

Jesuit Missions

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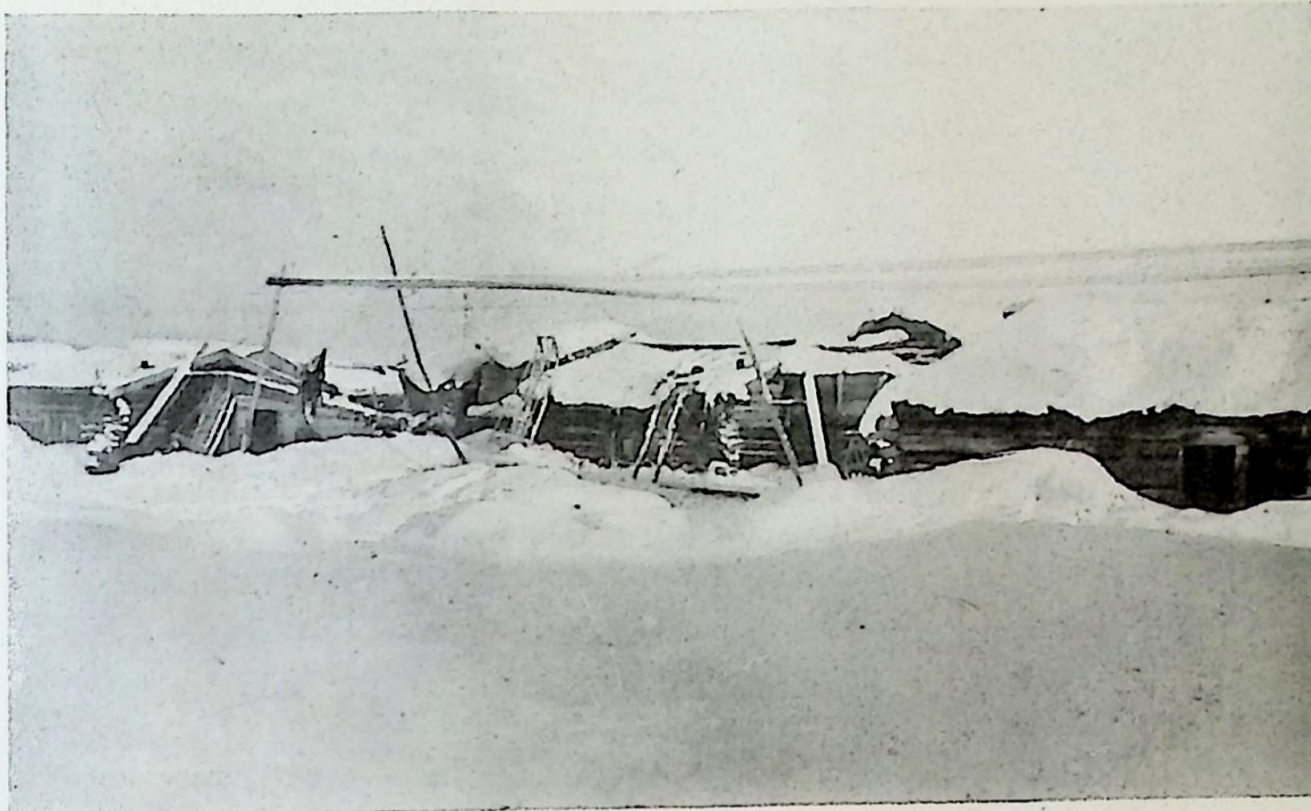
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Winter and Summer They Need Your Help

We who read these lines are, at the present moment, well thawed out after a very hard Winter. Harbingers of Spring and Summer are seen at every turn with the result that we easily forget, perhaps hardly even remember the two or three months of Winter that have passed into history. But Spring and Summer have by no means reached every portion of the Northern hemisphere, and today as we bask in a warm sun, missionaries in Alaska, and their people, are still wearing their furs hoping that Winter's ten months will soon give way to a two months' Summer.



When Winter comes—it stays long in Alaska.

It seems out of place to make provision in early Spring for next Winter's needs, but long before we shall have taken our last cooling swim in ocean, lake or river, the missionaries in Alaska will be wrapped again in their furs to begin another siege of ten months with the Arctic Winter. They must plan well in advance and the most difficult part of their planning lies in their inability to pay bills for essential needs. Two years ago there was serious question of abandoning at least part of the Alaskan Mission simply because there was no money. That

crisis was passed, but it may recur at any time.

We can help forestall even the threat of such a disaster by our timely generosity. Small gifts for Alaska, as well as large, will always be welcome. Dollars, when added together, soon reach hundreds of dollars. Perhaps, dear reader, you can't give a hundred dollars, but we hope you can spare a dollar. Will you? Please send your gift to **JESUIT MISSIONS**, or to

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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.

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

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

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

REV. LOUIS J. LAVOIE, S.J.
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Contributions for any of these missions may be sent to the respective Province Mission Procurator or to

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May time for India and for all the world is dedicated to Mary, the Mother of God, "Queen of Angels and of Men."

"This Way, Father"

John J.
Williams, S.J.

THERE is a little picture of the Catholic Chaplain of the Poorhouse in Spanish Town, Jamaica, and one of his most devoted parishioners. Let me tell you a little about this man. His name is Mr. McMahan, and he is totally blind. One afternoon, not long ago, I was hearing confessions at the Poorhouse, in preparation for Holy Mass on the following morning. While I was doing so, this blind inmate, Mr. McMahan, hurried past me, with the aid, not of one, but of two walking sticks, one in each hand. I didn't know what his intention was at the time, but I found out later, when, thinking my work was done, and heading for the gate, I heard him call out to me: "This way, Father!" He had gone to inform those who were in a small building near the gate, who were not well enough to leave their beds, that I had come to hear confessions. Then—I was going to say that he watched for me, but he is totally blind—he must have asked someone to inform him when I was coming along, and called out to me in order that I might not leave without hearing their confessions. This was a real work of zeal which I shall not soon forget. What is Mr. McMahan's favorite hymn? It is, "O Holy Name." After I have asked: "Well, what hymn would you like to sing now?" he has time and again suggested this hymn of His Eminence, William Cardinal O'Connell.

ON another occasion, owing to the absence of Miss Walsh, the Catholic nurse at the Poorhouse, the same Mr. McMahan volunteered to conduct me to the beds of the Catholic patients in the large building, in order that I might hear their confessions and then bring Communion on the following morning. It was remarkable the way he managed to make his way from bed to bed. We came to a certain bed, and my guide called out the name, only to be told that the occupant was outside the building. He stopped at another bed where he thought he would find a Catholic patient. But when he called out the name, some of the men nearby said to him: "Go on further." So we went on further and found our man. Was it a case of the blind leading the blind? It certainly was as far as the first part was concerned. The situation seemed ludicrous to me, but not to my guide.

There is real piety manifested by some of the inmates of the Poorhouse. I believe that they are drawn nearer to God by the fact that they are withdrawn from the distractions of the outside world. One morning, while resting for Mass, through an open window I saw some of the men, who were unable to walk, being carried in a cart from one of the small buildings to the place where Mass was to be offered. "They appreciate what the Mass is," I said to myself.



Father John J. Williams, S.J., and one of his most devoted parishioners, Mr. McMahan, who is totally blind.

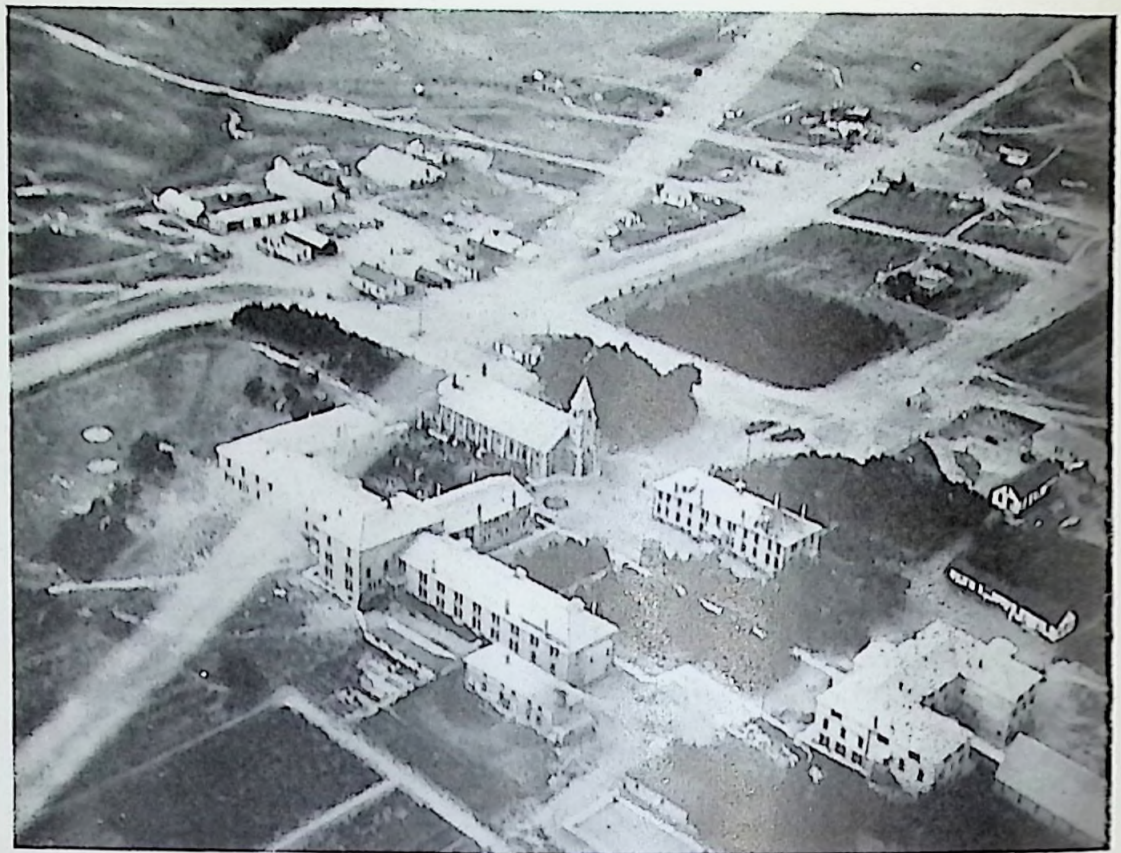
BESIDES the Poorhouse, we have here in Spanish Town, a home for lepers. It is just on the outskirts of the town. Progress among the lepers is rather slow, and perhaps the more discouraging because one realizes what a blessing it would be for them if they had the true Faith which teaches us that sickness is a gift coming from the hand of a God Who loves us and as a chance given us to win the unending joy and happiness of Heaven. However, even though slow, progress is being made. Recently I received four into the Church.

One of the Catholic lepers, a woman who seemed the most to be pitied because of her wretched condition, and yet managed to come to Mass regularly, was one day confined to her bed. I was summoned and attended her. When I was leaving she said to me: "If I get worse, I will send for you." But the only news I received was that of her death. I asked another Catholic inmate why I had not been sent for, and she told me that she had been watching her but that death had come upon her suddenly. However, I feel that her sufferings had purified her soul and that she was ready to go before God to enjoy eternal rest and surcease from pain.

The other institutions here in Spanish Town are the District Prison and the Public Hospital. It is impossible to do very much for the prisoners, since most of them are short-term prisoners who seem to have the idea of waiting until their release before beginning a reform of life. One of them, just before his dismissal, asked me to have the hymn, "Nearer My God to Thee" sung. It seemed amusing to me, since this hymn is usually sung at a funeral. However, he didn't mean it in that sense.

Golden Jubilee

Edward J. Meier, S. J.



St. Francis Mission, in the heart of the Sioux country, South Dakota, seen from the air.



IHIS year marks the Golden Jubilee of St. Francis Mission, located on the Rosebud Reservation, among the Sioux Indians in South Dakota. We shall not, of course, be able to give you a complete history of St. Francis, but a brief resume at this time can hardly be out of place.

Bishop Martin Marty, O.S.B., was the original founder, but it is to the great generosity of Miss Katherine Drexel, now Mother Katherine Drexel of the Congregation of the Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament, that the Mission owes its present existence.

The new school, for such it purported to be, was built by Bishop Marty in the Summer of 1885. The school was a frame structure ninety-six feet long and forty feet wide. Father John Jutz, S.J., the famous old missionary priest, was to be the first Jesuit appointed to the post. He arrived at St. Francis on December 31, 1885, and said the first Mass in the newly built mission on January 1, 1886.

On March 22, 1886, accompanied by Father Perrig, S.J., the first Superior of the Mission, three Sisters of the Congregation of the Sisters of Penance and Chris-

tian Charity of the Third Order of St. Francis started out from their Motherhouse at Stella Niagara, for their new field of labor. On the Feast of the Annunciation, March 25, 1886, the Mission was opened under the title of St. Francis, and it is from that date that St. Francis opened its doors to the Indians of the Sioux tribe. The average attendance of pupils during the first year was fifty-five boys and girls.

SHORTLY after Father Jutz's arrival, Brother Ursus Nunlist, S.J., was sent by his Superior to St. Francis Mission. As Father and Brother were companions in starting St. Stephen's Mission in Wyoming, so too they were to be co-laborers in the founding of St. Francis.

Brother Nunlist was the first Jesuit Brother to be assigned to the Mission, and it was through his untiring labor that the Mission finally was able to supply fresh water for itself and the Indians who lived nearby. He was also called upon to teach the Indians how to use the plow and to make hay. When it came to the building of the new church in 1890, he had to assume the duties of carpenter and general supervisor.

On August 6, 1886, Father Florentine Digmann, S.J., arrived at St. Francis Mission. He was destined to spend the greater part of his life at St. Francis and to bring it through many perilous years. For (Turn to page 139)



"As a fitting climax to this Golden Jubilee celebration, we learn that the Mission will be host this Summer to the Indian Congress."

Veddahs,-Our Neighbors

Laurence
Barras, S.J.



ANKENI—lowland of the deer—is now the permanent settlement of some once roaming tribe of Veddahs. The name Veddah means the original inhabitant of Ceylon before the Tamil invasion; literally it means a hunter.

These people roamed the forest and jungle very much like the Indian tribes in North America, till 1925, when the Government obliged them to settle down. In and around the village of Mankeni each family was given half an acre of land to till. There is the rub. These poor people,—they are extremely poor, shy, and avoid all strangers,—hardly able to keep body and soul together, know nothing about tilling the soil or farming. The missionary would be too glad to teach them, but unfortunately he has not the gift of bilocation, while he has other multifarious duties to attend to and thousands of other souls to look after.

In 1925, Father Boutry, S.J., went to them for the first time but was unable to do much, due to their shyness. Father John de la Haye, S.J., is now looking after them. At one time he baptized four; during the last year the Bishop baptized and confirmed forty: nine Tamils and thirty-one Veddahs. A few weeks ago, Father de la Haye baptized eight more. Now there are some two hundred and fifty of them Catholics.

