

Jesuit Missions

July-August, 1936

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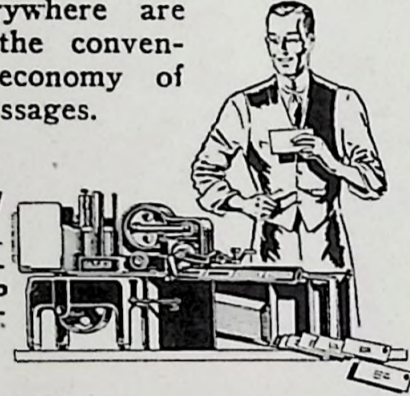
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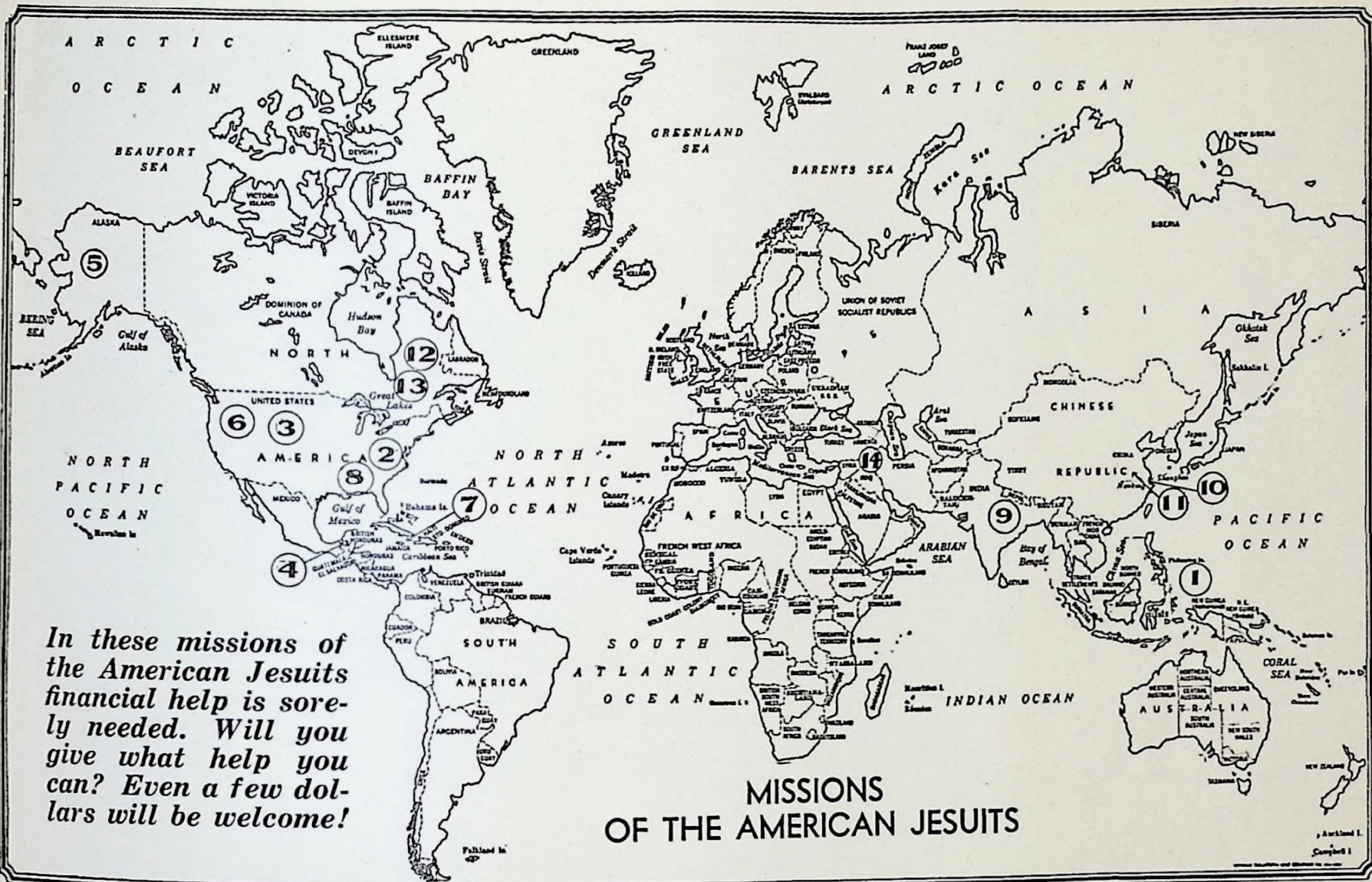
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REV. GEORGE J. WILLMANN, S.J.
51 East 83rd Street, New York, N. Y.

(7) 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. (14) 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

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1076 West Roosevelt Road, Chicago, Ill.

