never so much as a Ford.

THE fields on both sides are sown in wheat, which at this season is green and very restful to the traveler's eyes. A few months hence and this district will be little short of a burning desert. About half way to Ho Chia Chuang we rose up on a little ridge, then dropped down into the old bed of the Yellow River which changed its course in 1885, wiping out millions. The Yellow River is of great size today, flowing more than two thousand miles to the sea, and judging from the old bed, it has always been a great river. From the huge dikes on either side it is easy to see how former tides wrought havoc on the surrounding country-side. Ho Chia Chuang itself is just a tiny village of five hundred inhabitants, most of whom are Christians, living in their customary mud houses. This whole section is like a forgotten country, quiet, primitive, without even a touch of the modern. The center of attraction is the mission property surrounded by a stout, brick wall enclosing the residence, small school and church, whose towers catch the traveler's eye several miles away. There is one thing

unusual about this mission station, and that is the splendid vegetable garden and orchard which Father Beaulieu has managed to set out. By reason of the garden, his table is without equal in the district, and while supplying nourishing food he manages to cut down living expenses enormously. He has his chickens and ducks, sheep and pigs, his fruit and vegetables, and even grows his own tobacco.

THE missionaries are the only doctors and druggists that these poor Chinese know, and the fact that Father Beaulieu studied medicine before becoming a Jesuit, makes him a skillful dispenser of remedies. He is very handy with tools and has fashioned many contrivances that facilitate missionary work.

A tempting orchard and vegetable garden must have adequate protection in this hand to mouth country, and that is why you see four large healthy-looking dogs patrolling the premises. I soon found the solution for their splendid appearance; they were with us continually at table and, I might say, somewhat over indulged by their affectionate master. It was rather weird to sit there of an evening in the dim light of a coal oil lamp and listen to tales of former days, for every one of these mission stations has been visited by bandits, and each has housed a company of soldiers during the Revolution of '27. When the soldiers came the missionary was forced out of his house and considered himself fortunate if he could keep these rough pagans from stalling their horses in the very church itself.

WHILE I was walking in the garden early the next day, enjoying the fresh air of a fine Spring morning, one of my companions came along and asked how I should like to see the neighborhood. "Just the thing," I replied, and under the guidance of a catechist we were soon tramping the wind-swept sandy fields west of Ho Chia Chuang. These vast grain fields stretching for miles in every direction are broken every so many *li* by a small cluster of mud houses nestled among a grove of shade trees. This constitutes a village. The larger of these villages are surrounded, if not by stone, at least by mud walls as a protection against prowlers of the night; the smaller ones are open on all sides and must rely upon the warning of their hungry-looking dogs, everywhere in evidence and in abundance.

Whenever we approached a village we always met the

friendly smile and kind inquiry of the natives, who quickly grouped about us to satiate their curiosity. Christians, most of them, they offered hospitality to the *Shen Fu's*, and we accepted. Into one of the small mud houses we went, and as many as could crowd in, followed. These simple dwellings are cool within and not as dirty as one might expect. They consist of only one room with a bed or two and a few benches; no floors, just mud on three sides and thatch above. Some have a frail rack on the wall exhibiting the family chinaware, a teapot and a few bowls, not even enough to go around. The Chinese are great lovers of birds, and it is not uncommon to find a canary in a bamboo cage hanging from the wall of a hut that lacks the very necessities of life. They offered us tea and cigarettes and we chatted



A Sūchow Mission scene. When oxen are too few, the natives simply make the donkey pull his share of the load. There is a large rural population in this Mission which is entrusted to the Jesuits of Lower Canada. Hopes for conversions run high, for at the end of the year 1934, there were more than nineteen thousand catechumens under instruction.

together, they in their simple manner, and we, trying our scant knowledge of Chinese. I could not help thinking how easy it is for these Christian peasants living in utter simplicity, to model their family life after that of the Holy Family at Nazareth.

Ho Chia Chuang is one of the stations in Sūchow Mission which is entrusted to the care of the Jesuits of the Province of Lower Canada. This Mission is well organized, though still needing much help in personnel and money. Formerly, Sūchow was part of the Nanking Mission which has made such wonderful strides through the arduous labors of the French Jesuits. In July, 1931, the Sūchow section was detached from Nanking and handed over to the Canadian Jesuits. Father George Marin, S.J., was Apostolic Administrator from that time until September 29, 1935, when His Excellency, Bishop Philip Cote, S.J., was consecrated Bishop and appointed first Vicar Apostolic of Sūchow. At the end of 1934, the Mission could report a Catholic population of 57,966 in a pagan population of 4,500,000, and there were at the time 19,319 catechumens under instruction.

In a Mission Parish

Henry P.
Wennerberg, S.J.



Father Henry P. Wennerberg, S.J., Pastor of the Holy Rosary Mission, Windward Road P. O., Kingston, Jamaica, B. W. I., lines up both sides of life as seen in his mission parish.

RIGHT in the midst of this part of the city of Kingston, Jamaica, B. W. I., you can find the most primitive of conditions. Among other places which I visited the other day was one where I was to give Holy Communion to a sick woman. The house was a very shaky affair, no attempt at paint, and the doors and windows had an angular and crazy appearance. These last seemed to be any piece of wood that might close up the openings. To enter the door where the woman was you had an old piece of cement acting as a step, and your next step was a high one for big me, but it brought me into the room where I used the post of the door to pull me up. The floor was anything but safe, with many a bad hole and rotting plank. There were two makeshift beds on either side of the room. There were two or three little nearly naked picknies on the floor. My sick woman was sitting on the side of the bed. A glance above showed you many a place where the rain must come in when it storms. An open door led into the next room, where evidently the floor had given way in past time and now the ground was allowed to do that work. There you saw two more of the same style of beds. These two rooms were caring for about twelve people every night. Crowded enough, but not as bad as many another place I know. The only other adornment to the yard was an open fire place with old boards and thatch covering, giving it a precarious shelter in bad weather. The only support of the little place seemed to be a woman who had two sets of children by different fathers but had not yet been blessed with a wedding ring. At the time I called she, too, was sick and lying in that ground floor room and, of course, begged me for aid for the children until she could get to work again.

THESE cases are really pathetic, for all the little children are good Catholics, but what are you going to expect as they grow older? It is very hard for the very poor to stay good in this Island, but they try to come back as the years go on. When it comes time for them to marry, the girl has not the means to buy a white dress and veil, etc., nor can she see her way to get the indispensable wine and cake for the wedding feast; and the boy is just as badly off for the lack of black clothes and the price of the wedding ring. Rather than wait upon such things, they start living together with the hope of later acquiring these essentials when they will have a glorious wedding as though it were the first day they had ever contemplated such a step. Very seldom have I been able to persuade them to have a quiet wedding. They lose face with their neighbors, while nobody seems to be worried about them waiting in sin for the day when they can give their friends a real fine time. As a result, I have led the oldest daughter down to the blessing of the wedding cake for her father and

mother in the booth erected in the yard for the occasion, where the speeches and encouragements to those who are setting out on a new style of life would be most amusing if they were not so pathetic.

Thank God, we are gradually building up other ideas amongst our Catholics, but it is slow work. True, we have a class of Catholics today that would not act in such a way, but they are better off and removed from the terrible temptations of the poor.

IT is not all that kind of work. Last week I had the consolation of burying a good Catholic woman who had been married for thirty-eight years, and her husband, a strict Catholic himself, was able to assure me that they had never had a serious disagreement in all the years. Then I have a couple over fifty years married, who are a true consolation as they regularly frequent the sacraments. There are others deserving of mention for their true Catholicity. It is a case of consolation and desolation as you work along, but things are constantly brightening. My convert class is constantly growing, and the best of it is that most of these converts prove staunch to the Faith. I have baptized a little over sixty such in the course of a year.

However, there is also the country part of my mission. There has been a custom of calling it "the bush." That does not mean a jungle. There are huts here and there on either side of the paths through the brush, and the small fields of the small cultivators. It is a struggle to make them pay, as a strong wind will blow down their bananas and the same can even destroy the ground fruit on which their very life depends. I have a fine little church in the district, and the Government runs a school in the back which is under my care. The Government pays the teacher and keeps the School under inspection and pays half of any repairs that may be necessary

Jolo Mission

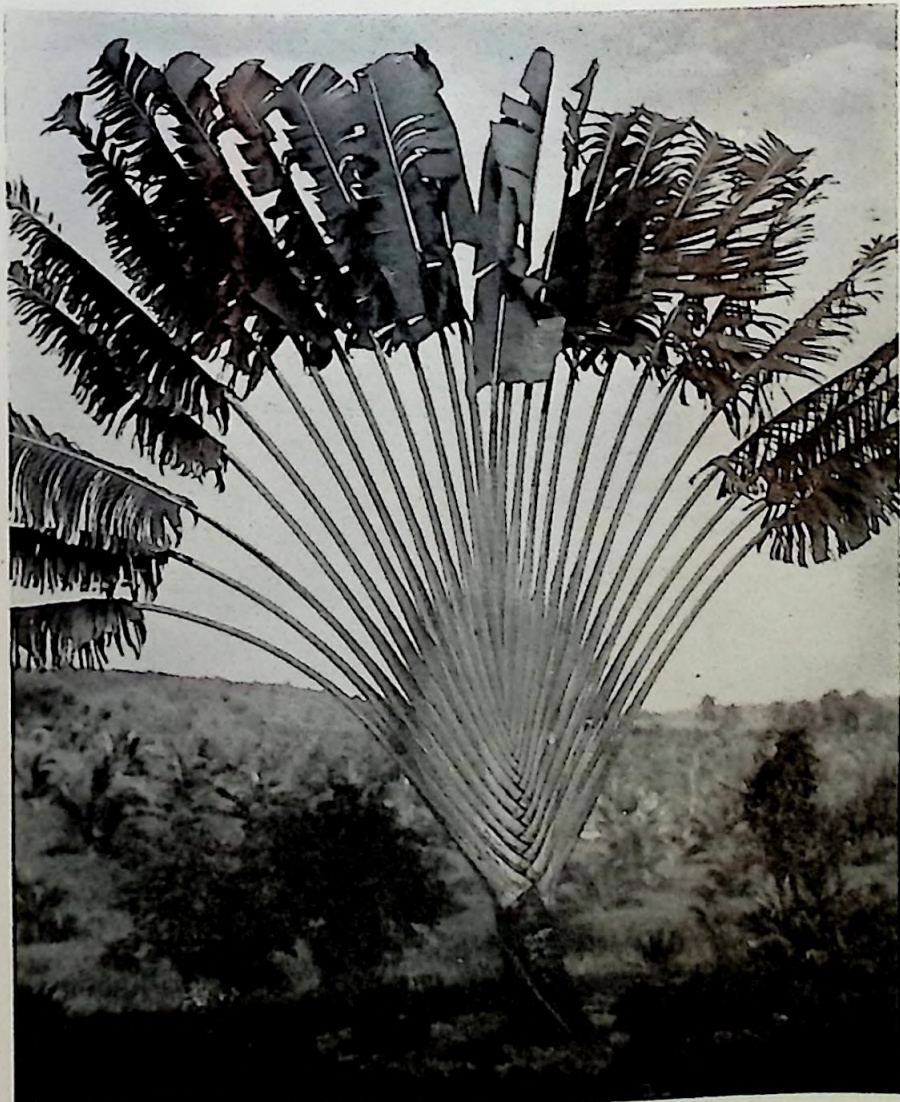
Isaias Edralin, S.J.

WHILE still a priest novice at Novaliches, Manila, I was sent by the Most Reverend Louis del Rosario, S.J., Bishop of Zamboanga, to conduct a mission from April third to the fourteenth, in the area of Jolo, capital of the Sulu Archipelago, southwest of Zamboanga, Mindanao, P. I. Jolo was annexed to the Crown of Spain on April 16, 1636, by Governor Corcuera, and, therefore, this year will celebrate its three hundredth year of existence as part of the Philippines. At present, Father Dominic Perez, an old Spanish Jesuit, is the sole missionary in charge of this entire archipelago. Therefore, as my readers may imagine, a mission was an event in the lives of the people.

The prime factors in the success of the mission were the children. The public schools were closed and as a result, many of the children were not available. Nevertheless, those of Catholic parents thronged to the church every day, morning and afternoon, by the hundreds. They received instructions in Christian Doctrine, learned many songs, were prepared for their First Communion, and won praise and admiration from the non-Christians, pagans and Mohammedans, for their processions through the streets of the city. The immense majority of Jolo are Mohammedan. For four days we gave the Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius, and as many of the inhabitants noted, it was the first time in



Typical Moros from the Island of Jolo, Sulu Archipelago. Out of a total Sulu population of 243,254, some 236,443 are Mohammedan Moros and only 6,811 are Christians.