They are still shy and difficult to contact, but as time spins along they are becoming more docile and friendly and accustomed to the missionary laboring in their midst. A school was started for them ten years ago, and is now flourishing with some forty or fifty children attending. Father de la Haye wins their favor and confidence primarily through the school. At school the children learn their prayers and catechism. One readily sees the value of a good and exemplary teacher. Once the children know their prayers and catechism well enough, Father asks the parents if they have any objection to having the children baptized. The answer is usually no. After Baptism they prepare for first Communion, then for Confirmation, till they are practical Catholics. Through the children the parents can gradually be influenced.

THE religion of the Veddahs is animism, a sort of natural religion undeveloped. They have a vague notion of God as being a Great Spirit on whom they are

dependent for all things. They also believe in numerous spirits living all around them, some good and some evil, to whom they pray in sickness and in danger of death. They have no idea of Heaven. There is no priestly caste among them, but they choose one in their midst to offer sacrifice of rice to *Pei*, the Tamil word for devil, but they are neither devil worshippers nor Hindus. They have no other word or name to express their deity, so they use *Pei*. They are very fond of noise at their religious ceremonies. When our eight new Christians were baptized they had fire-crackers to commemorate the event, even though they are very poor.

The church, consisting of four low walls, a roof and an altar is in fairly good condition; so is the school. A new hut for the school teacher and catechist combined was blessed recently. The church will soon be registered with and recognized by the Government for marriages. Thus the missionary becomes the official judge of marriages. There are some tangles among these poor ignorant people. For example, there is a man with two wives—sisters. For a few years he had no children with the first, then asked the second to be his wife, too. Three children were born of this second wife, but in the meantime two were born of the first. The man would not leave either of the wives, and the children must be cared for. What can the missionary do in such a case? All are well disposed and wish to be Catholics. Time will tell and God will provide.

There are at present twenty catechumens: ten in proximate preparation who will soon be baptized and ten who will be baptized later on. Among the first there is one who is their rice sacrificer to *Pei*. The others are trying to dissuade him from becoming a Christian because after that he will not be able to sacrifice.

THESE people are well disposed. If Father de la Haye had more funds at his disposal he could have all of these people in the fold in a very short time. The missionary must live; the catechists must live; the auto must drink petrol at Rs. 1.60 a gallon. Again, Father de la Haye has only one assistant, Father Joseph Mary, S.J. There are nine churches to look after and seventy villages to be visited in a population of forty thousand inhabitants, one thousand and fifty of whom are Catholic.

MY BIRTHDAY TO OUR LADY

LaVerne Wilhelm, S.J.

Each year of mine,
My Lady, may it be
A candle lit
Before your shrine—
A thread by fingers deft
Love-worked into your gown
Of May-time skies of blue—
A mirror into which
You may look down
And see your lovely face
All full of grace—
A note of music caught
By Heaven's choirs
Into the endless praise
Of their Queen's sinless ways—
A breath of love
Winged to your throne
By that Almighty Dove
Whose glory was full-blown
When you were born—
And yes, I pray,
May each year be a thorn
Drawn from the crown
I made Him wear,
Your Son. For love must share
In all. And it is sweet
To kiss His bleeding Feet,
When you can know
The Mother of Every Woe
With you is standing there.
O Lady, hear my prayer!

My Mother Abbess

Charles D.
Simons, S.J.

“A PRIEST with a flock of catechists” has been the admitted formula for fruitful missionary activity. Pope Pius XI says somewhere, speaking of Missions or of Catholic Action, that we should enlist the women folk in our work. And he is right.

In my own mission district I have eight catechists, and one “Mother Abbess,” as a neighboring missionary endearingly terms her. It is not detracting from the talents or zeal of the catechists to say that she is perhaps more profitable to the Church than all of them put together. They are good catechists, but she is exceptional.

Mother Abbess made her introduction to the new missionary by presenting her nephew for speedy Baptism. The nephew, fifteen years old, was full of the “devil’s sickness,” according to her. The “devil’s sickness” is well known here; and well known, too, even among pagans, is the best remedy: Baptism in the Catholic Church. Later on I became convinced that the cherished nephew was more full of devilry than anything else. But that is neither here nor there.

Mother Abbess is an apostle. Her home is in a village some forty *li* away (about thirteen miles) as the crow flies, but between seventy and eighty *li* when it rains, because the roads must zag and zig more than usual. Thirty families (she would have sworn to it had I asked) were ready to become catechumens and Catholics. Up till now the only Catholics in her large village have been herself and her two sons, and her husband would be were it not for his opium pipe.

“Thirty families! Hm!” Almost too good to be true for a young missionary breaking his first month of ground in the mission field. Moreover, I was offered a small building for a school and twenty-two chinklets, to begin with, for scholars.

“Father must go—look, see!”

“Yes, I will go;” and after two fruitless attempts because of rain and floods, finally succeeded. Her eldest son was my escort.

IT was the first time, as far as is known, that a missionary had visited the village. The twenty-two chinklets lined up for review: like little steps on which I hope their families will be led to Heaven. A nice thatched mud hut, excellent for the purpose, was presented for the school. And then the fireworks! No celebration, be it marriage or death, New Year or closing of school, is complete in China without fireworks. It was the first time I had ever had them set off, all in my honor. There must have been several thousand of them: small ones that completely monopolized all the sound waves for several minutes, and then a few cannon crackers to call off the end. I was confused, but



Writes the author: “Two ‘Virgins’ to whose devotion the missionary is eternally indebted. Without their help his work would not have a third of its success.”

secretly delighted. Was there really an opening here for apostolic work? We will try at least.

Some desks and benches were prepared and a catechist-teacher sent from the central residence. He began without ceremony. From time to time I made unexpected visits to look—see. Not a Catholic in the school—but all must learn their prayers and catechism. At my every visit each one must come upon the carpet for an examination. Of course, it is hard for them to conceive that God hasn’t got whiskers, or that he doesn’t take His bowl of rice several times a day. But that will come *man-man-ti*, slowly, as the Chinese love to say. At Christmas time the number of pupils had increased to thirty, and a group of at least forty or fifty is announced for after the Chinese New Year celebrations (this year ending on February 7).

“But the school is already crowded?”

Mother Abbess has the solution. Her house is too large anyway for her family of only “four months.” She will move into the school and we can have a more spacious thatched hut! And the catechumens? The thirty families? I received the list of their names; many were parents of the children. A promising group of men, and a few women, actually made the long trip to Shuyang, my center, and spent a good initial period in the catechumenate.

BUT the flood came and drowned the fields and barred even roundabout roads. Moreover, the lengthened distance became almost out of the question for the women with *siao-chiao*, small feet, or bound feet, as we say in English. Most of the families were too poor to own a donkey, and to hire one was an undreamed of expense. Mother Abbess again had the remedy. Let one of the “Presentandines” (Chinese “Sisters” who two by two help the missionary at the central post, instruct-

ing the girls and women catechumens)—let one of them go and open a catechumenate, on the spot. A hut in front of her house would serve as the local.

The plan was accepted, and my elder Presentandine, though almost past her sixtieth Summer, braved an all day and all night trip across flooded fields and swollen streams in cold November weather. The fruits were meager in the eyes of the Presentandine, but not so in mine. Having to return daily to their homes, and hence being frequently retained there the following day from apparent necessities, the catechumens only came irregularly to her instructions. But she had broken first ground in pagan families, and that is immense. Imagine my pleasure at my next visit to Mother Abbess' village, to have a smiling group of at least twenty good old mothers and their daughters, come in true Chinese style to salute the missionary. They were perhaps even more pleased than I was, and the Presentandine later told the reason why. It gave me a missionary thrill of a kind I had read about, but never experienced.

SHE had coached them well, and warned them not to fail to present themselves at the Father's next visit. Of course, they would—but a doubt crossed their minds. They had never seen a priest in their lives. "The priest—is it a human being or not?" they timidly queried. The Presentandine laughed off their fears, and so they were pleased to see with their own eyes that the priest was actually flesh and blood, though with a nose a bit bigger than theirs and less of the almond slit in his eyes. They made the Sign of the Cross for my benefit and recited in proud bashfulness the prayers they had learned. Of course, they must all come to the regular catechumenate later on, when the weather and roads are better, for one or two periods here. Away from family cares and pagan surroundings, they will more easily become imbued with Catholic doctrine and Catholic practises before being admitted to Baptism.—My catechists are good, but would that I had as many Mother Abbesses in my new and fascinating Mission!



East Gate of Shuyang, Ku., Haichow District, showing a bit of the ancient crenelated wall.

FOR the benefit of friends who may have missed a letter I sent some time ago, I shall state briefly here something of the mission setting in which I am located. My central mission post is some two hundred miles north, and a bit west of Shanghai in one of China's ancient cities of the interior, named Shuyang. Shuyang is a walled city, of massive bricks that date from the T'ang dynasty, not so long after the time of our Lord. Here I have a chapel, catechumenates for men and women, and schools for boys and girls. The men and boys are under my immediate care, aided by three catechists; while the women and girls are confided to two Chinese Sisters called Presentandines. In the countryside, I have just opened three small schools or chapel schools, where a permanent catechist teaches and carries on propaganda, and where I go from time to time to say Holy Mass and administer the sacraments. Being actually on the frontier of the Church, my Christian flock is not large. In a district some forty miles long by thirty miles wide, I have only 350 odd Christians scattered among 350,000 pagans. The word "frontier" is no exaggeration; for while on the west there is the flourishing Sūchow Mission of the Canadian Jesuits, on the east, even beyond the limits of the district confided to me, there is neither priest nor chapel nor more than a half dozen *Kiao-yeou* (as we call our Christians), from here to the ocean.

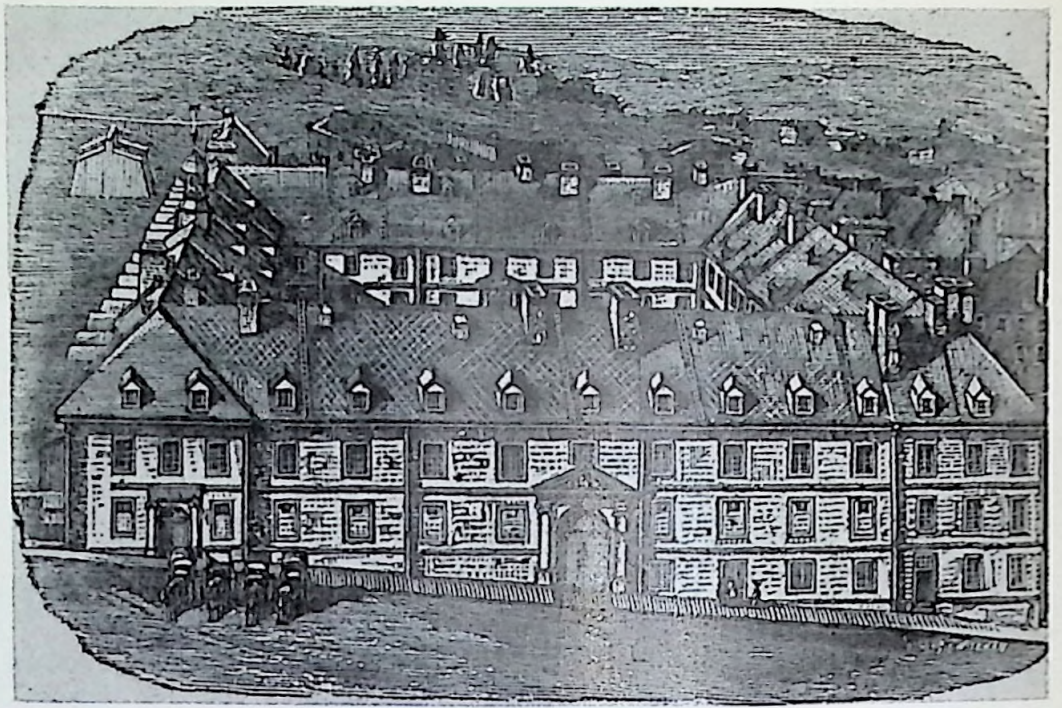
Some time ago the situation in Shuyang promised to be acute. About the end of September the huge dikes up north, which had kept much of the water of the Yellow River imprisoned in Weishan Lake, broke through. As a result, from one-half to two-thirds of my own mission district was, for over a month, under water. Even in many of the elevated villages, water was two and three feet

deep in the houses; and these houses, being of mud brick, quickly melted away. Shuyang was spared, but looking east, south and west, all was water as far as the eye could see.

Haichow smiles. Come sun or rain,—he is ready for either.

In the Royal Saguenay

James S. McGivern, S. J.



"There he taught in Quebec College, the earliest institution of higher learning in what is now Canada and the United States of America."



IN a journal written by Father Peter Laure, S.J., old time missionary of the Saguenay country, for the year 1720, we find this entry: "I came to Chicoutimi in June to take over the mission, now reestablished after an intervening period of some twenty years." Thus briefly and succinctly the new missionary records the start of what was to be a long and arduous ministry among the Montagnais Tribes of the Saguenay. From the time indicated in the above extract, until the day of his death, eighteen years in all, Father Peter Laure tramped through woods, dragged himself over mountains and crawled through valleys, paddled the length and breadth of rivers, and the broad expanses of innumerable lakes, ever in search of more and more souls, ever eager to bring the message of the Gospel to each man in his mission field.

Father Laure was born in France on September 17, 1688. His native town was that old city of romance, Orleans. A few short weeks after he had attained his nineteenth year he entered the Society of Jesus. Four years later, though not yet a priest, he was sent out to the Canadian Mission. There he taught in Quebec College, the earliest institution of higher learning in what is now Canada and the United States of America. After his period of teaching in this college, he was set to work at the study of theology and was ordained to the priesthood by Monsignor de St. Vallier, then Bishop of Quebec, on June 23, 1719. The following year, he was, as we have already noted, on the missions.

AFTER some twenty years without ministerial aid of any missionary, the Mission was in a rather deplorable state, both materially and spiritually, especially spiritually. Let Father Laure describe the spiritual state of this Mission at this time in his own words: "I return now to the state of this Mission, which had for so long been abandoned, at the time of my arrival. Although Father Louis André, after the death of Father de Crespien, (the last resident missionary) had made several ineffectual journeys to this place, there is scarcely a savage that has any more of a tincture of our religion than simple desire to learn its principles. The young men and women have never even heard of it. The old people retain but the mumbled and half-forgotten *Paters* and *Aves* of their fathers and mothers."

For eighteen years Father Laure was to labor single-handed among the Chekoutimians, Piekouagamians,

Nekoubauistes, Chomouchouanistes, Misstassinis, Tadoussackians, Papinacheois and Betsiamites, whom we generally—for our own convenience chiefly—include under the all-embracing title: Montagnais. These tribes were scattered through every part of the territory, north, south, east and west. Some of them were near the center of the Mission; along the banks of the Royal Saguenay, while naturally others were afar off near Hudson Bay, or in the opposite direction away into the Labrador district of the Saguenay Mission. And all these tribes, without a single exception that I know of, were nomadic. The camp beside the trail was their home, if home it can be called when it was here today and gone tomorrow. In the blood of all these tribes the call of the wild ran free. Yet nevertheless, it was among these "docile" Indians, as Father Laure calls them, that for eighteen years he was to carry on his apostolate. In those eighteen years, and among those tribes just named, the missionary was able to gather in a great number of converts. Though it was probably quite consoling on its spiritual side, still, it must have been difficult and sometimes almost heartbreaking work for Father Laure, as alone and unaided by any fellow missionary he worked among these Indians. And note this well, it was not for one, two, three, or even four years, but for eighteen long and weary years. The end came on April 22, 1738. The eighteen years spent by Father Laure among the Montagnais had been most fruitful. When he came to them at first he knew nothing of their language. Before his death he had prepared helpful books for his successors, so thoroughly had he mastered the Indian tongue. And the spiritual growth of his Indians was most consoling. He found them at his coming little less than pagan; he left them at his death well-grounded and practical in the exercise of the Catholic Faith.