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Sacred Heart Novitiate, Los Gatos, Calif.

(8) 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

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4133 Banks St., New Orleans, La.

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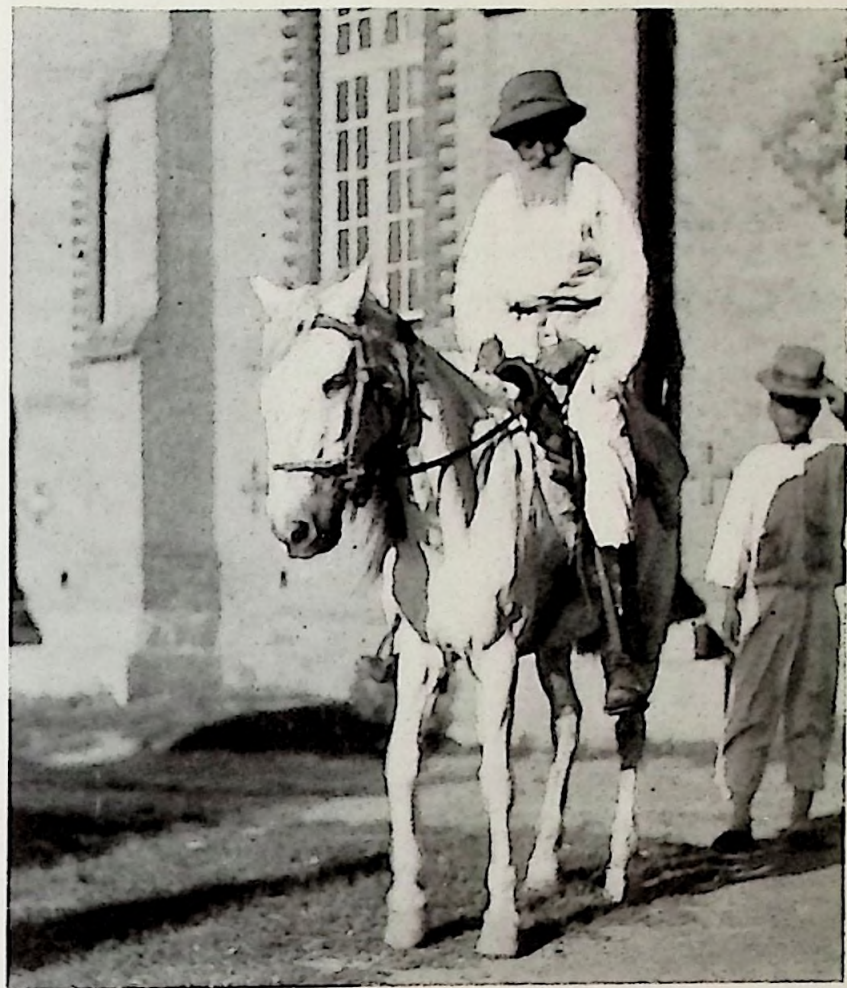
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The Jesuit Martyrs of North America. Readers of "Jesuit Missions" are invited to join the thousands of Pilgrims who will visit the Shrines of the Martyrs at Auriesville, N. Y., or Midland, Ontario, this Summer.

A Jockey for Souls

Wilfred J. Le Sage, S.J.



"A Jockey for Souls"—Father Paul de Geloës, S.J., seventy-eight years of age.

"HAVE you ever heard of Lao Shen Fu?" said the same smiling missionary as he greeted us. "Ah, shake hands and meet him then," he said, stretching forth a slightly wrinkled but firm hand.

All the villagers, and there are many of them, know this old priest as simply, "Lao Shen Fu" ("The Old Father"). For years he has been their friend, spiritual director, physician, and horse doctor. His real name is Paul de Geloës, S.J., a zealous laborer at his little mission at Wang Ko, in the Province of Kiangsu.

"You must come over and visit my mission," added the Father, "in fact, I command you to come! But I must return now, as it is getting late."

He made a little visit to the Blessed Sacrament before mounting his famous horse called "Pom-Pom." As he pulled up his Chinese robe to get on the horse, we noticed a bit of his practicality—the aged priest was wearing a pair of riding breeches and some old puttees. He then proceeded from stirrup to saddle in a professional manner, taking the reins in one hand, and doffing his hat with the other, bade farewell to the missionaries at T'ang Shan. He rode through the arched gate, giving some instructions to a sick man, turned for a moment, snapped his fingers, and with a vigorous voice shouted, "Go on!" The old mare responded promptly and trotted off. We stood watching this scene which became the more interesting as many children ran out into the road to greet Lao Shen Fu. They all knew him and ran along shouting and laughing as he spoke to them. At a turn on the road we caught one final side glance of the Father's white beard—the only perceptible sign of his nearly seventy-nine years!