A close-up of the so-called Traveler's Tree, native to Mindanao, P. I., which grows only in a north and south direction.

history that these Exercises were given in English. Happily, as a result of this, many young men and young women attended the Exercises, together with Government officials, professional men, members of the Constabulary, teachers and the English-speaking class in general. At the general Communion, more than two hundred Communions were distributed. After that, we had the first Communion for the children, at which about one hundred boys and girls received. Another hundred also communicated and these, plus a number of adults who came to the altar rail, totaled the largest number of Communions ever received in Jolo since its foundation.

Four more days of Spiritual Exercises were devoted to the Spanish-speaking people. These ended on Palm Sunday with a general Communion of men, women and children,—about one thousand Communions were distributed during the eleven days of the mission. We had many confessions, and among the old people many went to confession for the first time since the American Occupation in 1898. Many non-Catholic marriages were (Turn to page 55)



FROM MANY QUARTERS



THE COMMUNIST OFFENSIVE

Communist Liberty of Conscience

"For the purpose of assuring real liberty of conscience to the workers, the church is separated from the state and the school from the church; and the right of all citizens to practice freely any religious belief or to engage in anti-religious propaganda remains inviolate." (Article 4, Part I, Chapter I, *Constitution (Fundamental Law) of the Russian Socialist Federative Soviet Republic.*)

We do not quote this legal absurdity in the hope of converting Communists from the error of their ways. But for those Catholics, who having ears to hear, still will not be convinced of the Red menace in our midst, we note that Article 4 and especially the phrase, "the right of all citizens . . . to engage in anti-religious propaganda remains inviolate" legalizes in the distorted minds of the Reds the following typical instance of liberty upon the mission field of China today.

In Action On The Mission Field

Twenty-five Sister Servants of the Holy Ghost in the Vicariate of Tsinchow, eastern Kansu, have had to abandon their missions and have gone through several harrowing experiences during the Communist invasion of the province. Thirteen Sisters have found safety in Sianfu and Tsinchow City, but no news has been received of the other twelve.

When the danger was imminent three of the Sisters fled with thirty small orphans to a remote mountain mission. They were discovered by spies and had to retire, under cover of night, farther into the mountains where they were lodged with Christian families. In the meantime the Sisters had changed their habits for Chinese clothes, but they were discovered again and had to flee. They and the children spent several nights in the mountains under the open sky. When news came of the deliverance of Tsinchow City, they made their way back there in safety.

Four of the best equipped missions of this Vicariate have been destroyed by the Communists.

Such are the means employed by Communists to "engender mutual confidence and to lay the foundations of a fraternal collaboration of nations." (*sic*) Part I,

(*Declaration concerning the Formation of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics*).

Humorless Reds

Apropos of the Protestant outbreak in Edinburgh in the Summer of 1935, a Protestant Editor of the leading English newspaper of South China, wrote the following note to Reverend Robert Cairns, M.M., parish priest of the Catholic Mission of Sancian Island where St. Francis Xavier died.

"I hope that this finds you well and your work prospering. Hereabouts in Edinburgh I sometimes hear the cry 'No Popery!' but when I do, my mind goes far over the sea to a wee isle of the China coast, and I feel like telling them of the other side of the story. And then I think: 'What's the use o' being ignorant if they canna' show it.'"

No Red has yet attained these heights of humor.

The Jesuit Anti-Communist Front

In keeping with the Jesuit Anti-Communist program now being launched around the world, a free night school for workingmen has been started at Ahmedabad by the Jesuit Fathers of the Archdiocese of Bombay. Applicants are received irrespective of caste or religion, and many Protestants, Moslems and Hindus have enrolled. The school opened a month ago with eighty men attending the courses; this number has now risen to two hundred and fifty-eight.

Ahmedabad has become in recent years one of the most important industrial towns of India. There has been a steady flow of people of all classes from the country to this city. Among the new arrivals are many Catholics, and it was with a view to completing their Catholic instruction and protecting them from the danger of communistic ideas, as well as to improving their social status, which is very low at present, that the night school was started.

Religious instruction is given to all the men attending the classes. The evenings are brought to a close with Night Prayers in the parish church at which the non-Catholics are free to be present or not, as they wish.

Besieged By Communists

Siaokiaopan, a mission of the Scheut Fathers in Inner Mongolia, has been besieged by Communists since October 5, according to a despatch from Ningsia. The village is defending itself valiantly, but is doomed to fall unless relief comes soon.

Among the present inhabitants of the besieged town is Bishop Hubert Otto, a Belgian by birth, eighty-five years of age, who has spent sixty unbroken years in China and claims the distinction of never having seen a motor car.

Practically all the towns in this part of Mongolia are fortified. When the Communist menace became serious, about two months ago, fifteen priests staffing the missionary settlements of the region gathered in three of the more easily defended towns.

Fighting Back

Thanks to the effective measures taken by the Government against the Communists, serious missionary work is again possible after an interruption of almost ten years in the Vicariate of Yukiang, a mission entrusted to the American Vincentian Fathers. The priests, who have been engaged temporarily in other parts of China, are returning to their mission, and four new missionaries, members of the St. Louis Province of the Vincentians, will arrive early in November.

Six Sisters of Charity, who are enroute to this mission, have reached Shanghai. They will open a dispensary and an orphanage at Poyang.

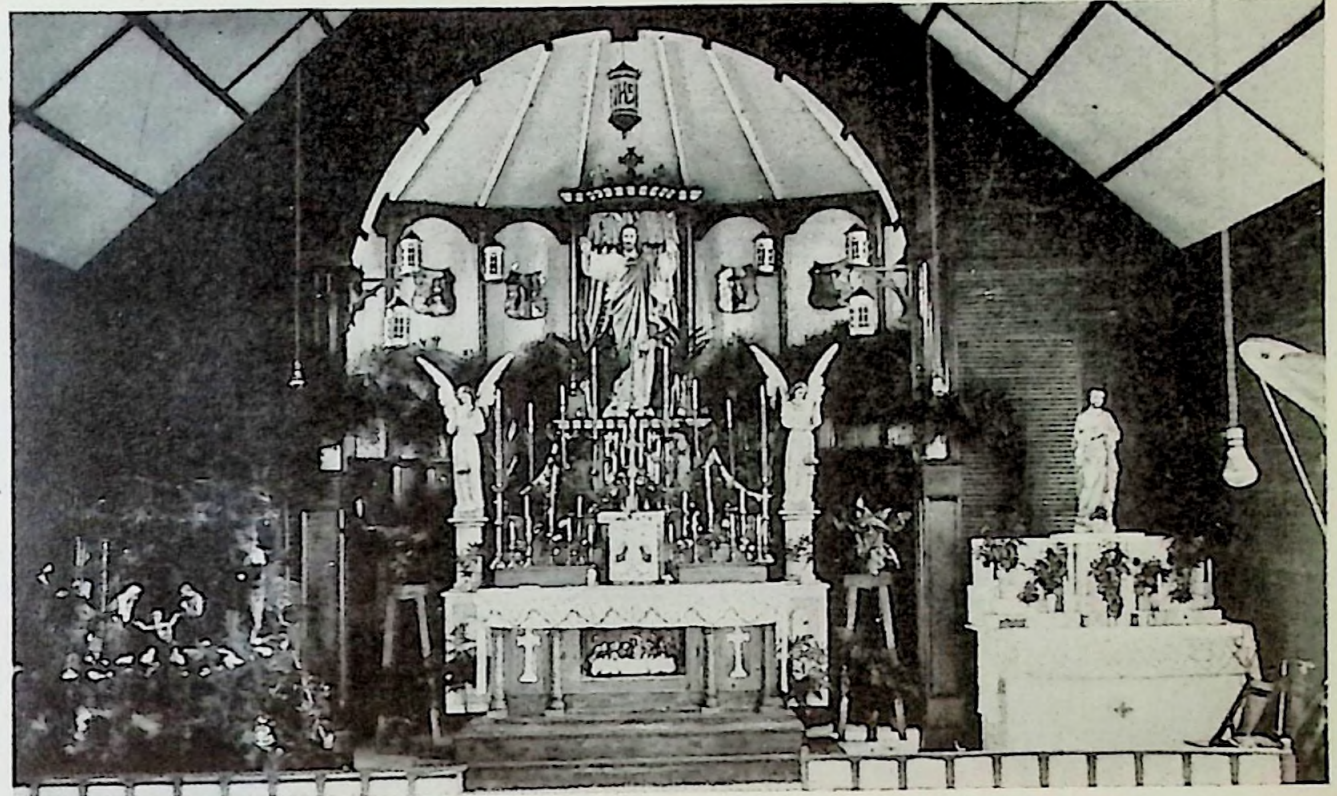
The Only Safeguard

"The Catholic religion is our best aid," says Justice Wang of Ningpo.

During a public reception at the Municipal Courthouse of Ningpo in honor of His Excellency, Archbishop Mario Zanin, Justice Wang said, "We are laboring for the public welfare, but we have only the civil law to lean upon. That this may have real force, conscience and morality are needed. The Catholic religion has both of these and endeavors to develop them in men. It is our best aid."

Missionary Turns Sculptor

The following account is taken from two letters sent by Father Joseph Kemper, S.J., to his brother, Father Francis P. Kemper, S.J., of West Baden College, Indiana. The writer has for many years been a missionary in British Honduras, a Mission cared for by the Missouri Province of the Society of Jesus. He is the zealous pastor at El Cayo (de San Ignacio) from which center many bush stations are cared for. These latter are visited by the Assistant Pastor, Father Quirinus P. Leonard, S.J., whose interesting accounts have appeared frequently in the pages of *JESUIT MISSIONS*. San Jose, San Antonio, and other stations, some among the Maya and Keckchi Indians, form part of the extensive mission of El Cayo. —Editor.



The sanctuary of the Catholic church at Cayo, made attractive and beautiful by the zealous industry of the "Missionary Sculptor."

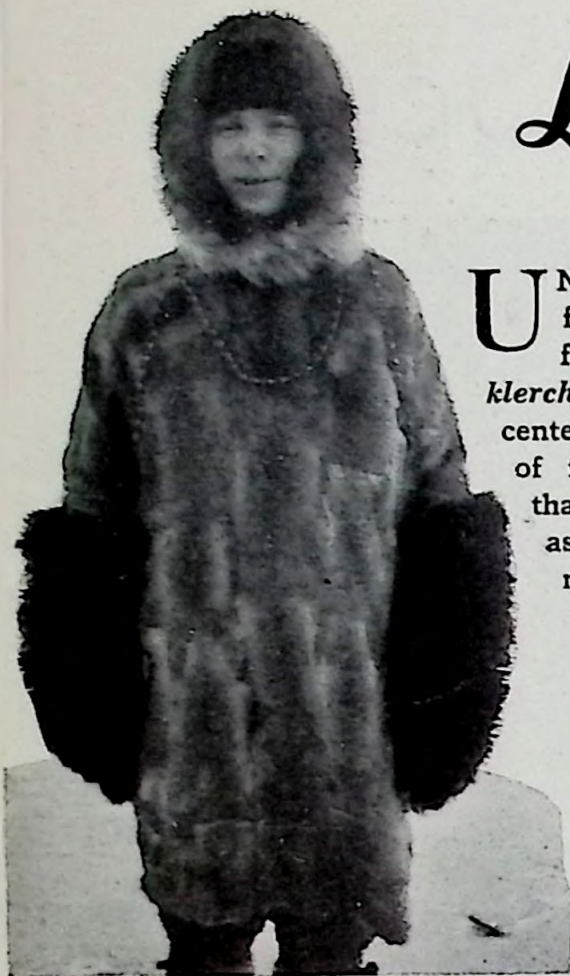
DESPITE the very hard times, I have continued spending a little money. I have improved the shape and decoration of our sanctuary and main altar at least twenty-five fold. It was ugly before, but now everybody says it is beautiful. The throne of the altar, below the altar table, which formerly was simply three white painted pine boards, is now of mahogany and has four pillars. In the center, we put a relief of the Last Supper. This was a daring deed because this relief was made, that is, cut—mostly with a pocket knife out of cement. The work was done by an ordinary workman who has a liking for that work and by myself. He made one half and I made the other, but later on he did all the finishing. It really turned out not too badly. The painting was done by one of the Sisters. If you look at the relief at close range it is somewhat crude, but at any distance of ten feet or more, it doesn't look so bad.

For our Crib thus far we have had only the figures of the Infant, Mary, Joseph and the two beasts. So I got my man to make three shepherds out of ground paper, plus glue. The standing figures had to be twenty-six inches high. We ground the paper in a sausage machine. The shepherds are a bit crude, but look rather good at a small distance. Later on, we expect to do some work on the three kings. We have also made of cement a little dome or cupola for a throne over the tabernacle of the main altar.