FOR two years after the death of Father Laure two Fathers from the College of Quebec visited these missions in the Summer months. But the real successor of the saintly missionary whom we have been discussing, was the zealous Father John Baptist Maurice, S.J., who was to carry on the work of Father Laure for ten years.

Mass at Little Badger

Robert J. Kane, S.J.

MANY, many years have the Rockies looked down upon the Red Men who hunted the deer and the elk along his mountain streams and wooded sides. These sentinels of time have seen the Red Man live his span of time and pass to his happy hunting grounds. One day the Rockies saw a stranger among the Red children of the prairies and forests, and he was White. He wore a black gown so different from the beaver skins and buffalo hides of the Red Man. This stranger spoke of strange things, but they were sweet to hear. The Blackrobe said: "My children, love God and keep His law." The old mountains said: "Welcome, Blackrobe!"

That was many years ago. The Blackrobe was one and his children many, scattered over a wide area of land. The missionary came from a Mission far away and could only visit his children a few times a year. Since that day things have changed. At the foot of the mountains there is a little village, and this the missionary visits every two weeks when the snow is not too deep, and says Mass for his little flock. Here in this village, called Little Badger, live a kindly and energetic people who are always glad to see the priest come into their midst. In this village the missionary need not worry what he shall eat and whereon he shall rest his head for a little sleep.

ABOUT two-thirty Saturday afternoon I leave Holy Family Mission, Montana, for Little Badger which is about thirty-five miles distance from the Mission if I take the longest way over a man-made road. If I should yield to the fascination of driving over the prairies, it is a short cut of seventeen miles of rough and ready road. By rough and ready I mean you must be prepared for mud-holes, snow drifts and badger holes which can jar the bolts and nuts out of the car. If no accident happens, I reach my destination at about four in the afternoon. This gives me time to announce my arrival and hear a number of con-



"A word about my hosts. Mr. Dan Lone Chief and his good wife Ellen, provide me with a fine supper and breakfast."

fessions Saturday night. After confession I chat with the Indians or listen to them talk in Blackfeet. I try to pick up a word here and there, and whenever I hear the "*A-to-op-pi-a pi-co-on*," I know that I have received honorable mention.

A WORD about my hosts. Mr. Dan Lone Chief and his good wife Ellen, provide me with a fine supper and breakfast. They also see that I have the best bed in the house. During the Winter time all have retired to rest by ten o'clock, either upon beds, or upon the floor, should the number of guests be too many for the beds. Soon the fires die out and sweet unbroken sleep ends, at least for me. I must squirm about the bed to keep warm until the morning when fresh fires are built. But then I am up getting ready to say a few of my own prayers and preparing for Mass. In a large building made of logs, called the Round Hall, I say Mass upon a table placed somewhere in the middle of the hall, while the Indians are clustered as close as possible to a stove near the wall.

Again the Rockies look down upon the Indian village, but especially upon a little group of Indians silently watching the movements of the Blackrobe, and listening to his words of exhortation, and again they say: "Welcome, Blackrobe!"

After my consoling work at Little Badger, I return to my headquarters at Holy Family. Father Ignatius J. Dumbeck, S.J., is Superior there. Besides the two of us priests, two Scholastics, Charles Barry, S. J., and Martin E. Marquart, S.J., are stationed at Holy Family and are in charge of the Indian boys' school. The girls' department is under the care of those heroines of the Montana Missions,—the Ursuline Nuns. Also attached to our Jesuit Community is Father Egon Mallman, S.J., but Father makes his headquarters usually at Heart Butte, Montana.

Settoo's Wife

John A. Morrison, S.J.

THE slow train puffed and jerked to a noisy halt; the Old Timer and George got off. It was a mixed train, partly freight and partly passenger; in Alabama they would have called it a "Jim Crow." The missionary and his catechist were the only passengers to alight, and their cycles and few boxes were the only pieces of baggage to be removed from the brake van, for Ramnagar was a tiny station that seldom boasted of much traffic.

It did not take the Old Timer long to obtain leave from the fat little Hindu station master to store their boxes in the baggage room, and soon the missionary had tucked up his white cassock and he and George were pedaling along a narrow foot path beside the deeply rutted bullock cart road that led off towards the low hills which appeared in hazy outline on the southern horizon.

Starting a new mission in solidly pagan territory is exhilarating work and the Old Timer sent the cycle at a brisk clip along the dusty path as he thought over his plans. He was not really old. A stranger would have thought him a strong man in the prime of life. Ten years of intensive work in India had seasoned him nut brown and hard, and his Bishop considered him a veteran and relied upon him. George, his Indian catechist, was one of Nature's gentlemen. The missionary had met him on one of his first tours and the young pagan had listened eagerly to his Message. He had thrown open his house to the priest, who as yet had no home in his new territory, and the Old Timer made it his headquarters. Soon the newly converted George had become the priest's catechist and partner.

IN spite of speaking and understanding the language of his adopted country perfectly, the priest could not hide his fair skin which betrayed him at once as a foreigner, and the pagans regarded him as such. It was not until the native George had made openings and broken down prejudice that the Old Timer could get in his most effective work. Even when baptized, some things still seem strange to new converts, and on occasions when confessions were heard and Mass was said in newly converted villages, George often went to confession daily when others hung back and were afraid to be the first to come forward. George had a dark skin but it concealed a heart of gold. When the Old Timer



One of the first stages of starting a mission in India is the erection of a thatch chapel-school combination.

succumbed to tropical fever and lay unconscious in a thatch hut far out in the bush, George had traveled fifty miles on foot in twenty-four hours to bring medical aid, while the mercury in the thermometer simmered at one hundred and eight in the shade. This was the second field that the two were opening and they worked well together. The Old Timer was a consistent ground gainer when George ran interference for him.

The day grew sultry as the pair rode along, and late in the afternoon the priest noticed a dark, olive green cloud spreading up into the heavens from the northwest horizon. Ominous mutterings of thunder could soon be heard and the missionary realized that unless a shelter of some sort was soon found they would get a good drenching. But the road led through open rice fields and no village or house was visible. Soon a sharp breeze blew up great clouds of dust and, at about the time that the first large drops of rain began pattering down, the anxious pair saw a lone *machan*, a thatch shelter raised high up on strong bamboos in a corn field, used as a lookout platform by the watchman who guarded the crops day and night. As they drew near, its lone occupant, a young Hindu boy of perhaps fourteen Summers, called out: "Come quickly *Sahib!*" and as they reached its protection the storm broke.

INDIA is a land of moods and the Old Timer knew most of them, but this storm was a new experience even for him. Rain fell in torrents and the wind whipped the falling deluge around and under the *machan* so that soon the Old Timer and his two companions were drenched to the skin. Fortunately, the thatch of the roof was thick. At first the hail stones were not large, but they increased in size until the little shelter was being positively bombarded by balls of ice as large as

plums. Close by was a mango grove, and above the driving of the wind and rain and the thud of the falling hail they could hear the shrill cry of birds as they fell screaming to the ground, knocked from the protection of the trees, their wings broken by the merciless hail.

The combined rain and hail lasted for nearly half an hour, and fortunately for the occupants of the *machan*, the thatch roof bore up under the fierce bombardment and all three escaped with only a good wetting.

"Come to my village, *Sahib*," said the Hindu lad when the storm had passed. "It is just beyond the mango grove, and you can dry your clothes and rest before continuing your journey."

The Old Timer was glad to accept the invitation, but it was not easy to reach the village. Rice fields were flooded with the torrential downpour and the hail stones, floating on top of the muddy water, reminded the missionary of white icing on great flat trays of brown molasses candy that he had seen as a boy in store windows in his native land. Narrow paths followed the tops of the low ridges separating one field from the other, but the rain had made them very slippery. It is no easy matter to carry

a cycle on one of these paths even when dry, and the slips and falls into the mud and water on either side were frequent. It was a very wet and cold and muddy missionary who finally reached the road leading into the little village of Lakshmipur.

AS they drew near, the priest noticed a rather pretentious pile of buildings on the outskirts of the village; a kind of squat feudal castle with the houses of the tenants clustered around the wall of their suzerain. Lattice work covered the windows on the upper floor of the main building. Those were the women's apartments, and the Old Timer sighed as he realized the impossibility of making known his Message to those who lived behind the heavily screened windows. This was India, where the system of *pardah* prevailed and high caste ladies dwelt apart in strict seclusion.

"Who lives there, Tarni?" he inquired of their young guide who was picking his way gingerly through the hail.

"That is the house of Settoo," replied the shivering lad.

"Is he your landlord?" asked the priest.

"Yes, he is a big *zemindar*," went on the lad. "He owns most of our village and parts of many villages near here. He is very rich. Settoo's father died three years ago and now the young *babu* is master of all."

The Old Timer wondered what kind of person this Settoo might be. He intended establishing himself in this territory, and if the landlord remained neutral, work would be a great deal easier than if he were positively hostile. In this latter case progress would be extremely slow.

They were now in Lakshmipur and the little village had not looked this way for years. The scene was more



Indian villages, too, have their smithies and the blacksmith "with large and sinewy hands, the muscles of whose brawny arm are strong as iron bands."

arctic than tropical. Roads and houses were steaming, while hail lay thick on the thatch roofs and in the corners. Tall palms waved racked and tattered leaves in the evening breeze. The villagers themselves were in consternation. But a guest is a guest and must be honored and cared for as such, and Tarni's father was equal to the occasion. A tiny fire of dried cow-dung cakes was burning within his house, filling the single room with a great deal of smoke, it is true, but also giving out a certain amount of heat. Around this were gathered Tarni's sister and two brothers. They had only a poor shelter during the storm and were trying to warm and dry themselves. Tarni brought in a low stool for the Old Timer to sit upon and an armful of cow-dung cakes for the fire, and the two visitors sat near the glowing coals with their young hosts.

TARNI plied the Old Timer with questions in his dialect and the priest answered. Yes, he was a *sadhu* or *guru*, a Brahman of the *sahibs*, and he came from the district to the west. He (Turn to page 139)



FROM MANY KINGDOMS



ADVANCES ON THE MISSIONS

Mother and Child Welfare

A special instruction of the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda Fide regarding assistance for mothers and infants in mission countries has been addressed to all Religious Orders of Women. The instruction expressed the wish that new Religious Institutes of women may be founded whose special purpose will be, with due protection made for the necessary safeguards, to conduct health work on the missions. It also encouraged the formation within already existing Sisterhoods of special branches for this particular work. Rules are given for the guidance of Religious in the exercise of sanitary assistance. In midwifery, particularly, a special instruction was given for their scientific and technical training which, when possible, should be acquired at Catholic hospitals or Catholic universities. In every case the Religious should be safeguarded by special spiritual protection, and aspirants should attend the university courses before taking their final vows.

A Year of Progress in China

Catholic missions in China during 1934-1935, had one of their most successful years on record. Conversions which are recorded according to the number of adult Baptisms reached a total of 96,680. There are 495,060 catechumens preparing for Baptism. Of the 125 ecclesiastical territories into which the country is now divided, 22 are entrusted to the Chinese clergy. Chinese and foreign priests now total 4,309. Chinese priests increased by 88 last year, the greatest net increase on record, and they now average approximately forty-one per cent of the entire clergy. The prospects for the future are bright with 935 seminarians in major seminaries, 4,021 in minor seminaries, and 1,906 boys preparing for entrance into the seminaries. The number of Chinese Brothers has reached 635. Of the 5,413 Sisters in China, sixty-three per cent are Chinese. The number of catechists employed by missionaries was raised to 13,817, an increase of seventeen per cent during the twelve months. The grand total of Baptisms, 565,792, surpassed by almost 64,000 that of the year before. Figures for the spiritual returns of the year show

that there were 10,820,486 confessions and 27,327,233 Holy Communions.

A Dying Race is Reinvigorated

For a long time, too long in fact, the aborigines of Australia were considered an inferior race, a dying race, destined to disappear like the Tasmanians; they were looked down upon as a race without intelligence, giving little promise of conversion. Though today they total only about 60,000 with perhaps 20 or 30,000 half-breeds, they probably numbered more than a million at the end of the eighteenth century. They have been dying off since the coming of the Whites, just like the Maoris of New Zealand, the Polynesians and the Melanesians of the Pacific Islands, and the Red Skins of North America, have died off. Wars, massacres, ill treatment, diseases from abroad sum up their sad history. But it must be added that some benefits have come from contact with the Whites, and in those places where the contact has been beneficial the lower race is picking up again and taking a new lease of life. This is true in parts of New Zealand, Australia, Samoa, Fiji and New Caledonia.

A recent official census of the pure blooded aborigines of Queensland shows that they numbered 12,532 in 1933, that there were 386 births and 324 deaths that year. Furthermore, in missions—Catholic and Protestant—where the natives are under the influence of a religious organization, the births far outnumber the deaths, at an average of sixty-five to forty-three, while among the natives, decimated by the vices and diseases brought to them by our "civilization," still living as nomads on the limited lands allotted to them by the Whites, deaths surpass births at a rate of 122 to 102. These facts are verified in other parts also, not only in Queensland. Twenty-five Catholic marriages at the mission on Bathurst Island, says Monsignor Gsell, have been blessed with many children.

India's "Flying Flea"

The first "Flying Flea" to appear in the East has been built by a missionary of Rangoon. Father L. Picot, of the Foreign Missions of Paris, working only during his free time, built the machine

according to the instructions given in a book by M. Henri Mignet, inventor of *Le Pou du Ciel*. The tiny motor for the "Flea" was sent to him from France.

The "Flying Flea" departs entirely from the conventionalities of an ordinary aeroplane. Instead of the usual rudder, ailerons and elevators, the "Flea" has simply a rudder and a tilting wing; the warped wings give the machine just the right amount of bank and take the place of the ailerons. It has one control stick only.

The machine built by Father Picot weighs 250 pounds. It has motorcycle controls on the dash board. With its 25 h.p. Poinard engine it can attain a speed of eighty miles an hour. An eight gallon fuel tank makes possible a cruising range of two hundred and fifty miles.

Catholic Action on the Missions

Before several hundred clerical students of many nationalities who crowded into the Aula Magna of the Gregorian University, Rome, on February 6, Archbishop Celso Costantini, Secretary of the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda Fide, lectured on Catholic Action in missionary lands.

"There is only one danger," said the Archbishop, "in this general mobilization, and that is, that the members, particularly the young, may be over-eager. . . . But there is a remedy: Catholic Action is the cooperation of the laity in the work of the hierarchy; it is cooperation, not a placing over, not a substitution. It is a fundamental principle of Catholic Action that nothing is to be done *without the Bishop*. For this reason, Catholic Action cannot be imagined where the people are not truly and deeply Catholic. The external organization is to no purpose, it may even be harmful, if there is not first a sound and deep spiritual formation. The organization is like the overhead wires of an electric railway; they are useless if the current is not turned on; nor would the electric current serve its purpose unless directed into the wires. We have Catholic Action when these two elements are connected: the deep spiritual formation of the members and the external organization." It must be evident from this that much Catholic activity is not formal Catholic action, though not therefore lacking merit.

