

Jesuit Missions

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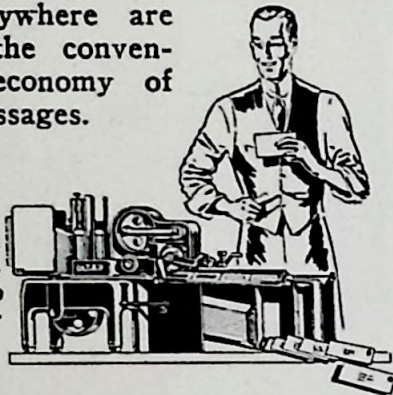
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It's Hard Going in the American Jesuit Missions

IT'S hard going in the missions entrusted to the Jesuits of the Missouri Province. Sometimes what makes it harder is the fact that, because the Indians and Negroes of the U. S. A., are in Home Missions, and because British Honduras, though a Foreign Mission, is so near too home, too many people forget about the needs of these missions and turn their thoughts to the distant missions far across the oceans. Distance lends enchantment.

It's hard going in British Honduras where practically the only highways are waterways; it's hard going where the end of the waterway is but the beginning of a trail, to be traversed on horseback or on foot by the missionaries as they minister spiritually to the natives who inhabit the fastnesses of the forests. It's hard going when the missionaries see money, or the lack of it, stand in the way of the natives' full conformity to the teachings and instructions which they have accepted. It's hard going when the missionaries see immorality and concubinage aggravated by dire poverty.

It's hard going for the missionaries in the Dakotas. On a map of the United States the Indian Reservations seem not to be as large as a big back yard. In reality these Reservations have all the unattractiveness of any back yard in loneliness and ruggedness, plus distance that would appal the stoutest heart. If only these distances could be



A sample of hard going in British Honduras.

shortened by more adequate means of transportation, and if only at the end of the trails there were more suitable chapels where holy Mass could be offered, the hard going would be made easier.

Because there is so little of enchantment about the Missions, Home and Foreign, of the Missouri Province Jesuits, they plead with you the more to help make their work more effective. It may be hard for you to give much, but even your little—a dollar or more—will ease their hard going. Please send what money you can, "to make the hard going more easy," to **JESUIT MISSIONS** or to the Missouri Province Mission Procurator

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

The Philippine Islands, a foreign-home mission comprising a large portion of the Island of Mindanao in the dioceses of Zamboanga and Cagayan, the leper colonies of Culion and Cebu, and educational work in Manila; and Missions in Southern Maryland for Negroes are entrusted to the Jesuits of the Maryland-New York Province which comprises the Middle Atlantic States. The Province Mission Procurator is
REV. GEORGE J. WILLMANN, S.J.
51 East 83rd Street, New York, N. Y.

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
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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.

Jamaica, B. W. I., an island in the Caribbean lying south of Cuba, is the field of foreign missionary labors of the New England Province of the Society of Jesus. Educational work at Baghdad College in the capital of the Kingdom of Iraq, is entrusted to Jesuits from each of the American Provinces, but this work is administered by the New England Province of the Society of Jesus. The Province Mission Procurator is
REV. GEORGE M. MURPHY, S.J.
Boston College, Chestnut Hill, Mass.

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
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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.
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Süchow Mission, China, and Canadian Indian Missions at Caughnawaga, near Montreal, are in charge of the Jesuits of Lower Canada. The Province Mission Procurator is
REV. LOUIS J. LAVOIE, S.J.
Case postale 611, Quebec, Canada

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

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A typical Philippine scene along the shores of the island of Cebu. Cebu, the city, is the metropolis of the Visayan islands and is the oldest European city of the Philippines, having been founded and temporarily occupied by Magellan in 1521. The province of Cebu, a center of the hemp industry, has the largest population of any in the Archipelago.

Rahim Gets in the Pictures

Edward F. Madaras, S. J.

PERHAPS you remember the picture of the Moslem with the chain discipline in the November number of *Catholic Missions*. Well, merely as a matter of information, and not as a boast, I want to say that picture was taken by me. I mention the fact at all only because I have a few items of interest concerning the subject of the picture.

His name is Rahim bin Ibrahim, and he was the first Moslem to go to work for us Jesuits here in Baghdad. In a way, we didn't really hire him: he came with the house which we rented when we first set up house-keeping back in March 1932. He had acted as watchman for the landlord during the house's vacancy, and when we decided to take the house, it looked as though Rahim were going to be out of a job.

Very gently he suggested in his quaint and picturesque English that he would not be at all averse to staying on and working for the Fathers. We were a bit chary. Except that he was a Moslem, we knew nothing of him. His appearance was against him, too: cross-eyed and with a broken nose, he looked somewhat murderous. But in those days we had given up measuring things by ordinary human values and western standards, so we told him he could stay—at the munificent salary, in the coinage of those days, of thirty-five rupees a month. That was roughly equivalent to nine dollars. Today, now that the dollar has been demoted, that amounts to about thirteen dollars. So, whatever else we may be accused of in hiring Rahim, it certainly cannot be extravagance.

Parenthetically, I should like to remark in connection with the little matter of money that the said demotion of the dollar has hit the missionary rather hard. To take an example with which I am familiar, the Iraq monetary unit is the *dinar*, equivalent to the English pound. Formerly we could get a *dinar* for three dollars and fifty cents; now we must pay five dollars. Every time we have to change money, we say ouch!

BUT to go on with our story. When we hired Rahim, he was dressed in the ordinary Arab fashion with long flowing robes, headcloth with a rope-like coil to keep it in place, and nothing on his feet except himself, and not always that. In my eyes, he was picturesque and romantic with that outfit. Later reflection has convinced me that the essential element in the picturesque and romantic is a note of strangeness and unfamiliarity.

One day Father Rice came home from the bazaar with a chain discipline that he had bought. I forget how many pounds it weighed, but it struck me as a pretty drastic instrument for self-punishment, and I decided



"Our man servant, Rahim, showing the chain with which the Moslems beat themselves in the Muharrim Penitential Procession. This was taken in our backyard (Baghdad College). Yes, the windows are barred like that."

to take a picture of it. So I called Rahim out into the garden and made him pose for me just as you see him in the picture.

That's the story of the picture, but I have something further to add concerning Rahim. After we moved out here to Sulaikh and had to have a lot more servants, Rahim, as *doyen* of the staff, began to be a bit fastidious as to the nature and amount of work which he did. One day things came to a crisis, and Rahim was presented with an ultimatum. The upshot was that he left, but not until he had said good-bye and kissed the hands of all the Fathers. He really had become attached to us during the three years he had been with us, and the moist condition of his eyes when he bade farewell told me that he wanted to take back his decision and say, "I'll stay." But he couldn't bring himself to do it.

YOU understand, of course, that we had made no effort to make a Christian of Rahim. To do that would, in all likelihood, endanger our position here and jeopardize the work we were sent to do with the Christians. But living among us for three years was not without its effect on Rahim. After he left, he was in the habit of calling us regularly on the phone and inquiring about the health of the Fathers.

Then one day he knocked at my door and came into the room. He had a favor to ask.

"Well, what is it, Rahim?" (Turn to page 111)

By Way of Contrast

Rt. Rev. Bernard J. Sullivan, S.J.



CTOBER brings a change of weather to the plains in northern India. The scorching heats and sweltering humidity give way to moderate days and pleasant nights. Offices and schools close down for a two weeks holiday. In general, the millions are a bit more comfortable than they have been for months. It is the time, too, for the goddess, Kali Ma, whose idol the throngs carry about the streets in gaudy procession, to claim the public adoration of her millions. In October her temples run red with the gore of numberless goats offered by her sacrificing priests to propitiate this goddess of destruction. This is a yearly affair and this year was no exception.

As I went along the road to Kurji to offer the Sacrifice of the Mass at the Christian Brothers' school, I was in the very midst of dozens of processions, the main center of which was the goddess Kali. My own neighbors, all of them, carried on high the black idol in all her hideousness. In one hand she held the destroying sword. In another was a human head. Her dishevelled hair added to the fierceness of her looks, as her red tongue protruded from her savage mouth. Her necklace of human heads, and her belt of blood stained hands, emphasized her role of destroyer. And rational beings bowed and danced before her and sang her praises. Such in brief is the goddess Kali, and the adoration she receives from India's pagan children. Years of close contact with such tragic errors of the Hindu mind enable one to grasp the meaning of St. Francis Xavier's declaration that those who have foisted this system of worship on India's millions and who keep them chained to it are the most depraved people in the world.

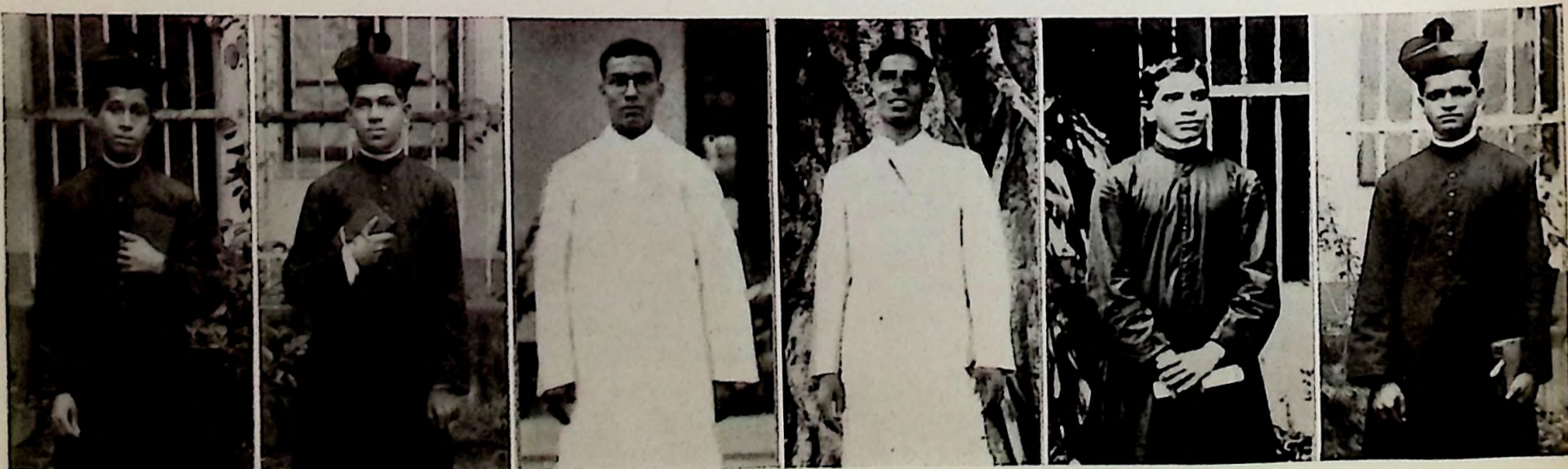
By way of contrast such environs are highly calculated to give one a deeper appreciation of Christ, the



The Author and Gregory Tekkathil, a Patna seminarian who is studying in Propaganda College at Rome. Originally he comes from Malabar, the land of St. Thomas, the Apostle.

Eternal Priest, and His priests. Every year sees an increase in the number of Christ's priests. The world over, seminaries have their ordination classes, and newly ordained priests have their first Holy Mass. Patna Mission, too, though it has no house of studies or seminary of its own, has a growing priesthood. This last year, Father August F. Wildermuth, S.J., was ordained in Rome for Patna. In November, Fathers Marion R. Batson, S.J., Marshall M. Moran, S.J., John J. Brennan, S.J., and Felix F. Farrell, S.J., received the holy oils of ordination in Kurseong, India, and are now sacrificing priests for the Patna Mission. There is deep consolation in this. A missionary Bishop once remarked that he would rather ordain one (*Turn to page 111*)

Some of Bishop Sullivan's native seminarians, all members of the Patna Diocese, India. After each name is given the section of India from which the seminarian comes. Left to right: Jacob Kununkal (Malabar), Joseph Padamatam (Malabar), Remigius Andrew (Bettiah), Bernard D'Cruz (Bettiah), Matthew Mezhukunal (Malabar), Apolinus D'Costa (Mangalore).



Petting a Tiger

Robert L.
McCormack, S.J.

TWO men from Benque Viejo, British Honduras, were about a mile away from the town near the little settlement called Bacadia, along a bush road. They were walking home after their day's work of bleeding sapodilla trees for the juicy chicle that helps American stenographers preserve the rhythm of their typing. They were a bit startled to find that they were not the only travelers along that route. Not fifty yards ahead, out from the bush, stalked a mamma tiger, affectionately carrying her baby in her mouth by the nape of its neck. Now a tiger is a disturbing creature to meet in the bush that close to tea time, but when that tiger is mothering its young, well, then it has the right of way and your traffic direction calls for a sudden boulevard stop or a right smart "right about, double time, 'to the rear, march." But like the pony express of old, these bush men feel that they must shove on in spite of difficulties. So one of the *chicleros*, still in control of his muscles, raised his rifle in the direction of the tiger and gave her the best salute the etiquette of the situation called for. But somehow, he must have bungled the situation, for the tigress did not accept his invitation to stay for tea.

THE upshot of the matter was that the tiger suddenly seemed to remember that she had a pressing engagement at the far end of the bush, and rushed off to fulfill it. Quite like the socially inclined mothers, she ran off and left the baby. So when the men came up to the kitten, it was tumbling about in the dust where it suddenly found itself, not yet strong enough to stand up for itself. Although at first it was a bit fussy about being caressed by human hands, it seemed to be more content to remain with the men than did its mother. The *chicleros* thought the little fellow would be a nice enough pet, but none of them was willing to claim it. They were afraid that the mother tiger would come after the young one. The prospect of finding a full grown cougar in one's back yard or sniffing about in one's thatched hut at night was not conducive to *dormir a pierna suelta* (sweet slumbers). These tigers have been known to follow their captured cubs twenty miles; hence no one at Bacadia wanted baby puma. What were they to do with the cub? A solution that had frequently come readily to their minds in family and personal troubles, presented itself now: "Let's take it to the Padre." The Padre in our case of baby tiger was Father Anthony Kuenzel, S.J., of Benque Viejo.

The frisky kitten took to its reverend master in friendly fashion, took its milk at regular intervals, and later on, its portion of cooked meat, cheese in any quantity, and, as a good citizen of the tropics, its full share of



"The Padre in our case of baby tiger was Father Anthony Kuenzel, S.J., of Benque Viejo."

arroz y frijoles. Although the people of Benque Viejo and El Cayo were anxious to come to the Padre's house to see the wild *frijolio* (spotted tiger), regarded by the *chicleros* as the worst of the tigers of the bush, none was anxious to come close to her, let alone take her into his arms as did the Padre. She became remarkably friendly with the priest, but as she grew bigger and stronger, she made life particularly unpleasant for Tunitch, the faithful old police dog of the rectory, and she gave a most decidedly unfriendly welcome to any stranger who approached the house or her own wire enclosure. But there was never any question of her affection for "the man in black" who cared for her, fed her, and chased the big black ants away from her. Like a large kitten, but much more playful, this denizen of the jungles jumped about her master, licked his hand, scrambled up his side and over his shoulders, and scampered and frisked away her time, without ever showing her claws to the Padre. But the little beast in four months had lengthened out to a substantial bit of tiger, two feet long, exclusive of the tail.

HAS the animal kingdom its own code of gang spirit? I wonder. About this time, Father Kuenzel was bitten by a tarantula. His right arm became infected, and for about a month did not respond to treatments. He decided to go down to Belize to consult the doctors there. But how long would he be gone, and who would take care of his "Kitty"? Even during these days of depression, he was not overwhelmed with people bidding for this job. Seeing that people were becoming afraid of "Kitty," the Padre decided to have a farewell banquet for his pet, and seasoned some viands strongly with strychnine. At first the spiced food seemed to exhilarate "Kitty," and she jumped and frisked about more lively than ever, which set the good priest to wondering just what kind of an appetite his (Turn to page 111)

An Alaskan Thaw

Paul C.
O'Connor, S. J.