WE are also going to put up a rather big Lourdes grotto outside the church, near the sanctuary. What made me choose that place is that there are a number of big rocks there that will serve excellently as the bottom part of the grotto. Don't be shocked if I tell you

that we are going to make the statue of the Virgin right here,—again out of cement and with our pocket knives. The only thing we imported was a pair of crystal eyes. The statue is to be a little more than life size,—the figure being about six feet tall. It will not be solid cement right through, but it will be hard enough. We use cement, but instead of mixing it with sand which would make it set hard very soon, we mix it with a white looking marl or earth which we have right here on our grounds. This mixture sets quite hard, though perhaps not quite as hard as cement and sand. However, it does not harden until a few days, and that is the reason why we can cut at it with our pocket knives. I am praying to our Blessed Lady that she may let us get the face well. I am not worrying about the rest of the figure. Within a week the statue would be finished, with the exception of the painting. The man who is working with me is an ordinary bush chickle-bleeder. I just show him what I want done and he goes ahead and does it. The making of the statue will not cost more than ten dollars. The cement is donated and the man's wages are already covered by a donation. The way I came to the idea of having this man make the various statues for the church was that I noticed he had a penchant for carving. On one occasion he brought me a crude crucifix which he had cut out of a soft stone with his pocket knife. So I encouraged him and afterwards got him to make these various figures for the church. Of course, I had to pay him, but it was comparatively very little. He also made the cupola and cross over the tabernacle throne and the chalice on the tabernacle door. The lanterns that you see in the picture—each has an electric light inside—were also made locally, under my design and direction, by our local semi-blacksmith.

Loyola's First Chap



The author, Father John P. Fox, S.J.

UNDoubtedly it is harder for an Eskimo, and perhaps for you, too, to say *Kokleraramiut* ("Going to the center." It is the central one of five neighboring villages), than to say Loyola. And that, aside from the fact that this new Alaska mission station was founded July 31, feast of the illustrious Founder of the Jesuits, is the reason for our choice of the name. It is located on the right bank of the Kuskokwim River just at the mouth, and about three miles back in willows. A few items connected with the starting of this mis-

sion will, I think, interest the average reader who loves the mis-

sions. On July 4, 1935, the *St. Patrick* left Hooper Bay, headed for Tununak, there to pick up my catechist with his family and earthly effects and bring him to Loyola. Ivan and Maggie Sipary have been catechists for the past four years at Tununak, and for many years before that at St. Michael. As they are in love with their work, and anxious to be on the out-posts of my large district, they were selected for this new station.

St. Patrick was too small a boat when we began to load Ivan's outfit. He has eight fine children and is a good provider along native lines, so we had lots to squeeze into one thirty-four foot boat. He generally has a good dog team for his trips, and so a big fish pile that he provides for the coming Winter. Being a carpenter and boatman, too, he has his tools to carry along, and lots of odds and ends besides the household utensils, provisions and clothes necessary for a large family. So, in spite of cramming and hooking two large row boats, sixteen feet long, behind *St. Patrick*, we still had to leave over a ton of dry fish and other things behind.

THE day was perfect, and when we had loaded all we could stand

Loading the "*St. Patrick*" at Hooper Bay, headquarters of a district extending about three hundred miles up and down the Bering Sea coast. At present this district is attended by one solitary Catholic priest, two native Brothers and seven native Sisters. The Sisters and Brothers belong to two new Congregations founded at Hooper Bay within the last three years, and all members are Eskimos from Hooper Bay district.



on the boats we had, ten of us got aboard and off we went, as the good Tununakers intoned the *Ave Maris Stella*, a standing custom in my district whenever *St. Patrick* takes off. The boat was uncomfortably full, and so most of the passengers sat out on the deck, going in only to eat and sleep. In fact, the writer never goes in, or very seldom and in calm weather, as he prefers to eat and sleep on deck to get away from the smell of gasoline and smoke necessarily connected with the inside of any small boat such as ours. He is a very poor sailor and it takes little to make him sea sick, a very disagreeable feature in one who practically lives on the boat in Summer time, and not as a passenger either.

IF you have a map of Alaska, a glance at the coast-line from the Kuskokwim Bay to Scammon Bay will help you to understand better the few items that follow. The coast is full of sand mud bars that reach out to six and more miles from the shore. Most of the sloughs and small rivers that flow into this part of the Bering Sea are so shallow at the mouth that it is very difficult to enter them even when one is well acquainted with the coast. The current of the rivers meeting the incoming tides of the sea have a tendency to pile up mud bars at the mouth, and generally one has to wait for high tide before being able to pass from the sea into the river. This means, of course, that if one happens to be driven in from the sea by a storm and seeks shelter in one of these rivers when the tide happens to be out, his boat will run the risk of having the bottom smashed by bumping on bars in shallow water, while waiting for the tide to come up. And that happens only twice in twenty-four hours around here. And there are no islands along this coast behind which one can run for shelter, though some of the sand bars stick out a little above the water in low tide. These are some of the features that render the entire coast line of my district inaccessible to larger boats, and even the smaller ones will come in only at forbidding rates. They will bring freight to Nome or St. Michael for fifteen to twenty dollars per ton; but from us here they want forty dollars, and then think they are doing us a favor.

It was across these Bering flats that *St. Patrick* started

with the load above described. And all of us realized that we were not out on a pleasure trip, and rather expected a few thrills before the journey's end. And I guess we got them. God's Providence is wonderful, and I suppose He wanted to show His good care of us by sending us out on a trip like this when the worst storm of the past eighteen years in these waters was brewing. A large Government supply boat weathered the same storm, losing its anchor and twenty-five fathoms of chain and damaging the boat otherwise to the extent of about two thousand seven hundred dollars. At least that is the Captain's estimate.

The morning of the second day out from Tununak, the storm broke.

It caught us a little below Kinak River, and the only shelter in reach was a sand bar that we were just waiting to cross. In low tide it stuck up about a foot or two above the level of the water, but as the tide began coming in the bar was submerged beneath five feet of water. While we were waiting for enough water to slip over the bar, I said my Holy Mass and everybody except one small girl went to Communion. The water was already rough, but the rocking was not enough to make it dangerous to say Mass. Having fed our souls, we got the coffee pot boiling and took breakfast. By this time it became evident that we would not be able to go on; but we did not think it necessary to look for shelter. But by and by the storm got worse and soon we had to lift anchor and look for a better place. All we could find was a little higher spot of the same sand bar, so we made for that and cast anchor.

By this time the writer was down on his back, sea sick as could be, and one of the boys who took care of the engine got tangled up with one of the gears and came near being ground to sausage. I heard a yell from my second story bed (for as I said above, I like the deck of my boat) and one of the men yelled to me that George was caught by the engine. Thanks be to God, his sweater gave way, leaving George free while it was torn to bits before the engine could be stopped.

EVERYBODY was miserable and sleep was out of the question when they lay down. Nobody had room to stretch out and undress, and the rocking of the boat was awful. When it got a bit worse than usual, one of the men went out to see the anchor. He found a piece of the broken chain dangling from the bow; the rest was gone with the anchor. We had come prepared for trouble and so immediately threw out another one hundred pound anchor, still keeping three more in reserve. As we did not trust the chain any more, we used a new one and a half inch rope. And having looked things over, all lay down again. It was not more than three hours after this when just on general principle one of the pilots I had along stepped out to take a look, and to his surprise found one of the row boats dangling bottom up from the stern of *St. Patrick*.

As usual, of course, the better one of the two had to capsize. The other one contained mostly lumber which would have floated more easily, and the loss of which would not have been so fatal.



An Eskimo Summer camp at Kashunak, Alaska, one of the stations in Father Fox's mission district.

But as it was, the upturned boat contained our gasoline supply for the trip, my outboard motor, a fourteen horse power Evinrude that we use for emergencies of all kinds, and some other odds and ends not so important. The motor was practically ruined for the present, and the gasoline, seventy-five gallons in all, never showed up again, though I sent a man out to look for it, hoping that some of it might have floated to the beach as we had an on-shore wind. All we found was an extra sounding pole, and a shovel that had gotten stuck in the sand, handle up so that it could easily be located. Fortunately, we had part of our gasoline supply on the *St. Patrick*. But would that be enough to finish the trip, or at least to take us to somewhere where we could buy a little? Well, it was too little to finish our journey, as we still had a long way to go; but, thanks be to God, it was enough to take us to a trader where we bought fifty gallons to tide us over.

THE storm now began to abate somewhat, and though anything but calm yet, we decided to move on. The writer, too, got back his sea legs, and for the first time in three days was able to get up to say Mass, not, however, without holding the chalice to keep it from rolling off the improvised altar. After about six hours of travel we arrived in front of Quigilinok, and as it was evening and the sky looked threatening, we tried to pull in there for shelter. But the tide was out and the mouth of the slough was shut up by a large mud bar which we were unable to cross, though we tried for over two hours to find a little deeper place where we might slip over. All we needed was three feet of water, but they were not to be found, and so we again struck out to the Bering to look for a slightly deeper spot to anchor for the night. It was taking a long chance, as we could not find anything deeper than four and a half feet, and the tide was still going out for a little while.

What we all feared, happened all too soon. It was about one hour after we had anchored that the thumping began. About every two minutes a swell, a little larger than the rest, would lift us up and then let us down with a thud on the hard sand bottom below. God was kind to us and nothing serious happened. The wind did not get worse, and with the turning tide the swells subsided a bit. (Turn to page 55)

JESUIT MISSIONS

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The Press: Communist vs. Catholic

THE most deadly weapon yet forged by Communism is the Communist press. Through an international syndicate with headquarters in Moscow, shoals of anti-God literature are pouring into Communist centers in every country throughout the world in a systematic drive to make the world safe for the proletariat. In these publications religious beliefs are ridiculed, especially virulent attacks are reserved for the Roman Catholic Church, while malignant and blasphemous criticism is directed against His Holiness, the Pope. A typical choice morsel is this from Lunarcharski, Commissar for Education: "We hate Christianity and Christians. Down with the love of our neighbors! What we want is hatred." And again, this bit, salted with the pride of Lucifer, from Zinoviev: "We will grapple with the Lord God in due season. We shall vanquish Him in His highest Heaven." The satanic frenzy with which this propaganda is not only printed but bought and read is no better illustrated outside Russia than in New York where there are today sixty Communist publications in New York City alone, with forty more in the environs. To these, already there are 800,000 subscribers.

Only an organized press can hope to fight an organized press. No secular press, we feel sure, will completely dedicate its policy to the proposition that Communism is the doctrine of anti-Christ, and in theory and in practice must be eliminated from the earth. This task belongs primarily and by right of the Church's divine commission to the Catholic press. That this fight is primarily against the powers of darkness, His Holiness leaves no doubt when in his Encyclical, *Caritate Christi Compulsi*, he brands the enemy with expressions such as these: "The diabolical programme of godless education"; "the satanical banners of war against God"; "diabolic reasoning"; "the 'dark powers'"; "the spirit of evil"; "satanic hatred of religion"; "the unchained powers of darkness"; "the sowers of tares." It is the

duty of the Catholic press, taking a leaf from the manual of the children of darkness, to make vocal the tremendous moral and spiritual power of the Church. The ultimate issue, of course, can never be in doubt. Of this the Pontiff of the Press assures us in the Encyclical already quoted: "We know very well, Venerable Brethren, that vain are all these efforts, and that in the hour He has established, God will arise, and His enemies shall be scattered. We know that 'the gates of hell shall not prevail.' We know that our Divine Redeemer, as was foretold of Him, shall 'strike the earth with the rod of His mouth and with the breath of His lips He shall slay the wicked,' and for those unhappy beings terrible above all things will be the hour in which they fall 'into the hands of the living God.' And this unshaken confidence in the final triumph of God and the Church is, through the infinite goodness of the Lord, strengthened for us every day by the consoling sight of the generous enthusiasm for God on the part of countless souls in every quarter of the world and in all classes of society."

Missiology—A Matter of Nomenclature

DEDICATED to the apostolate of the Catholic Press, the month of February is set aside each year as a time for special propaganda in support of our Catholic non-mission and mission literature. That a distinct Catholic mission literature exists today is due to the far-sighted vision and oftentimes almost unbelievable exertions not only of the central office of the Propagation of the Faith in Rome and its National Directors around the world, but also of those unsung, inglorious Miltons, the editors of the now familiar mission magazine, both popular and scientific. Within one generation, the output of Catholic mission literature has become so vast that it has evolved into a class and a dignity all its own. In recognition of this, editors of our Catholic press publications and particularly compilers of collections such as *The Book Survey* of the Cardinal Hayes Literature Committee with headquarters at 23 East 51st St., New York City, are earnestly recommended to add the classification, "Missiology" to the traditional divisions of Economic and Social Sciences, Literature and Essays, Biography, Religion, History, Education, Poetry, Travel, Science and Juvenile. It will be under this appropriate nomenclature of "Missiology" that mission literature will be grouped in the mammoth Vatican Catholic Press Exhibit which is scheduled to be held at Rome from April to October, 1936. Moreover, the use of the term, "Missiology," while constantly tending to make our Catholic clergy and laity more mission-minded, will likewise remind them of the fact that a distinct mission literature worthy of the name is now available both in poetry and in prose, and worthy of their patronage. The old mission magazine, the bantling of less literary and less mission-minded years, has at last come of age typographically and editorially. Briefly, the nomenclature, "Missiology," will assure our mission literature of a more auspicious future, an international habitation, and a name. By no other name will the dignity and worth of mission literature be fully recognized.