The King Sends Greetings

Edward F. Madaras, S. J.



WHEN I was a lad, I read the Arabian Nights, as what youngster does not? Baghdad to me then was merely a name, without local habitation. But no matter; the Caliph of Baghdad, the good Haroun al Rashid, came to take on in my eyes the qualities of an exalted personage, and whenever I read in the magic tales how someone was so fortunate as to be admitted into his fairy palace and ushered into his august presence, I nourished a secret boyish wish that I might have been there to pop out from behind some convenient curtain and view the pageant and splendor of the royal court.

Dreams have a strange way of coming true in this topsy-turvy world of ours, and although my childish fancies have vanished, and the Caliphate of Baghdad with them, I have come as near as possible to a realization of my fanciful dream. The Royal Palace in Baghdad is now occupied by the King of Iraq, who is himself, like the Caliphs of old, a descendant of the Prophet Mohammed. I have been received in audience by the King of Iraq.

I do not say that to exalt my own importance. I merely wish to show that just as Haroun al Rashid in the days of long ago was ready to receive the lowliest of his subjects, so in modern times the King is accessible to those who crave his favor. Moreover, it was not as an individual that I was received by His Majesty, but as one of two Jesuits who had shortly before arrived in Baghdad from America for the purpose of opening a high school for the King's Christian subjects.

IN order that the record may be perfectly accurate, let me add that it was not the present incumbent of the throne, Ghazi I, who received me; it was his father, Feisal I, of whom you may have read in "Seven Pillars of Wisdom" or in "Lawrence of Arabia." It was he who led the Arab revolt against the Turks.

He received Father Rice and myself with the utmost graciousness and cordiality, shook us by the hand, and bade us be seated. Then he proceeded to ask questions about the "Baghdad College" that was to be. Having been educated in Constantinople and attended the Paris Peace Conference, he spoke French better than English, so we carried on the conversation in that language, though



His Majesty, Ghazi I, King of Iraq, who has pledged his friendship for Baghdad College.

he had a fair knowledge of English, too. When our audience was at an end, he assured us that he stood ready to help us in whatever way lay in his power, and then bade us a kindly farewell.

HIS son and successor, Ghazi I, has likewise shown his sympathetic attitude towards us Jesuits by an audience, but I was not present on that occasion. Each New Year's Day, too, he sends around his Master of Protocol, Tahsin Beg Kadri, to tender us his greetings and best wishes. After one of these visits, one of the Fathers remarked: "I wonder in how many Christian countries it is the custom for the King to send a messenger round to convey greetings to the Jesuits?"

From this little account I would not have you conclude that everything here is all roses for us and no thorns, or that we feel no opposition from quarters that might cause concern. But it is comforting to us, and it should be to our friends, to know that at the Royal Palace is one who is not unmindful of Baghdad College and who may be called on for his assistance if the need arises. Do you not think we do well, then, to pray each day for Ghazi I, King of Iraq?

A Momentous Pastoral

The occasion of the following momentous pastoral has been a long sustained and virulently anti-Catholic campaign on the part of some Protestant schools in the Philippines to proselytize the Catholic youth of the Islands. The arch offender is the Silliman Institute of Dumaguete, capital city of the province of Oriental Negros. As a public protest to the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions which maintains this proselytizing agency, and for the enlightenment of Catholics and unprejudiced Protestants alike, we reprint the following pastoral of the Bishop of Cagayan, Oriental Misamis, P. I., the most Reverend James T. G. Hayes, S.J.—*Editor.*

DEARLY Beloved Brethren of the Diocese of Cagayan: This is my first Pastoral Letter to you. It deals with a very important matter—perhaps the most important—and one that concerns the future of the Catholic Church in the Philippines and the salvation of the thousands of children who are born every year and made sons of God and heirs of Heaven by the saving waters of Baptism. This letter speaks briefly of Catholic Education and the obligations parents have of giving their children an education in the truths of our holy religion.

Our Holy Father, Pope Pius XI, in his wonderful Encyclical, "*Divini illius Magistri*," tells us what true education is. He explains that education consists essentially in preparing man for what he must be and for what he must do here below in order to obtain the sublime end for which he was created. In other words, education consists chiefly in learning all that is necessary to help us to praise, reverence and serve God in this life so that when we die we may be happy with Him in Heaven.

Many men fall into error because instead of fixing their eyes on God the beginning and end of all created persons and things they depend upon themselves and become attached exclusively to the things of this world. These men labor in vain. Their restlessness will never cease until they direct their attention and all their efforts to God the goal of all perfection, according to the profound saying of St. Augustine: "Thou didst create us, O Lord, for Thyself and our hearts are restless until they rest in Thee."

Education, as we understand it today, should give the child a training in his body by physical education, a training of intellect by endeavoring to obtain all the knowledge in the arts and sciences and a training of heart by learning the principles of right living, that is, living on this earth as a child of God with an end to living for eternity with Him in Heaven.

How can such a real education be obtained by Catholics? The easiest and best way is to send the child to the Catholic school—Primary, Intermediate, High School, College and even University—where religion enters into the physical and intellectual as well as the moral training of the child; where he sees the principles taught in his class of religion put into practice every day in every class and applied to every subject. When parents send their children to Catholic schools they are fulfilling their duty to God as regards the education of these children. The Law of the Church tells us very plainly how serious an obligation the parents have. Canon 1113 reads: "Parents have a very grave obligation of giving their children a moral and religious education as well as a physical and civil education."

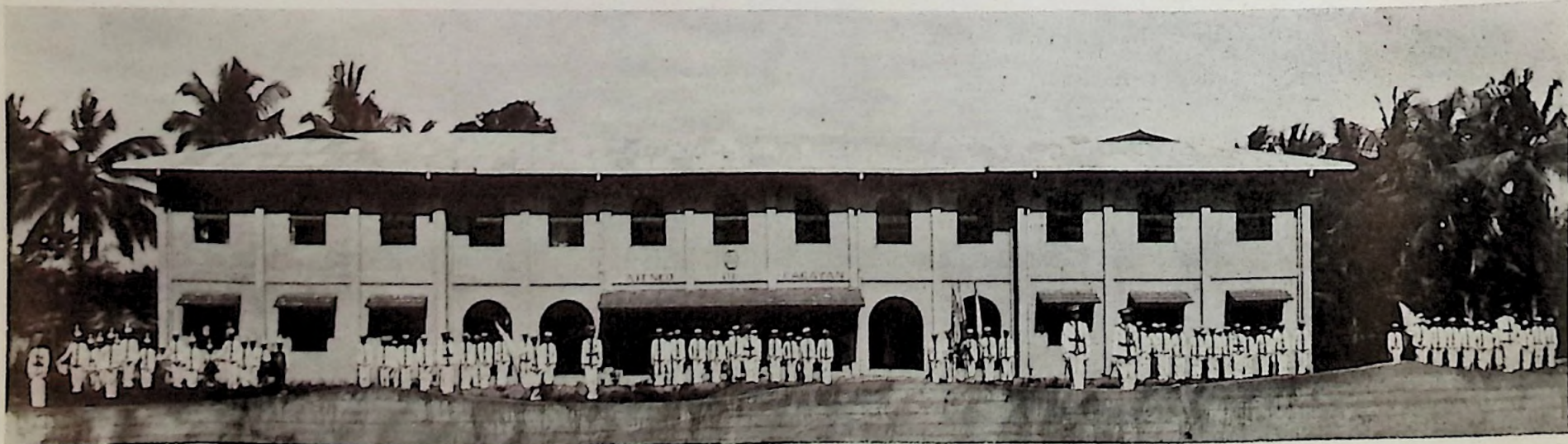
Public schools are not Catholic schools but come under the neutral schools because the teaching of religion is excluded from the curriculum. Here is this Diocese parents may send their children to the public schools but if they do so then they have the very grave obligation of teaching their children themselves and taking care that they receive the proper religious instruction in the Catechism classes in the church.

IN the public schools, teachers are absolutely forbidden to teach or discuss religion in any form whatsoever. In some few public schools of this Diocese where some of the teachers are Protestant, every opportunity is taken to speak about religion especially in the classes of History, Biology and Literature. In nearly all instances where religion is discussed these Protestant teachers speak against the Catholic Faith. Parents who send their children to the public schools should be watchful about this and if they hear that any teachers speak against the Catholic Religion they should report these teachers to the Parish Priest. The Parish Priest should report them to the Bishop so that proper action may be taken with the authorities in Manila.

Before parents send their children to any private non-sectarian school, they must make sure that there is no danger that the children will lose their Catholic Faith in such a school. Parents should consult the Parish Priest before sending their children to any private school. Catholic parents who send their children to non-sectarian private schools have the obligation of instructing their children in their holy religion and taking care that they attend the Catechism classes in the church.

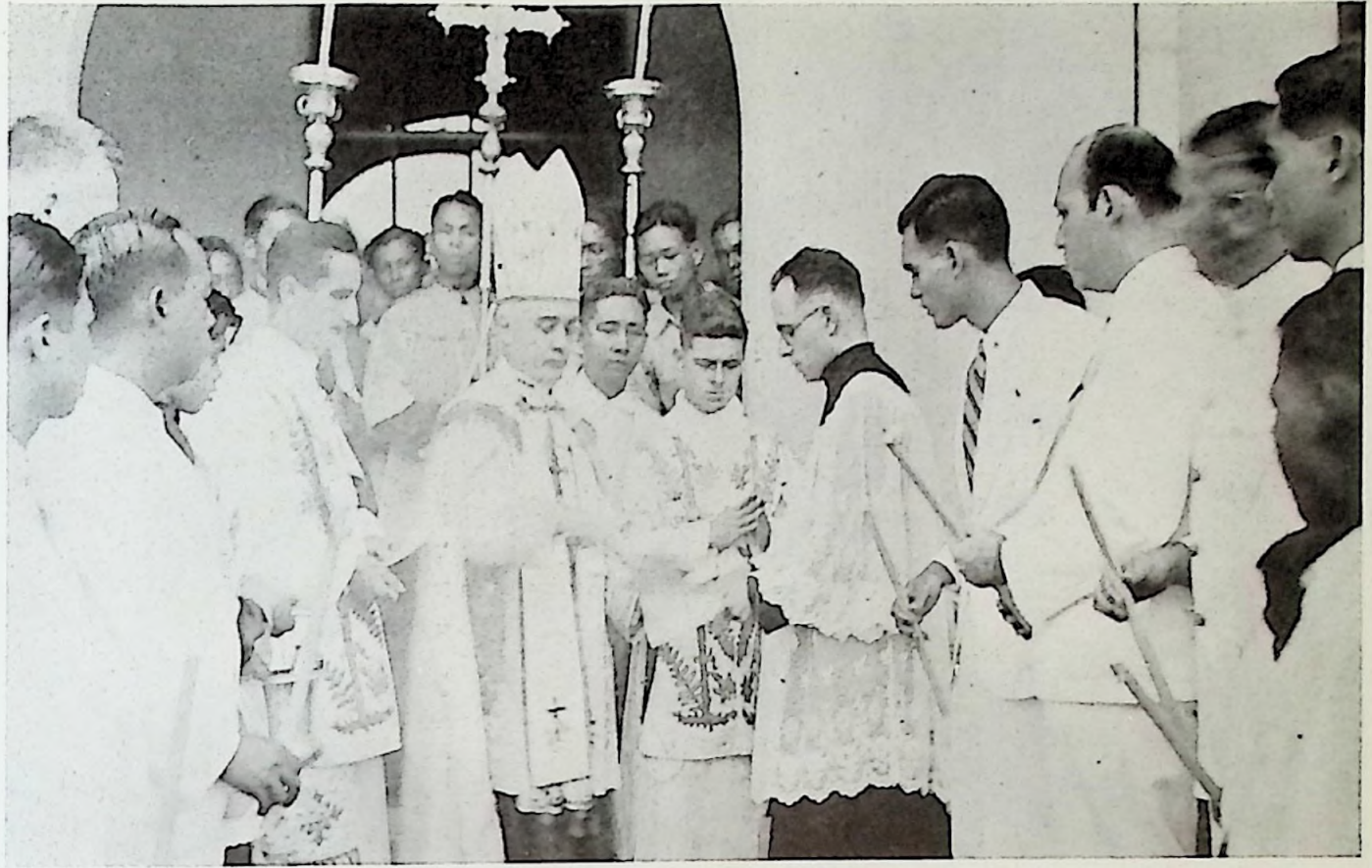
Catholics are never allowed to send their children to Protestant schools or to other sectarian schools. Not even the Bishop could allow this in any circumstance or for any reason whatsoever.

The new Ateneo de Cagayan, Diocesan Boys' High School. Cost fifteen thousand dollars. Built to offset the proselytizing influence of Silliman Institute, an American Protestant school which has done great spiritual harm to the Filipino Catholic youth during the past thirty years.



*Rt. Rev. James
T. G. Hayes, S.J.*

The Law of the Church is very clear on this point, Canon 1374 reads: "Catholic children are not allowed to attend non-Catholic schools." By "non-Catholic" schools is understood schools in which another religion is taught. Catholic parents commit a grave sin in sending their children to such schools. Better by far no education than one gained at the sacrifice of one's religion. For a Catholic to lose his faith means the loss of his soul. Christ Himself tells us: "What doth it profit a man, if he gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his own soul?"



At the blessing of the new Ateneo de Cagayan, Diocesan Boys' High School. Left to right: Father Vincent I. Kennally, S.J., Superior of Cagayan, Most Rev. James T. G. Hayes, S.J., Bishop of Cagayan, Edward J. Wasil, S.J., who is at present studying Theology at Woodstock College, Woodstock, Maryland, and Father George J. Kirchgessner, S.J., Secretary to Bishop Hayes.

ONE such school to which Catholic parents are not allowed to send their children is Silliman Institute—a Protestant institution. All the officials of this school admit that this school is owned and managed by the Protestant Church. Many of the teachers are Protestant pastors and Protestant missionaries. If we look at the School Catalogue for 1935-36, we see on page 16 under the title, "Christian Influence,"—"The Bible is required and occupies an important place in the course of studies." Also on page 16 under "Chapel Service," we read, "All students are expected to attend these services." Again on page 74 under the title, "Spiritual advantages," we find, "The Bible is taught in all grades. The boys and girls are expected to attend Sunday School and Church services on each Sabbath. The Junior Church is exclusively for these students." It is clear from these excerpts of the Silliman Catalogue that this school is a Protestant institution and that Catholic students who attend are in grave danger of losing their Faith since they are forced to attend Protestant services and Bible classes. At this college strong attempts are made by persuasive talks and, they say, even by threats of failure in examination, to make Catholics change their religion. Catholic young men have told me that they allowed themselves to go through the ceremony of Protestant Baptism in order to please professors and get along in their studies though these Catholic young men did not believe in the Baptism and

never intended to live up to it. Some baptized Catholics, with little or no knowledge of their Catholic Faith, went to Silliman and when they finished their course claimed and still claim to be strong Protestants. Such men, we say, were only Catholics in name because though they had received Catholic Baptism when they were infants, they never had any religious instruction in their Catholic Faith. So when they protested against the Catholic Faith they did not know what they were doing as they did not know what they were protesting against. Still, they were robbed of the little Catholic Faith they might have had when they entered Silliman.