THE cold has its rigors; it is merciless and cuts to the very bone. However, as far as low temperature is concerned, it may be just as bad in Montana and the Dakotas, but perhaps is not so prolonged. Those who have lived up here for any length of time prepare well for the Winter. As far as clothing is concerned, I think that no one dresses more warmly and comfortably. It is for this reason that during the long Winter, people in Alaska as a rule think less of the cold than one does of the heat in the States during Summer time. Of course, there are always honorable exceptions. I remember on one of my trips that the mercury hovered between fifteen and thirty below for two solid weeks. Without a wind this is ideal mushing weather. After a rather exhausting trip one day I finally reached a lonely mail cabin and was soon off for the land of nod. After a troubled sleep filled with dreams of blizzards and icebergs, I awoke chilled and stiff with the cold. An arctic blast had blown open the door of the cabin!

There is real danger, however, in a mid-winter Alaskan thaw. A dog musher fears this far more than the chill and numbness of the cold. Let me tell you an experience. We had had a good freeze-up along the lower Yukon. The river itself was a sheet of glass. All my native boys were having the time of their lives on homemade skates. Now, I thought, was the propitious moment to visit my stations up river. My last station was only a hundred miles away. The trail was absolutely ideal and the sky was cloudless and bluer than Italy's.

With a good team of nine dogs and a native guide,



Father O'Connor arrives home at Akulurak after a cold and exhausting trip.

I set out. We went with a flourish. The entire village lined up to see us go. They wished us Godspeed and off we went. My dogs had been hardened by two solid weeks of wood-pulling. They flew along the ice, not quite so swiftly, but far more romantically and picturesquely than a limousine along a paved boulevard.

AFTER an hour or so I gave the handlebars to my guide and settled back on the sled for a nice invigorating ride. I began to think that this Alaskan missionary life is not so bad as it is often painted! Here I was riding as comfortably as in a Pullman. Besides, there was no smoke or dust, no rumble or jar of wheels to spoil my journey.

My placid thoughts were soon to have a rude awakening. The mid-point of my journey up the Yukon had not been reached before I casually remarked to my silent guide that a day earlier would perhaps have been better. The fickle wind had shifted due south—the fun was soon to begin! With the south wind came a sudden change in temperature. Wind and hurtling rain soon followed. Off came my fur parky—a drill parky took its place. The rain fell in rivers. The snow vanished visibly before my eyes; huge drifts became limpid and sickly masses of slush. There was no use turning back. It was impossible to get wetter than I was. I had a sled cover that was supposed to be rain-proof. Well, it wasn't! Everything I owned was soaked except my Mass kit.

Although the wind and rain were thawing everything around me, they had no warming effect on my blood. Wet clothes next to the skin fanned by a howling wind produced a most refrigerating effect. I re-

"All my native boys were having the time of their lives on home-made skates."

(Turn to page 111)

Some Jesuit Explorers

James S.
McGivern, S. J.

DISCOVERY and exploration have ever been two words full, for the average person, of magic and of mystery. Around the names of explorers we weave a resplendent halo of glory and of renown. For it is but right and just that we give credit and honor and fame to those intrepid pioneers who, adventuring forth into the wilds of savage places, have been the guides and leaders of those, less daring, who have followed in their footsteps. Yet there are some who, for this reason or for that, we allow to slip into the limbo of forgotten things. Of a few such men I would like to treat in this article. They are Jesuit Fathers who worked and labored among the Montagnais Indians of the "Royal Saguenay." Their names are Fathers John de Quen, Claude Dablon, Gabriel Druillettes, Peter Bailloquet and Charles Albanel. Not that this short enumeration exhausts the list of missionaries who by their labors and journeyings among the tribes of the Saguenay Mission merit the title and fame of explorers—we need but recall the names of Father de Crepieul, Father Laure, or of Father de la Brosse to realize how sadly incomplete this list is.

IN general, before passing on to particular exploits of the different Fathers we have chosen for this article, we should perhaps give a brief account of what the missionaries did on the whole for the opening up of the country. We need not dwell on the fact that settlers and traders followed close in the steps of the missionary. But we shall dwell on the territory made known by the journeys of the Fathers. From Tadoussac as a center, the Jesuit Fathers in their travel went north

clear to Hudson Bay and east almost, if not actually, to the Labrador coast line. Every river in the land felt the gentle dip of their paddles and every lake in the whole "Royaume du Saguenay" mirrored back from their crystal surfaces the tired and weary but joyous countenance of the Blackrobes. The Peribonka River and the Ashwamuchuan, tributaries of Lake St. John, well knew the hurrying canoe of the anxious missionary hastening forth on a sick call that brooked no delay; so did many another stream in this little known country: the Manikouagan and the Outarde, the Betsiamis and the Mingan towards the east. And not a lake from Mistassini to Mishikamou but smiled as the Blackrobe paddled over its broad expanse. And let us note that all this work of exploration was done not, for itself, but principally for the purpose of carrying the Gospel to the furthest corners of the land.

NOW let us turn to the individual Fathers we named in the first paragraph of this article. It was in 1646 that the first of these, Father John de Quen, ascended the Saguenay River on a sick call to a nation of Indians who called themselves the Porcupines. Here is what he himself wrote to his Superior—a simple, bald, matter of fact narrative. "I embarked on the eleventh of July in a little bark canoe; we toiled during five days from daybreak to sunset, constantly paddling against the current or against the torrential stream which made us strain our sinews to the utmost in order to surmount them. We encountered on this journey ten portages, that is to say, we disembarked ten times in order to pass from one river to another or from (Turn to page 111)

"The Peribonka River (picture below) and the Ashwamuchuan, tributaries of Lake St. John, well knew the hurrying canoe of the anxious missionary hastening forth on a sick call. . ."



Mindanao Missions

Vincent I.
Kennally, S.J.

WITH full knowledge of the fact that the readers of **JESUIT MISSIONS** like names and places, I invite them to accompanying me on a tour of the missions entrusted to my charge in Mindanao, P. I.

First we will visit the island of Camiguin off the north coast, and the town of Mambajao where Father John Pollock is Pastor—also Vicar Forane of the island where there are five secular priests, easily the best cared for section of Mindanao. Mambajao is a good sized town thoroughly Catholic, and Father Pollock started right off this year with a complete seven grade school. There is also a private high school in the town which Father has more or less baptized and taken under his care. The ministerial work is tremendous, far beyond the capacity of one priest to handle, even a missionary of Father Pollock's zeal and ability.

Just across the narrow strait is Talisayan on the mainland of Mindanao. Father Alfred Kienle opened his brand new seven grade school here this year and maintains with a good deal of truth that it is the finest thing from Aparri to Jolo if not Bombay. He learned a lot about wood while building the school, and is willing to dispense the information to anyone who has a couple of hours to listen. Just recently almost one half of his parish, the part around Gingoog, was given to Father Ouano, the only secular priest in the diocese outside of those in Camiguin. Father Kienle still has a huge territory to cover, big enough in the dry season when the roads are passible, but now, most difficult to cover.

BALINGASAG, the next station, is the residence of Father Martin O'Shaughnessy—Father San Jose—to the people who find his Irish name a little difficult. Here again there is work enough for two men, with a seven grade school, a well managed system of catechism centers, the best church in this part of Mindanao and the most dilapidated *convento*—all the floors slant. Father Martin keeps smiling. Brother Augustin Sináyan is major-domo, guardian of the coconut groves, and grower of prize tomatoes.

Along the road further towards Cagayan is Jasaan, with the reputation of being the most Catholic mission we have. Father Vincent de P. O'Beirne took charge of it last February and has won the hearts of the people



Father Vincent I. Kennally, S.J., Superior of the Jesuit missions in Cagayan, Mindanao, P. I., with part of the catechism class from the barrio of Opol, carrying on despite severe Aglipayan opposition.

with his youthful zeal and good nature. Perhaps it is fitting that the most Catholic mission should also be the poorest, that would be Christ-like, and Jasaan is that. Yet there is a flourishing seven grade school. One of the industrial works of the school boys is the making of bricks which are later burned on a unique share-the-work system and used for completing the church. Father O'Beirne hopes some day to build a new school of bricks—the first little red brick school house of Mindanao.

Keeping on the provincial road, we come to Tagoloan, the station of the "big" Father David Daly, to distinguish him from the "little" Father Daly who is over in Jimenez in West Misamis. Father Daly, along with Father O'Shaughnessy and Father Kienle, celebrated his Silver Jubilee as a Jesuit this year, and the people gave him a splendid tribute of love and affection. Here again there is a full seven grade school set in the middle of a spacious plaza. Father David Daly has many mountain missions that have to be visited by horseback—he needs a big horse. With him in Tagoloan is Brother Emanuel Pascua, who not only can cook and manage the house, but also can run a neat vegetable garden and keep the electric dynamo functioning for lights on fiesta days.

BEFORE reaching Cagayan, we turn off now to the mountains and follow the road up to Malaybalay about a hundred kilometers distant. Malaybalay, the capital of Bukidnon, is the station of Father Joseph Lucas, veteran missionary. From its height he looks far to the south and east and west and sees no limit to his vast mission. This year he started a grade school with two grades which is functioning well and promises great things. Besides he manages two dormitories for

the boys and girls attending the Provincial Normal School. It is all new territory now, though it had been developed in Spanish times by Jesuits. It has lain so long fallow that it is like beginning all over again.

We turn and start back for Cagayan, but turn off the main road for a perilous trip through the canyon to visit Father Frederick Henfling at Sumilao. The smiling "little missionary of the mountains" will be there to greet us, and if we stay more than half an hour, there will surely be a *velada* by the Little Flower School children—all seven grades will have a share in it. Then we will see the orange grove and coffee plantation. Brother Paschal Aznar will take us out to San Isidro farm, about five kilometers further into the mountains, where bananas, coffee and coconuts flourish. It is hoped

that some day Sumilao will be able to supply a great deal of the food-stuffs needed by all the missions.

Skippping Cagayan for the present after we get back to the heat of the coast, we continue on to El Salvador, the mission station of Father Walter Hamilton. His big church, now badly in need of repair, is right on the road; next to it is the solid *convento* and across the street is his four grade school, and all along the front pounds the "loud sounding sea." Father Pedro Dimaano, who has been here as assistant since January, just received word to leave for Davao to take the place of the lamented Father Pio Martinez. Father Dimaano came here a little over a year ago from Davao and now goes back to his old station. We are certainly sorry to lose him from this section. Brother John Abrams is here also, and is busy now renovating the *convento*. Father Hamilton has perhaps the longest stretch of territory along the coast and certainly needs an assistant—but where is one to be found?

WE continue along the provincial road, go under the sign marking the division line of Oriental Misamis and Lanao and arrive, with a bit of luck, crossing the Mandalog on a *balsa*, at Iligan, the mission station of Father Andrew Hofmann. This is a very busy place and it needs a man of Father Hofmann's tremendous energy to keep it going. He built a big three story building for his seven grade school, but found he needed still more room, so has just finished a combination outdoor stage and Home Economics building which has more unique features than I can describe here. The next

thing on Father Hofmann's program is a much needed church, as the old one is not only outgrown with the increase of the Catholic population, but is falling apart anyway. Brother Anthony Herr is also at Iligan looking after the house and keeping things shipshape while Father Hofmann is away on his many missionary trips.

Dansalan, up in the hills, on the shore of beautiful Lake Lanao, is the mission station of Father Joseph Reith, right in the heart of Moro Land. Father Reith has done wonders with the place since he came here two years ago. His three grade school is in makeshift buildings at present, but he has the plans and the place to build a new school to take care of future growth. He also directs two dormitories for the boys and girls attending the Provincial High School. One of the most



Father James L. O'Neill, S.J., with a group of catechists of Lapasan, barrio of Cagayan, which up to three years ago was totally Aglipayan.

effective projects which he started was a circulating library and reading room under his dwelling quarters. This has proven most successful, especially in bringing him into contact with young men and the constabulary. There, that completes the houses connected with this *residencia* of Cagayan, so let's get back to headquarters.

IN Cagayan we have the Most Reverend Bishop James T. G. Hayes, S.J., who recently moved into his new house next to the Cathedral—the Church of St. Augustine became a Cathedral when the Bishop was consecrated, but it is still an old church very much in need of repair. With the Bishop in his house lives Father George Kirchgessner who is secretary to the Bishop and Dean of the Ateneo de Cagayan. The Ateneo is the high school for boys, now in its third year, which this June moved into its new concrete building, easily the most outstanding edifice in Cagayan. On the other side of the Cathedral is the old *convento*. Yours truly has been living there since landing on these shores, first as assistant to Father Lucas and then succeeding him as Pastor. Father Francisco Portas is also stationed in Cagayan, but his weak health keeps him out of any very active work. He has been a great (Turn to page 111)

Christ in the Hills

Joseph M.
Krim, S.J.



TELEGRAM—prosaic enough—was handed to me while doing the routine work of our Cathedral parish here in Kingston. "Sick call Above Rocks stop at Mission." So the wheezing Ford is coaxed from the garage and away we go to the hills. The "we" includes the chauffeur, a Boy Scout, the Christ of the Hills, and His human bearer. The chauffeur saw only the prosaic side of that telegram and its inconvenience in depriving him of an afternoon siesta. The Boy Scout saw an opportunity for winning the Missionary Badge—for being Catholic Scouts I decided that certain requisites be added to the regular requirements of the Scout organization. Among these requisites was the ability to serve Mass, set a sick room in order for the priest, accompany the priest on a real sick call and other such qualifications. So our Scout aimed a little higher than our chauffeur and, I'm quite sure, also caught something of the mystery of this call to the hills.

For such is every sick call—a mystery of grace. That telegram, like thousands of others throughout the mission lands of the world, began another Divine Romance. The Christ of the Hills was again searching in an eternal vigil for an immortal soul. "He looks down upon the mountains" and in some out-of-the-way fold of the hills, He sees a soul coming to the end of the circle that is life and nearing her destiny. He must be near to aid her.



Father Joseph M. Krim, S.J., the Christopher who carried Christ into the hills.

The first part of that journey was a succession of bumps. Matins for the feast of Saint Theresa of Avila was read but not without difficulty. The psalms kept bouncing up and down on the page and some of the verses seemed to have a subtle meaning suited to the occasion. "*Fiat via illorum tenebrae et lubricum: et Angelus Domini persequens eos*"—"Let their way become dark and slippery; and let the Angel of the Lord pursue them."

A LITTLE black girl meets us at the Mission Headquarters. She is to be our guide because it is "er hontie, sah, what is sick" and we are to cross a river and wind our way through the hills. She points to a speck over the second range of hills. Then our human compass starts ahead. Having traversed that itinerary quite often and being quite anxious to have her hill friends notice the procession, our black friend, Vera, hits up a good speed. My Boy Scout is lame but, with that Missionary Badge dangling before his eyes, he also joins in the fast pace. Much to my discomfiture I admit silently that they both surpass me in the endurance of hill-climbing. So in a short while I am imitating the old Ford car in wheezing and "steaming up." The sun is "plenty 'ot" and the cool water of the narrow river proves a delightful change. We wade across sans shoes and socks, and like Christopher, (Turn to page 112)

It was in an out of the way fold in these hills that Christ saw a dying soul and came to her.

The Terrible Hoang-Ho

Ernest Lalande, S.J.

FLOODS in China are rather of common occurrence. Every year or thereabout either the Yang-tse Kiang or the Hoang-Ho must have its toll of human lives and like a stampede of wild elephants ransack all that comes before it, leaving behind destruction and desolation. Last Fall, Süchow was the unfortunate victim, and though months have passed since the breaking loose of the terrible Hoang-Ho, Süchow is still in the grasp of China's uncontrollable and unmerciful tyrant.