THE MISSION INTENTION

That the Nations may be Protected against the Proselytism of the Mohammedans

IN the Mission Intention for the month of June, 1931, Catholics were asked to pray that the spread of Mohammedanism might be averted from Africa. Today, the menace is world-wide and forms a veritable Muslim *International*. The following figures eloquently indicate the respective numerical status of Catholics and Mohammedans throughout the world. In Africa, there are 6,406,964 Catholics and 53,845,666 Mohammedans; in the Americas, North and South, 136,357,425 Catholics and 120,008 Mohammedans; in Asia, 19,196,956 Catholics as against 154,138,391 Mohammedans; in Europe, 209,672,679 Catholics versus 22,434,419 Mohammedans; and in Oceania, 2,085,814 Catholics and 29,750,095 Mohammedans—a world total of 373,719,838 Catholics and 260,288,579 Mohammedans. Assuming as correct, a world total of 2,053,600,000 (contributed from the Academy of Missions, Lyons, France) then the percentage of Catholicism is 18.2 per cent and that of Mohammedanism 12.6 per cent.

Proselytizing agencies of the Prophet adopt three distinct and very effective principles of action. First, they take advantage of prevailing social conditions, particularly in Africa and India, where it is impossible for a Black to gain distinction or a Hindu of a lower caste to attain a higher social standing unless each of them, the Black or the Hindu, embraces either Catholicism or Mohammedanism. Secondly, taking a plank from the Communists, they copy and adopt our system of associations for the young of both sexes. Thirdly, they obtain the influence of even non-Mohammedan Governments for their propaganda. It is through this triple platform that Mohammedanism is progressing in varying degrees, not only in Africa and in India, but in the Netherlands East Indies, China, Japan, Europe, particularly in the Near East, in Iraq, Persia, Afghanistan and, of course, in Arabia where Islam is at the helm of the ship of state. In India alone there are 238 Mohammedan periodicals in 10 languages, as well as constant propaganda in the schools. Mohammedan centers have been founded in Germany, France and Austria, while mosques have been erected in Athens, Paris, Cardiff, Liverpool, Tokio, Kobe, Manchuria, Kharbin and Moukden. A typical Mussulman organization founded in 1855 at Lahore in India and functioning today exactly after the manner of a Catholic Evidence Guild is the "Society for the Defense of Islam" which now has its branches in most of the important cities in India. At Lahore, likewise, is "Islamiya College" affiliated with the University of Punjab, and the "Hamidiya School" for students who wish to specialize in Arabian literature and the Koran. This Society refutes suggestions launched against the doctrines, practices and history of Islam, and through its efforts, according to a recent report, has drawn back to Islam a number of Mussulmans who had been converted to Christianity. The conversion of a Mohammedan is like the taking of Gibraltar. The impregnable rock of their pride must be blasted to bits by a dynamite charge of Divine grace which can only come through the prayers of our readers.

COMMUNICATIONS

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

The Bethany Movement

To the Editor of JESUIT MISSIONS:

This morning I had the pleasure to receive three copies of the November number of your esteemed journal JESUIT MISSIONS. It is extremely good of you to have thought of inserting in the JESUIT MISSIONS an article on the "Bethany Movement," giving up-to-date statistics of the progress of this infant Archdiocese. You have laid me and this Archdiocese under a debt of gratitude by this act of consideration. God reward you and bless you richly!

Of late the *Bethany Letter*, the official organ of my Archdiocese, has not been coming out. Financial reasons stand in the way. I am forwarding in a separate cover the latest issues of the *Bethany Letter* to your address and ask for the continued help of your prayers on behalf of the "Bethany Movement." God bless you.

Trivandrum,
Travancore State, India.

†Mar Ivanios,
Archbishop of Trivandrum.

Baghdad College Urges Prayer for the Missions

To the Editor of JESUIT MISSIONS:

Our difficulties here seem to multiply and things are moving anything but smoothly. However, we have a splendid Community and that makes up for external troubles. I often think that mission magazines don't insist enough on prayer and that they might well give brief courses in meditation and the examen and in the art of contemplation and in examples of success through prayer. For many souls would be drawn to pray more for us if they knew that often their prayers are worth more than millions of dollars. Some can't afford even a few cents, but they can become very effective at prayer. Our chief obstacles can only be overcome by intense prayer, for we have a greater lack of good will than of money.

Baghdad, Iraq.

Joseph P. Merrick, S.J.

Old Friends Share the Joy of Our Tenth Year

To the Editor of JESUIT MISSIONS:

As a reader and subscriber, I, too, am grateful for the success of JESUIT MISSIONS. My subscription dates back to the third number of the first volume. Through the magazine I have become acquainted with the new missionaries and have kept in touch with old friends. The Jesuit Fathers are very dear to me, for I spent the first forty-three years of my life in their St. Mary's Parish, Toledo, Ohio. We also had the honor of having a Jesuit Father in our family: Father Frederick Ankenbrandt. His letters before and after his ordination are among my dearest possessions.

Detroit, Michigan.

(Mrs.) E. Stahl.

To the Editor of JESUIT MISSIONS:

I enclose the price of my subscription to JESUIT MISSIONS for 1936. I see by your letter that it is nine years since JESUIT MISSIONS was first published. I must be one of the earliest subscribers, as the magazine was only a few months in existence when one of my Jesuit brothers subscribed to it in my name. With the exception of a few months I have been a constant reader since. It is scarcely necessary to say that I enjoy it very much, as do some Nuns to whom I pass it on. May your circulation be doubled in 1936!

My second Jesuit brother introduced me to *Al Baghdadi* which I have read from the first number. Father Rice has kindly sent me the first two which I had missed.

Downpatrick,
Co. Down, Ireland.

T. M. Johnston.

Would not Miss One Copy

To the Editor of JESUIT MISSIONS:

I enjoy the mission magazine so much that I would not miss one copy. It is so full of God's holy works. Through the holy missionary priests, it fills one with the desire to make some sacrifice to help to save souls.

Philadelphia, Pa.

(Miss) Susan Dougherty.

Pilgrimage

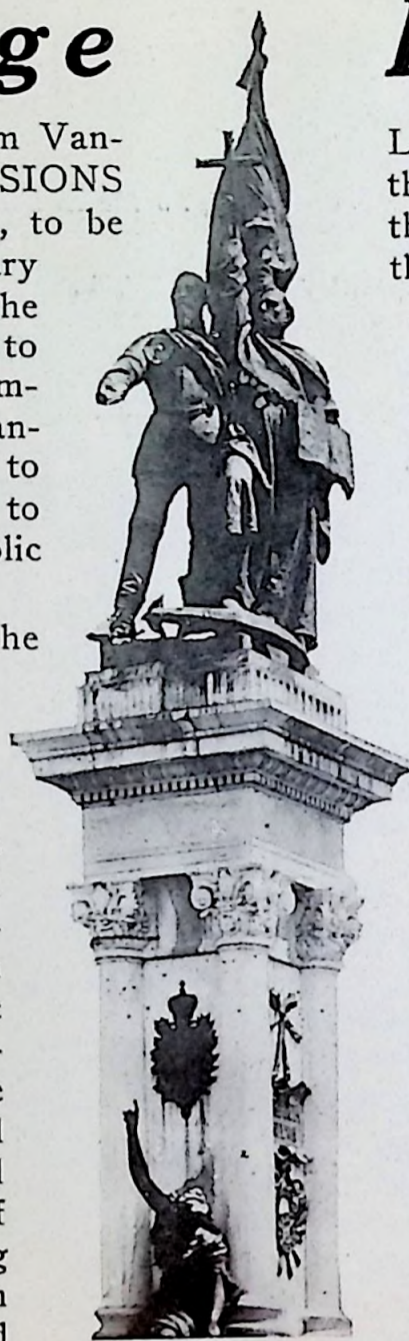
JANUARY 9, 1937, is sailing date from Vancouver, Canada, for our JESUIT MISSIONS Pilgrimage to the Eucharistic Congress, to be held in Manila, Philippine Islands, February 3 to 7, 1937. Pilgrims from all parts of the United States and Canada will be brought to boat-side by special train, and will then embark on the Empress of Japan of the Canadian Pacific line, a boat of 26,000 tons, to proceed via Honolulu, Japan and China to Manila, the capital city of the only Catholic nation of the Orient.

The idea of a Eucharistic Congress in the Orient seems to offer a paradox. Our notions of the Orient center around Japan, with its 65,000,000 inhabitants of whom less than 100,000 are Catholics, and China with its teeming millions where little more than 2,702,000 of a total population of over 487,000,000 are Catholics. But nestled in the center of a pagan world that knows not our Eucharistic King, is a nation of over 12,000,000 inhabitants of whom nearly 90 per cent are Catholics. What more fitting site could be chosen for the XXXIII International Eucharistic Congress than that heart of a pagan world! What an inspiring spectacle it will be for the Orient's pagan hordes to view the whole Catholic world united in this remote outpost of Catholicity to give solemn affirmation to its faith in the Holy Eucharist!

More than four centuries ago Catholic explorers accompanied by their chaplains first set foot in the Philippine Islands. Today there stands just off the Luneta, famed water-front park of Manila, a marble and bronze monument erected to the two Spanish heroes of the city, of whom the one, Legaspi, planted Spanish rule, the other, Father Urdaneta, planted the Faith in the capital of the now self-governing Philippine Islands.

Testifying to the depth and strength of the Filipinos' faith are numerous other monuments in and about Manila. The Ateneo, a classical college and high school conducted by American Jesuits, the Seminary of San Jose, for native aspirants to the priesthood, and the Manila Observatory attached to the Seminary, both staffed by Jesuits from the eastern U. S. A., the Jesuit Novitiate at Novaliches, just outside of Manila, will be objects for our pilgrims' inspection and admiration during the Congress. Other monuments of faith that will call for more than a passing visit are the Cathedral of Our

If you intend to join us on our Pilgrimage and desire a good reservation send notice at once to JESUIT MISSIONS.



Monument dedicated to Legaspi and Urdaneta

Bulletin

Lady of the Immaculate Conception where the ceremonies of the Congress will be held, the Dominican church of Santo Domingo, the Franciscan church of Saint Anne, built in 1739, the Augustinian church of San Agustin, built in 1606, the University of Santo Tomas and the Santa Clara convent, in the Walled City, founded 1621.

And when the Congress is over, our visit to other missions of the American Jesuits will but carry to fulfillment the desires of the Hierarchy of the Philippines who have stated, "The Eucharistic Congress here . . . will have as one of its chief ends the conversion of pagans in the Far East. It is in reality our desire that it be a *Mission Congress*. . . . Let us ever remember this in our prayers, the conversion of these unfortunate nations, so that the beautiful memory of those missionaries and their work of yester-years may hasten the happy consummation of their apostolic labors."

Any number of reasons can be given why readers of JESUIT MISSIONS should join this pilgrimage. Have you a missionary friend or relation whom you have not seen for years? From reading JESUIT MISSIONS, have you become interested in a particular mission field, and would you like first hand knowledge of the evangelization of that field? Do you merely want a vacation at a reasonably low cost? Doesn't the thought of a Catholic nation in the pagan Orient stir you with a desire to see it?

Any one of the above questions offers a thoroughly satisfactory reason for going to the XXXIII International Eucharistic Congress. But how much happier would each pilgrim be were there a motive looking to the exaltation of the Holy Eucharist!

Our reason for going to the Eucharistic Congress should be that we may help to convert the pagan Orient, and strengthen the Faith of the Filipinos themselves. Proselytizers from America have preached to the people of the Philippines that there are no Catholics in America; native traitors to the priesthood have sought to build up a schismatical church. Happily, millions of the Filipinos have not given ear to these doctrines of disloyalty, but unhappily hundreds of thousands have forsworn their allegiance to the Holy Father. They can be won back through the good example of the Catholic Americans whom they will see in Manila during the Eucharistic Congress. Will you make that your motive for joining the JESUIT MISSIONS pilgrimage?