I HAVE studied the situation very carefully during my nine years here in the Philippines and know whereof I speak. Therefore, at the meeting of all the Bishops in Manila in February of this year I pointed out the proselytizing efforts of this school and the dangers to which Catholic students are exposed. The Bishops after a long deliberation passed the following decree:

"The Bishops, realizing the proselytizing efforts of Protestant schools and the means used to rob the Catholic students of their Faith, do hereby remind (Turn to page 140)

St. Augustine School, Cagayan. Children's demonstration of calisthenics during annual school exhibition.



MAY

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JESUIT MISSIONS

A MAGAZINE OF APOSTOLIC ENDEAVOR

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Looking Eastward

SOME twenty years ago, Father Hilarion Gil, S.J., professor of history at Oña in Spain, and founder and editor of *El Siglo de las Misiones*, published in Bilbao, wrote a series of articles on the situation in the mission fields at that time. These articles, gathered together in one pamphlet entitled: "The Hour of God in the Foreign Missions," pointed to the religious unrest in the Orient as part of one of those world-dramas which radically change the history of mankind. What Father Gil said then is equally true today, though since he wrote his articles there have been some mighty changes in the East. "This world-drama," the author wrote, "is the modernization of the pagan nations, a movement which involves a thousand million men, which embraces everything that makes up their culture, and which concerns, in a striking degree, their religion." The chief cause of this movement, says the author, is the modern development of means of communication.

Certain it is that with the influx of western ideas, gigantic changes came to oriental countries which had for centuries gone along old traditional paths with almost unchanging regularity. While it would be interesting to trace the development of the East along commercial lines, we must limit ourselves here rather to a brief glance at the religious side of the question, taking into consideration the developments that have gone on in some of the larger territories in modern times. We make no extensive mention of the Philippine Islands here, because they were a Spanish Colony and were thoroughly Catholic—the only Catholic nation of the Orient.

Someone, speaking of mission developments since the year 1800, gives this period the title: "Golden Age of Catholic Missions." True it is that these last thirteen decades have seen bitter and sanguinary persecutions; they have given us additional members to the band of glorious martyrs; they have increased the multitude of heroic confessors who suffered much because of their

Faith. But withal, the missions have expanded; pagan opposition in some quarters has been less bitter; and iron-bound institutions have weakened or are weakening.

Least spectacular, perhaps, is Japan which in a commercial way today is second to no nation. Bitter persecution had almost exterminated Catholicity there, but this finally came to a close in about 1872. At that time Catholics numbered a scant 15,000. Today Japan's Catholic population is about 103,000.

China has had her Boxer Uprising, her murders by brigands and her communistic persecutions, but even these, though they retarded, have not entirely checked her spiritual growth. In 1800 her Catholic population numbered about 200,000; at the close of 1935 she could report a total of 2,818,839, and of these, nearly 100,000 were converts of the past year. The Church in China is thoroughly organized, and the ancient Celestial Empire presents a most promising field for expansion in the immediate future.

Africa shows even a more startling growth. She, too, has given us martyrs in modern times, but today from a religious viewpoint she is at peace and seems to be the greatest land of promise. In the year 1800 her Catholics numbered scarcely 400,000. Today they total nearly six and a half million, and year after year the numbers increase in most consoling fashion. As in Japan, and even more in China, so in Africa, too, native boys have risen to the priesthood and native girls have entered the ranks of the Sisters, showing the stability that has been manifest in the new Catholics of the missions of Africa.

India's Catholicity dates far back, but never does her teeming population seem to have opened to Christianity as it does today. In the year 1800 she numbered some 723,000 Catholics, whereas today she counts approximately 3,800,000. True it is that over and above the older Catholics of southern India, her increase in northern districts has come largely from the aborigines who are proving themselves splendid Catholics. Caste restrictions have shackled India these many centuries, and they have been the chief obstacle to her growth in the Faith. But recent years have at least tended to weaken the chain. It does seem as if a break here and there may finally free India from its fetters. In this connection let us quote part of a letter from the Superior of one of India's northern missions.

"Only a few months ago all India was startled by the public declaration by Dr. Ambedkar, the national leader of the Depressed Classes, that he had definitely decided to withdraw from the Hindu fold, and that he hoped in the course of five years to persuade all his followers, some seventy millions, to do the same thing. Excitement ran high all over India; among the Hindus at the thought of so great a loss to their numbers; among Moslems, Sikhs, Buddhists, and others, at the prospect of such a gain to their own ranks. . . . During the last two weeks we have been able to baptize some twenty men and women of one of these Depressed Classes (cobbler caste) who even five years ago would have been impervious to any religious appeal that would conflict with their adhesion to Hinduism." If this indicates a break in the caste system, the future is hopeful indeed.

THE MISSION INTENTION

Missionary Vocations

IT has been said that the strongest organization in the world is the Catholic Church. While this refers, we believe, particularly to the Church's hierarchical order and unity, it must be evident likewise that the hierarchy can only function in its campaigns for the extension of Christ's Kingdom on earth through the parish and its parochial organizations. The individual parish is the unit in the organization of the Catholic Church around the world, and as such we may rightly expect it to be the starting point of spiritual life and the source of inspiration for apostolic projects. With reason, therefore, does His Holiness ask the individual parishes to assist him in fostering missionary vocations.

The need for missionary vocations hardly requires elaboration. Today in the mission fields of the world the number of foreign born priests barely reaches a total of 13,000. Add to this 5,000 native priests and we have at most 18,000 priests in charge of Catholic missions. This ridiculously low proportion becomes more evident when contrasted with the number of priests, let us say, in Italy alone where there is a total of 50,000. It becomes still more evident when we consider the total number of priests on the missions in relation to the number of inhabitants or the number of Catholics in mission lands. Let us take as examples, China, Korea and Japan. Statistics for these three countries are taken from "Annuaire des Missions Catholiques de Chine—1936." Thus in China today there are 2,818,839 Catholics out of 480,500,000 inhabitants. In Korea, there are 121,104 Catholics among 20,800,000 inhabitants, and in Japan, 103,271 Catholics among a total population of 65,300,000. Again, in China, we have a total of 4,309 priests of whom 1,747 are Chinese. In Korea, there are 179 priests of whom 85 are Koreans. In Japan, there are 287 priests of whom 67 are Japanese. Once more, in China, there is but 1 Catholic for every 170 inhabitants. In Korea, 1 Catholic for every 171 inhabitants, and in Japan, 1 Catholic for every 632 inhabitants. In China, likewise, there is but 1 priest for every 111,510 inhabitants. In Korea, 1 for every 116,201 inhabitants, and in Japan, 1 for every 227,526 inhabitants. Concerning the number of priests in relation to the number of Catholics there is in China, 1 priest for every 654 Catholics. In Korea, 1 for every 676, and in Japan, 1 for every 359. Nevertheless, if we consider the number of priests who independently of teaching are engaged directly on the mission field itself, there is in China only 1 priest for every 1,613 Catholics. In Korea, 1 for every 1,424 Catholics, and in Japan, 1 for every 1,541 Catholics.

In regard to the encouragement of likely missionary vocations, the present Pontiff in his encyclical, "*Rerum Ecclesiae*" has written to the Most Reverend Bishops: ". . . neither scarcity of clergy, nor any need of the diocese ought to discourage you or keep you from giving your consent, since your faithful have at hand, so to speak, the helps to salvation and are less further removed from salvation than are the heathens, particularly those who still are savages and barbarians." May the Queen of Apostles grant an increase of missionary vocations!

COMMUNICATIONS

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

A Client of Father William Doyle, S.J.

To the Editor of JESUIT MISSIONS:

Enclosed you will please find a small donation (wish it were more) to be sent to some Jesuit missionary in need of funds. And may I request that this priest say a Mass for the speedy canonization of Father William Doyle, S.J., through whose intercession I believe I have obtained several favors? I promised publication in some Jesuit magazine if these favors were granted. Perhaps it will help some of the readers of JESUIT MISSIONS to become better acquainted with the life of Father Doyle. They may gain something by it.

New York, N. Y.

(Miss) Margaret Burke.

The Eucharistic Congress in Manila

To the Editor of JESUIT MISSIONS:

One year from today the XXXIII International Eucharistic Congress will open in Manila. Everyone hopes and prays and expects that it will be a tremendous success. Time will tell the eventuality.

It may seem incongruous that what is usually described in the pages of JESUIT MISSIONS as a poor mission country should be rich enough and Catholic enough to provide the splendor and glory of a Congress similar to those held in Chicago, Dublin and Buenos Aires. Maybe the Islands are not rich enough. There are, it is true, many rich people; and Manila, Cebu and Iloilo are centers of great trade and merchandise. Certainly the poverty of Mindanao could furnish little of the material splendor that usually accompanies the International Eucharistic Congress. Our Bishop's quota is \$5,000.00, and he has asked his mission parishes to supply only sixty per cent of that. Many of the pastors will find it difficult to raise the amount assigned them. But Mindanao is not the whole of the Philippine Islands.

If Catholicity is the test to prove the success of the Congress, the Philippines ought to do gloriously. In name, at least, between eighty and ninety per cent of the people are Catholic. Is it a staunch, practical, pious Catholicism? I hesitate to speak for all the Islands. There are outstanding examples of devotion to the Church; and among prelates, priests, religious and lay men, there are none in the world more virtuous and zealous than may be found among the Filipino people. Mindanao, however, again lags behind. Moro invasions and Moro fear up to the time of the American occupation retarded the growth of Christianity here; and even where something had been accomplished, the blight heresy of Aglipay brought desolation. Only during the past years under American cultivation has there been a real flowering of the seed planted through many years by the Spanish missionaries in Mindanao.

Of prayer and spiritual preparation for the Congress there will be no lack. In each parish of Bishop Hayes' diocese will be held during this year Parochial Eucharistic Congresses, to culminate on the feast of Christ the King in a grand Diocesan Congress in Cagayan. Every first Sunday of the month is Congress Sunday, and the people are urged to prayer and Communion to assure the success of the great undertaking. What is being done in Northern Mindanao will be performed with greater pomp in the more Catholic centers of the Islands. Certainly the Bishops will do all in their power to make the Blessed Sacrament better loved and venerated in the Islands, so that, in the coming Congress, the example of the only Christian and Catholic nation of the East may be an inspiration and a blessed memory to all who visit the Islands from February 3-7, 1937, and, through the voice of radio and press, to all the world. America will be deeply interested, I am sure; and will pray, too, that her ward (for, despite Commonwealth and governmental changes, we are still her ward) may exhibit a glorious Faith, and a splendid devotion to the dear Sacramental God of our Tabernacles.

Dansalan, Lanao,
Mindanao, P. I.

Joseph Reith, S.J.

Pilgrims to the Eucharistic Congress in Manila will be especially interested in the above letter. One of the optional side trips of the JESUIT MISSIONS' Pilgrimage to the Congress will be a trip of ten days to the Cagayan Diocese and its missions. A number of the American Jesuits laboring in the Philippine Islands are stationed in the territory of which Father Reith speaks. They are looking forward to the visit to Mindanao which is planned for the American Pilgrims.



A FIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUITS

AMERICAN INDIANS

Writing from Holy Rosary Mission, Pine Ridge, South Dakota, during the severe Winter weather which visited the country in February, Father Daniel B. McNamara, S.J., says:

"I am like the voice of one crying in the wilderness. For days we have been completely snowed in and cut off from civilization. This cold weather hit Holy Rosary with a lot of force. When the blizzards blow across these prairies out here in South Dakota one knows it is cold. The thermometer has hovered way below zero for just about a month. One morning it was forty-eight below. I was waiting for the mercury to fall out and then I decided that I would take my dog Sandy, turn Eskimo and dig in for the Winter. One day Sandy and I were caught in a nice breezy blizzard out on the Porcupine Trail. I was trying to get over the trail from Our Lady of Lourdes Mission before the roads were blocked with snow. Bang, I hit a big snowdrift, and there I was, miles from nowhere. There was nothing to do but start walking. So out we got and hit the trail on foot. Luckily a Government car came along and took me back to Our Lady of Lourdes Mission where I stayed until the storm was over.

"It was quite a proposition to keep these old buildings warm for the three hundred and sixty Indian boys and girls. Do I owe a coal bill? Do not ask me any questions. I thought of the story of the old Negro preacher who called his congregation together to pray for rain. The longer they prayed the hotter the sun. Finally, the preacher turned to the congregation and said: 'What is the matter with the faith of you niggers? Coming here to pray for rain and leaving your umbrellas at home!' I prayed for help and kept buying coal and groceries. I am now waiting for my prayers to be heard.

"The suffering among the Indians out on the Reservation has been acute. Bessie Bear Robe arrived one day all dressed up like a rag bag. Her horses had perished in the storm, so she had burnt the wagon for wood. Bessie and her family live in a tent. Imagine the warmth when the thermometer was

forty-eight below! Mrs. Tobacco dug herself out and reached the Mission. She lives two miles back in the hills. The food gave out, so she spent two days making a trail this far. There are only nine children in the family, so something had to be done. You know how far back in these hills some of these Indians live. I am wondering just how the poor people are living. It will be a miracle if some of them do not die, but it is impossible to reach the isolated houses."

* * *

Father Thomas A. Steele, S.J., is Superior of St. Andrew's Mission, Pendleton, Oregon, among the Umatilla, Cayuse and Walla Walla Indians. In a letter dated February 21, he writes:

"I surely appreciated the recent Mass intentions which you sent us.

"You may wonder why I don't write more either for your magazine or for our own *Province News*. It is mostly because I am trying so hard to help our Mission that I have been doing work myself to save money instead of hiring others. This may sound strange to some, but may be readily understood from the fact that donations are few and mostly small, while a big 'cut' in overhead is equivalent to a large donation. Sometime ago, Father Aloysius G. Willebrand, S.J., and I were prefecting the boys ourselves, thereby saving about forty dollars a month, the wages of a good prefect. Now we have a Jesuit Scholastic, so we are freer for other work.

"Next Summer I intend to grow several tons of vegetables, doing a large part of the work myself. My friends know me as a former grower of flowers, especially pansies. The switch will be easy, as I need only to go back to my pre-Jesuit days' experience. By producing vegetables next Summer for the house and for the Indian children I hope to save several hundred dollars. Some may say, 'A priest should not spend his time in such a way.' Granted, unless it is absolutely necessary. But rather than see our work for souls suffer or our school close, for want of means, the Superior of the Mission will get out and produce the means himself, as far as he can. Every hundred dollars is a great help.