Wutwan is the home of two missionaries of the Canadian Jesuits' China Mission. Because of its situation, in the northwest of the mission, near Lake Weichan, it was in the very path and, of course, the easy prey of the treacherous waters. For a while it was hoped that the lake with its reenforced and heightened embankments on which thousands of men had been working day and night would hold back the threatening calamity. But unfortunately the mud embankments were too weak and could not resist the pressure of both the water and a strong wind, and so, during the night of September the eleventh, the whole town of Wutwan was awakened to the cries of "Shuei lae! Shuei lae!" ("The water is coming! The water is coming!")

Our two missionaries had evidently foreseen the coming disaster, but when the danger had left the domain of possibility to take the one of actual reality, it became necessary for them to rush the last minute preparations.

FIRST the door of the wall surrounding the property was tightly closed and bags of dirt were pressed near the fissures, and high enough to prevent the water from coming in. Then all the food and grain were taken out of the storehouse and carried to the attic of the rectory. Because of lack of space there, the rooms and corridors were filled with the many other things that had to be saved. During this time the water had reached the T'ien Tchu T'ang, and was pressing close to the wall, forcing an entrance here and there. The bags of dirt that had been piled near the door were rapidly weakening and were soon nothing else but bags of mud, clumsy to handle and totally unfit for the purpose for which they had been put there. More dirt was brought but it was all to no avail. The water which had been coming in little streamlets was now rushing in like regular streams, and in no time the whole enclosure was flooded in three to four feet of water.



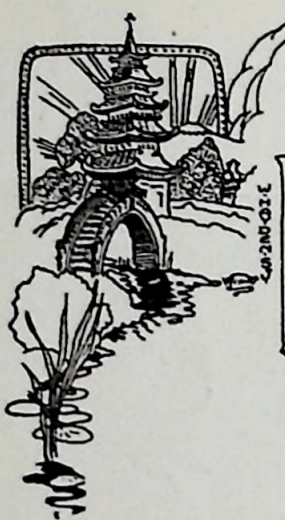
"Meanwhile in the village the mud houses were crumbling down one after the other."

By this time most of the foodstuff, furniture and so forth had been put in places of safety. Suddenly someone realized that there were still three mules and five goats. After a short deliberation it was decided to put the mules in the first floor of the rectory in what had been the refectory and parlor, and the goats were given a little corner on an elevated verandah connecting the church and rectory.

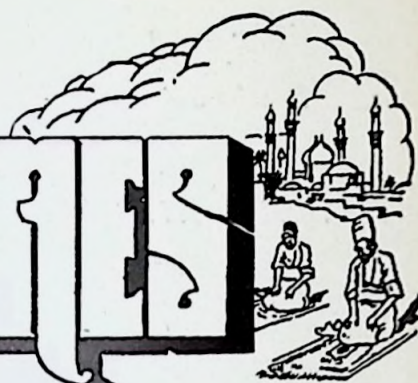
MEANWHILE in the village the mud houses were crumbling down one after the other. Some of the inhabitants fortunate enough to have a small junk or a float of some kind, were paddling to and fro picking up floating furniture, kitchen utensils and so forth. The more unfortunate ones, still clinging to their homes, had climbed on the roof, and while still holding on to their few things of use and value, were waiting for succor and food.

Since the terrible catastrophe, the village is gradually being depopulated. As the water will not disappear before at least six months, that will mean no crop in the coming Spring, and no crop means famine and death. It is, therefore, with inconceivable pity that our two missionaries gaze upon this scene of destruction. Though some financial help has come, it is far from being enough to provide for thousands who have been left homeless.

It was in the midst of this calamity that Süchow's first Vicar Apostolic, the Rt. Rev. Monsignor Philippe Côté, S.J., was consecrated at Süchow on September 29. Because of the dire straits of thousands of his flock, he asked that the ceremonies of his consecration be reduced to their greatest simplicity. It was not fit, he said, that there should be too much rejoicing on account of him while thousands of his children were crying because of lack of food and shelter, and were facing starvation.



FROM MANY QUARTERS



PROGRESS ON THE MISSION FIELD

Mrs. Sanger is Rebuked in India

Mrs. Margaret Sanger and implicitly the little wilful group of Protestant Ministers and Jewish Rabbis who follow in her ignoble train were flayed publicly at a mass meeting in Madras, India, held under the auspices of the Madras Catholic Truth Propagation League, at which were present the Archbishop of Madras and Rao Bahadur A. T. Pannirselvan, home member of the Madras Government. Mr. S. Satyamurthy, a prominent political leader and member of the Imperial Legislative Assembly presided at the meeting and vigorously condemned the propaganda spread by Mrs. Sanger and Mrs. Howe-Martyn. "To suggest that you must interfere with the laws of God," he said in his opening remarks, "and try to practise birth control in order to limit the number of your children is, I say, flying against the laws of God; it is almost blasphemy. All those who have humility based on knowledge will agree with me that there is ample evidence that nature's most stupendous task, the creation of human beings, is governed by laws which no mere man can understand.

"There are enough Indians and friends of India settled in this country permanently who might be allowed to tackle this problem according to their own native intelligence and good sense of right and wrong; it must not be made a plaything of people who have nothing else to do than to travel about the world preaching their nostrums . . .

"Food supplies can be produced much more rapidly than population. The nutriment of the earth can never be exhausted by man, for man comes with nothing into this world and goes out of it with nothing. Today, while millions starve, tons of fish are being thrown into the sea and tons of coffee and cereals are being burnt. It is a mad world in which we are living."

One Hundred and Seventy-Six Missionaries Leave Ireland

Between November, 1934, and November, 1935, one hundred and seventy-six priests, Brothers and Sisters left Ireland for foreign missions in various parts of the world. Of this number, forty-nine were veterans returning to

their fields of labor after a furlough in the homeland; the others are beginning their missionary career.

A feeble old native woman, aged eighty, arrived at Cape Coast, December 8, after journeying more than one hundred miles from her home in the bush to be present at the ordination of her grandson, Reverend George Ansah. Fathers George Ansah and Francis Menyah, the first priests of the Fanti-Akan tribes, were ordained by Bishop William Porter; they will work with the Fathers of the African Missions of Lyons in the Vicariate Apostolic of the Gold Coast.

A new Carrier of the Cross

During a reception given in Father Ansah's honor at Elmina, his native town, an aged non-Catholic lady presented him with a gold cross. "Take this little cross," she said, "as a token of my appreciation on the day on which you have accepted to carry our cross for us for the love of Christ."

The following decree was issued in November last by the Ministry of Public Instruction to all Directors of schools throughout the Japanese Empire. The following is a translation from the Japanese:

A Lesson from the East for the West

1. Confessional religious training in the family is based naturally on the religious faith and influenced by the life of the religious groups. Education in the schools, however, is to maintain an impartial attitude towards the religious groups. . . .

Even though it is not allowed to give confessional education in the schools, it is, however, very necessary to take advantage of the means offered by scholastic education to foster religious sentiment for the sake of training the character. . . .

(a) In the teaching of morals, rights and duties, the religious side must be given particular consideration.

(b) In philosophical teaching, attention should be given, first of all, to the deepening of religious knowledge and to the care of the religious sentiment.

(c) In teaching the history of the fatherland, particular emphasis is to be

laid on the influence which religion has exercised on the culture of the country and on its great men. Biographies of great religious thinkers should be brought to the attention of the students.

(d) In the teaching of other subjects, the religious side must be considered, so far as possible, in the manner and degree in which it is affected by the matter under discussion.

(e) It is strongly recommended that students be given fitting religious literature and other material for training the character.

(f) Memorial festivals of the dead, student meetings, excursions, and trips should be employed in fostering the religious sentiment.

(g) Conferences on the formation of the characters of men of high spirituality and exceptional morality furnish another means, and they may be held when they do not interfere with the teaching. A proper direction and an attitude of broad vision are recommended for teachers and students in the study of religion.

(h) In carrying out these points, special care must be taken to avoid an exclusivist stand on any particular religious form.

Conversions in Aurora University, China

Five students and two graduates of the Aurora University, an institution conducted by the Jesuits at Shanghai, were baptized at the University on Christmas Day. One of the graduates, Dr. Ko King, who received his degree in 1934, is on the staff of St. Mary's Hospital, Shanghai. The other, Dr. Lieou Yong Choen, finished his studies in 1922, and since then has been attached to the Neurological Clinic of Strassbourg, and has held the post of Service Chief at the Pasteur Institute in Saigon. At the present moment he is in charge of the Department of Microbiology at the Municipal Laboratory of Shanghai. His wife and three children were baptized also.

Three other Chinese medical men, former students of the Aurora, were received into the Church recently, viz., Dr. Li Keou-kaio, Head Doctor of the Lao-hokow Hospital, Dr. Tchen Kia-ping, of the staff of the Catholic Hospital of Suiyuan, and Dr. Fou Tchong-Tao, now practicing at Wuchang.

The Khrist Raja "Ramblers"

John S.
O'Connor, S.J.

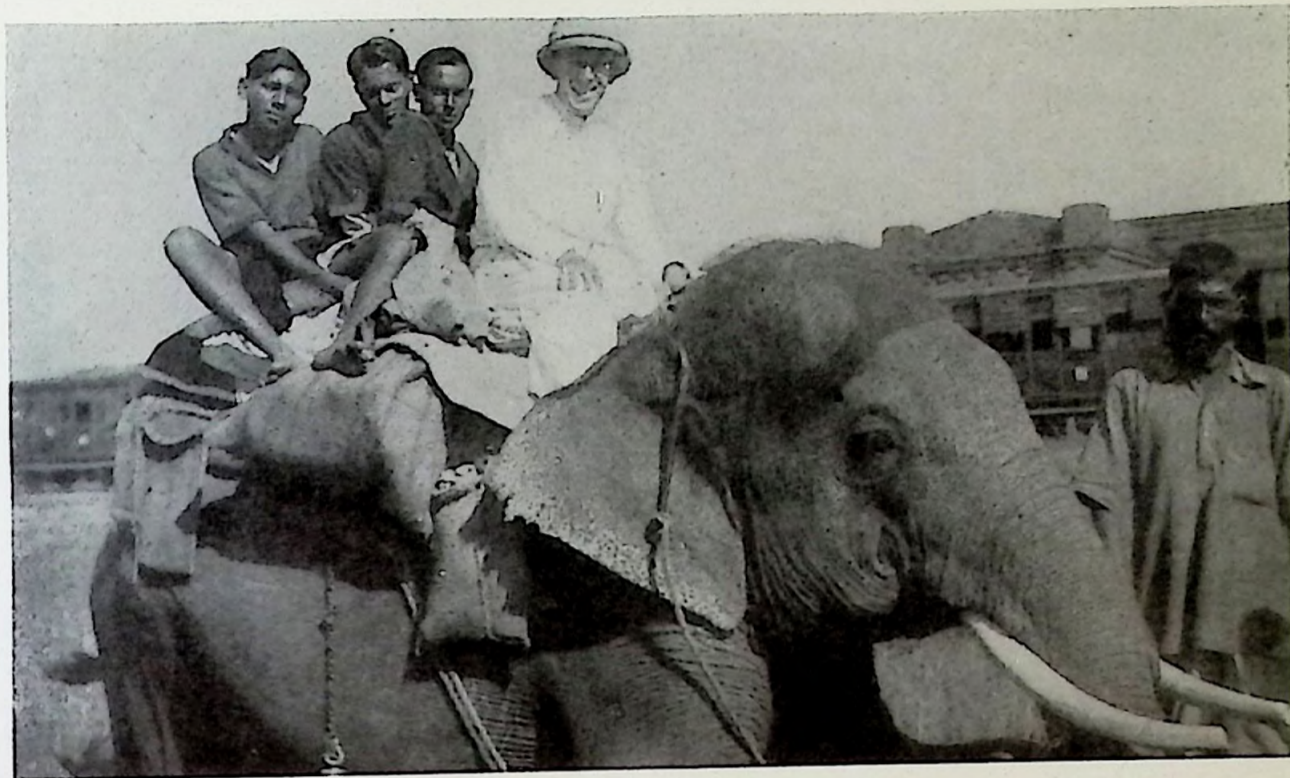


HE title of this article popped into my mind when I was reading a letter which the mailman brought me last week. The letter gave the scores of some of the Notre Dame "Ramblers" football games, including the thrilling victory over Ohio State.

Khrist Raja High School at Bettiah, Patna Mission, India, also has a football team, but not the American variety. Over here in Patna, football means soccer football. The Khrist Raja "Ramblers," coached by Mr. E. H. Niesen, S.J., do not play intersectional games with Bombay or Calcutta teams, but they do play other high school teams in Champaran District, which is about the same size as the Diocese of Toledo, Ohio. During the last season our team set up a good record, losing only two of the scheduled games.

The Irish "Ramblers" of Notre Dame gained fame for their traveling Pullman classroom in which they studied on their jaunts from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Our Indian "Ramblers" of Khrist Raja have no Pullman classroom to help them gain fame, but during the 1935 season they used about every sort of conveyance that is usable, including railways (in third class carriages), motor cars (Canadian Fords), bicycles (English and Japanese brands), ox-carts (pure Indian manufacture), foot (their own) and last but not least, elephants (belonging to a minor raja of the District). The last mode of travel was used on a trip from the railway junction of Narkatiaganj to the back-in-the-jungle village of Sabeya. The two and a half hour ride on the backs of swaying pachyderms did not in the least impair the team's playing. We recommend such a ride to the Notre Dame "Ramblers."

THE coach and managers of the Notre Dame team have to worry about shoulder pads, knee guards, heavy football shoes, and a variety of equipment for the members of the squad. Not so, here. All that is required is a good soccer ball, and, if you want the appearance of the team to reflect some credit on the school, a simple uniform consisting of a colored jersey and a pair of Boy Scout shorts for each player. The balls are a bit expensive but the uniforms are cheap. This year we equipped the fifteen members for the sum of ten dollars.



Even the elephants of Patna Mission, India, shared in the transportation of Edward H. Niesen, S.J., and his Khrist Raja "Ramblers."

The Khrist Raja coach has no worries about football shoes, as the boys play in their bare feet. It is surprising how well they can control the ball with their big toes. During one of the practice sessions, Mr. Niesen wished to demonstrate the execution of a particular play, and not wishing to injure any of the players with his shoes, tried to give directions in his stocking feet. One kick at the ball was enough. For a few days afterwards he was nursing a sprained toe.

THE Khrist Raja football season did not end in the Rose Bowl this year, but the finale caused a proportionate stirring in Champaran District. Mr. Niesen organized the First Annual Khrist Raja Cup Competition for all the Middle English Schools of Champaran District. Middle English Schools correspond roughly to the Grade Schools of the States. The tourney was quite a success. Thirty teams numbering about three hundred and fifty boys entered the competition. During the days of the play they were the guests of Khrist Raja. This was made possible through the capable organizing of Mr. Niesen, who arranged with local merchants and friends to provide the meals (rice, curry and *dal*) for the boys. All the members of visiting teams were very much impressed with the school, and many have signified their intention of making their high school studies here. If all of them carry out their intentions we shall have an overflowing First High class when school opens on the second of January.

The Khrist Raja "Ramblers" brought the season to a close with the tournament. It is now the season of field hockey and basketball. Like all the Jesuit schools throughout the world, we try to give the boys a healthy program of athletics so as to develop not only the *mens sana* but also the *corpus sanum*.

Mamanga The



John G. Lange, S.J., on "Swami Rock," a precipitous cliff at Trincomalie, Ceylon, which is given religious reverence by Hindus and others.