That you may receive regular bulletins about the JESUIT MISSIONS Pilgrimage subscribe now or renew your subscription.

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A FIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUITS

PATNA, INDIA

Father James A. Creane, S.J., writes from St. Mary's Mission at Gokhla among the Santals of Patna Mission:

"Father Charles D. McAleese, S.J., has set out a whole grove of mango and other fruit trees, whose delicious fruit we hope to relish in the years to come. The almost barren plains on which we began our institution a little over a year and a half ago are now taking on much more of a civilized and home-like appearance.

"Mother Prisca told me an edifying incident about the Santal girl boarders the other day which shows that the idea of Catholic Action is gradually taking root among them. They were out for a walk and came upon a poor old man who was planting his rice fields all alone. The girls offered their services, each grasped a bundle of rice plants, stepped right into the mud-puddle-field and in no time finished the job.

"Father James R. Gibbons, S.J., as you know, has been galloping all over the Mission, buying and registering land for mission centers, churches and schools. He is here at present and I notice he is delving into Santali with a vengeance. Looks suspicious,—that. Perhaps he will be plunging into the direct *ad paganos* work himself one of these days."

* * *

Father Edward A. Scott, S.J., writes from his new address: Catholic Mission, Jeypur, via Deoghar, E. I. Ry., India:

"We are here on the fringe of the Santal Parganas. The major part of my some thousand square miles of jungle is outside the Parganas proper. The holy city of Deoghar is just twelve miles straight southwest. During the last two days of the *puja*, 5,000 goats were sacrificed, an increase of 1,600 over last year. It would seem that Satan's kingdom is suffering no depression there. I also sacrificed a young kid, but not willingly—last week a wolf carried one off in broad daylight. To the temples of Deoghar for every feast, and they are legion, thousands of devotees carry sacred water from the Ganges (more than fifty miles away) to pour it upon the hideous idols.

"Jeypur lies on the ancient trail be-

tween Deoghar and the sacred hill of Mandar, twenty miles to the northeast. My mission, Our Lady of Sorrows, is just outside the village of Nawadih, and two miles south of Jeypur. Deoghar and Jeypur (often spelled Jaipur) are given on most geographical maps.

"The woods, and this mission is full of woods and rivers, are sprinkled with villages, seldom, however, in the denser portions of the jungle where bears and leopards abound. My next door neighbor at Babu Mahal, where I have my other mission station—twenty-five miles across the jungle, north—is a Seventh Day Adventist minister. He pulled down a wolf and a wild boar recently. I hope I have better luck than he with converts. Santals by nature love their pork and native tobacco, and my Reverend friend's beliefs do not allow of such unclean things,—even tea is forbidden, as are all alcoholic beverages. Well here comes Anna the Santal granny cook, left me by Father Henry I. Westropp, S.J., my predecessor, with rice, squash, *chipaties* (pancakes) and



Newly-weds of Patna Mission, India. He is a catechist in the Santal country where the Jesuits of the Chicago Province have converted thousands in recent years.

tea, my supper, and I'm in no mood to postpone it."

* * *

Father George A. Dertinger, S.J., writes from Khrist Raja High School at Bettiah that "Father Frank N. Loesch, S.J., is fully restored to health and is having great success among the Doms and Dosads of this section, following up the former work of Father Henry I. Westropp, S.J., and Father John J. Meyer, S.J. It is encouraging to see the ease with which he handles a job impossible to most people. He looks like a new era."

* * *

From Father Frank Loesch, S.J., himself comes the following message, dated November 21, and sent from Catholic Mission, Chanpattia, Champaran Dist., India:

"May these few lines convey to you my sincerest wishes of many special blessings from the Divine Infant on the day of His Nativity.

"You may be interested to know that since you heard from me last I have been placed in a little Bethlehem called Chanpattia, the 'City of Peace.' Up to now little is known of true peace there. Still, many of the simpler folk, much like the shepherds of the first Christmas morning, have begun to receive the Savior into their hearts. During the last two months over fifty received Baptism, which shows that the Light is beginning to shine in the midst of a people which has been sitting for many centuries in the darkness and shadow of death.

"My work is within the confines of an area of roughly thirty-five hundred square miles. In this section I have to care for some two thousand converts who are scattered here and there and bring the Light to the pagans, who number about two million seven hundred thousand. Hence, I beg of you to pray to the Infant Savior, the Lord of the Harvest, to send us many generous workers, much grace, and the necessary support to carry on."

* * *

Father Charles Saldanha, S.J., of Khrist Raja High School, Bettiah, Champaran Dist., India, writes:

"The work is certainly growing, and only the falling off in the finances is likely to hold us back. The other day a Mohammedan—you know they are

very fanatical—came up to Father George Dertinger and asked him to come and 'see' his baby (that is, baptize it) before he took it in a dying state to the hospital. Father Aloysius Pettit baptized the sweeper's baby, too, about the same time, at the father's own request, and he is still a pagan. So it seems they know the value of Christian Baptism and that it secures a free ticket to Heaven for their little ones. The grown people do lack the courage though to come over themselves."

AMERICAN INDIANS

Father Daniel B. McNamara, S.J., Superior of Holy Rosary Mission, Pine Ridge, South Dakota, writes under date of December 5:

"One of our Brothers died last Saturday—Brother George Puchalla, S.J. He came out in this neck of the woods back in 1888 with Father Jutz, the founder of this Mission. He was known as Father Jutz's boy. He lived with Martin Red Bear, a young Indian lad, in a log cabin that still stands on the creek bank. He went away for a time to enter the Order, but has spent most of his Jesuit life at this Mission. He saw the Indians fighting at Wounded Knee, the last stand of the Sioux. The Indians all knew him and loved him. He had a jolly disposition. He knew that his days were numbered as the doctor had told him a few weeks ago that his heart was bad and he might go suddenly. But this did not hurt his jolly disposition. Many in the Community did not even know that he was ill. Sunday morning when he did not appear

for breakfast, one of the Brothers went to look for him and found him sitting in his chair with his hat and coat on. We think that he went into his room Saturday night, sat down and took one breath and died. There was not a sign of a struggle. He surely died as the saying goes, 'with his boots on.' Late Saturday evening he was seen holding little Texas Horse's hand and giving him some candy out of his pocket. Many of the children from the playground waved at him and shouted, 'Good-night, Brother George!' He smiled and waved back and said, 'Good-night!' No one saw him after that time."

* * *

From Sacred Heart Mission, Desmet, Idaho, where Father Cornelius E. Byrne, S.J., is Superior, comes word that the Coeur d'Alene Indian Pageant, showing the coming of the Blackrobe, was produced with great success in Lapwai and in Kellogg. Letters of congratulation have been received from leading men of the Idaho Panhandle and Central Idaho. Among the actors were: Chief Saltese, son of the well-known chief of former days; Ignace Geary, descendant of Chief Garry of the Spokanes; Paschal George, prominent spokesman; Louis Sam, prayer leader; and Tom Miel, baptized by Father Gazzoli at the old Mission. Lawrence Nicodemus, former Gonzaga High School graduate, and alumnus of Columbia University, New York, patterned the language of the play according to the idiom of the Coeur d'Alene. With Father Byrne at Desmet is Father John Post, S.J., veteran of many years among the Indians.

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

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

"On October 1, 1935, all the new Fathers for Mindanao for this year arrived in the person of Father Andrew Cervini, S.J. He is to be stationed here in Cagayan for the present and is now tackling the Visayan dialect with energy. His very first Sunday here he said Mass in two *barrios* and preached (read) his first Visayan sermon. That constitutes some kind of a record, I think. May his tribe increase.

"The Mission suffered a great loss last week in the death of Father Pius Martinez, S.J., in Davao. An attack of acute appendicitis was the cause. He was young and very active and was doing splendid work. R. I. P.

"The following enrollment is for the Cagayan diocesan schools directed by the Jesuit Fathers in the following towns: Butuan, Mambajao, Talisayan, Balingasag, Jasaan, Tagoloan, Cagayan, Sumilao, Iligan, Jimenez, Oroquieta, Cabadbaran, Tagnipa, Misamis, Malaybalay, Dansalan, Tangub, Clarin, Plaridel. In these mission sectors there are 93 teachers qualified by the Government, and 40 approved. In the Primary and Intermediary Grades of the central schools, there are 3,206 and 1,454 pupils respectively, making a total of 4,660 pupils; 792 children are in the kindergarten classes. We have both full-time and part-time *barrio* schools. In the former we have 2,382 pupils, and in the latter, 1,992 pupils, or a grand total of 9,826 pupils in the Cagayan diocesan schools. Moreover, in Tagnipa, public school children to the number of 1,200 are being given religious instruction three periods a week. There are two Secondary Schools now in their third year, namely, the Ateneo de Cagayan with a registration of 101, and Lourdes Academy with 48 in the general course and 60 in the normal course, totaling 108 students."

* * *

Father Eusebio G. Salvador, S.J., has something to say from the Catholic Rectory, Plaridel, Occidental Misamis, Mindanao, P. I.:

"My duties here include caring for three centers with forty independent mission stations. For this work I have no priest companion and not even the consoling and helpful company of a lay Brother. Only a month and a half ago, an addition of one Aglipayan *pari-pari* were permanently made in one of my flourishing *barrios*—namely, that of Calamba, so that now within the municipality of Plaridel, there are four Aglipayan *pari-paris*. Requests for the opening of more Sunday School centers are multiplying. Each center costs me from three to five dollars per month. In order to fulfill and per-



Father Albert C. Riester, S.J., and Sister Valentine, with a First Holy Communion Class at St. Stephen's Mission among the Arapahoe and Shoshone Indians of Wyoming.



Father Andrew A. Hofmann, S.J., a native Sister and the teachers of the Central School, Iligan, Lanao, P.I., for whom the Pastor must find bread and butter and rice.

Perhaps even treble my work, I have just bought a second-hand Ford on the installment plan, but my struggle to obtain the monthly installments is depriving me of much needed sleep."

* * *

Father Thomas B. Cannon, S.J., submits the following notes, the results of research work in regard to the memory of a Filipino missionary who has been dead for some three hundred years:

"A recent news item from the Philippines states that a movement has been started in the island of Bohol for the beatification of Father Alonso de Humanes, S.J., a Spanish Jesuit who died at Loboc, Bohol, in the year 1633. He had been Provincial and Superior of nearly every Jesuit house in the old Philippine Province. In 1610, he had gone as a Procurator to Europe, to report on the progress of the missions and to ask for more priests. When he died, he was acting as a missionary in Bohol. In 1900, his remains were transferred to the crypt of St. Ignatius' Church in Manila.

"Today Father Humanes is revered as a saint in Bohol. Tradition has handed down stories of his sanctity. Without the aid of books, these stories have been passed along by word of mouth to succeeding generations through the past three centuries.

"On the wall of the church at Loboc, where Father Humanes was first buried, the following inscription may be found: 'Coelicolam pictorum gens te credit, Humanes; Non tegit haec cineres sed humus veneratur.' ('The Visayan people believe you blessed, Humanes; they have not concealed your ashes, but the earth holds them in reverence.' Note the old term for Visayan 'painted faces' — 'pintados' ('Painted faces').

"That the memory of this humble missionary is still kept in reverence is all the more remarkable on account of the changes, political upheavals, reversals of sentiment and complete breaking with tradition throughout the Islands, and on account of the number-

less uprisings in Bohol itself throughout the past three hundred years."

In regard to the memory of the Bishop who resigned his See to work for the Lepers of Culion, Father Cannon writes:

"Rt. Rev. Pedro Vigano, D.D., Bishop of Patna in India for many years, resigned his See, in order to do more humble work. He became a member, and ultimately Superior of the Milan Foreign Mission Society. But for years he had the ambition of devoting his life to the lepers, and he finally entered the Society of Jesus, in order to go to Culion. He entered the Society in the Province of Venice, and made his novitiate in Spain. Almost as soon as he finished the novitiate, he started for the Philippines. He arrived in Manila in February, 1920 and took the first boat for Culion, where

he labored for a year and a half. Becoming very sick, he was sent to Manila, and in August, 1921, was sent back to Europe. Hardly had he arrived when he died, in Rome, at the German College, November 23, 1921."

CHINA

Writing from Catholic Mission, Shuyang, Ku., China, Father Charles D. Simons, S.J., makes his first report:

"My central mission post is some two hundred miles north, and a bit west of Shanghai in one of China's ancient cities of the interior, named Shuyang. Shuyang is a walled city, of massive bricks that date from the T'ang dynasty, not so long after the time of our Lord. Here I have a chapel, catechumenates for men and women, and schools for boys and girls. The men and boys are under my immediate care, aided by three catechists; while the women and girls are confided to two Chinese Sisters called Presentandines. In the countryside, I have just opened three small schools or chapel schools, where a permanent catechist teaches and carries on propaganda, and where I go from time to time to say Holy Mass and administer the sacraments.