"It may be of interest to know what

we tried to do during the year 1935. In the spiritual line our first hard, strong drive was against bad marriages. The ammunition was last year's Lenten course on the 'Evils of Bad Marriages and the Advantages of Good Marriages.' As an additional means to this end and as a powerful help to better the Indians spiritually, 'The League of the Sacred Heart' was entirely reorganized. In course of time it had fallen away to almost nothing. By last December, adult members had increased to about sixty. Great credit for the improvement of the 'League' is due to Most Reverend Joseph McGrath, our Bishop, who in a speech after the Corpus Christi celebration last June 23, recommended the 'League' highly and urged immediate organization. Father Joseph Lajoie, S.J., the Local Director of the 'League' has done splendid work in interesting new members. The local Superior and Father Willebrand also gave their backing and interest to the work.

"In the material line the Mission remains financially about where it was last year, with a more or less balanced budget but no progress with the debt. A new car which would greatly help our work in visiting the Indians was out of the question. A new barn, an imperative need, was built at a cost of about one thousand, one hundred and fifty dollars. About half of the roof of the church had been gradually opening to the storms the last three years. To avert floods of water that might enter the roof, this part of the roof was resingled at a cost of about one hundred dollars. The Indians were asked to supply the money but they responded with only twenty-five dollars.

"In the spiritual line the 1936 program aims at strengthening 'The League of the Sacred Heart' and increasing the number of members who at least monthly receive the sacraments.

"One problem that is at present arresting attention is the condition of the girls' building. The foundation is beginning to sink in places. The roof during the present heavy snow storms has cracked open, flooding the front of the Sisters' chapel. The altar and sanctuary had to be abandoned. A temporary altar has been set up in the back of the chapel. So the Blessed



New reinforced concrete convent and school of the Sisters of Mercy in Belize. It was built under the direction of Very Rev. Martin M. O'Connor, S.J., Superior of the Jesuit Mission of British Honduras.

Sacrament, now in a temporary tabernacle over the new altar, has made an 'about-face' turn. The pews have been turned about to face the rear of the chapel. As the priest says Mass he hears the drip, drip, drip of the water descending into the pots, pans and barrels placed in the sanctuary. But these containers have been unable to catch all of the water. The flood has descended to the kitchen below where it loosened up the plaster. Sister Cook as she went about her work was advised to wear a metal helmet as a protection against a downward shot of plaster. As a precautionary measure, all loose plaster was pulled down in advance. As the storm still rages, the total amount of damage is not yet known. Meanwhile, it is not safe to repair the roof or even set foot on it. It is clear that some alterations and mending must be done soon.

"I wish somebody would bomb the idea that missionaries are not business men and cannot be trusted to spend donations of money economically. At least we should be allowed to defend ourselves. Before such conclusions are arrived at, investigations should be made. The incompetent might hold on for a time, but they cannot last in such times as these."

CANADIAN INDIANS

Father Timothy Dwyer, S.J., who is working among the Indians of Ontario, writes from Spanish under date of February 21:

"There is not much new here. It is about forty below zero outside now, but we are used to weather like that this year. The thermometer has been registering that for the past month almost every day.

"One of the Indians, a woman of about fifty-five years, was frozen to death the other day. She was walking from one village to the other and must

have become exhausted in the deep snow. It surely is hard traveling along the lakes, and I shall be glad when the time comes again for the car."

IRAQ

Father Edward F. Madaras, S.J., in his latest copy of the *Baghdadi*, has both a domestic as well as a business touch in his remarks. Witness the following:

"Those occasions when the community gather round for a festive treat have somehow come to us with relative infrequency. Perhaps the fact that we have a six-day school week has something to do with it. But we did have one on October 30: we held our housewarming for the new residence. Father John A. Mifsud, S.J., had placed deck chairs on the lawn round the central fountain, and there he regaled us with the delicacies which Mr. Max Grossman of Boston had sent along with Brother John Servaas, S.J., to Mr. William J. Casey, S.J. We had borrowed a victrola for the occasion and enjoyed a fine concert. But the high point in the evening's entertainment were the violin solos by our virtuoso, Mr. Joseph P. Connell, S.J.

"In our last number we may have appeared to speak somewhat slightingly of his ability as a violinist. We wish here to correct any untoward impression we may have given. Mr. Connell not only plays the violin with feeling and *finesse*, but he handles his instrument in a manner which tells you he possesses that indefinable something which marks off at once the artist from the fiddler. You may expect to hear more of him in these pages.

"Mr. Grossman, mentioned above, reminds us of envelopes, for he is connected with the Massachusetts Envelope Company. Envelopes make us think of the mailing costs of the *Baghdadi*: fifteen dollars for envelopes

and forty-five dollars for postage. We mean each issue. And that is one reason why we hesitate to take the advice of those who have been urging us to make the *Baghdadi* shorter and more frequent, say once a month. The mailing cost is the same for eight pages as it is for twenty."

BRITISH HONDURAS

Father Robert L. McCormack, S.J., continues to keep us well posted on British Honduras. He writes from Belize under date of February 12:

"Father Edward Courtney, S.J., came from Punta Gorda to give the annual three days' retreat to the boys of St. John's College, January 15-18. The following week he gave a similar retreat to the girls attending Mercy High School in Belize. When he left Punta Gorda his companionable but erratic Ford was suffering from lung trouble, partial paralysis, lumbago, other rheumatic ailments, and the general debilities of old age. He was in hopes that Santa Claus would bring him a new car to take him out the seven miles of uncertain road to Nazareth, the novitiate for native Sisters, where he says Mass daily. Although he was then disappointed, he has been assured by Father Allan Stevenson, S.J., now completing a visitation in the United States, that the new car would be on its way toward Punta Gorda before many more rains. Now, that's the closest expression to 'rapid transit' that we use in the tropics; for as Father Courtney says: 'In Punta Gorda it is either raining or is just about to rain.'

* * *

"People in Belize were agreeably surprised at the variety among the officers of the Mass of the Circumcision offered in Holy Redeemer Cathedral on New Year's Day. Celebrant: Father Philip Marin, native of Stann Creek and first Carib priest to be ordained; Deacon: Father David Hickey, S.J., ruddy complexioned St. Louisan; Subdeacon: Mr. Christopher Foster, a native of Belize, who has completed two years of theology at the College of the Propaganda in Rome. Father Marin preached.

"His Excellency, Bishop Joseph A. Murphy, S.J., attended by the Jesuits of the Belize community, held a special memorial service for the late King George V, on the morning of his funeral, January 28. His Excellency, the Governor, his wife, other Government officials, the consuls of foreign governments (including the American consul), the Defense Force, and the Police Force attended in uniforms of their respective offices. Father Michael Schaefer, S.J., preached a short but impressive address.

* * *

"Fortieth Anniversary of St. John's College. On Sunday, February 2, there was held a Solemn Requiem

Mass *coram Episcopo* in the Belize Cathedral to thank God for the blessings He has showered upon St. John's College during the forty years of its existence. The college was begun by Father William J. Wallace, S.J. (still living, Mission Procurator in St. Louis), after the Mission of Belize was taken over by the Missouri Province of the Society of Jesus. Previous to 1894, the Mission had been under the direction of the priests of the English Province.

"On Monday evening, February 3, the Alumni of the College staged a varied and well received entertainment commemorative of the day on which the College was declared open as a school that would prepare students for higher and university education. A large gathering of Alumni and friends of the College were present for this. *The Clarion*, the local daily newspaper, for a week ran long articles on the history, significance, and importance of the College to Belize. On the day itself, a highly laudatory editorial was run, entitled, 'The Colony Rejoices.'"

PATNA, INDIA

Very Rev. Peter J. Sontag, S.J., writes under date of January 22:

"My sincere thanks for yours of December 20, with enclosed check.

"In your letter you spoke of 'the magnificent opportunities of the Mission if only the man power and the financial backing were at hand.' I dare say that at no time during these past fifteen years have these opportunities been as great as they are just now. For the Santal field continues 'white to the harvest,' while at least two additional fields are clamoring for attention by their intimations of a possible harvest that may prove worthy rivals to the Santal sector. I shall try to get the Fathers particularly interested to send you further information.

"By sheer compulsion we dragged Father Rudolph W. Bohn, S.J., from his tenacious 'bein' at 'em' out in his corner of the Santal field, and detained him long enough to get a thorough overhauling at the Patna General Hospital. None happier than Father Bohn when 'signals down' set him free to return to his hunting grounds, hunting for souls.

"Father John Kilian, S.J., as you already know, is temporarily stationed at Khrist Raja. Though, thank God, he is nicely recovered from his illness of last November, it would not do at all to turn loose one of his fiery zeal within sighting distance of his Santals. 'Breaks' just give way when a missionary of his type scents the game."

* * *

Father Charles P. Miller, S.J., stationed at Catholic Mission, Gajhi, Chakai P. O., Via Simultala, Monghyr Dist., India, writing under date of February 6, says:

"During the last two months, great things have happened. I have driven an opening wedge into two more tribes. In these hill districts there are many small tribes who have maintained their social customs down through the centuries. Some of them have forgotten their mother tongue and speak only Hindi. Some do not remember clearly the land from which they migrated. Unable to hold their own with their crafty Hindu neighbors, they have kept to the hill districts where there are forests. In the clearings around the villages they grow a few crops, they hunt in the forests and fish the streams. By the Hindus they are considered black men and are looked down upon. Nevertheless, they are used as burden carriers and field laborers by these same Hindus. It would seem, however, that God is showing His mercy to these poor people. They are well disposed towards our religion and find far less difficulty in accepting it than do the Hindus. So far I have converts from four tribes. Several more are making 'friendly gestures.' Please pray that the great opportunities we have may not pass by because we are unable to take advantage of them for want of funds."

* * *

In acknowledging a gift sent to him in late December, Father Frank Loesch, S.J., writes from Catholic Mission, Chanpattia, Champaran Dist., India:

"My budget has been slashed from Rs. 250 to Rs. 80 per month. Henceforth I have to rely entirely on Providence to finance this work. Am not at all inclined to cut down my little force of catechists. Otherwise, this mission would go to seed again. Just now I am busy doing preparatory work towards opening two new stations. The Bishop has promised funds

for a chapel at Narkotia ganj. We need one badly there. At present we have over two hundred and fifty new converts there, mostly Doms, and about that many more are nearly ready for Baptism. Due to the fact that I am working this vast mission single handed, progress must necessarily be slow. I need a half dozen Sisters and a much larger catechist staff to do the needful work. We have about two thousand five hundred converts who are sadly in need of instruction. The scattered condition of the mission makes it doubly expensive to operate. In spite of all the difficulties, I feel very happy and contented. God's work necessarily puts a man on the cross."

ALASKA

Father Francis Prange, S.J., put away his "Boots and Saddle," and hied himself to a plane on January 12 for an extended journey from his station at Holy Cross on down to all the mission fields of the Kuskokwim country. Since the death of that venerable stalwart, Father Robaut, S.J., just twelve years ago, the Kuskokwim district has been visited but once a year, and briefly at that; hence, Father Prange wishes to give it "a good going-over for a change." And this will take time and labor, as that very large district offers enough work to keep two men busy all year! Relative to this, Father writes: ". . . Wish there were more ambitioning for Alaska. They certainly don't know what they are missing!"

CHINA

From Sacred Heart Church in Shanghai, the Pastor, Father John A. Lennon, S.J., reports most enthusiastically under date of January 27:

"We had a very busy and consoling Christmas, with the church crowded to



Father Frank N. Loesch, S.J., American Jesuit of Patna Mission, India, with some of the Doms at Ghyree. It is among the low castes, the outcastes and the aborigines of India that the field for conversions is especially fertile at the present time.



Father James G. Daly, S.J., forwards this picture of a catechism center in his mission of Jimenez, Misamis, Mindanao, P.I., and writes: "Do you recognize Mother Godfrey of the Franciscan Missionaries of Mary at the right? The Sister at the left is Mother Lena." Mother Godfrey is a sister of Father George J. Willmann, S.J., who is at present the Mission Procurator for the Maryland-New York Province of the Society of Jesus.

the doors at midnight Masses and the morning Masses, and almost every one approaching the altar rail to receive the Divine Babe of Bethlehem in Holy Communion. I thought truly that these are the Wise Men of the East—and we are in the Far East—who have seen His Star and are come to adore Him, and offer Him their gifts, their faith and hope and charity, even on Christmas Day, as He lies in the manger and hidden from their eyes in the white robes of the Blessed Sacrament. Another consoling fact of Christmas week is the blessing of the children on the Feast of the Holy Innocents. Babes in arms carried by their mothers or their *amahs*, children of all sizes holding their lighted candles, members of the Eucharistic Crusade with their badges and banners,—the Church was filled to overflowing with our 'Innocents' reverently bowing their heads to receive the blessing read over them, with the prayer that they should remain ever pure of heart, and as they grow up, should advance like the Child Jesus in wisdom and age and grace before God and men. There was then Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, after which they all filed past the beautiful Crib, so well designed by Brother James Finnegan, S.J., and poured forth their young hearts in prayer to Jesus, Mary and Joseph. The babies, as varied in nationality as the members of our parish, but all at their age 'speaking' the same 'language,' were lifted across to kiss the Baby in the Crib, and came away smiling as though He had told them some secret intended for their ears alone. This beautiful ceremony of the blessing of the children draws

many of their older brothers and sisters, their fathers and mothers, and I am sure is the means God in His Divine Providence uses to bestow many graces and spiritual favors on the parish.

"Among extra-parochial activities, though they come under the influence and belong to our territory north of Soochow Creek, we may list two new works, one of charity, the other of education, undertaken by the Catholic Action group of Shanghai. In the latter part of October, His Excellency, Most Rev. Monsignor Zanin, the Apostolic Delegate, assisted by Rev. Father Braga of Hongkong, Provincial of the Salesians, and myself, blessed the new cornerstone of the new hospital of the Immaculate Heart of Mary to be directed by the Salesian Sisters of 'Maria Auxiliatrice' in Chapei District of Shanghai. Besides the hospital, there will also be a nursery for foundlings. Ou-ka-za, a small christianity served from our parish by Father Henry Frenken, S.J., who is also *missionarius excurrens* to Woosung and Ing-ka-hong, is not far distant from the new hospital.

"On November 22, I was invited by Mr. Loh-pa-hong, in the name of Catholic Action, to break ground for the new educational project, the Sacred Heart Vocational College for Young Women, the first of its kind under Catholic auspices in Shanghai. It is situated in the Yangtseepoo District of the International Settlement adjoining the Sacred Heart Hospital. The Franciscan Missionaries of Mary, who have charge of the hospital, will also have the direction of this new college. On January 15, Monsignor A.

Haouisée, S.J., in the presence of a large number of the clergy and Sisters of various Orders, and lay members of Catholic Action, blessed the cornerstone of the new building. Mr. Loh-pa-hong, untiring in his efforts, says that the two great means at the disposal of Catholic Action for the spread of the Faith are: charity and education; and he has put this into practice in these two latest foundations: The Hospital of the Immaculate Heart of Mary and the Sacred Heart Vocational College for Young Women. When there is question of beginning and continuing such good works, Mr. Loh does not seem disturbed by the present depressing financial condition in Shanghai. As we drove out in his motorcar on the morning of January 15, to assist Monsignor Haouisée, S.J., at the Mass he offered up in the beautiful chapel of Sacred Heart Hospital, before the blessing of the cornerstone, we were speaking of this, and Mr. Loh's characteristic reply was: 'When in need of funds, pray to God and have confidence in God; when you receive them, give thanks to God. Prayer, confidence, thanksgiving—always!'