ONE day, so the legend says, the monkey god Hanumar came to grief at the hands of mischievous practical jokers, who, in very bad taste, set fire to his divine tail. So, in high dudgeon, and with a certain amount of indecorous haste, no doubt, the deity betook himself to a certain tank in Amurthakali to bathe his tail and cool his wounded spirits. He recovered, and peace was patched up, because, after all, the deed had been done in a good cause. In fact, the whole thing came about in this way: Rama, with his bold brother Lakshimana, had come to the stronghold of Ravvena to regain his stolen betrothed, Seetha. In order to drive the foe from their town, the generals had secured the services of the anthropoid, to whose tail a lighted torch had been tied, and who was to go about setting fire to the houses.

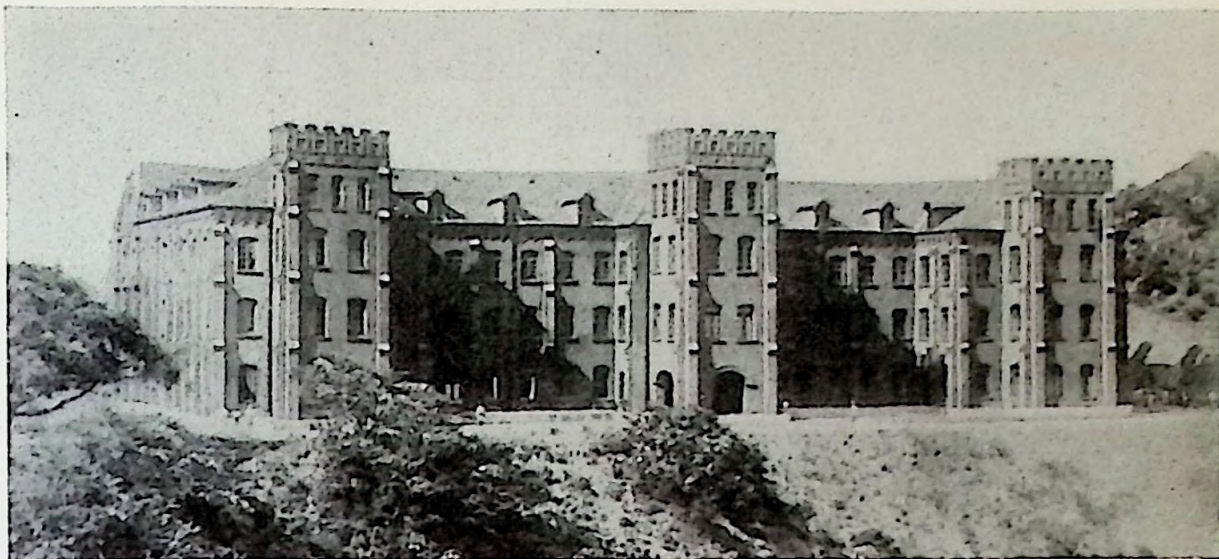
The worshippers of Pillaiyar, therefore, considering that some very decisive steps should be taken to set things right with His Simian Majesty, soon afterwards erected a temple at Amurthakali, in which they enshrined the bullock-god, Pillaiyar, and from which place easy access was had to the tank where the holy Hanumar had soothed the fiery pangs of his maltreated caudal extremity. The waters of that tank were soon found to have the remarkable power of absolving (or dissolving, maybe) sin—at least once a year, on the feast of Mamanga Theertam. Soon great devotion sprang up; a *Teethakkei* was established for the day of the new moon in July or August, and pilgrimages are made, in which the faithful travel great distances on foot in the sweltering July heat, carrying the babies on the family grownups' hips, or in the family bullock cart.

PREPARATIONS begin weeks ahead of time. The merchants order (or "get down," as the Anglo-Ceylonese expression goes) all kinds of trinkets, odds

and ends. The brewers are there with arrack and toddy (distilled from cocoanut juice), their aerated soda water and their Ceylon tea, their unnamed and unnamable native beverages. The village farmers come with sticks of sugar cane, with indigenous fruits, vegetables, and *cheny* products. The confectioners set up their trays loaded with all sorts of twisted and knotted sugar candies, white, red, green, black—things that look like fudge,—but, just dissolve one of those little packages in a mere swimming tank of water, and you'd have enough high-powered rat poison to kill every stray dog in Chicago! Oh, yes; there are the potters with their clay pots of every size and capacity, any one of which you can buy for a few cents. Nothing for keeping water cool like a nice red clay *cusa*; and the family rice tastes best when boiled by the sack in one of these cavernous crocks. Yonder is the inevitable betel salesman, with his heap of green betel leaves, his areca nuts, lime and all the other choice ingredients that enter into the native composition of a "chew." The juice of the concoction is blood-red in color, dying teeth and lips to a lurid vermilion.

But, my dear, don't envision to yourself rows of neat orderly booths, ranged along a rigidly straight and orderly hall! That might be perfect for a Century of Progress Exhibition, but it's nothing for the jungle. The booths here are mere temporary huts of palm-thatch erected on either side of a sandy path. And two-thirds of your shopping must be done on the ground, where squat the vendors and bark the barkers and wail the barkers' naked children. Why, it wouldn't be any time before you would be sticking your foot in a tray of sweets that had cost some old hag days and nights of hard toil in preparing them for market! And furthermore, nothing takes care of itself at the bazaar. If a man wants a fighting chance to keep his feet and save his eyes from the protruding butts of long stalks of sugar cane, or from the six-inch dagger with which some casual gentleman is distractedly peeling himself off a piece of the same, and if he doesn't want a nasty red quid of betel-juice "squeeted" on his white shoes—he's certainly got to keep both hands going, give nudge for nudge, and hop nimbly. As for the heat, the smells, the sounds—let's just skip that part!

BUT we must not leave out the snake charmers. In fact, I would prefer to leave out the beggars (even the "song and dance" beggars), the tricksters, the fakirs,—rather omit any one of these than the snake charmers. There are four of them, two with and two without beards, unkempt, wild, savage-looking fellows with their pets enclosed in round, wicker baskets and carried in a sack slung over the shoulder. Of course, they are armed with the so-called flute, a special instrument fashioned from a dry gourd. They squat down on the ground before their wicker cages. With an air of confidence, two of the artists open their baskets, start a weird wailing melody on the flutes, rap on the basket, go through all sorts of antics just to make it look hard, and the next thing you know, two big cobras are standing up looking at you with their hoods spread wide, and swaying their heads gracefully. But one of the two is cross; he slumps down on the ground, darts at the bare shanks of his squatting master, and gives every evidence of being annoyed. "He is hungry," and that's the end of it. He is picked up and dumped unceremoniously into his cage, with many a strike and much darting of forked tongues. Number three says his reptile is sick, or hungry, or angry—or something; and so he cannot perform. Then the fourth of the gallant quartette steps forward. He is an oldster, with a bushy grey beard, and a very convincing air. No flute, no ceremony of any kind, no feigned dodging or showmanly whatsoever. He simply opens the basket, stands the cobra up on his tail, and with the greatest of nonchalance waves his finger back and forth in front of the deadly reptile's nose, as though it were a mere



The Papal Seminary at Kandy, Ceylon, where native sons of Ceylon and India are educated to the priesthood. Through their apostolic labors the people will come to know the folly of such pagan worship as is narrated in this article, and will adore the One True God.

kitten, while his charge performs a perfect rendition of the cobra two-step.

FINALLY, we arrive at the mid-point of the bazaar and find ourselves on the edge of the tank, or pool. It's a very sorry-looking tank now, after six months of continual drought. A small puddle, knee-deep, and covering an area no larger than a double tennis court is all that remains of the holy sin-shriving pool of Amurthakali. Along its brink, squatting on mats under the shade of their umbrellas, are the Brahmins from India, receiving the alms which the faithful offer in memory of their dead relatives. These priests are easily recognized by their shaven heads, on which a top-knot is gathered into a "bun" at the back (I think that's what the ladies of the '90's called it), by the castemarks of sacred ashes, by the strings of beads encircling their necks, and, above all, by the impassivity of their contemplative faces. Some of them seem to be special favorites. They are surrounded by heaps of *paddy* (raw rice), fruits, vegetables, betel, and whatever else the faithful can offer for the souls of their departed ones.

Just before the temple, we find the *kavardi*, the penitents, with an elaborately decorated structure built over their heads, to mark them off. The structure is not a head-dress, nor yet a yoke, but something resembling both, and decorated with peacock feathers; it rests on the shoulders and is supported over the head by the hands. The skin of the *kavardi's* back is pierced with as many as four hundred sharp hooks and pins, and a kind of guy wire hooked through the flesh of the back

serves as a leash by which he is held in check by an attendant. The idea, it seems, is partly penance, and partly to manifest the wonderful power of the Hindu deity, Saiva, who inspires ordinary mortals to do this wonderful feat, relieves them of pain, and heals up the wounds within three or four days after the feast. These holy persons have made a "wow" (as the Anglo-Ceylonese version of *vow* goes) to do this. They are regarded with the highest respect and admiration by their co-religionists. They are permitted to dance the devil-dance in the courts of the temple. Some of them have come a long distance, tugging and straining at the guy wires like mettlesome horses.

FINALLY comes the climax of the whole proceeding: the procession, or *thiruvilla*. At an hour, the fixing of which is astrologically calculated, the gaily painted and elaborately decorated wooden bullock, bearing the elephant-headed deity Pillaiyar, is raised to the shoulders of its privileged bearers, and, preceded by the devil-dancers and musicians, sets off down the sandy path, accompanied, by hoarse but fervent cries of "Arohara! Arohara!" The uproar is tremendous. The excited shouting, the fireworks, the turmoil as the procession passes through the bazaar where the haggling and bickering of buyers and sellers sound along with the prayers of the worshippers, the crowding and pushing to gain a place near the idol—what a sight! The idol is borne to the sacred pool and given its ritual ablutions in the stagnant water by the attendant priests, after which the faithful swarm into the puddle and immerse as much of themselves as possible beneath the muddy waters. Those who cannot reach the water itself, take some of the mud from the bank, or some clods from the dry bed, and place that on their head. The din continues, with loud prayers for absolution.

Jesuits of the New Orleans Province, assembled at St. Michael's College, Batticaloa, before three of them left to take up the study of theology elsewhere. Seated, left to right: Murray W. Spengler, S.J., Father Edward T. Cassidy, S.J., and John J. O'Connor, S.J. Standing: Lawrence Barras, S.J., and Ignatius T. Glennie, S.J.

Then, proceeding to some sort of repository, *illuparu mandapum*, as it is called (a small pavilion like a band stand), the procession comes to a final halt. Under the direction of the high priest, *thallamei* (Turn to page 112)



JESUIT MISSIONS

A MAGAZINE OF APOSTOLIC ENDEAVOR

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Easter on the Missions

ST. JOHN has told us that the story of the Resurrection has been recorded in order that man might know that Jesus was the Christ, the Son of the Living God, and that by believing he might have life in His Name. Yet today the outstanding challenge to the Catholic clergy and laity is the indisputable and tragic fact that more than one billion souls do not know this central truth of the world's Redemption. More than one billion souls still vaguely search the skies for the dawn of the day which the Lord hath made; still wait for the promises of the Resurrection. And if they do not know, how can they believe? And if they do not believe, then how can they have life in His Name? Often steeped in sin and broken in body, their lives are like that of a shuttlecock struck with alternate fear and despair. This is that tide of oriental ignorance which for a century has been pounding against the shores of America, sounding its plea for at least a glimpse of the Light of Easter. Today, more insistently than ever before, this pitiful call is heard across one thousand leagues of ocean. It is the call of God. It must be heeded. The Divine Plan of Our Risen Lord must be accomplished and that Divine Plan is—who shall deny it—that the Gentiles whom His Father gave Him for an inheritance might share in our Easter heritage of hope, that they might hear the promises of the Resurrection, the promise of Redemption from sin and hell, the promise of the resurrection of the body, the promise of immortality, the promise of everlasting life. "I am the Resurrection and the Life. He that believeth in Me, even though dead, shall live."

A Poem for Our Lady

IT is the desire of JESUIT MISSIONS to cooperate with the "Poem for Our Lady" contest now being sponsored by the Literary Editor of *America*, Father Francis X. Talbot, S.J., and to that end as well as for the infor-

mation of our readers, we quote the conditions governing the awards. Briefly stated they are as follows:

1. Any poet, Catholic and non-Catholic, in North America, may submit poems.
2. Each poet is allowed to offer three poems. The name and address of the poet should be written on an appended page.
3. The poems must be original and must not have been previously published in any periodical or book. The America Press reserves the right to publish in *America*, any poem submitted; and also reserves book-rights to any poem that will be accepted.

4. The poem must be written in honor of Mary, the Mother of God.

5. The length must not exceed fifty lines.

6. The poems must have been received or must be post-marked on or before Sunday, May 31, 1936.

7. All entries should be addressed to Francis Talbot, S.J., Literary Editor of *America*, and should be specified to be a "Poem for Our Lady."

8. The chairman of the board of judges will be the Literary Editor of *America*. He will be assisted by four other judges whose names will be revealed later.

9. The poet whose poem has been deemed the best by the board of judges will be awarded an honorarium of \$100.00. The poet whose poem was deemed the second best will be awarded an honorarium of \$50.00.

The awards have been donated by a lady who though inarticulate herself wishes at least vicariously through someone's poetic genius to honor the Mother of all mankind. The office of Jesuit Mission Press, Inc., is a conning tower from whose windows the Editors not only may overlook the sidewalks of New York but also in spirit television the pitiable plight of myriad souls on the mission fields of the world who know not Mary, Mother of Mercy, *Our Life*, *Our Sweetness* and *Our Hope*. We pray that some contestant who may happen to peruse the pages of this unique story-pictorial may be inspired to dedicate his or her offering to the Madonna of the Missions.

A Unique Foreign Missionary

IT is with the greatest of pleasure that we welcome the news, received from the Dominican Fathers, of the progress of the cause of Blessed Martin de Porres, a Dominican Negro Lay Brother. This saintly Brother lived three hundred years ago and passed all his life in South America. He always yearned to bring the glad tidings of the Gospel to the heathens in distant lands, but his vocation called him to relieve the suffering and distress among the poor of Lima's teeming population. The miraculous power of bilocation on more than one occasion is attributed to the holy Brother, and the miracle seems to be well substantiated. But not only are wonders attributed to him at the time he lived on earth, but his merciful benefactions to the sick and the afflicted are evidenced here in the United States in our own day. May we not hope that this Negro Religious of the Order of St. Dominic will soon be raised to the altar of sanctity? What an impulse this would give to the Negro apostolate in the United States!

THE MISSION INTENTION

The Multiplication of Works of Charity Upon the Mission Field

PAGANISM today sees in the advance of Christianity a menace to its own progress, and in retaliation brands as deceitful and disloyal all proselytism that hides itself beneath the mantle of charity. A recent case in point is that of the Untouchables in a little Indian village of Kavitha. True it is that in proportion to the seventy million Untouchables in India, those in Kavitha are as a handful, but the issue is the same. Because Christianity offers these same Untouchables the very privileges which Gandhi himself is fighting for, the Mahatma immediately senses a suspiciously ulterior motive. In reply to Mr. Gandhi, the valiant Archbishop of Madras, Monsignor L. Matthias, said: "The Mahatma would have us to confine our activities to humanitarian service without the ulterior motive of converting India. We do not make any secret of the fact that our first and chief motive and not merely an ulterior motive is to conquer India for Christ,—not only the unsophisticated villagers, but all men of good will."