"Being actually on the frontier of the Church, my Christian flock is not large. In a district some forty miles long by thirty miles wide, I have only 350 odd Christians scattered among 350,000 pagans. The word 'frontier' is no exaggeration; for while on the west there is the flourishing Sūchow Mission of the Canadian Jesuits, on the east, even beyond the limits of the district confided to me, there is neither



Father Alexander Rolland, S.J., of the Upper Canada Province describes this as "the annual powwow held at Wikwemikong (a Jesuit mission) on the Manitoulin Island, Ontario, for the benefit of tourists who visit the Indian Reserve. The feast of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary is always celebrated in this manner."



The streets of Shuyang, Kiangsu, China, have become familiar to Father Charles D. Simons, S.J., of the California Province, who has taken over missionary work in this sector of Haichow Mission.

priest nor chapel nor more than a half dozen *Kiao-yeou* (as we call our Christians), from here to the ocean.

"At present, schools and catechumens are in full swing, though they will receive greatly increased momentum in a few weeks when the last of the peanuts and sweet potatoes are harvested. The catechumens must spend at least two periods of a month each in the mission compound, learning their prayers, catechism and receiving three instructions daily from the missionary, besides additional ones from the catechists. Since they are mostly very poor, the catechumens are almost completely at the expense of the missionary; a heavy expense, but one that is fruitful in results, as it thus enables the new Christians to live in and be formed to a Christian atmosphere, far withdrawn from superstitions and pagan influence. And so the missionary, too, must worry over an unbalanced budget!

"The situation in Shuyang promises to be acute in a very short time. About six weeks ago the huge dikes up north, which had kept much of the water of the Yellow River imprisoned in Weishan Lake, broke through. As a result, from one-half to two-thirds of my own mission district has, for over a month, been under water. Even in many of the elevated villages, water is two and three feet deep in the houses; and these houses, being of mud brick, quickly melt away. The city itself of Shuyang has been spared, but mounting the south wall and looking east, south and west, all is water—one grand lake—as far as the eye can see, and farther. As the flood was fore-

seen a bit in advance, few lives were lost, but the Autumn beans and potatoes of the flooded areas are destroyed, and the Spring wheat cannot be planted. So you see the pitiable condition that several tens of thousands of 'my own pagans' will be in when present supplies are exhausted and Winter comes upon us. Already requests are being made for help. My unbalanced budget, however, prevents me doing very much, though I should like so much to be able to help my catechumens of flooded villages. It would efficaciously strengthen them in their good desires. Help given discreetly to their friends, might also win a way into their hearts, and bring them to holy Mother Church."

IRAQ

Father Joseph P. Merrick, S.J., of Baghdad College, writes:

"I have never been busier. I am Chaplain to the British Air Forces and puttering around in all kinds of science and, most important, I have begun the first catechetical work since we arrived here three years ago. This last, is a most important advance. Here three thousand heretics and schismatics may be instructed with almost no effort. There is no dearth of catechists, but there is the appalling difficulty that they do not know Arabic and our boys do not know Chaldean or Armenian. Yet, we are making some progress. The Presbyterians have been working for years in Persia and have made plenty of converts who are now in this camp. They still raise plenty of money and have a school. To combat their efforts, one good school, for

which two thousand dollars a year would be more than enough, is necessary. We are just in the nick of time, for the Catholics have been falling away fast because of the Presbyterian school. Catechism centers are a makeshift, but they are something at least. For twenty thousand Chaldeans in Baghdad, there are four priests and only one church. The longer I live, the more I realize that victory comes where there is a will to victory, intelligently directed, of course."

* * *

Father Vincent A. Gookin, S.J., of the New England Province, newly attached to Baghdad College, writes of his trip to Iraq:

"We arrived in Beyrouth and the Brother from St. Joseph's University met us so that we went through Customs at once. I merely wish to note that the University with its college of Medicine, Dentistry, Law, Engineering and Scripture Departments, together with its Hospital, is a wonderful achievement. It is quite up-to-date, and I had several invitations to stay and teach in the Medical and Dentistry schools. I will write more of my impressions of Baghdad when I know more. I know what the impressions are, but I want to let them settle down."

JAMAICA, B. W. I.

Father James J. Lyons, S.J., Pastor at High Gate, Jamaica, in his first message to JESUIT MISSIONS, writes as follows:

"I shall never forget my first visit to Free Hill shortly after my arrival at High Gate. This little station is situated on a hill about five miles from Port Maria, one of my main mission stations. The only road is a gravel path, rutted and ruined by the rains, which make traveling not only extremely uncomfortable but at times hazardous, due to the gullies on either side of the road. I came upon a group of about thirty women and children seated in a semi-circle on benches of crude wood under a thatched roof supported by bamboo poles. In the center of the group stood Mr. Septimus Brown, the catechist. I was amazed to hear how excellent an exposition of the truths of our religion these poor women and children received from the lips of the catechist. During the quiz which they held for me, a poor old woman of sixty-two Summers failed to answer the question correctly, which provoked a chorus of laughter from the picknies. Mr. Brown stepped forward and in deep stentorian tones said: 'Chillun, this am God's house, Him not like us fool when pray.' These few words were sufficient, and I'm sure that if they had been lashed by whips they could not have been more humiliated, for like the hush at the solemn moment of Consecration, there was a reverent silence. The incident forgotten, class was resumed.

"The Free Hillers are not interested in any of the modern Utopian schemes for lessening the burden of the workingman. At present they are interested in only one thing, and that is the material for their new church which they hope soon to erect. In keeping with their period of infancy as the baby mission of St. Mary, their plans call for a miniature church, twenty-five feet long, fifteen feet wide and nine feet high. They are content with a little church which will protect them from the rains and the devastating heat of a tropical sun. But this little edifice will cost forty pounds, and since this parish was hard hit by the recent hurricanes, there is very little money available. Certainly the Sunday collections cannot pay for it, and a Garden Party in these parts is out of the question until March, at least, when the new crops are expected. These dear people have volunteered to carry large stones, and break them with hammers so that they can be used in making the concrete pillars of the church. And all this is voluntary work after a hard day in the fields under a scorching sun. May their efforts be rewarded and their hopes materialize in the shape of a nice little church.

"Last week I bought a new Ford. No, I'm not extravagant. It was a case of necessity. I was roaming these wild mountain parts in an old Model T of 1930 vintage, the gift of a kind benefactor to my predecessor, **Father Charles Eberle, S.J.** The constant bouncing and pounding on these rough roads was taking its toll not only on the old Ford, but on this

young and inexperienced missionary. Certainly it was not easy to drive with one hand while holding the windshield with the other, and since I boasted of no such luxury as a side curtain, it seemed to be overworking God's mercy every time I went out in the pouring rain. And so, as I say, I invested in a new car. With what? Plenty of nerve and trust in God. Here's hoping He finds a way to pay for it, because if they should decide to take away the new car, I'll have to go in for marathon training to cover the stations, each of which is at least ten miles from its neighbor."

BRITISH HONDURAS

Father Robert L. McCormack, S.J., writes from Belize, British Honduras:

"Wouldn't our modern movies or talkies be just the thing to use in training the children of the bush? Yes, if you could bring the children of the bush to the talkies, for it is next to impossible to bring the talkies to the children of the bush. Well, **Father Anthony H. Corey, S.J.**, is coming as close to that as he can. He has an electric projector which is small enough to be carried about and in which he uses filmstrips. He drives his Ford up to the window of the church or school hut in the bush village, attaches his projector to his batteries, and while the car keeps purring softly, he furnishes the 'talkie' part of his films on the Life of Christ, History of the Church, and the like.

* * *

"**Brother Jacoby's** Boy Scout troop became ambitious enough to stage a full length Scout play with demonstra-

tions of their Scout life. The people of Belize showed that they were interested in the Scouts by filling the Cathedral Hall for their first public performance. The pastors thought all the young people of the two schools should see this inspiring play, so a special performance was given for little people. This was a benefit for the St. Vincent de Paul Society. Later another general performance was given as a civic affair to help the 'Fund for Underfed School Children.' Thus they showed their practical application of their motto: 'Do a good turn daily.' The Governor took time out of his busy day to write them a personal note of thanks for this.

"With Brother, each Saturday they hike off to the site of the old college building, near the shore of the Caribbean, and there put into practice the Scout life they learn during the week.

"At parish affairs, and whenever the Governor comes to the hall, these boys form a guard of honor, and a right fine guard they are, too.

* * *

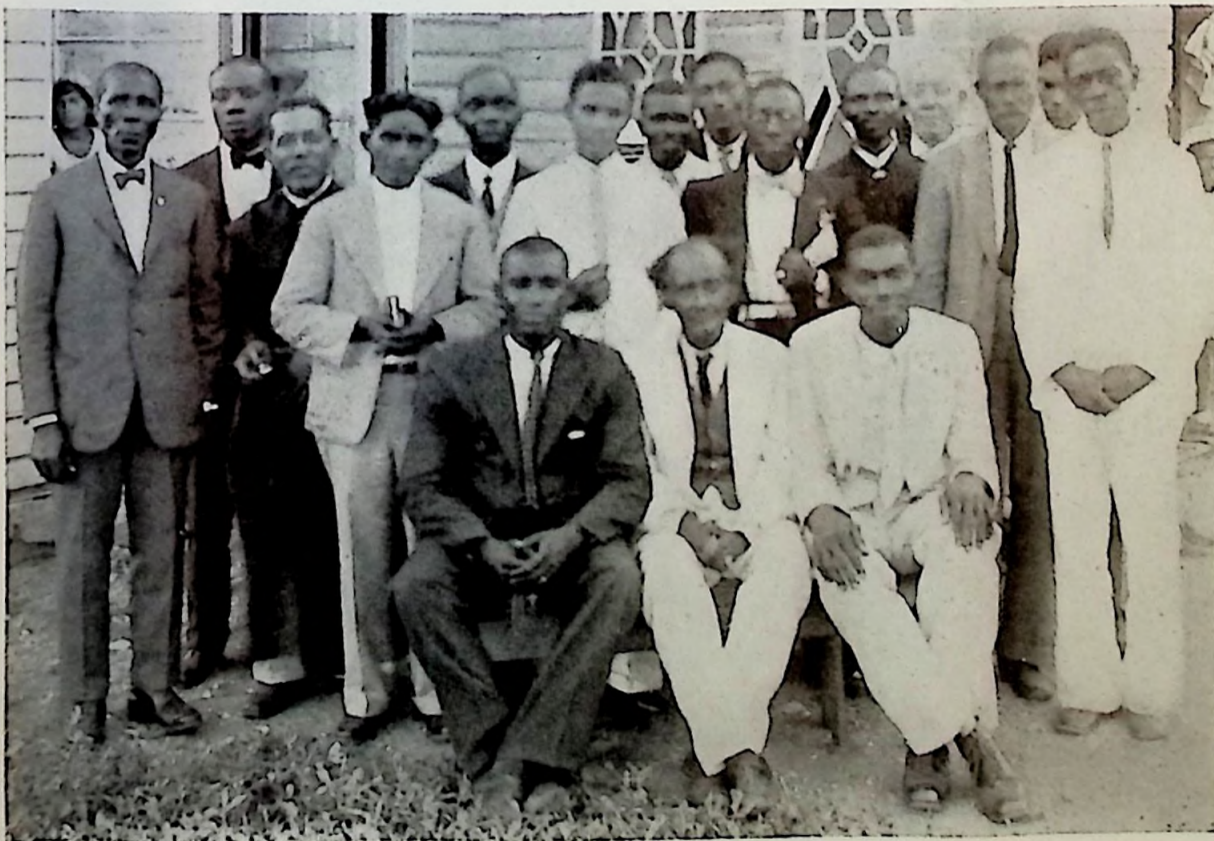
"**Brother William Teson, S.J.**, slipped out of Belize some time ago, ostensibly on a little vacation to the west of the Colony. When he returned to Belize, his vacation talk seemed strangely mixed with talk about new additions, remodelings and painting that were being done at the Sisters' convent at Benque. It's just a Brother's way of taking a vacation.

* * *

"On his mission tours to the little villages scattered along the Belize and Sibun Rivers and Northern Lagoon, **Father Michael A. Schaefer, S.J.**, is met with friendly greetings from the Catholics, but also from the non-Catholics who live in these remote and isolated settlements. The non-Catholics seem to have no one to give them spiritual consolation, and welcome the Catholic priest and are ready enough to allow their children to be educated in the Padre's school. These expressions of good will now may be indicative of a future harvest of souls.