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

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

"The New Year was ushered in with the blessing of three new chapels at three different stations in this Mission of Plaridel. I contributed twelve dollars and fifty cents to each of them, but each needs an additional twelve dollars and fifty cents to finish the construction. While my people all are very poor, they gladly give of their labor and time. Money, they have not. Therefore, I furnish the materials: nipa wood and nails, and they furnish the labor. My experience has taught me that a chapel and Sunday School center are vitally necessary to keep their Faith. Without a chapel and a Sunday School, many become pagan because of their contact with the pagans of the hill country. Either that or they become cold and indifferent towards everything religious. Many cannot come to the catechism center either because of a lack of means and transportation, or because they cannot afford the travel expenses."

* * *

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

"I have just returned from a trip of twenty-three miles in my faithful Ford and close to four hours by motorboat and canoe through places too wild for walking, ending up with an hour in the saddle up to the top of a mountain trail to one of my mission posts. On the day of the *fiesta* it was high noon before I had a chance to munch my breakfast rolls and drink my coffee. In the morning I had blessed sixteen

wedding rings, or should I say thirty-two wedding rings, since the custom here dictates a ring for both the bride and the groom. The natives with their large families of children are an object lesson for the critics of Cardinal Hayes' remarks on Birth Control some months ago. After breakfast, a group of eighty-four infants began screaming for their baptismal graces. Eighty-four is a sizeable group to handle in a small chapel, but we arranged them in concentric circles and went the rounds."

* * *

We print an extract from a letter forwarded by **Father Andrew Cervini, S.J.**, Holy Rosary School, Oroquieta, Misamis Occidental Mindanao, P. I.:

"As yet I am young down here, though I feel I have been here all my life. Have had many sick calls and many marriages to straighten out. These marriages were those of people who were married back in the days when there was no permanent priest in these parts. Naturally, they went to the Judge to be married.

"On January 15, I said Mass for **Father Jose Reyes' fiesta** in Clarion. Father Reyes preached a stirring sermon. As his church was condemned by the provincial engineer, he had to hold the *fiesta* Mass out of doors. After the Mass at the open-air altar, the men and women danced practically the entire day on a platform before the statue of *Santo Nino*, the Holy Child. They did this either to please the Holy Child or to fulfill some vow or to obtain some favor."

* * *

Father Joseph Reith, S.J., Maria Auxiliadora Mission, Dansalan, Lanao, Mindanao, P. I., writes of the crying need for Catholic literature and suggests that those interested in the missions should direct their attention towards obtaining from publishers at cost price for the missions, instructional pamphlets and tracts in wholesale amounts.

"There is great need of this. The Protestants are scattering tons of literature in English centers and in the schools, and we have comparatively nothing. If properly represented, the publishers would sell large quantities at cost because it keeps their stock moving and the products go to foreign fields and offer no competition to local regular price sales. Mostly all pamphlets are good for this campaign, as well as printed prayers, Sacred Heart leaflets, novenas, etc. The local Minister at Bible Class was asked: 'What about Purgatory?' He held up the Protestant Bible and said: 'There is nothing about Purgatory in this. If you want to know about Purgatory, go see Father Reith.' They came. I explained, but I did not supplement with pamphlets, because I had none. It is impossible for me to put any money into this work myself because

the little that I have is needed for my school site and the construction of a school which I hope will be realized soon."

JAMAICA, B. W. I.

Father John J. Williams, S.J., at Spanish Town, Jamaica, B. W. I., writes interestingly about the churches and schools entrusted to his care.

"One of my out-missions is at Old Harbour, about eleven miles from Spanish Town, where I say Mass twice a month. The church here is dedicated to the Sacred Heart. Last June, we had a special High Mass in honor of the twenty-fifth anniversary of its dedication.

"Another country mission is at Gregory Park, about six miles from my center. Here I say Mass on the third Sunday of each month. This is a poor mission and the collection hardly pays for the gasoline, which, in Jamaica, costs at least thirty-four cents a gallon, and sometimes more. So, from this mission I get nothing to support my Catholic school there. And as we get no help from the Government here, the teacher's salary must be found elsewhere. The church at Gregory Park, which is used as a school during the week, is dedicated to St. Francis Xavier.

"The last, but not the least, of my out-lying missions, is at Port Henderson, also about six miles away. I say 'not the least,' since they turn out in larger numbers here. We have some very fervent Catholics at Port

Henderson. The last time I said Mass there, forty-one received Holy Communion. This meant fasting until rather late and also walking a good distance on an empty stomach, for some of them.

"Besides these missions, I have a little private school at Passage Fort. A school usually supposes a building. But there is none. It is just a rude shelter, consisting of a few bamboo poles with some boughs placed on top. This affords protection from the sun, but not from the rain. When it rains, the children have to run.

"Our large St. Catherine's School here in Spanish Town receives help from the Government. This is most fortunate, as otherwise it would be impossible to maintain it. My only difficulty is having to pay the salaries of two teachers for our private infant school.

"The work being done for Catholic education in Jamaica is most consoling. There are Catholic schools all over the Island. And in Kingston alone, thousands are receiving the benefit of a Catholic education. Our Sisters, most of whom have given up their native land and all that they held dear in coming here, are responding most generously to the appeal of the Sacred Heart: 'Suffer the little ones to come unto Me, and forbid them not.' So we ask our readers to pray that the good work may continue; and we ask them also to remember all our intentions and all our labors for the spread of the Kingdom of Christ in Jamaica."



Father Thomas L. McLaughlin, S.J., who is at present stationed at Winchester Park, Kingston, Jamaica, B.W.I., and Father Edward J. Whalen, S.J., Pastor of St. Anne's Church, Kingston, Jamaica, B.W.I.

Land of the Rising Sun

Joseph

Messner, S.J.



AM sure that when this letter reaches you the Easter bells will be ringing up and down the valley. But there are no Easter bells in the country whence this letter comes to you, and even were they to ring loud and clear, none but a handful of Christians out of all the sixty millions of its inhabitants would hear anything of the glad tidings the bells would be telling the nation.

For most of these millions the greatest feast of the Christian year is not even a day of Sunday rest, for in Japan, Sunday is a day of serious and of sober work. Many a Christian would have to give up his wage were he to celebrate Easter in peace and quiet. While Christmas is universally known here, Easter is not recognized, though at the mission stations it is celebrated as solemnly as possible.

Lent, however, the season of preparation for Easter, is kept by the Christian with great exactitude. The devout veneration of the Passion of Christ is a precious heritage of their Christian forefathers. This love of the suffering Savior was never extinguished in the hearts of the Japanese Christians, not even by the bloody persecution of two hundred years.

TO give but one instance of this: during my first year in Japan I met a Marine, whose whole family had loyally kept the Catholic Faith through all the centuries of persecution and had secretly observed the Catholic sacred rites. Years ago when the Papal Legate, Monsignor Giardini, visited his family, the old grandmother showed him her father's instruments of penance and told him also how her father often during Lent used to shut himself up in his room and scourge himself, and how she was frightened when she heard her father beating himself. She told moreover how her parents severely fasted so that neighbors said: "Isn't it strange, these people always grow thin at Springtime!" And all this, though for more than two hundred years a Catholic priest never set his foot on Japanese ground.



This bell, formerly in use in one of the Catholic churches in the old sixteenth century Jesuit Mission of Japan, is now preserved in the Shunkoin temple in Kyoto.

Should not people of such stock as this make excellent Christians if only, with God's grace, the love of the suffering Savior could once more be enkindled in their hearts?

UNFORTUNATELY, because of the poverty of most of the missions it is impossible to carry out the liturgy of Holy Week for the Japanese Christians, but the Adoration of the Cross, though carried out very simply on Good Friday, is perhaps nowhere as affecting as here in Japan.

Until very recently, *Fumi-e*, (image-treading) was practised in certain districts. From time to time, the inhabitants were forced to set their foot on a cross as a proof that they had nothing to do with that hated foreign religion. In a museum in Tokyo I myself saw such pictures with a cross used for a *Fumi-e*. Many Christians who now kiss the feet of the crucified Lord, have forefathers who put their foot on the same Crucified.

The cross we use on Good Friday for the ceremony of the unveiling has a very interesting past. This is the second time it is being used in Japan. It was here when the decrees of persecution were still posted at the crossroads, and the *Fumi-e* was not abolished. It was in the possession of a German lawyer, a convert, who had been requested of the German Government by the Government of Japan to revise the old Japanese code. He deserves our gratitude for having inserted the law which

put an end to persecution and guaranteed religious freedom in the land. Returning to Europe, he took the cross with him. After his death his daughter gave it to the Mission in Tottori.

THE "Exsultet" in the morning of Holy Saturday does not, of course, sound as solemn as in an old gothic Cathedral, but it is certainly not less joyful, especially when a handful of catechumens kneel in the chapel waiting for Holy Baptism.

And the better the missionary knows the thorny and stony way over which he has, with God's grace, led these souls out of the darkness of paganism, the more thankfully does he pray. But Baptism means the beginning of new conflicts for many catechumens. If even among Christians a Catholic sometimes needs the courage of a martyr like Tarcisius or St. Agnes to remain faithful to the warning given to him at the reception of the white garment, to keep it unstained for the tribunal of God, then such confessing courage is much more needed in utterly pagan surroundings such as here, where hardly fifty Catholics are living among half a million pagans. When the missionary, having conferred Baptism, returns to the altar with such thoughts, he would like to prolong the Litany of all Saints and to remain prostrate on the steps of the altar in order to implore the help of all the Saints in Heaven, that the youngest of his flock may have sufficient strength for their new fight.

Gradually, however, the day dawns even in this corner of the world. Increasing interest in the Catholic Church, especially in its glorious past, is being shown among the educated classes, as was clearly shown at the beginning of this year on the occasion of an exhibition of old documents which referred to the Catholic mission work in the sixteenth century. The exhibit was suggested by the non-Catholic laity who also took charge of the arrangements. It was held in memory of the first Japanese legation to Europe in 1582, and credit is due mainly to Mr. Anesaki, Professor of History at the Imperial University at Tokyo, and Doctor Koda, Professor of the Public Commercial School there. The entrance to the exhibition was decorated by an artistic placard representing both St. Francis Xavier as youthful knight, and also the arms of the Society of Jesus. The place of honor was taken by the Japanese edition of an ascetic book entitled, "The Road of the Sinner," written by the Spanish Dominican, Luis de Granada. This book was printed in Japanese in 1599. Most of the books dealt with the life and miracles of St. Francis Xavier. Some others contained descriptions and impressions of the above mentioned legation to Europe, written by some who took part in it. The ex-

hibition was open only a week in each of the biggest towns of Japan: Tokyo and Osaka. But nevertheless, Tokyo alone counted fifteen thousand visitors.

ON the occasion of this exhibition, newspapers and periodicals published reports of that first legation to Europe. The most worthwhile was certainly that of Doctor Koda. Describing the audience of this legation with the Holy Father, he writes as follows: ". . . This was really an audience as never before. The Pope was so excited that he cried aloud, and not only he, but all who were present burst into tears, and I do not think that it was only pose. The Pope, leaving his seat, said to himself in a low voice: 'Now Thou dost dismiss Thy servant, O Lord, according to Thy word in peace.' Greatly enjoying the reception of letters from the faithful of foreign countries, he seemed to utter the desire for death. In fact, he died a fortnight later."

The influence of the legation on Europe was enormous. The annual reports of the Society of Jesus from Japan were anxiously expected. The Society of Jesus did not know what to do with all who applied for the Japanese Mission. The first legation to Europe, therefore, may well be called a crusade which started a powerful missionary movement for Japan.

May God grant that the study of the Catholic past may show many good non-Christians the road to the true religion.

Last year, a pagan publisher provided a Japanese edition of Karl Adam's well known book, "The Spirit of Catholicism." The book met

with a rapid sale. After a few weeks it was no longer available. A clear proof for the awakening interest in Catholic matters. In his Preface to the Japanese readers, Karl Adam writes as follows: "How much the history of the Occident may be interwoven with the history of the Catholic Church, the being and life of the latter never became absorbed in the occidental history. According to the Will of God and of Christ, the Church is able and ready to see and foster with the keen eyes of its faith and love those germs of truth in all peoples and cultures, sown in them by the 'logos.' Whatever the great thinkers of the Orient have created of fruitful understandings, of living thoughts, does not otherwise claim citizenship in the Church of Christ than the wisdom of Plato and Aristotle.

"THE hour will come when the Church takes into its hands also these gems cleaned from the dust of the street and makes them beam forth in the radiancy of the Gospel. And then the moment will be near, too, that it will enter not only the palaces and huts, but also the academies and auditories (Turn to page 140)

XAVIER DREAMS

William T. Costello, S.J.

Billows from the Orient kissed by moonlight,
Silhouetted galleon riding down the bay,
Speak to him of journeys
Distant, toilsome—
Back to whitened fields in rich Cathay!

Breezes from the Orient lightly playing,
Rustling in the palm trees, whispering low,
Breathe of dim pagodas,
Burning incense,
Breathe of grinning idols, row on row.

Storm clouds from the Orient, black and boding,
Sweeping round the Cape in huge black rolls,
Rumble tales of dragons,
Gong and chantings,
Rumble tales of sin and Yellow-Men's souls!

BOOK REVIEWS

A Return to the Novitiate. By Monseigneur Alcime Gouraud. P. J. Kenedy & Sons, New York, N. Y. Price \$2.00.

There is nothing new under the sun except the way of looking at things, and yet a new viewpoint often has the startling power of revivifying old truths and recreating ideals long buried beneath the ashes of hopelessness. The present volume reviews the meaning of the Religious life, its obligations and supports, and does so by means of a new approach which will be appreciated greatly by Religious of both sexes. Monseigneur Gouraud's new approach consists in casting into meditation form the rules and regulations of the Religious life, and of following the same with practical questionnaires that serve the purpose of a searchlight examen. One must not be so ingenuous as to believe that the aberrations witnessed today in the world at large and in particular in political life, for example, Fascism, dictatorships, an autocratic assumption of power, are necessarily foreign to a life within Religion. For even Religious life has at times, unfortunately, its little fascists, its petty dictators and its selfish free-lance individualists. As in political life, so in Religious life. The remedy is a return to first principles and to that spirit of cooperation which is in very truth the spirit of charity, without which no Religious perfection is attainable. This return to first principles is graphically presented in "A Return to the Novitiate."

The Saddest and Gladdest of Days. By Father Camillus, C.P. The Sign Press, Union City, N. J. Postpaid \$1.10.

The first Good Friday was made by men the saddest of days for God as He in turn, by His three hours' agony, made it the gladdest of days for men. Such is the theme that the author has developed in his sermons or essays on the Seven Last Words of our Savior on the Cross. Each "word" is a complete whole, yet each "word" forms but a part of the entire whole which comes to a full climax in the last "word." One's desire for spiritual reading or quiet meditation on the Three Hours' Agony will be fully satisfied in this book.

A Description of Patagonia. By Thomas Falkner, S.J. Armann & Armann, Chicago, Ill. Price \$6.00.