How do Catholics view the works of charity in relation to conversion? The Catholic answer is manifold. In accordance with the reply of Archbishop Matthias, Catholics know and believe that they have received an order from Christ to convert the world. Their missions exist precisely and only in order that they might preach the Creed. Now preaching presupposes an audience. Let us presume that a missionary starts a mission and opens a church, but that nobody comes. He begins a course in religion but finds no listeners. He distributes tracts and pamphlets but discovers that he is merely casting them away. He can make no contact, can win no confidence from the pagans. What shall he do to attract attention and to win sympathy? Shall he lay himself upon a bed of nails and play the fakir; shall he put on a phonograph record; shall he run a movie act; shall he open a circus; shall he beat a bass drum through the streets like a Salvation Army lassie? Certainly, in this way he would win attention, but by no means either the benevolence or the confidence that leads to the conversion of a soul. To do this latter, he must heal the sick, feed the hungry, give drink to the thirsty, care for the orphans, protect the exploited and open schools for the young who are eager to learn. Often enough, the poor pagan cannot understand what theologians call "the motives of credibility," but he can understand charity and the work of a Sister in a hospital as well as of a missionary who pleads his cause against a usurer. Charity is not only an argument in favor of Christianity, it is Christianity in action. It reduces the Creed to deeds before formulating it into articles. It is not a mask but the true semblance of Christ. It does not exclude the action of the catechumen's own free will without which there can be no true conversion. Charity in act is an external grace of God leading to that internal grace which will illumine the intelligence and strengthen the will of the poor pagan in order that he may understand the truth and accept it gladly as God's greatest gift to man. Pray for acts of charity upon the mission field.

COMMUNICATIONS

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

Catholic Books Are Useful on the Missions

To the Editor of JESUIT MISSIONS:

I read your request for old books in the January issue of the JESUIT MISSIONS. As I am a graduate of a Catholic grammar school and am part way through Loyola Academy here in Chicago, I have many Catholic books, some text books and some fiction. I would appreciate it if you would let me know where I could send these books. As I work in the Cudahy library here, I am well acquainted with your fine publication and I would like to commend and compliment you on your splendid work.

Chicago, Illinois.

Robert Wallace.

The Spirit of Spanish Colonization

To the Editor of JESUIT MISSIONS:

Apropos of your excellent statuary group of Legaspi and Urdaneta, on page 46 of the February JESUIT MISSIONS, did you know that this group expresses very beautifully the whole spirit of Spanish colonization? Legaspi was the Commander-in-Chief of the Spanish expedition that entered the Philippines in 1565, and Urdaneta, the Superior of the Spanish Augustinian Friars who accompanied the expedition. Legaspi stands in heroic pose, his right foot advanced, holding aloft in his hand the Royal Banner of Spain; and Urdaneta, with his right foot slightly in advance of the left foot of Legaspi, holds aloft in his right hand and in advance of the Royal Banner of Spain, the Royal Banner of Christ, the Cross. This was the spirit with which Spain sent forth its expedition, i.e., not only to extend its territories, but to bring Christ to nations still sitting in pagan darkness! As Mr. Romulo, receiving a degree lately from Notre Dame University, said so beautifully, "to bring subjects to the King, but souls to Christ."

At times, too, there is question of the Beatification of Columbus, and one of the reasons offered for the Beatification is, the motive which urged him to seek the new way to the Indies—to bring souls to Christ.

Should not this spirit of Spain arouse the generosity of our American Catholics to help keep alive in the Philippines the Faith which Urdaneta and his zealous brother Augustinians were the first to plant there?

Washington, D. C.

Rev. J. J. Thompkins, S.J.

JESUIT MISSIONS A Treat in the Home

To the Editor of JESUIT MISSIONS:

Your magazine is one we look forward to with a great deal of pleasure. I read it from cover to cover and enjoy every article. I am sending some scrapbooks which I have made up for the missions. These contain pictures for children and also some that would interest adults. I hope that these scrapbooks will be found useful on the missions.

Grace, Mississippi.

Mrs. Bernard Tonnar.

Encouraging A Vocation

To the Editor of JESUIT MISSIONS:

Please accept my check in payment for a one year subscription to JESUIT MISSIONS to be mailed to the name and address enclosed. The writer is a regular subscriber at this time and enjoys greatly having such a splendid magazine come to our home. The lad to whom I am having the enclosed subscription sent seems to have a calling, but is poor, and the town in which he lives can offer no encouragement to speak of that would greatly help on a vocation. Your prayers for this lad will be greatly appreciated.

Susanville, California.

W. A. Banigan.

One Who Understands the Gift of Faith

To the Editor of JESUIT MISSIONS:

JESUIT MISSIONS is one magazine I enjoy very much and has made me realize my duty to help those in home and foreign missions who have not been blessed with the priceless gift of our Holy Faith. Assuring you of my remembrance of the missions and you in my prayers, I am, respectfully yours.

St. Louis, Missouri.

(Miss) Ida Hollander.

Nagasaki—

“THE Eucharistic Congress here (in Manila) . . . will have as one of its chief ends the conversion of pagans in the Far East.” So the Bishops of the Philippine Islands wrote concerning the XXXIII International Eucharistic Congress in their joint pastoral letter to their Catholic subjects. And Catholic Americans are urged to join the JESUIT MISSIONS Pilgrimage to the Eucharistic Congress in Manila, P. I., in 1937, that they may have a part in that conversion of the Far East.

Japan today is a nation of 68,000,000 inhabitants. But Japan today is a pagan nation with less than two tenths of one per cent of its population who are Catholics. What a sad contrast to those days of the early seventeenth century when Catholics in Japan numbered about 1,800,000! And today they number only 100,000! What has happened? Why is the Church of the 20th Century so far behind the Church of the 17th Century? One word gives the answer—Persecution!

When the Eucharistic Congress pilgrims, on their return journey, come to a stop at Nagasaki, they must not be deceived by the appearances of things. At first sight they'll see little or nothing of attraction in that coal-ing station. But Nagasaki has a story to tell. If in the minds of worldly travelers it is an unimportant port of call, in the minds of Catholic Pilgrims it should be considered one of our most important stops.

It was at Nagasaki that the first bloody persecution of Catholics in Japan gave us, on February 5, 1597, our first Japanese saints, twenty-six in number, three of whom, Paul Miki, John de Goto and James Kisai were Jesuits. It was at Nagasaki that crucifixions of Catholics were multiplied;

it was at Nagasaki that the blood of martyrs flowed in ever broadening streams to be the seed of Christians. It was at Nagasaki, when for more than two centuries all foreigners,

especially missionaries, had been absolutely excluded from the Island Empire, that upwards of forty thousand Catholics were discovered who, through years of persecution and without priests or sacraments, had preserved the teachings of their fathers' fathers and grandfathers, and on March 17, 1865 could proclaim themselves Catholics, faithful followers of their great St. Francis Xavier. Yes, Nagasaki is an important port of call for the JESUIT MISSIONS Pilgrims to the Eucharistic Congress and the Missions in 1937.

January 9, 1937, is sailing date for the JESUIT MISSIONS Pilgrimage to the Eucharistic Congress and the Missions. We will board ship at Vancouver, Canada, and on January 31 we will arrive at Manila. Our return trip from Manila will commence on February 9, 1937, and on Sunday, February 14, just a few days more than three hundred and forty years after St. Paul Miki, St. John de Goto and St. James Kisai gave their lives at Nagasaki for their Faith, we shall arrive at the spot made holy by their deaths and the deaths of

many other Japanese Martyrs. Have you made preparations to be at Nagasaki on February 14, 1937? It is not too late, and it is certainly not too early to make your plans now, to join the JESUIT MISSIONS Pilgrimage to the Eucharistic Congress and the Missions. Fill out the application blank below, and send it at once to the address thereon. We will gladly aid you in making your reservations. We want you with us on the Pilgrimage.



Saints James Kisai, Paul Miki and John de Goto, Jesuit Martyrs, first fruits of the Faith in Japan.

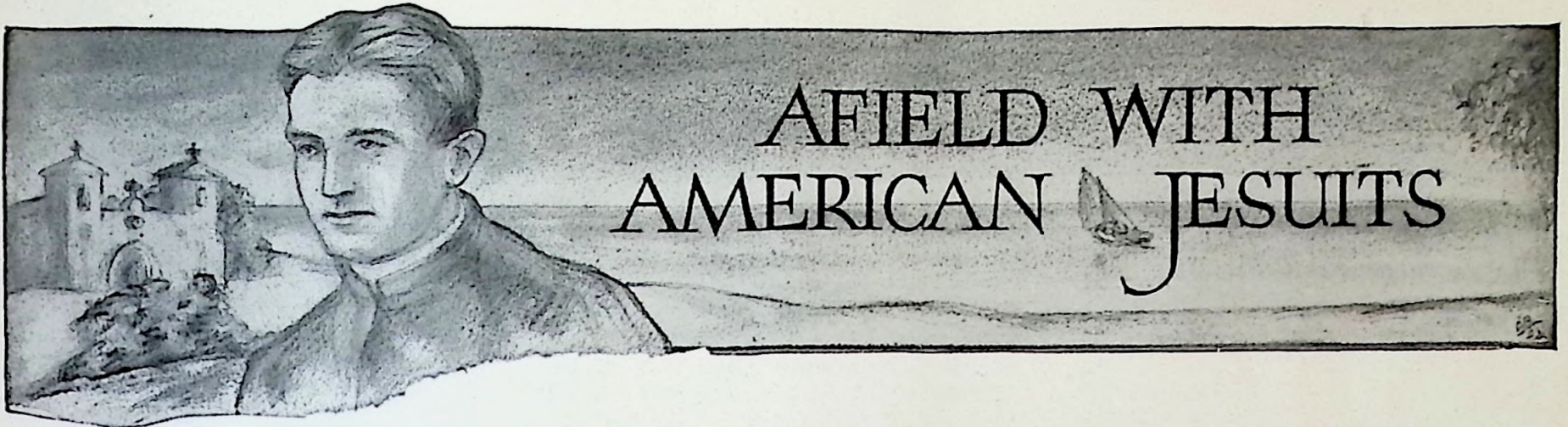
Rev. E. Paul Amy, S.J.
JESUIT MISSIONS, 257 Fourth Avenue
New York, N. Y.

Dear Father:

I should like very much to do my part in the conversion of the Far East. If I can I will go on the JESUIT MISSIONS Pilgrimage to the Eucharistic Congress and the Mission in 1937. I should like to visit Nagasaki and other places of mission interest in the Orient. Please send me your Pilgrimage literature.

Name

Address



JAMAICA, B. W. I.

On February 21, Father William H. Feeney, S.J., by way of Air Mail, forwarded to JESUIT MISSIONS the following information in regard to the untimely and lamented death of one of Jamaica's most priestly and popular missionaries, Father George F. McDonald, S.J. Father Feeney writes:

"We lost an excellent man and he was called away just when he had completed years of preparatory work (accumulating funds, property, etc. for the new Holy Cross Church). It's another case of one man preparing the ground and another supervising the construction.

"For years he was content to live in the little room attached to the back of the present Holy Cross Church. Friends and parishioners had urged him to add another room and a porch so as to have a bit of comfort. He refused and his motive was solely that he might have a more splendid Holy Cross Church with the money thus saved.

"I spent a month on his mission and I know that he was extremely well liked. His most outstanding virtue, I believe, was his charity,—assistance of the poor. And that's a very safe virtue."

* * *

The following excerpt is from *The Gleaner*:

"Beloved of all classes of the community, of peoples of all shades of religious beliefs from agnostic to strict Roman Catholic, it is not an exaggeration to say that Father Mac, as he was commonly called, was the most popular Catholic priest in Jamaica. He was widely known, widely respected and universally beloved as a devoted priest and an ardent defender of the Church of whose teaching body he had the honor to be a member, as an outspoken and frank preacher and a zealous social worker.

"For five years he toiled unremittingly on the missions in St. Andrew, and if no others will miss Father Mac, the poor will. His work among them will long be remembered. His efforts were not directed only to their spiritual comfort; their material wants he also catered to. And in this connection, the personal visits he used to make in pursuit of his mission to bring comfort and consolation to the needy of his

flock, especially at Christmas, had become an institution, as it were.

"Father McDonald was born in Canada, January 27, 1884. He went to Holy Cross College in Worcester, Mass., and entered the Society of Jesus on August 14, 1905. After the usual course of studies, he taught at Georgetown University and Holy Cross College. He was ordained priest in June, 1921, and came to Jamaica, thirteen years ago." R. I. P.

IRAQ

The following excerpt is taken from the *Iraq Times* of November 21, 1935:

"It will be recalled that Baghdad College was begun by the Jesuit Fathers at the personal command of Pope Pius XI, who was moved thereto by the earnest entreaty of the Catholic hierarchy in Iraq. Thus it is perhaps the one school conducted by non-Iraqis which was begun at the express invitation of Iraqi citizens. Although the school was thus founded to take care of the educational needs of Christians, students of any other denomination are accepted who measure up to the school's standards. Nor are non-Christians required to attend

religious instruction or services.

"Iraq is to be congratulated on following a broad educational policy, common in Europe and America, which makes schools like this possible and lays the whole world under contribution. Far from being rivals of Government institutions, they make for a healthy spirit of emulation and thus raise the standards of all the schools concerned.

"If this policy is furthered as it deserves to be, the day may come when Iraq will possess educational facilities which will render it unnecessary to send large numbers of students abroad for special training at no small expense. A particular advantage of this would be that the courses would be adapted to the special needs of Iraqi students."

CANADIAN INDIANS

Father Timothy Dwyer, S.J., writes from his headquarters at the Indian Residential School, Spanish, Ont.:

"I just stopped in today for a breathing space between missions and decided that I had better write to you or risk having you on the war path. Thank you very much for the Mass stipends. They will be attended to.

"This sure has been a busy season. For most people, Christmas ends around the feast of the Kings at the latest, but on these missions it is the middle of January before we get all the rounds covered, and the Indians wait faithfully for their turn and have their churches resplendent for their own special Christmas. I shall have visited all the homes around January 20, if the weather keeps decent. We have had two very heavy falls of snow and it does not help traveling with the dogs, although there is always a way to wind in and out along the lakes.

"This year I had Father Joseph Barker, S.J., from the Immaculate go to Sagamok and Father V. Artus, S.J., from Spanish go to Mississauga for Midnight Mass. That way we had Mass for midnight at the three most important missions . . . I took Cutler myself.

"You should see the fine dog team I have. The Ford struggled along more or less faithfully till Christmas and then I got my dogs going. I have a fine wolf and two police dogs



Father George F. McDonald, S.J., the late lamented Pastor of the parish of the Holy Cross, Half Way Tree, Jamaica, B.W.I., whose Christ-like life was patterned in accordance with the best traditions of Jesuit missionaries in Jamaica. A member of the Province of New England, Father McDonald was born in Canada, January 27, 1884, entered the Society of Jesus on August 14, 1905, and died after a brief illness in Kingston, on Monday, February 17, 1936.

. . . the fourth is part mastiff but mostly plain dog. The police dogs pull along fine and the wolf dog is a gem. I make all the rounds with them now and can ride along on the sleigh without fear of overloading them.

"On New Year's eve I had rather a startling experience. I was out on a sick call about twelve and was going across Sagamok Bay with the dogs running along smoothly, while I half slept after the day's exertions, on top of the luggage. I happened to look up in time to see the two front dogs step right into clear open water, and it looked as if we were in for a cold bath at least, but the good old wolf dog . . . I've half a notion to call him Rin-tin-tin . . . stuck his long claws into the ice and held on tight while I pulled the other laddies out of the water. I certainly value that dog highly now. He eats like a horse but he does his work well and he saved us that time.