* * *

"Nothing is too ambitious for **Father Hugh E. Harkins, S.J.**, to tackle with the help of his eager responsive youngsters of the Cathedral Parish School. So when the question arose as to what play should be staged at Christmas time, he elected to stage Father Lord's "Mother of Youth." Belize was aghast at the ability little grade school children revealed in playing the heavy roles of Youth, Evil, Earthly Mother, Heavenly Wisdom, and the like. The costumes were as strikingly beautiful as the creative genius of the good Sisters of Mercy could design them, and the settings were built by two of the Scholastics of St. John's College, **John C. Ruoff, S.J.**, and **Walter R. Luebke, S.J.** Father Harkins was the whole orchestra, playing at various times the piano, violin, bugle and accordion."



A group of Mission Catechists of the Confraternity of St. Peter Claver in the Vicariate Apostolic of Jamaica, B. W. I., snapped on the occasion of "The Catechist's Quiet Day" at St. Peter Claver Chapel, Waltham Park Road, Leader's Lane, the Sunday within the Octave of the feast of the Saint. A concrete instance of missionary zeal in a missionary isle. At the time this picture was snapped, Father George F. McDonald, S.J., was the Moderator of the Confraternity.

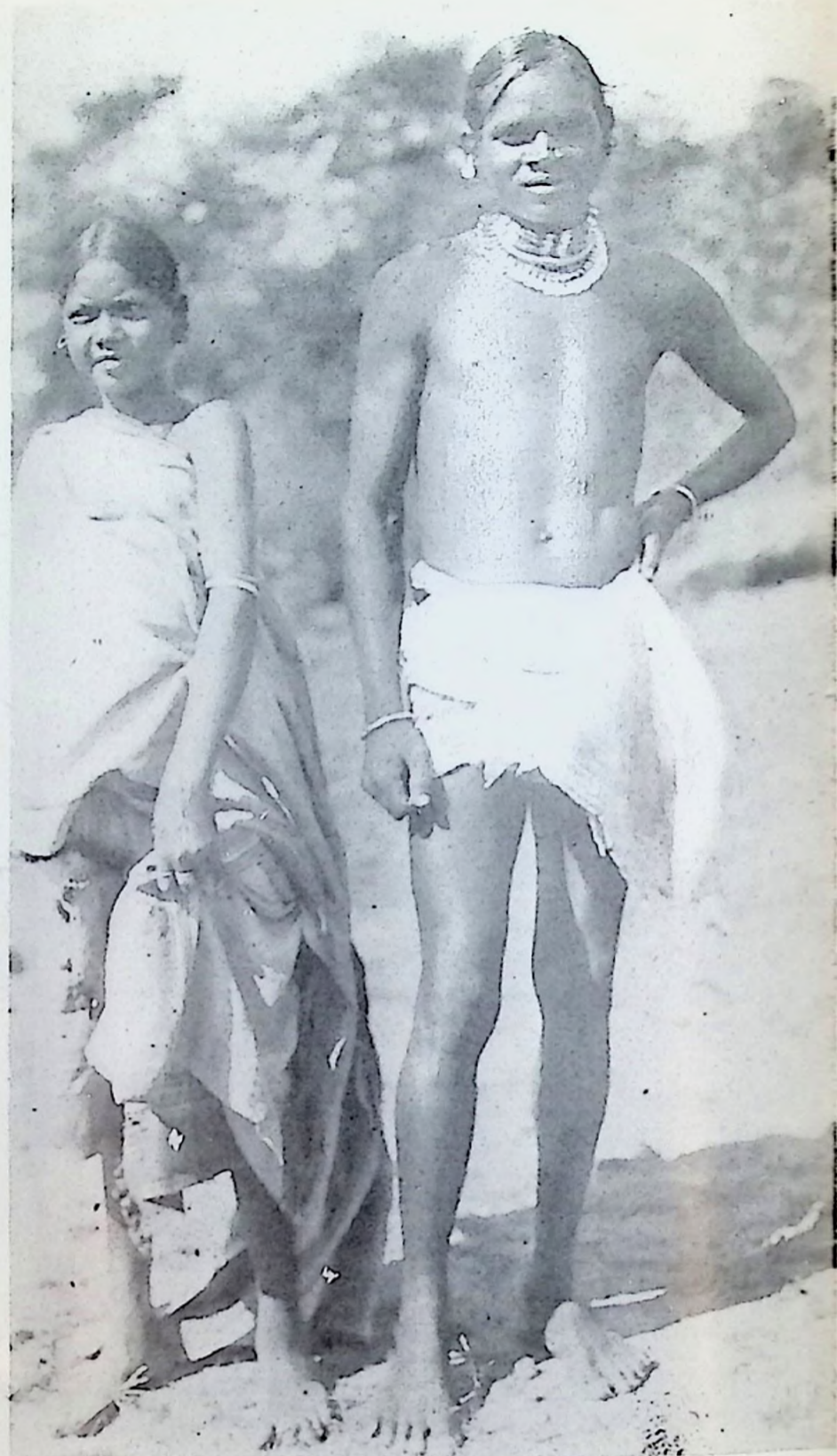
Among the Aborigines

Francis Rodriguez, S.J.

HISTORIANS tell us that when, some four thousand years ago, the Aryans came to India in search of food for themselves and their cattle, they found the country occupied by a short-statured, dark-complexioned cultured farmer folk. Seeing their rights questioned by a foreign people, these aborigines gathering together all their able-bodied men, offered a stout resistance, but as the tropical sun and the fabulous wealth of India had already robbed them of their strength and vigor, they were no match for the stalwart, well-mounted visitors from the West. The conclusion of the war was disastrous; the natives had either to leave all their earthly possessions and flee the country, or fall into the hands of the enemy and become slaves for life. The majority managed to escape and betook themselves to the vast wooded plateau of Chota Nagpur which lies to the south of the Ganges River, where for well nigh forty centuries they have lived in comparative peace and security, ruled by their own chiefs, keeping intact their own religion and language and customs. Those captured were made slaves and were called by the name of *Dasyus*, a word which recurs very frequently in the hymns of the most ancient sacred book of the Hindus known as the *Rig Veda*.

The aborigines living in Chota Nagpur are divided into three main groups: the Mundas, the Oraons and the Santals. Besides these, in various parts of India, usually in mountain fastnesses and out of the way woods, there are to be found a number of tribes about whose origin and past history we know almost nothing. Thus some miles to the southeast of Bombay, on the Western Ghats, live about eighty thousand people called the Katkaris; near Mangalore is found a nomadic tribe known as Koragars; in the Vindhya Hills live Bhils and Gonds. All told, the aborigines in India number about ten million, of whom over three-fourths are in, or near, Chota Nagpur.

THOUGH there is great difference in the language, form and features among the members of these various tribes, yet, in religion and culture, they have much in common. Thus in theory all believe in a Supreme Being, all powerful and kind, but in practice their religion consists in the worship of spirits, good and evil. Simple as they are, they easily believe that all their ills are caused by the evil spirits. If a cow contracts a disease, if it rains on a wedding day, if a house catches fire—and even if it is set on fire!—in fine, if anything undesirable happens, it is always attributed to the influence of some offended spirit. To placate these an-



An Oraon couple of the Chota Nagpur Mission in India.

noying gods, they offer them sacrifices of cocks, goats and fruits. As the good spirits are supposed to do no harm, they are left alone.

SIMPLE and faithful, honest and docile, their countenance lit up with a perpetual smile, you cannot help loving these good people. Unfortunately for them, for long centuries, in spite of their seclusion, they have been subjected to very harsh and often inhuman treatment by Hindu and Mohammedan land owners who, taking advantage of their simplicity and timidity, have most shamefully exploited them. But the ever merciful God knows how to bring good from evil. In fact, if we have so many thousands of them in the Catholic Church, it is to a very large extent due to these robbers.

The first aborigines to hear the Good Tidings were the inhabitants of Chota Nagpur: the Mundas and Oraons. In the year 1850, the Anglicans and Lutherans opened a mission among them and made some converts. Soon after, Belgian Jesuits entered (Turn to page 55)

The Winter of 1633

James S.
McGivern, S.J.



THE story of Father Paul LeJeune's work and apostolic labors in the Canadian Missions of the early seventeenth century is one noted for efficiency of government and the quietness of the Superior or of the teacher. What I want to relate here, however, is not his record as Superior of the Indian Missions, but rather the story of this early Jesuit's Winter trip to the future Saguenay Mission about one hundred miles northeast of Quebec. Though Father LeJeune is not the first missionary to have started work among the Montagnais Indians north of Tadoussac—Father John Dolbeau, a Franciscan Father, was the first—he is nevertheless the first Jesuit to experience the trials and difficulties, the sufferings and privations of this so little known mission. But I am not able to do more than touch the high spots.

It was in the Fall of 1633 that Father LeJeune determined to spend the Winter among the savage Montagnais, a nomad Indian tribe northeast of Quebec. Substantially—though not in his own words—he reasoned somewhat in this fashion: "I must get a working knowledge of the Indian tongue if I am to carry on work amongst the savages here. But I am not able to do more than scratch the surface while I stay in Quebec. Therefore, I should go amongst the Indians, winter with them, hearing them, day in and day out, gradually accustoming my ears to catch their sounds and my tongue to form the words of their language." After such reasoning, there remained nothing for Father LeJeune to do but carry out his determination and put his resolution into action.

IN his own description, as found in the *Jesuit Relations*, Father LeJeune takes almost a complete book to finish the story of his Winter among the Montagnais. We can give only a brief account here, but the reader will easily imagine the rest if only he remembers these few points: (1) Canadian Winters can be very, very cold. (2) Father LeJeune was as unused to savage life as the present-day average American. (3) For days at a time the Indians and the missionary had to subsist on famine-fare. (4) The wigwams of the tribes were no protection against the inclemencies of the weather. (5) Let us not forget the smoke of the wigwam fires, the glare of the frozen snows, and not least among the trials of this wintering, the constant trekking of the Indians from place to place. The points we have chosen to illustrate this journey of Father LeJeune will be given in his own words, and if we supplement what he has

to say with that which we have just noted, then we should get a fairly complete picture of his Winter's exploit.

"To paint you the hardships of the way," writes Father LeJeune, "I have neither pen nor brush that could do it: they must be experienced in order to be appreciated. . . . We did nothing but go up and down: frequently we had to bend halfway over, to pass under fallen trees, and step over others lying upon the ground whose branches sometimes knocked us over, gently enough to be sure, but always coldly, for we fell upon the snow. If it happened to thaw, oh God, what suffering.

It seemed to me I was walking over a road of glass which broke under my feet at every step. The frozen snow, beginning to melt, would fall and break into blocks or big pieces into which we often sank up to our knees and even to our waists. If there was pain in falling, there was still more in pulling ourselves out, for our raquettes were loaded with snow and became so heavy that when we tried to draw them out it seemed as if somebody were tugging at our legs to dismember us. Now imagine a person loaded like a mule and judge how easy is the life of a savage. . . . When we reached the place where we were to encamp, the women went to cut wood for the cabin and the men to clear away the snow. Now a person had to work at this building or shiver with cold for three long hours until it was finished.

Sometimes I put my hand to the work to warm myself, but usually I was so frozen that fire alone could thaw me. . . . It went so far that my host said to me: 'Nicanis, do not winter any more with the Indians, for they will kill you.'

OF life in the camp, Father LeJeune says: "But as to the smoke, I confess to you that it is a martyrdom. It almost killed me and made me weep continually. It sometimes grounded all of us who were in the cabin: that is, it caused us to place our mouths against the earth in order to breathe. For, although the savages were accustomed to this torment, yet occasionally it became so dense that they, as well as I, were compelled to prostrate themselves and, as it were, to eat the earth so as not to drink the smoke. I have sometimes remained several hours in this position especially during the most severe cold; for it was then that the smoke assailed us with the greatest fury, seizing us by the throat, nose and eyes. How bitter is this drink! How strong its odor! How hurtful to the eyes are its fumes! I sometimes thought I was going (Turn to page 55)



Father Paul Le Jeune, S.J., famous in the annals of the early Jesuit missionary history of Canada.

BOOK REVIEWS

Historical Records and Studies, Vol. XXV. Thomas F. Meehan, Editor Society's Publications. The United States Catholic Historical Society, New York, N. Y. Price, \$5.00.

Volume XXV of "Historical Records and Studies" manifests the same high calibre of the antecedent numbers, and offers a Foreword on the Society's Golden Jubilee; a replica of the growth of the mustard seed and an inspiring chronicle of a most edifying family history, "The Mudds of Maryland"; inspiring data on Pierre Toussaint, probably the most conspicuously outstanding Negro Catholic in the history of New York; some unpublished documents relative to the first mission of the Society of Jesus in Florida, 1568 to 1572; the interesting career of Nicholas Devereux, one of the most active and notable Catholic laymen of the past; and concludes with a carefully documented thesis on the financial contribution of the French clergy to American independence, June 12-26, 1780.