In a format that eminently becomes the contents of this valuable volume, the publishers have given to the world in "A Description of Patagonia," the substance of a study made by Thomas Falkner, S.J., and the first connected description of Argentina. It is of particular value

to ethnologists as a source-record on the culture of the Araucanian, Tehuelche (Tsonecan), and Puelche (Gennaken) Indians, preceding the next authorities on the latter two by a full century. To date, Father Falkner's work has been known in foot-notes, although his book has been translated into German, French and twice into Spanish. It contains an account of the soil, produce, animals, vales, mountains, rivers, lakes, of the religion, government, policy, customs, dress, arms, and language of the Indian inhabitants, and some particulars relating to Falkland's Islands. The volume is illustrated with a new map of the southern parts of America, engraved by Mr. Kitchen, Hydrographer to His Majesty.

Old St. Peter's. By Leo Raymond Ryan, A.B., M.S. (E.). The United States Catholic Historical Society, New York, N. Y. Price \$3.00.

An erudite and truly interesting history of the Mother Church in the State of New York. Mr. Ryan has gathered into this one volume the best that has been written about old St. Peter's and has woven it into a most informative narrative that should be read and cherished by the Catholics of New York and of the nation as a heritage of the lore that really counts. Action pictures of famous characters that passed across the stage of Catholic life during the Revolutionary Era and the historic years that followed steep this history with the intimate touch that biography always lends. The author reviews conditions in New York under Dutch and English rulers and the various Pastorates, closing with a chapter on St. Peter's Free School. There is a chronological list of the Pastors of St. Peter's, a workable bibliography and an extensive index.

The Battleground, Syria and Palestine. By Hilaire Belloc. J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia, Pa. Price \$4.00.

A religious interpretation of history in the form of a magnificent chronicle of the story of Syria, battleground of the nations and in alternate phases the cradle and tomb of entire civilizations. Yet to consider Syria merely as a scene of conflict between the most powerful opponents of western civilization as indicated by the writer of the jacket review, is to miss in its entirety the unique significance of Syria as revealed by history and interpreted by the author. For, according to Mr. Belloc, Egypt, Assyria, Israel, Babylon, Persia, Greece and Rome, according to the permissive Providence of God, each played their part until the day when the world became one under the name of Rome. On that day the purpose of Syria

was accomplished and the Desire of the everlasting hills was born. Only a historian with a religious background and the historical equipment of a Belloc would ever have conceived a volume on such an encyclopedic scale or could ever have carried it through so ably. The author's entire principle of interpretation is religious and is directly opposed to any mere materialistic or economic principle of analysis. That these latter considerations play their part in the ebb and flow of history and even in the rise and fall of nations as secondary causes is perfectly obvious, yet, they are forever only secondary causes. If the author has achieved no other effect than to emphasize the fact that religion is the prime, motivating and determining principle in the history of mankind, this contribution to the commonwealth of knowledge will be one of permanent and primary importance. The pivotal point of the entire volume is, of course, the author's description of the rise and progress of the Catholic Church. Integrated with this, the book is of high significance; divorced from this, it is simply another accumulation of historical data. The volume is filled with many thought-provoking passages which reveal the sagacity of the writer and his statesmanlike views of men and events, such, for instance, as his appraisal of the Jew and his history; of Mohammedanism and of its similarity to the rise of modern Communism. "The Battleground, Syria and Palestine," is an excellent and consummate historical apologetic for the divine origin of the Catholic Church.

Manuale Historiae Missionum. By Francis X. Montalban, S.J. Tou-se-we Press, Shanghai, China.

A manual of the history of Catholic Missions that is both encyclopedic and concise. Its bibliography is impressive and representative, and although more recent statistics in regard to China, Korea, Japan and the Belgian Congo, are now available, nevertheless, the author has been both discriminating and judicious in his use of the data available at the time of writing. Plentiful maps of various mission lands aptly illustrate the progress of Christianity. The manual, as it purposes being, is a world study of the Catholic mission field. It covers the ground so ably covered by Reverend Joseph Schmidlin, D.D., in his "Catholic Mission Theory," and by Father Schmidlin and Reverend Matthias Braun, S.V.D., in "Catholic Mission History," while necessarily, of course, bringing both these volumes up to date. In addition to a very detailed table of contents, there are separate and complete indices of persons and places. If translated into English, this manual would be an ideal text for a course in missiology.

GOLDEN JUBILEE

(Continued from page 116)

twenty-five years Father Digmann was Superior of the Mission. St. Francis Mission and Father Digmann are synonymous.

Needless to say, the first missionaries had much to suffer. Many obstacles blocked their paths. Finances were at a low ebb; the place was over-crowded; and the destruction of the Mission by fire added more burdens to already over-laden shoulders. However, none of these hardships kept them from performing their duty. God had called them to convert the Red Man, and in some way He would see to it that things would right themselves.

From this humble beginning we now come to the St. Francis Mission of today. After the disastrous fire of January 20, 1916, new concrete buildings were erected by Brother Andrew Hartmann, S.J., and his Indian helpers. Brother is known throughout that part of the country as a capable builder, and his services have been sought on a number of occasions by the Government itself. Because of the artistic taste of Brother Bernard Hinderhofer, S.J., the Mission today has many fine trees and shrubs about it. The once barren prairie has been turned into a flower garden, and as such it is known on the Reservation.

The start was one small wooden structure. Today we find six large concrete buildings taking its place. From three small classrooms and fifty-five children registered, there are now four hundred and twenty-one pupils in attendance, not counting the boys and girls who are registered in the high school which was added to the curriculum in 1925.

The above pertains to the temporal welfare of the Mission, but from the following we can readily see that the spiritual welfare of the Indians was not neglected.

Most of the Indians in 1886 had no faith whatever and still practiced their weird superstitious customs. On Holy Saturday in 1887, twelve children received Baptism; in 1935, we find that one hundred and forty-six children and twenty-nine adults were baptized. We also note that twenty-eight thousand, six hundred and twenty-six confessions were heard and that ninety-eight thousand, five hundred and fifty-eight received Holy Communion.

As the Mission grew and the numbers of charges increased, the personnel at St. Francis had to be added to, so that today there are seven Fathers, four Scholastics, eleven Brothers and twenty-two Sisters giving unselfishly of their labors and talents, all for the honor and glory of God.

As a fitting climax to this Golden Jubilee celebration, we learn that the Mission will be host this Summer to the Indian Congress. This means that the Sioux Indians from all the reservations in both North and South Dakota will be present. St. Francis Mission is really the

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Mother Mission, and it is only right that during this year of Jubilee she should have the honor of gathering about her all her spiritual children.

SETTOO'S WIFE

(Continued from page 123)

had lived in Hindustan for ten years and he loved the country, but he had been born and brought up in a far off land, so far away in fact, that although evening was just falling here, in the land of his birth the new day was dawning. And what was he doing here? He had been sent with a Message for all the people in the villages of this district. No, he couldn't tell them this Message now, because he was very tired and still cold and wet, but he might be able to tell them tomorrow and he promised not to leave until the people in all the villages round about had heard and understood this Message.

But the Old Timer's clothes were drying very slowly; besides, they were caked with mud gathered in the rice fields, and Tarni's father, Sheo, noticed it when he entered.

"You will never get dry at that rate, Sahib," said he, "and your clothes should be washed. I will give you and your companion a change to wear until your own clothes have been cleaned and dried."

Sheo noticed the priest's hesitation.

"Do not fear, Sahib. They were bought new in the bazaar last month and no one has yet worn them. And you," he said, addressing his children, "go outside and wait."

Sheo produced a key from a knot in his *dhotie* or waistcloth, opened a large tin box in a corner of the house and took out carefully two new white *dhoties* and shirts.

"Here," said he, handing over the clothes, "put these on."

And then he withdrew from his little one-room house, closing the bamboo door behind him.

In a few minutes none of the Old Timer's friends would have recognized the white cassocked priest to whom they were accustomed, dressed as he was in a flowing *dhotie* and shirt, the long ends of the shirt hanging out in true Indian fashion. Sheo was also equal to his other duties as host and in a few more minutes the Old Timer and George were eating out of deep and wide brass plates the meal of rice, *dal* and *chapatties* (Indian bread pancakes) that their hostess had prepared. That night the missionary slept the deep sleep of a tired and healthy man on a rope bed in a corner of the tiny courtyard out under the rain-washed stars, while George was given a bamboo mat and a place on the verandah.

Next morning the Old Timer, dressed once more in his own dry clothes, took stock of the situation with George. The village in which they had intended establishing themselves lay three miles further along the road, but this one was almost as centrally located. Why not remain here? They had already made a

contact, and prospects seemed good. George would return to the station at Ramnagar and bring on their boxes of baggage in a bullock cart the next day. The Old Timer would remain in Lakshmipur and try to find some kind of temporary home. They would use this village as their center of activities.

As soon as the people of the village were up and about, a large number of them came to Sheo's house to see the strangers. The evening before most of them had been too upset by the storm and too busy repairing the damage caused by the hail to bother much about strange visitors, but now they wished to satisfy their curiosity. A few men walked into the little compound and stood there staring at the Old Timer and George as they discussed their plans, while the youngsters peeped in at the gateway and over the wall, making remarks in whispers about the strange looking *Sahib*. During the Old Timer's first few years in India, this utter lack of privacy while out in the village had affected his nerves more than any other inconvenience he had to put up with. But a man can gradually become accustomed to almost anything, if he wants to, and now being regarded as a kind of one man side show in every new village he entered was taken as a matter of course.

When the two had decided on a plan of action, they approached their host of the night. Would Sheo allow the strangers to remain one more day in his house until they could find a shelter of their own? And did he know of any shelter, even an old stable would do, that they might rent and live in for a time? The Hindu scratched his closely shaven head. Why had the *Sahib* come? And why did he wish to remain? And what could he tell his fellow villagers when they inquired? It is one thing to give a wet and weary traveler shelter for the night, but quite another to accept him in your midst permanently. And what was his Message that Tarni had been talking about?

All the members of the *panchayat*, or village council, were present and the Old Timer explained. He was a Catholic priest, a religious teacher from the district to the west. He wished to remain in their midst and teach them the worship of the True God Whom they did not know. He wanted only to help them. He would show them the road they must travel upon if they would be happy forever in Heaven.

George now entered the discussion. They should trust the *Sahib*. Wasn't George an Indian and couldn't he be relied upon? He had known the *Sahib* for nine years and had followed his teaching. The *Sahib* had never tricked him yet.

"But we are poor men," replied the *panchayat*, "we cannot keep you with us indefinitely."

"I am going to pay you for everything you give me," was the priest's answer, "and my remaining here will cost you nothing. I will not try to force anything

upon you. If you accept my teaching,—good; if you do not, that is your own look-out."

The sight of silver rupees in the missionary's hand had the desired effect. Hindus know well that it is easy to lead a horse to water, but quite another thing to make him drink. Let the stranger remain in their midst. They would see about his teaching later. They would be busy for some days repairing the damage caused by the hail storm. In the meantime Kapildeo had a thatch shed that might be cleaned out and the *Sahib* might live there for five rupees a month. And so it was settled. Three months went by and the Old Timer and George still remained in Lakshmipur. They not only remained, they were firmly established. For the first week they had not spoken of their Message.

(To be continued)

A MOMENTOUS PASTORAL

(Continued from page 127)

Catholic parents of their obligation not to send their children to such schools (Canon 1374) and warning these parents of the punishment they incur (Canon 2319). The Bishops also remind all Parish Priests that they are to deny the sacraments to all parents and those who take the place of parents, who expose Catholic children to the imminent danger of losing their Faith."

Therefore, in fulfillment of my duty as Bishop of the Diocese of Cagayan and with a desire only of protecting the Faith of our children from the proselytizing efforts of Silliman and other Protestant schools I hereby decree:

1. That no Catholic child of the Diocese of Cagayan may attend Silliman Institute or any other Protestant school in the Philippine Islands.

2. That Catholic parents who send their children to Silliman or to any other Protestant school must be refused the sacraments until they withdraw their children from such schools.

3. That all priests of this Diocese are forbidden from now on to grant absolution to those parents who send their children to Silliman or to any other Protestant school and also to those students who of their own free will attend Silliman or any other Protestant school.

Perhaps Catholic parents will ask me, "What schools, then, may the Catholic children of this Diocese attend?" and I answer:

(a) Any public school in the Philippine Islands.

(b) Any Catholic school in the Philippine Islands.

(c) Any private non-sectarian school, that is, where no religion is taught.

And if Catholic parents ask the further question, "What schools may Catholic children not attend?" I answer:

(a) Silliman Institute.

(b) Any other school that teaches another religion.

Finally, I wish to remind all Catholic parents again, of their serious obligation

of giving their children an education in our holy religion. Here in this Diocese the Bishop and priests are doing everything possible to help Catholic parents fulfill their obligation. Catholic schools, recognized by the Government, have been opened in all the parishes. There are Catholic High Schools for boys and girls in Cagayan and in Cantilan, Surigao. More such schools will be opened as time goes on and as soon as we have the means. Catechism classes have been established in all the parishes and most of the *barrios* for the children who attend the public schools. Still we, both Bishop and Priests, realize that we can accomplish little unless we have the cooperation of the Catholic parents in the education of the children in the Catholic Faith.

Remember, my dear parents, that, though God gave you children to be your joy and consolation in this life, at the same time you have the obligation to prepare these children to enjoy Him forever in Heaven. How terrible is the thought that you might be the mother or father of a child who, through your fault, will rise up and curse God in hell for all eternity. Such may be the unhappy cry of those Catholic parents who fail in their duty in the proper education of their children.

My dear brethren, the education of our children in our holy Religion is the work dearest to my heart and now, at the beginning of my Bishopric, I wish to stress it as much as I can. Therefore, in the name of our Savior, Who died for us only that we might live with Him forever, I write you this Pastoral Letter and beg you to consider seriously your obligations in this matter and to resolve, with God's Grace and help, to fulfill these obligations.

LAND OF THE RISING SUN

(Continued from page 137)

of the Orient, when it transfers the center of its promulgation from the narrow corners of Europe to the wide shores of the Pacific Ocean, thus paving the way for the second and deciding act of the mission. In the light of this second act, its occidental work will only be the prelude."

But many a gloomy, if not cruel Good Friday will probably precede this glorious Easter morning. Seeing the well known letters, "J. N. R. J.," on top of the cross, it often occurs to me that this might be as well, "Jesus of Nazareth King of the Japanese." If our Divine Savior promised: "And I, when I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all things to Myself," He certainly did not exclude those many millions in the "Land of the Rising Sun."

The glorious past of the Catholic Church in Japan shows what faithful and courageous vassals Christ would have in this land if the hearts of this people could once more be fired with His love. I ask all readers of this article to pray that this may come to pass.

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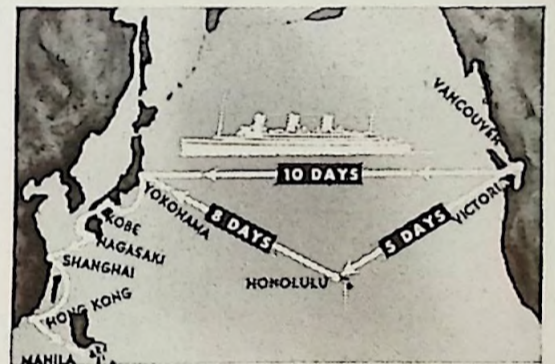
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