"Everything is going well in the missions. We have just completed the building of a school at Sagamok and have a teacher there already. I may have told you about that place before. There was an Anglican school there and it was running full swing. The Indians who were Catholics . . . at least the majority of them . . . saw no harm in it. As soon as I could after getting there, I started a sort of private school run by one of the leading ladies of the feuds. She could read and write sufficiently to teach the kiddies a little, and I gave her a small (very small) salary. That way she was kept from raising a riot and send-

ing all the children back to the Anglican school. Then we got the Department of Indian Affairs to build for us, and they have put up a fine place with central location, heated by hot air furnace, with teachers' quarters complete. I have yet to fix up the church in the same place. There is an old ramshackle one away at the end of the Reserve, but it is so far from the main body of the people that comparatively few really attend as much as they could. I shall have to build again, using the wood from the old church.

"Just at this time the choirs in the different missions are treating me to some Christmas music, which is certainly novel. They seem to have starred at Mississaga. Father Artus was unable to identify the Mass. At Cutler, they outdid themselves. I am sorry you cannot have the pleasure of a round of the missions to hear them!

"Times are pretty hard on the poor Indians; those who have enough ambition to go and hunt are making a little, but the more shiftless crowd are in a bad way. Still, it is just part of the general depression.

"Timber wolves are plentiful this year. The last time I visited Sagamok I looked out the church door when I heard something outside, and was surprised to see a big timber wolf scurrying down the trail. They are scared of dogs as a rule, but I always carry a .32 with me.

"Well now, I think I have outdone myself. Some time when I get a little more time off I am going to send you some real articles on the wild and wooly North."



At Holy Cross Mission, Alaska, in charge of the Jesuits of the Oregon Province, the good Sisters of St. Ann have for years done heroic work with the children. Manual labor of many kinds enters into their daily routine.

Recently at Toronto, Ontario, Father Joseph M. Couture, S.J., passed his tests for solo flights in record time. When at the Murray Aeronautical Corporation flying field, he blessed all the planes. This event was very colorfully described and photographed for the newspapers and Father Couture also appeared in the current news-reel in all the theatres. For the past fourteen years Father Couture has been in a parish of 200,000 square miles situated between Lake Winnipeg, Lake Superior and James Bay. He took to the air after injuries to his knees three years ago. He did not wish to give up his work for his 2,000 Indians, mostly of the Chippewa tribe, by whom he is called "Neendamishkang," ("The-one-we-like-to-see-coming.")

ALASKA

Thousands of miles from home, in the midst of the souls he loves, kneeling before the small altar in the mission church of Nulato, Father John J. Baud, S.J., pronounced his final vows on February 2. The long period of training over, with the Society's final stamp of approval freshly upon him, he is ready to spend himself for his Eskimos.

Father Baud was born near Lyons, France, on August 11, 1897. After serving for several years in the famous "Blue Devil" regiment, he came to America, entered the Novitiate at Los Gatos, California, on November 28, 1919, with the set purpose of preparing for the Alaska Missions.

After completing his first seven years of training, he taught for one year at the University of San Francisco, from whence he was transferred to Yakima, Washington, where he spent the remaining two years of his teaching career. Before entering upon his theological studies at Weston, Mass., he was sent to Holy Cross, Alaska, for one year.

He was ordained in 1932, spent the third year of Probation at Paray le Monial, France, and shortly after his return to the States last Summer he set out for Alaska to realize his life long desire to work for souls among the Eskimos.

BRITISH HONDURAS

Writing from St. John's College, Belize, British Honduras, Father Robert L. McCormack, S.J., says:

"The College opened its new year with fifty-one students, a little increase, and thirty-five in the Night School, which would be up to fifty also, if we would give private tutoring or coaching in selected subjects; but this is too much for the men with their heavy schedules.

* * *

"Because he saw the value of the college library for the people in Belize, Father Anthony Corey, S.J., now in

his new position as Assistant Pastor at Corozal, is sparing no pains to build up an English-Spanish library for the people of this northern town (a town just a few minutes' boat ride from the coast of Mexico). He has solicited books from his many kind friends in the States. **Francis J. Tully, S.J.**, the librarian at St. John's College, Belize, spent part of his Christmas holidays helping Father Corey to arrange his growing library and to put it into the most approved Dewey Decimal order.

* * *

"**Father Louis E. Newell, S.J.**, is the best known man in Belize. Always, any time of the morning or evening, Father Newell may be seen in some corner or other of the city, as he goes about from home to home, neglecting none, as he takes the census of the town. He has listed over six thousand Catholics, and by his personal visits to these people he has been instrumental in bringing the grace of God to many who had neglected the sacraments for longer or shorter periods due to a variety of causes.

* * *

"Here is some information about mail for British Honduras:

"Our mail leaves New Orleans on Tuesday (United Fruit Company boats), arrives in Puerto Barrios, Guatemala, on Saturday; is picked up that night by a little coast boat that brings it to Belize; arrives in the afternoon of the following Monday. From Belize to the outdistricts, mail takes from one day to a week. About once every five weeks a boat does come directly to Belize from New Orleans, in which event, we receive the mail on Friday instead of on Monday. Parcel Post comes on an occasional United Fruit Company boat that will be sent in to pick up bananas. I do not think the boat from New York ever calls in here any more."

* * *

Father Quirinus P. Leonard, S.J., sends the following from Catholic Mission, Cayo de San Ignacio, British Honduras:

"For Christmas I followed the same program as last year: saying two Masses at midnight in my 'parish' of Santa Elena across the River, and then in the morning going down to Duck Run in the *San Ignacio* for the last Mass. During Christmas week we held a little bazaar and made about one hundred dollars, but this will quickly be eaten up by necessary repairs.

"As my plan of giving all my nearby stations a pre-Christmas visit was interrupted by a forced stay of two weeks in Benque during the absence of **Father Anthony R. Kuenzel, S.J.**, I tried to complete the rounds shortly after New Year's Day, but was then held back by an attack of fever. Luckily, it was not very bad and did not last long, so I think I will be able

to start out again soon. Many of the people of the pueblos, especially the children, are sick, and a number of the latter have died through lack of proper food and medical attention. I have often wished that I knew more about medicine—and had the means to invest in the proper remedies.

"There has been a little more chicle work going on this year than in previous years; consequently things have been a bit brighter. Nothing like a boom, however. And now with the dry season coming on there will soon be seven mahogany gangs operating



Father David F. Hickey, S.J. (left), and Brother William Tesan, S.J., leaving Belize to visit one of the mission stations of British Honduras.

along the Belize River. Some of them are not very big, it's true, but anyhow they provide work for a few men and set a little money in circulation."

CHINA

We are indebted to **Ernest Lalande, S.J.**, for the following news items from Sūchow:

"Of the eight Canadian Jesuits who left for China last Fall, two of them, **Father Donat Gariépy, S.J.**, and **Brother Dominique Pesant, S.J.**, have gone directly to Sūchow. The other six, **Fathers Cornelius Pineau, S.J.**, **Louis J. Primeau, S.J.**, and **Rosaire Renaud, S.J.**, the two Scholastics, **Ernest Lalande, S.J.**, and **Leonard Lévesque, S.J.**, and **Brother Jean-Baptiste Bédard, S.J.**, are spending their first year at Anking, An., the Mission of the Spanish Jesuits of the Province of Leon. While studying the rudiments of the Chinese language under the well acknowledged experience of **Father Eustasius Fernandez de Cabo, S.J.**, **Fathers Pineau and Renaud** have translated the first volume of **Father de Cabo's** "Introduccion al Lenguaje hablado chino" into English and French respectively. They will soon begin translating the second

volume, while the two Scholastics will do the two remaining volumes.

* * *

"**Fathers Pineau, Primeau and Renaud** attended the opening and dedication of the new Industrial School at Wuhu. It is in the care of the Spanish Jesuits of the Province of Castile. **Fathers Pineau and Renaud** took advantage of the beautiful ceremony and of the wonderful array of both city and Government officials and took a few moving pictures. These same two Fathers will spend two years or so making a movie film, especially around

Sūchow, which will afterwards be sent to Canada for propaganda purposes.

* * *

"From Sūchow comes the news that **Mauritius Belhumeur, S.J.**, has begun English classes at the Central School. This is the first year that these classes have been conducted. Formerly a few outsiders used to come to the Rectory for private lessons, but after a while this had to be dropped. **Gabriel Brosard, S.J.**, has seven pupils for catechism every day, and **Adrian Lavarière, S.J.**, has thirteen."

Very Rev. Father George Marin, S.J., former Superior of the Canadian Jesuits in Sūchow Mission, has been appointed by **Very Rev. Father General** of the Society of Jesus as Visitor for the various Jesuit missions in China. In January, he was with the Jesuit Fathers in Hongkong, and after visiting the missions of the Spanish Jesuits he began his visitation of the missions in and around Shanghai.

AMERICAN INDIANS

Father Louis Taelman, S.J., who celebrated his Golden Jubilee as a Jesuit last year, writes from St. Ignatius Mission, Montana:

"This is to acknowledge the receipt

of the Mass stipends you kindly sent us. Many thanks. I will bear in mind your request for some paragraphs about my work. Of course, it presents nothing unusual, but it keeps me going all the time. Today I had the sixth funeral of the year, the last three being out in the Jocko Church, twenty miles from here. Sick calls are numerous and cover long distances. It hardly ever happens that an Indian dies without the sacraments. The mercy of God towards the Indian is wonderful. Last week I buried Jerome Big Hawk, fifty years old. For ten years or more, he had neglected the practice of his religion. Then he took sick, called for the priest and received all the sacraments. In less than twenty-four hours his soul had passed away. The year 1935 witnessed

Cathedral, the first priest ever ordained in the Inland Empire. He made his third year of probation under Father Joset in 1890; and then succeeded Father Folchi in the Indian missions, where he devoted the remainder of his life. Father Feusi's one big passion in life was a devotion to the souls of his Indians and a determination that they should have the very best that he could possibly give them. All that he received was for his Indians.

Father Feusi was first pastor at St. Paul's Mission from 1891 to 1894, where he cared for the Gros Ventre and Assiniboine Indians. He was next appointed to the Klamath Indians in Oregon, where he labored for many years, until finally transferred to Chewelah, Washington. Here he

sion. Our distances are great, our sick calls are many, the very grounds here at St. Mary's Mission are extensive, children a prey to all possible sores, skin troubles and disease. We have four Sisters tending to the work.

"Your Reverence will, therefore, conclude that in spite of opportunities and best wishes to write and describe, I first will tend to my duties at home.

"We read with joy and edification the JESUIT MISSIONS and hope that the day will come that I will have an opportunity to send Your Reverence pictures and stories of St. Mary's Mission."

PATNA, INDIA

Father Francis M. Brown, S.J., writes from his station at Chuhari in Patna Mission, India:

"Joseph P. Wroblewski, S.J., has left Chuhari to go to Khrist Raja High School. He spent two good years here and did splendid work. Robert J. Snyder, S.J., succeeds him here at Chuhari. The Scholastic who is stationed with me runs our Loyola Middle English School, and it takes time and head and patience, but it is much worth the labor. This year we had one hundred percent success in the Board examinations. All the youngsters passed. This is the second year of one hundred per cent. If I had anything to do with it, I'd be proud of it."

* * *

The following letter was sent back from India to kind friends who had interested themselves in a spiritual way in the mission work of Father John A. Kilian, S.J. He sends the letter from his mission address which is: Roman Catholic Mission, Champanagar, P.O. Bhagalpur, E.I.Ry.:

"God bless you, one and all. I am the old patriarch or bearded Indian missionary who addressed you several times in 1933, about my mission among the Santals. Maybe you thought that I had forgotten you because I did not write to you since my return to India over a year ago. Far from it, I am giving you all a very special memento in my Mass every single day.

"I'm now preparing for Christmas at which time I expect about two thousand five hundred new Christians to attend midnight holy Mass in the open. They will be coming in the day before from forty-five miles away. I will have them all pray for you on Christmas Day before the Crib.

"On my last tour of three weeks, I baptized over one hundred pagans, and over five hundred more are nearly ready to become Christians. This year I expect at least one thousand, so pray for me also.

"I am writing this in a hospital bed. I was brought in nearly dead from malaria two weeks ago, but I am recovering nicely now. I hope to be out



Father Charles D. McAleese, S.J. (left), and Brother Stephen Gerard, S.J. Father is in charge of temporalities at St. Mary's, Gokhla, among the Santals of Patna Mission, India. The natives are weighing rice.

eighty-nine Baptisms and thirty-seven funerals."

* * *

On the morning of the twenty-third of January, the Society of Jesus and the missions of the Northwest lost another member of that fast dwindling number of early missionary pioneers, when Father Balthassar Feusi, assistant pastor of St. Paul's Mission in the Little Rockies, sterling, energetic, model little priest, one of the first to be ordained in the Inland Empire, went to meet His Master. Father was nearly eighty-two years of age; and died as a result of a heart attack suffered on the fourth of January. His whole missionary life of over forty-five years was devoted almost entirely to the Indians.

Father Feusi was born in Switzerland, March 19, 1854, of German-Swiss parentage. He entered the Society of Jesus September 29, 1873, and came to America in the early eighties, where he completed his studies at Woodstock College, Maryland. He was ordained in Spokane at the old Lady of Lourdes

was in charge of the school, parish and surrounding missions. In 1917, he was again pastor at St. Paul's, where he remained until appointed to assist the Superior of St. Ignatius Mission among the Flatheads. After two years at St. Ignatius he was transferred to St. Joseph's Church in Yakima, there to assist in the parish and to care for the Indians at White Swan. In 1930, he was sent once more to St. Paul's where he labored strenuously and devotedly until his death.

* * *

Father Coelestine Caldi, S.J., writes from St. Mary's Mission, Omak, Washington:

"I am exceedingly grateful to Your Reverence for the Mass Intentions and I am also much pleased that some one thinks of aiding us, even though we seem to be practically lost in these mountains of ice and snow and terribly cold winds.

"I would wish to send you a hundred and one episodes, mighty interesting incidents regarding my Indians and the youngsters here at the Mis-

in another week. I am very, very weak right now."

* * *

In a letter dated January 8, and sent from Khrist Raja High School, Bettiah, Champaran Dist., Father George Dertinger, S.J., who is in charge of spiritual activities at the High School writes:

"Very Rev. Father Aloysius S. Rohde, S.J., who is in Patna as the official visitor sent to Patna by Very Rev. Charles H. Cloud, S.J., Provincial of the Chicago Province, which is in charge of Patna Mission, anticipated his formal visit to Khrist Raja and dashed up for one night only to see a Christmas play which our boys had diligently prepared for him. The program was outdoors on the night of January 6, so you will understand that our cold weather is only relative.

* * *

"Father William Eline, S.J., has joined the Community as Spiritual Father. Father John Kilian, S.J., is the Father Minister, and he surely is going after the job in diligent fashion. Father Charles Saldanha, S.J., becomes Head Master in a day or two, seemingly leaving Father Aloysius Pettit, S.J., to devote himself to his work as Rector and to the work of the village schools."

* * *

Writing from Catholic Mission, Yodda P.O., Santal Parganas, India, Father Rudolph W. Bohn, S.J., missionary among the Santals of Patna Mission, says:

"I spent eighteen days, from December 31 to January 18, in Patna Hospital. Doctors submitted me to a five-day treatment for malaria and a seven-day treatment for dysentery. I have been pronounced cured, so I am packing boxes again for the field. Like Mussolini, we must push the campaign before the rains set in!"

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

Father Arthur J. McCaffray, S.J., writes from the Ateneo de Manila, to the Editor of the *News Letter* of the Vice-Province of Upper Canada, information which will be appreciated by his many friends, both in Canada and in the eastern section of the United States:

"There is a note in the *News Letter* just arrived about my eyes, and though actually correct, its implications may be needlessly alarming to your affectionate concern. As yet, I can, as you see, write if there is no glare, read with difficulty, and go about easily except now of late at night outside, which last is hardly ever done. It is getting worse, of course. It would be a blessing if it would ripen for operation at once, as they do not operate until one is almost blind. This makes it latterly very tedious, but up until now not greatly so. Thank the kind Editor of the *News Letter* for its regular coming.