The Play Catalogue. The Queen's Work, St. Louis, Mo.

In "The Play Catalogue," twenty-five plays in The Queen's Work Dramatic Series, for general use, for colleges, girls' high schools, academies, parochial schools and entertainments, are summarized for prospective buyers.

Our Little Messenger. Prepared under the direction of Rev. Carl J. Ryan, Ph.D., and Rev. James T. Hurley in collaboration with the staff of the Teachers' College, Cincinnati Archdiocese. Price, subscription rates in quantity lots (over thirty subscriptions mailed to one address) forty cents for the school year; twenty cents for the semester.

Beautiful in its textual simplicity and its illustrations in color. Outline pictures are also included to be colored by the pupils. A most attractive and most practical addition to child pedagogy.

Cradle of the Storms. By Bernard R. Hubbard, S.J. Dodd, Mead & Company, New York, N. Y. Price \$3.00.

Another pictorial and editorial masterpiece of absorbing interest by America's champion lecturer on a hobby which has gained for the author the title of "The Glacier Priest." All the glamor of "Mush, You Malemutes!" plus the thrill of being rocked in the "Cradle of the Storms," the mysterious Aleutians, vol-

canic peaks curving twelve hundred miles from North America towards Asia! For the photographer, the book is an album of professional excellency; for the geologist, it is an inspiring field for research; for the scientist, a laboratory of authenticated facts; for the poet, a rendezvous of beauty; for the explorer, a campus that nobody knows but which is now mapped and charted. In these pages, the author is at all times the philosopher, informally conducting a forum on the whys and the wherefores of nature and nature's mysteries. He is an apologist who in the face of the impressive order in nature's plan indignantly stigmatizes all atheists as practical liars; a mineralogist with the land of the Arctic for his museum; a theologian who correlates the unusual phenomena in this land of the North with the plan of an intelligent, personal and provident God. Finally, he is the missiologist who, while not a missionary in the rigidly accepted sense of the term, nevertheless sets the stage on which our Jesuit missionaries in Alaska play their parts as the noble men of nature and the heroes of God that they truly are.

Makers of Christianity. By John T. McNeill. Henry Holt & Company, New York, N. Y. Price \$2.00.

An unauthoritative, unscientific array of essays that can serve no good purpose, written by one or many authors whose ideas on their subject, Christianity, are as elusive as a current of air and as relative as their mood of the moment. By what absurd or naive process of reasoning does the Author hope to harmonize the sanctity of a Francis of Assisi with the grossness of a Martin Luther, or the orthodoxy of an Aquinas with the teachings of "The Noble Army of the Heretics" (*sic*) or "The Goodly Fellowship of the Reformers" (*sic*)? If heresy be noble, then why be Christian, or why compose a book about the makers of Christianity? The volume is just one more research racket from the University of Chicago.

Our Part in the Mystical Body.

By Daniel A. Lord, S.J. The Queen's Work, St. Louis, Mo. Price, cloth binding, \$1.00; paper binding, 50 cents.

A brave attempt to translate into modern terms the meaning of the Catholic answer to the present world debacle and the Catholic's rights and duties in the same. In the light of the doctrine on the Mystical Body of Christ, unreasonable class distinctions disappear, the charity of man becomes one with the Charity of God, sin is nothing more nor less than a sacrilegious prostitution of the members of the Savior, while the poor charwoman who is in the state of Sanctifying Grace

is elevated to the dignity of a co-redemptrix of the world. In this treatment of sublime and difficult thesis, Father Lord offers what we hope is merely the first draft of a solution whose need he has eloquently depicted in the trials of the Mystical Body that are going on today. We know of no other topic that offers such a worthy challenge for the apostolic enthusiasm and the exuberant style of this lover of youth. Let us have more.

Sunshine and Saints. By Daisy Haywood Moseley. P. J. Kennedy & Sons. Price \$1.50.

Everything about this book partakes of the title. The attractiveness of the format, the color, the original settings, the beautiful simplicity of the text, all make the volume a charming and truly delightful panegyric on sanctity as it was incarnate in the author of the Canticum of the Sun, the Pauline spirit of St. Catherine of Siena, in the martyr maid of Domremy and many others. The style is fascinating in its limpid flow and feminine grasp of arresting detail. In short, the book is a rare resurrection of the story-teller's art, and an ideal volume for a lounging chair, an open fireplace and snuggling children.

Arthur Lee. By Rev. Thomas P. Phelan, LL.D. P. J. Kennedy & Sons, New York, N. Y. Price, \$2.00; postpaid, \$2.15.

A tale of the clerical life in which the author has limned with fraternal affection a picture of the average priest in his dealings with the laity and his brother clerics. Beneath a thin veil of anonymity the story and its characters evolve and are carried through three generations, punctuated with lights and shadows of the comic and the tragic, adorned with many a moral for those on both sides of the sanctuary rail, and in the heights of its human and supernatural appeal rising at times to the beautiful and sublime. While one may question the good to be attained by divulging some of these intimacies of the parish rectory, all will admit that the book is a sincere tribute to the sacrifice and sanctity of the Catholic priesthood.

A Little Child's First Communion. Books Two, Three, Four, Five and Six in a series of six. By Mother Bolton, Religious of the Cenacle. St. Anthony Guild Press, Paterson, N. J. Price ten cents each, plus postage.

Interspersed with music, questions, tests and suggestions for project work, Books Two, Three, Four Five and Six maintain individually and as a composite whole the general excellence of Book One, already reviewed in these columns.

HER MEMORY IMMORTAL

(Continued from page 31)

should be canonized without asking for miracles: her life was the miracle."

Then there is the other miracle—how the documents concerning her holiness have come down to us, preserved over two centuries, all authenticated beyond question. It is extraordinary that after two hundred and fifty years the Cause of this "Lily of the Mohawks" has at length been received with favor in Rome and that there is every reason to believe she will soon be beatified. Let everyone who reads this account of her pray for her speedy beatification.

No one may remember us who write or read this, but countless millions will remember and worship Kateri the Saint of the Wildwood.

FIGHTING ON

(Continued from page 34)

out by the missionary, single-handed and alone.

Our dormitories, though a financial loss, were a glorious success in preserving and strengthening the Faith. I doubt if we can continue them, though the appeals to do so are most pathetic. The starting of a school, which alone can give us assurance of permanent success, is at present an absolute impossibility. The pagan tribes—especially the Manobos, Bagobos and Bukidnons—are manifesting a lively interest in all things Catholic, and if things remain as they are, it will not be an impossible task to win them over. At present, we can only strive to plant the Faith, and depend upon God's grace to make it blossom and bring forth fruit.

JOLO MISSION

(Continued from page 39)

likewise blessed. That curiosity in regard to the Catholic religion was manifested on the part of all is evident from the fact that when I placed a box in the church for questions, more than four hundred questions were deposited therein. To hear the answers, Protestants and even Mohammedans entered the church, packing it to capacity. Though our time was brief, we reorganized the Sacred Heart League and the Catholic Women's League of Jolo for the defense and maintenance of the Catholic Faith under the able guidance of the most prominent women of the city. When the time came for my departure, practically the entire town from the President to the small boys accompanied me to the pier in a hearty demonstration of gratitude and farewell. It was their earnest wish, communicated in petitions to the Bishop and to the Superior of the Jesuits, to retain me in Jolo. Can there be a better proof that there is Faith, a lively Catholic Faith, among these people, despite the fact that they are surrounded by a vast majority of Mohammedans?

The latest statistics for the Diocese of Zamboanga show that it is comprised of four provinces and a part of a fifth.

These are: Cotabato, Davao, Sulu, Zamboanga and part of Lanao, with a total of 869,393 inhabitants, of whom 292,170 are Christians, 440,355 are Mohammedans, and 136,868 are pagans. In the words of the Bishop of Zamboanga: "Mindanao is the granary and future hope of the Philippines, and as such draws hundreds of immigrants every month. Yet, there are but twenty priests in the entire district. The pagan souls could be easily won for Christ if there were sufficient personnel and means to support catechists for them."

LOYOLA'S FIRST CHAPTER

(Continued from page 43)

Besides, as the water rose, the bumping, too, stopped, and though none of us was able to sleep for many good reasons, still there was no longer any great danger. I said Holy Mass at about half past two in the morning, and that finished, we started out for the last lap. Though it was rough and we rolled a good deal so that no one cared to take any breakfast when the time came, we traveled along at a good rate, using both engine and auxiliary sail so as to get to some safe place before the storm would get worse. Our fears as regards the weather were sufficiently grounded. For when we finally got into the mouth of the Kuskokwim and anchored in a slough, we had to stay there for three days waiting for calmer weather. And it was still rough enough when we finally pulled out on the morning of July 31, the feast of the illustrious St. Ignatius. I stood on top of the deck looking the water over as we pulled out of the slough in which we were. The others were not so enthusiastic about going on, but like Columbus we, too, took a little chance, and after stopping uselessly twice to find a guide to show us into the right place where the new mission was to be, we finally found the place by ourselves, and by about four o'clock the same afternoon the first cabins of Kokaklercheraramiut loomed up. With a fervent *koyana* to the Giver of all good things, we pulled ashore, and without any further questions than "Kakaklercheraramiut ka?" ("Are these the people of Kokaklercherarak?") we began unloading our things.

"Now for some sort of a house to put your things in," I said to Ivan. "I wish we could have that half finished cabin over there. Whose is it? Talk to the good fellow and tell him that I will buy it and finish it for a chapel."

Well, Pakingoak did not know if he cared to sell. His big boy, he said, built the cabin. So we spoke to his son, Kumularpak, and he, too, asked for time to think it over. But by the next morning he was ready to talk on the subject, and I offered him two hundred dollars. Seeing that I wanted it for a chapel, he said he would let me have it for one hundred and twenty dollars. So I promised him the one hundred and twenty dollars, and set to work to finish up the chapel. As there was nothing to be had here, we

decided to go on to Bethel and get the necessary material, especially as I had other business there, too. In about five days we were back with a bit of lumber, some roofing iron, a few windows and some building paper to line the house.

The people of Loyola are very much interested, though so far they are all Russians and Protestants, excepting one family that was baptized before we again started back for Hooper Bay. Kumularpak had visited Tununak during the past Winter and had one of the people there copy the prayers and a small catechism for him, and with the help of this he had instructed himself and all his family sufficiently so that with only a little additional instruction all could be baptized. Some others also asked for Baptism, but as they had had practically no instruction, I had to put them off till a later date. When I visit this mission in December, I expect to have almost the entire village presented to me for Baptism by Ivan and Maggie.

AMONG THE ABORIGINES

(Continued from page 52)

the field. At first their success was disappointing and even disheartening. But God has His own ways. In 1885, He sent another Xavier, in the person of Father Constantine Lievens, S.J., the son of a Flemish farmer, and thus by nature suited to work among the farmer folk, who in the course of a few months won the confidence of every one he met. To their great delight, the natives soon discovered that the Catholic missionary was their best friend and greatest supporter before the British law courts in their fight for their fundamental rights. Hereafter the work was easy. Whole villages were received into the Church. But unfortunately, Father Lievens' glorious life was cut short. He was thirty-eight years of age when the Master called him to his reward. But the work has gone on steadily ever since, so that in the space of fifty years the Catholic population has increased from 1,000 to 280,000.

THE WINTER OF 1633

(Continued from page 53)

blind; my eyes burned like fire; they wept or distilled drops like an alembic; I no longer saw anything clearly. I repeated the psalms of my breviary as best I could and waited until the pain might relax (a little) to recite the lessons; and when I came to read them they seemed written in letters of fire or of scarlet. . . . I occasionally emerged from this den, fleeing the rage of smoke, to place myself at the mercy of the cold. . . . But the snow had no more pity upon my eyes than the smoke.

"Now, as if in conclusion of this chapter, Your Reverence asks me if I made much progress in the knowledge of the language during the Winter I spent with the barbarians. I answer frankly 'No!' and here are the reasons."

But the reasons are too long to give here. They can easily be guessed.

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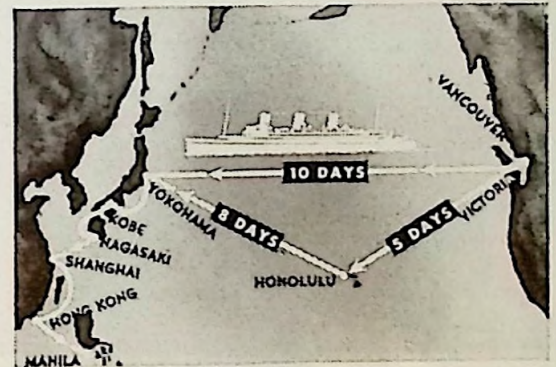
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