I share it with our Dean of Studies, Father Henry McCullough, S.J., from Winnipeg. God bless all, and best wishes to all my old friends among the Brothers, too."

* * *

Father Andrew F. Cervini, S.J., stationed at St. Augustine's Church, Cagayan, Eastern Misamis, Mindanao, P. I., writes:

"On three of the four Sundays I have been here, I have been out saying Mass in the *barrios*. My first Sunday I took in Iponan and Opol, and my second, Lopason and Macabalin. My third I pinched hit for Father Joseph Lucas, S.J., up in Malaybalay—and then went down to Impalutao to celebrate Mass during the town fiesta. Father Lucas was off attending a fiesta at Mailog, away up in the mountains of Bukidnon. He sure has a difficult post up in the mountains.

"We are very fortunate here in Cagayan in having the Lourdes Academy, a high school for girls, and the Ateneo de Cagayan, a high school for boys. Mr. Ralph O'Neill, S.J., who teaches in the Ateneo, is also in charge of the Catholic Instruction League. The boys and girls of our high schools devote most of their spare time on Sundays to teaching catechism at various centers here in Cagayan and on the outskirts. Mr. O'Neill certainly has the boys well trained in this work. They are real apostles. I accompanied a group of them to one of the *barrios* on the outskirts. That last word is used in a very wide sense. We drove by Ford for almost three and one-half miles down to and along the water front until we came to the Cagayan River. Here we boarded a *borota*, a canoe-shaped boat, and were ferried across by a boatman for a *centavo* (one-half cent) a head. The distance across the river at this point must have been about a quarter of a mile. After we reached the other bank—as luck would have it (my maiden

excursion)—it rained. Fortunately, it was only a drizzle. We kept a-going on foot along the sandy shore. It was a good half hour's hike before we came to Bayabas, a hotbed of Aglipayanism. Mr. O'Neill and his catechist had started here a few weeks previous to my trip and succeeded in getting some of the boys to attend catechism class which was held on the shore. By the time the three catechists and myself arrived on this particular Sunday afternoon, the rain began to fall quite heavily. Now you may be able to 'sing in the rain,' but it is mighty difficult to have lively boys attend catechism classes out in the rain. As we went through the town ringing our little bell, summoning the children to school (where we were going to hold it, we had not as yet decided) a young girl about sixteen years old came over to us and told us we could use a house where she was staying. Were we glad? The boys began to pour in to the big room of the house, used as a *sala* and dining room, and we started classes immediately. Our catechists went about their work with much gusto, and like real veteran teachers. I listened in for a while in order to get my ears tuned to this new language. Soon the owner of the house appeared on the scene and I (knowing the Filipino's likeness for tobacco) offered him a Chesterfield. As usual, they satisfied. And though I could not speak the gentleman's language—nor he mine—we just sat down next to each other in silence. However, before the class was over I called my head catechist to act as interpreter. And then proceeded to ask the owner of the house who, by the way, is an Aglipayan, if we could use his house every Sunday for our classes. Strange to say, he readily agreed. Even Chesterfields have their use in life. Strange how the Lord makes use of His creatures! Now, rain or shine, we know we will have a roof over our heads."



Father Andrew A. Hofmann, S.J., Pastor at Iligan, Lanao, P. I., is wondering how he will be able to finish the construction of this barrio chapel.

St. Louis "R" Schools

Joseph A.
Gschwend, S.J.



ATHER JOHN M. LYONS, S.J., who for many years was known throughout the Middle West as the zealous Director of the Catholic Instruction League, was appointed on October 1, 1934, to assist Father William M. Markoe, S.J., at St. Elizabeth's Parish among the Colored people of St. Louis, Missouri. He immediately set himself to a study of religious instruction for the Colored people, and the result was the establishment of so-called "R" schools which are held in homes. This method was chosen in order to reach many more people than could be reached if instructions were given only in the parish hall or the parish church. It was felt that it was useless to invite sensitive, timid people to any church in which they feared they might not be heartily welcome. Such fear would be removed if the Colored people could meet in their own homes or in the homes of friends and there receive special instruction in religion, for the "R" means Religion.

The curriculum established by Father Lyons includes catechism, bible history, hymn singing, and, as far as possible, outside of the parochial school, real training in the truths of the Catholic Faith. Those in attendance are urged and requested to make their religion practical by prayer, attendance at Mass, resisting temptation, etc.

A TRAINING school was established for those who were to conduct these "R" schools. The zealous, cultured White Catholic academy and college students, as also other zealous fit instructors, especially public school teachers, were most willing and anxious to assist in this apostolate of instructing those who were desirous of entering the Catholic Church. The Catholic schools in particular which gave hearty cooperation to the plan and whose students are engaged in the work of conducting the "R" schools are as follows: St. Louis University, Webster College, Fontbonne College, Harris Teachers College, Visitation Academy, St. Joseph's Academy, St. Elizabeth's Academy and Loretto Academy. The student teachers of the "R" schools are aided and chaperoned, as required, by other older and especially experienced non-students of the teaching staff.

It did not take long before definite results were achieved, and on May 19, 1935, fifty-six converts instructed in the "R" schools received the Sacrament of Confirmation.

Under date of December 18, 1935, Father Lyons sent the following report to the writer:

LEPERS OF CULION

John J. Walsh, S.J.

Ah, Christ! We do not mourn the flowered lanes,
Though bound by scornful height and dismal sea;
It is enough to hold Thy pitying Hand,
To watch and pray, to share Gethsemane.

Lift high the chalice to our burning lips—
A deeper happiness is born of pain;
In us, now less our broken selves than Thou,
Let nails of agony pierce deep again.

"We now have some thirty schools, most of which are functioning fairly well. The chief difficulty in any work of this nature is to secure a steady, efficient staff of devoted teachers. In addition to the work in the homes, we have found that the hospital, too, is an excellent meeting place for a considerable number, many of whom are seriously ill. Last Saturday afternoon, when making a visitation of the People's Hospital for Colored, I met three patients who earnestly expressed a desire to become Catholics. It will interest you to know that I have lately received fine commendations on the "R" Schools' from Mother M. Katherine Drexel, Foundress of the Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament for Indians and Colored People. Mother Drexel writes:

"The plan of the "R" schools in homes seems highly commendable for the great apostolate for the Negroes in the United States. It is indeed calculated to bring many souls to God, and especially to give non-Catholic Negroes an opportunity of knowing the true Faith towards which their religious souls incline, through the action of the Holy Ghost. It also gives an opportunity to the laity to give themselves to a much needed apostolate,

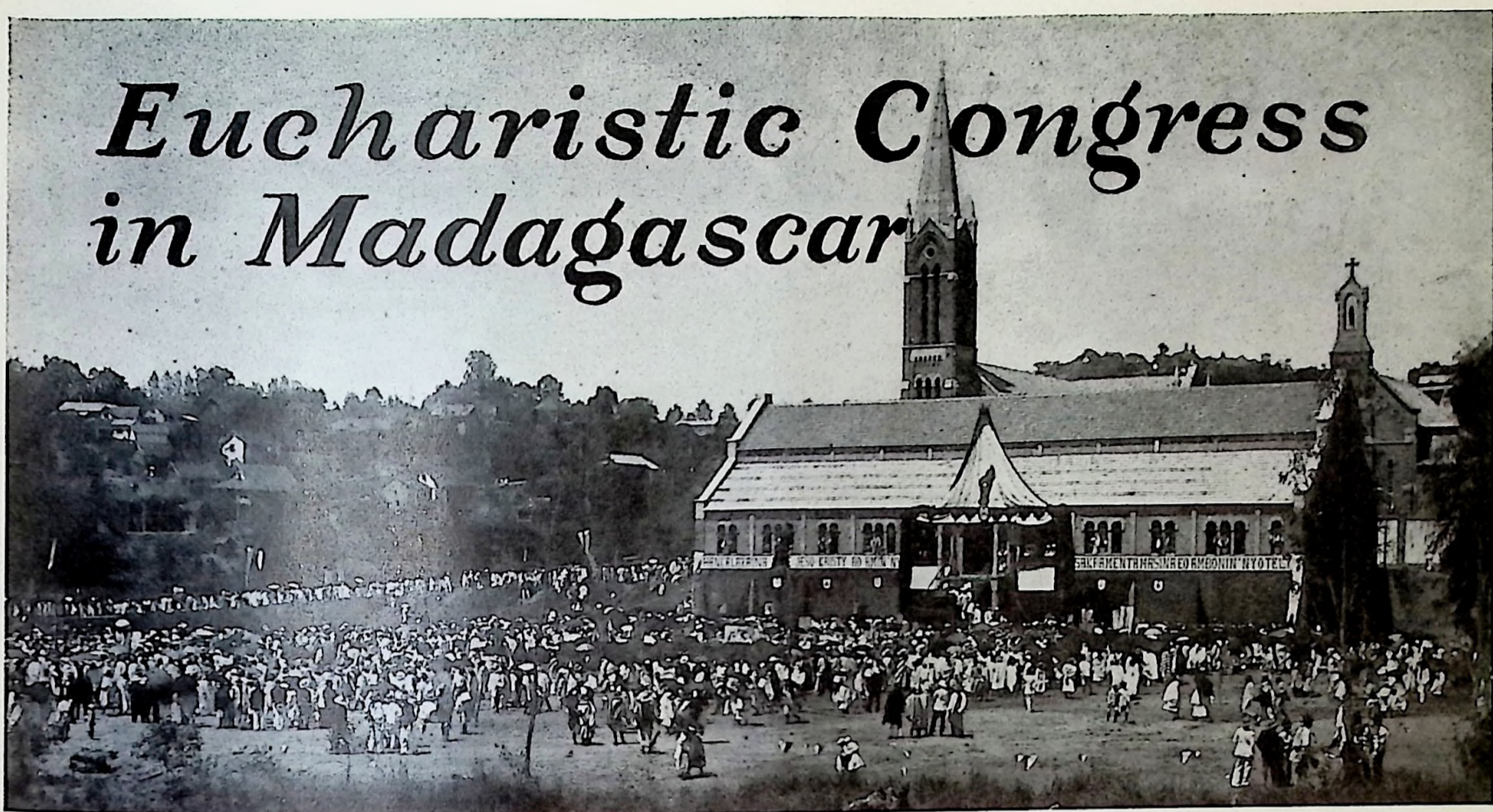
"than which nothing is more holy, nothing more necessary," according to the words of Our Holy Father in a Decree of January 12, 1935.'

"Another letter of commendation was received from Mother M. Agatha, President of Xavier University in New Orleans. She writes:

"I have your little pamphlet regarding 'Plan and Methods of "R" Schools in Homes.' I think that it is a splendid idea and I hope greatly to interest our Colored, especially our college students. Will you kindly send me twelve copies of this pamphlet?"

THE "R" schools also try to promote patriotism, for true loyalty to country easily flows from a genuine loyalty to the Catholic Church. We sincerely trust that the work of the "R" schools will grow by leaps and bounds, for it promises to be a big movement for the Colored people, and one which seems destined to bring them more speedily to the true Faith. It is one splendid answer to the challenge that continually faces Catholics in this country when they stop to think that in a population of some 13,000,000 Colored, there are only about 250,000 Catholics. For years the apathy of a number of Catholics towards the American Negro, in matters of religion, was an appalling fact. At present there is a consoling awakening in many parts of the country.

Eucharistic Congress in Madagascar



The crowd disperses after one of the ceremonies of the Eucharistic Congress in Fianarantsoa, October, 1935, held in the parish hall of St. Charles. In the rear to the left is the belfry of the Church of St. Charles; to the right is the bell tower of the Convent Chapel of Mary Reparatrix.

Thomas J. Feeney, S. J.



LOWING and enthusiastic accounts have reached us of the Eucharistic Congress which was held in Fianarantsoa on the Island of Madagascar from October 9 to October 13, 1935, and to which a special edition of the local newspaper, *Lumiere*, was dedicated.

On this occasion, Rt. Rev. Monsignor Charles Givélet, S.J., Vicar Apostolic of Fianarantsoa and Dean of the Bishops of Madagascar, received the following telegram from Cardinal Pacelli: "His Holiness accepts as Father of all Christendom the filial homage of the Vicars

Apostolic of Madagascar united in the Eucharistic Congress. He renews his prayers for the prosperity of their missions and sends from the depths of his heart the blessing they have requested."

UNDER the leadership of the members of the hierarchy whose pictures are here displayed, beneath fair skies and in a temperature admirably seasoned to the desires of all, faithful pilgrims journeyed to this capital of the south from every point of the compass, from Fort-Dauphin and from Diego, from Majunga and Morondava. All arrangements were expeditiously despatched by a central executive committee with Very Rev. Peter Morel, S.J., Superior of the Jesuits in Fianarantsoa, acting as President,

Father Peter Bonduel, S.J., Rector of the Cathedral, as Treasurer, and Mr. M. L. de G. Ranaivo and M. Gaston Raphael, as secretaries. Committee members were composed of both clergy and laity. Needless to say, all Catholic Madagascar was (Turn to page 112)



Members of the hierarchy who honored the Congress with their presence. Seated, left to right: Rt. Rev. Msgr. Etienne Fourcadier, S.J., (Tananarive), Rt. Rev. Msgr. Auguste Fortineau (Diego-Suarez), Rt. Rev. Msgr. Charles Givélet, S.J., (Fianarantsoa), Rt. Rev. Msgr. Francois Dantin (Antsirabe), Rt. Rev. Msgr. Paul Pichot (Majunga). Standing, left to right: Rt. Rev. Msgr. le Breton (Vatomandry), Rt. Rev. Msgr. Antoine Sevat (Fort-Dauphin), Rt. Rev. Msgr. Caliste Lopinot (Nossy-Be).

BOOK REVIEWS

That Cathedral Team. By Alan Drady. P. J. Kenedy & Sons, New York, N. Y. Price \$1.50; postpaid, \$1.60.

The author of "Rodney Newton" scores again. A tribute for youth and a book that will start age reminiscing. How diminutive Jack Walsh and his burly boy friend, Arthur Allen, break into football and carry the Cathedral to victory in the big game of the season. Clean writing and playing, peppered and salted with quick humor and a seasoning of romance that offers entertaining human appeal.

"R" (Religious) Schools in Homes.

By Rev. John M. Lyons, S.J. Price ten cents.

A twenty-four page pamphlet embodying what may well be the most timely and most practical plan for the conversion of the Negro to the Catholic Church. The plan and methods of the "R" schools are here exposed, and supplement the article on the same subject printed on page 108 of the present issue of *JESUIT MISSIONS*.

My Changeless Friend. Twentieth Series. By Francis P. LeBuffe, S.J. Apostleship of Prayer, New York, N. Y. Price thirty cents postpaid.

The author introduces his twentieth series as follows: "Twenty years have come and gone since the first booklet of this series started timidly on its journey. Year after year, our Lord has been good enough to let another appear to have a little part in shoring up souls that are faint and in helping others to use the joys and sorrows of life aright." This priestly work Father LeBuffe continues to do admirably in the present volume under such titles as: Strange Actions, Fighting Alone, Love's Test, "I" Trouble, "Boon-Doggling" for God, "Getting Even" with Christ, Living our Lessons, God's Last Say, and so forth.

God's Amazing World. By Dr. Tihamer Toth. P. J. Kenedy & Sons, New York, N. Y. Price \$2.00.

The natural phenomenon here arrayed before the reader constitutes the most telling and practical apologetic for the existence of a God that is conceivable. The book is an admirable answer to the scoffing ignorance of professedly atheistic professors and the helplessly idiotic ideology of fanatical Communists, both of whom would attempt to banish God from the world of his own creation. The traditional arguments of St. Thomas for the existence of a God are illustrated by hundreds of instances from that world of which Alexander Pope has written: "All are but parts of one stupendous whole,

Whose body Nature is and God the soul."

Pamphlets and books received for review:

The following were received from The Queen's Work Press, 3742 West Pine Boulevard, St. Louis, Mo.:

The Mother of God. By R. Bakewell Morrison, S.J. Price ten cents per copy.

Everybody's Talking About Heaven. By Daniel A. Lord, S.J. Price ten cents per copy.

Pondering in Our Hearts and Hard Headed Holiness. Both by Francis P. LeBuffe, S.J. Each ten cents per copy.

From the Field Afar Building, Maryknoll P. O., New York:

The following are by Robert E. Sheridan, M.M., and sell at ten cents each:

Maryknoll on the March.

Novena to St. Francis Xavier, the Missioner.

The following are five cent pamphlets:

Shall I Be a Maryknoller?

Missions, Medicine and Maryknoll.

The Case for Catholic China.

"Ten Thousand" Questions About China.

Christ in China.

Secrets of Chinatown. By John Martin, M.M. Price five cents per copy.

Christ in Korea. By Stephen Hannon, M.M. Price five cents per copy.

Marriage in Manchu-Land. By R. A. Lane, P.Ap. Price five cents per copy.

Maryknoll Among Chinese Lepers. By Joseph Sweeney, M.M. Price five cents per copy.

The Chinese Seminarian. By Raymond P. Quinn, M.M. Price five cents per copy.

"42" Days Among Chinese Outlaws. By Harold Bush, M.M. Price ten cents per copy.

Shall I Be a Maryknoll Sister? Price five cents per copy.

Schools in China and Ah Hoy! Both by A. Paschang, M.M. Each five cents per copy.

The Bargain. A Play. By Marie Fischer. Price ten cents per copy.

Castles in Spain. A Play. By Marie Fischer. Price twenty-five cents per copy.

The Magic Mirror. A Play. By Sister Mary Immaculata. Price four copies for fifty cents.

The Rejected Doll. A Play. By Sister Mary Immaculata. Price five copies for fifty cents.

From St. Anthony's Guild, Franciscan Monastery, Paterson, N. J.:

1936 Franciscan Almanac. Price fifty cents; by mail, sixty cents.

Toward the Altar. By J. M. Lelen. Price \$1.00 per copy.

The Little Treasury of Saint Jude. Price fifteen cents per copy.

Little Treasury of the Sacred Heart. Price ten cents per copy.

From the National Catholic Welfare Conference, Washington, D. C.:

Mexican Bishops' Pastoral. Price ten cents per copy.

Mexico. Price ten cents per copy.

Holy Hour. Compiled from Approved Sources by Rev. Edward P. McAdams. John Murphy Company, Baltimore, Md. Price twenty cents per copy.

Stamping Thru Patna. Patna Mission Stamp Mart, West Baden College, West Baden, Indiana. Copies may be secured free of charge.

The Hour of Prime. Edited by the Benedictine Monks of St. John's Abbey, Collegeville, Minn. The Liturgical Press, Collegeville, Minn. Price fifteen cents per copy; discounts in lots.

A Postulant Arrives. By Joachim V. Benson, M.S.S.T. The Preservation of the Faith, Holy Trinity Heights, Silver Spring, Md. Price ten cents per copy.

Along Sunlit Trails. Society of Missionary Catechists. Victory-Noll, Huntington, Ind. Price ten cents per copy.

Catholic Central-Verein of America. Wanderer Printing Company, St. Paul, Minn. Membership in Federation includes official monthly magazine.

RAHIM GETS IN THE PICTURES

(Continued from page 87)

I inquired.

"I want crucifix, want two," he said, "small, small."

"What do you want with two small crucifixes?" I asked, to make sure I had understood him aright.

"For my two baby," he replied, still disdaining to use the plural. "I want I put 'em here." And he made the appropriate gesture round the neck.

"All right, Rahim," I said, and proceeded to search out some old broken rosaries I had, from which I removed the crucifixes.

Rahim took them, kissed my hand, and went off.

It is a common experience that you get nowhere with a Moslem in matters of religion by arguing with him. But he is not immune to the force of good example, and the beauty of the Christian life sets him thinking. Recently Rahim appeared and said he wanted to come back and work for us. He hasn't been rehired yet, but I feel sure he will be. And who knows what may happen then?

BY WAY OF CONTRAST

(Continued from page 88)

priest than convert ten thousand souls. Perhaps he was not to be taken literally, but he valued the acquisition of priests as the greatest asset to his Mission. We love to think of those young men, talented, strong, who have come out to India, and after their years of study and teaching and hard work in a trying Mission have received the crown of the sacred priesthood, and who daily offer the Sacrifice of the Mass, first for themselves, and then for our 27,566,413 souls, most of whom know not Christ and who need Him as the only way to eternal salvation.

Then there are the native sons of India preparing for Patna's priesthood. Some eighteen of them are in the houses of study of the Society of Jesus in India. Seven are preparing for the diocesan clergy of Patna in various seminaries. Besides, there are eight boys in the Apostolic School in the Khrist Raja High School, Bettiah.

In December, 1935, I gave the sacred Tonsure and Minor Orders to Remy Andrew in the temporary church at Bettiah. Remy is a product of the Apostolic School at Khrist Raja High School, Bettiah, and is one of Bettiah's own sons. Bernard D'Cruz, also of Bettiah, received the Tonsure and Minor Orders from Bishop Bouter in Nellore, India, in December.

Four young men are in the seminary in Mangalore preparing for Patna's diocesan priesthood, while one is in the College of Propaganda, Rome.

Daily we pray and beg others to pray with His Holiness, Pius XI, that our Divine Lord may increase the number of laborers, particularly priests, in His mission lands and to bless their labors and fatigues with great fruit for souls.

PETTING A TIGER

(Continued from page 89)

playmate had developed during her four months of domesticity. But soon the poison began to take effect, as the cub stretched out her heavy limbs in the position of complete repose. Finally her bright, almost pathetic eyes, gave a forced squint and opened no more. "Kitty" was sleeping *a pierna suelta* for the last time. Now that he is back at his mission station, Father misses his pet.

The tiger's next trip was to the taxidermist, by whom she is again being made to stand on her own big cushioned paws. The people of Benque all tell the Padre they will be more pleased to pet "Kitty" on the mantle with her cold glass eyes than they were to pet the tigress on the ground with the hot glaring eyes, searching for the unwary victim. I agree with the Petenero Indians of Benque, don't you?

AN ALASKA THAW

(Continued from page 90)

joyed that the weather did not slacken the pace of the dogs. Wind or rain didn't bother them.

My guide, meanwhile had made only one remark—"Anoklirtok"—"It's windy." He didn't mind. As long as the trail was good he didn't care what happened. It took him but a moment to change his fur boots for water mukluks.

Before three o'clock in the afternoon, there was half an inch of water on the Yukon. The sloughs were almost impassable. We hugged the shore line, for I did not want to try any black ice at this time of the year. Every year in almost every village there are a few less daring lives who thought that the ice was safe! Black ice and ice pockets silently swallow up sled, dogs and musher, and none are seen again.

Dogs like competition. Their keen scent told them that another team was just ahead of us. No need to spur them on now. They went as fast as they could go. The rain had smoothed out all the bumps and roughness of the ice. It was good traveling despite the wind and rain. As the huge bend in the river straightened out we saw a big team of sixteen dogs about a mile ahead. It was the mail team from St. Michael's.

The mail team is invariably a crack team of dogs. They are big and husky, fighters every one. But this first trip had been a difficult one. The feet of many of the dogs were bleeding, due to the rough ice of yesterday. With a cheery, "*Hwaka*"—"Hello"—we passed on. It was impossible to get very far ahead of the mail man. Dogs such as he has would run until they dropped to keep up with another team. My destination was a good forty miles. We covered it in five hours flat—a good run.

SOME JESUIT EXPLORERS

(Continued from page 91)

a too rapid current to a part of the stream more navigable. In these portages

it is necessary to carry on one's back or head both the boat and all one's outfit over roads which were only made for wild beasts, so frightful are they. . . . From this river we passed to another called the Kinoughamiou, a river of frightful currents and dreadful portages. We made a league and a half crossing a mountain and a valley in order to find a navigable place. . . . Leaving this stream we went through the woods to seek a river called by the savages, Kinoughamichich, which leads into Lake Piouagamik. This lake is so large that one hardly sees its banks; it seems to be round in shape." It is thus that Father de Quen describes the discovery of Lake St. John, simply, baldly, but nevertheless giving a fairly complete picture.

Let us be a little briefer with the rest. Some few years after Father de Quen's discovery of Lake St. John, Father Dablon and Father Druillettes, intent on opening the country to the north of this lake for evangelization purposes, set out for Hudson Bay. But unfortunately, their native guides and companions refused to go further than about half way. They were thus forced to return to Tadoussac.

Father Bailloquet's exploits lie in the opposite direction—(almost). His journeys and travelings were in an eastern direction along the coast line of the upper St. Lawrence and in the country of the Papinachois and the Betsiamites, almost to the coast of Labrador and the Eskimo people of that place.

The last named Father on our list is Father Charles Albanel. He is the explorer of the overland route to Hudson Bay. Following in the footsteps of Fathers de Quen, Dablon and Druillettes, he pushed beyond the rivers, lakes and country explored by them to reach Hudson Bay on July 1, 1671.

MINDANAO MISSIONS

(Continued from page 93)

help, however, in taking care of one of the Sunday Masses. On October 1 of this year, Father Andrew Cervini arrived—words fail me to express the joy his arrival occasioned, and more marvelous still, despite the many and insistent demands from all along the coast, he has remained here as assistant chiefly occupied in getting a grasp of Visayan, but he is just "rarin'" to go, so I do not know how long we can keep him in Cagayan. Brother Ignacio Valero came out to the Philippines from Spain twenty-three years ago while still a novice. He came to Mindanao immediately and never left the place until last May when he made his first trip to Manila for a couple of weeks. Next week we will try to celebrate his Silver Jubilee as a Jesuit here in a fitting manner. He is cook, sacristan, general manager and disburser of good cheer. In connection with the Ateneo, we also have here Mr. Ralph O'Neill, S.J., who, besides teaching all day, puts in his Sundays running six or seven catechism centers around Cagayan and in the nearby *barrios*. Brother

Colobo Jabar is the Ateneo's cook and manager on the material side.

Of course, we have our seven grade school at St. Augustine, and as companion to the Ateneo, a girls' high school, Lourdes Academy, now in its third year, which contains a normal department as well. It is taught very efficiently by Filipino Sisters, Religious of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

CHRIST IN THE HILLS

(Continued from page 94)

with trousers rolled up—or did he gird his loins rather? Then more winding and climbing until one wonders why the hill people did not find a more direct route to the top. But this well-trodden path must pass by every bamboo and straw hut. From each shack and yard comes the usual hospitable "Evening, sah!" or "Howdy, pahson!" and they gaze wonderingly at the procession, little knowing that Christ passed very close to them.

While reading the prayers of the dying I overheard the old "grannie" scolding her stalwart grandson for not meeting the priest at the river. These good people, you see, count it a privilege to carry the priest across the streams. Only the other day an Anglican undertook this task! Between the scolding and the sweat that trickles down my back and splashes on the pages of the Ritual there are distractions aplenty. But the workings of Divine grace go on apace and the Divine Romance between the soul and its God is reaching a climax.

The prayers are hardly finished when we hear outside the familiar, "Chop! Chop!" of the machete as it slices off thick, green pieces of coconut husk. The hospitality of the hills is being offered.

In the sick call book the priest marks down opposite the name of the person who received the last sacraments—"Omnia." Later on he often is told that the sick person died. We live in Faith. Could we but brush aside the veil for a moment and see the wonderful effects of grace, could we but catch a fleeting glance of the soul across the border—well, perhaps the "Omnia" that was given by the Church Militant has been changed to the "Summum Bonum," the Beatific Vision, the consummation of the Divine Romance.

MAMANGA THEERTAM

(Continued from page 99)

kurrukul, the idol is set up on its pedestal. A fire of cocoanut oil placed in a vessel stands in front, for the worshippers to burn their incense in. The high priest, or one of his assistants, takes his stand at one side near the idol, to receive the cash offerings of the faithful. These latter, and, indeed, even the priest himself, cannot approach the idol without baring the upper part of the body; and, usually, they must all have the sacred ashes of burnt cow-dung smeared ceremonially on forehead, chest and arms in parallel, horizontal lines.

Many of the people have practically no other aim in life but to live for this day. Mamanga Theertam! Within forty-eight hours, visitors from miles around, to the possible number of forty thousand, flock to the bazaar and the sacred pool of the monkey-god, and Amurthakali comes into its own. Can we convert them? Can we break down this flimsy, childish mythological fabrication? Can we overcome the hidden powers of darkness that rules it all, and bring them "to know the One True God, and Jesus Christ whom He has sent?" For a spiritual enemy, let's have a spiritual mode of approach: prayer. The Apostolate of Prayer! *Forward America!*

EUCCHARISTIC CONGRESS IN MADAGASCAR

(Continued from page 109)

represented. Mingling with the throngs were Fathers of the Holy Ghost, La Salette Fathers, Lazarists, Cistercians, Monks of Montfortain, Priests of the Malgache secular clergy, Jesuits, Brothers of the Christian Schools, Brothers of the Sacred Heart, Sisters of St. Joseph of Cluny, Sisters of Providence, Daughters of Wisdom, Mothers of the Congregation of Mary Reparatrix.

Focal points of interest and assemblage were the Cathedral, the College of St. Joseph, the great hall of the new parish of St. Charles. Each day was featured by an open air field Mass, and in addition to the regular program, the entertainment committee offered pleasing variety with a dramatic production, "The Death of St. Tarcisus," competitive tests in church music, catechism, and an exhibition of liturgical ornaments done with native art and talent.

His Excellency, Monsignor Givelet, not unmindful of the European section of the community, had extended to them a most cordial invitation to participate, and a daily Mass was celebrated for the Europeans by one of the attendant Bishops in the chapel of the Convent of Mary Reparatrix.

Such brief commentary must of necessity minimize the splendor of this three-day celebration and of the work accomplished. Suffice it to say that it put an end to the melancholy predictions of the pessimists, while realizing the dreams of the most sanguine optimist. Twenty thousand natives crowded the grounds for the Pontifical High Mass on Sunday, October 13. This was celebrated by Monsignor Givelet, and the sermons in French and in Malgache were preached by Monsignor Fourcadier, S.J. After the procession, there followed the Consecration of Madagascar to the Sacred Heart. As the golden Monstrance rose and fell, and Jesus in the Sacred Host blessed these faithful souls of Fianarantsoa and all the island land of Madagascar, one could not but be impressed with the glory and the power of that hour. All had communicated with the same Faith, chanted the same Creed, professed the same love of the same living God with-

in the bosom of the same Church over whose destinies the representative of St. Peter and of that same Living God now presides. Though only a nucleus, yet they represented that unique spiritual force in the world today which we know as the Unity of the Catholic Church.

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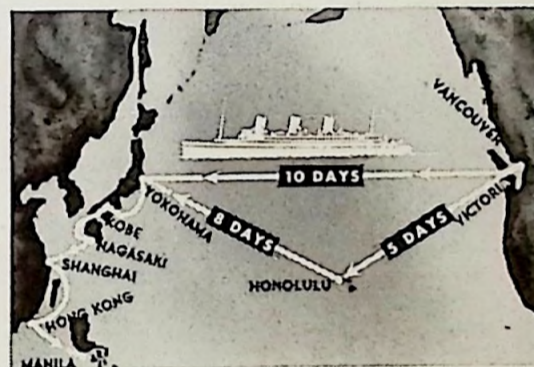
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