AND just about a month later came the memorable visit to Wang Ko, the mission of Lao Shen Fu. Our bicycles, responding to perfect knee action, carried us over the dusty roads, through several small villages, past endless wheat fields, until finally we reached the mission compound. As we rode around the back of the church, whose head should bob out of the sacristy window but that of our smiling host!

Later in the morning we were seated in his room listening to some of his famous stories. Lao Shen Fu's stories have many chapters, and for the most part his English was so mingled with constant chuckles in French and Chinese that the audience soon became more interested in the story teller than in the story itself. We shall confine ourselves, therefore, to a few facts concerning this most interesting character on the Süchow Mission.

The history of Lao Shen Fu reveals many thrills and spills,—and we might add—pills! The thrills were connected with the race track. Unlike the good natured Samuel Johnson, who once said: "A tavern chair is the throne of human felicity," Father De Geloës chose the saddle for his throne and has never left it. Like his father and grandfather, he has always been fond of horses. He was a jockey from the age of fifteen until forty, during which time he won one race, and "came in second quite often." And the spills? All jockeys have them sooner or later, and the scar over the Father's left ear is but one reminder of the fact. However, his spills were the beginning of a new and higher career—a jockey for Christ!

DURING one of his convalescing periods, Paul, the horseman, made a retreat. At his advanced age, was God calling him to the priesthood? Paul was undecided. For a time he worked as a cheese-maker at Oust in the Pyrenees, and later as a coffee and tobacco merchant in Java. But finally he returned to France with a firm determination to follow his true vocation. He entered the Society of Jesus in Paris at the age of forty-three.

After ordination four years later, he volunteered for the Zambesi Mission in Africa. However, he received word from Reverend Father General that he was to go to China. Without any ceremony, he packed his few belongings in a horse blanket and left. Or in the words of Lao Shen Fu, "I took the next boat for China, and have been here thirty-two years."

But where do the pills come in? During those thirty-two years, the work of Father de Geloës has been of a two-fold nature: he is a physician for both soul and body. When asked about his (Turn to page 195)

St. Francis Mission

Anthony J.
Adams, S.J.



LO a Homer, Dante, or Milton the history of St. Francis Mission might well afford material for another great epic. The casual observer might look on the steady growth of the Mission from 1886 to 1936 as a smooth, flowing river that naturally widens and deepens its channel with the passing years. But beneath it all there has been a tremendous undercurrent, a titanic struggle between the powers of Darkness and Light. St. Francis Mission is now and has been for the past fifty years the throbbing heart of Christian life on the Rosebud Sioux Indian Reservation in South Dakota, and during all this time there has been no year when thrusts were not made at it in one way or another. Yet through all these years it has grown stronger, and with its strength infused a vigorous Christian life into the Sioux Nation.

As narrated in an article by Brother Edward Meier, S.J., in the May issue of *JESUIT MISSIONS*, it was Bishop Martin Marty, O.S.B., who first obtained from the United States Federal Government permission to establish boarding schools for the Sioux Indian children on the Rosebud and Pine Ridge Reservations. These two Missions he offered to the German Jesuits in Buffalo, New York, and invited Sisters of St. Francis from Heythuysen, Holland, to teach in the schools. Miss Katherine Drexel furnished, as a memorial of her deceased father, Sir Francis Drexel, the money to erect the first buildings.

On December 31, 1885, Father John Jutz, S.J. arrived at the site of the Mission, eight miles southwest of the Rosebud Agency, ten miles north of the Nebraska line, and the next day took possession of it. Together with Brother Ursus Nunlist, S.J., he made the unfinished 95 by 45 frame building inhabitable, and on March 25, 1886, received Father Emil Perrig, S.J., the first appointed Superior, who brought with him Brother Henry Billing, S.J., Mother Kostka, Sister Rosaline and Sister Alcantara. The last mentioned was also the last of this pioneer group to pass away, going to her reward only a year ago.

FATHER FLORENTINE DIGMANN, S.J., who was to prove himself an intrepid missionary and an unflinching champion of Catholic Indians' right, arrived August 6, 1886, with the Jesuit Brothers Grass and Tannen, and Sisters Fidelis and Walbugis. These groups formed the personnel of the new Mission, the answer to



"St. Francis Mission is now and has been for the past fifty years the throbbing heart of Christian life on the Rosebud Sioux Indian Reservation in South Dakota."

the plea of Chief Spotted Tail and others for Blackrobes to evangelize them.

The Indians around the Mission were all full bloods and were considered the least progressive and most wildly disposed band of Brule Sioux. Despite the repeated requests for Blackrobes, especially from such as had been baptized or had come into contact with Father Peter De Smet, S.J., once the Jesuit Fathers had established a Mission, there were plenty of obstacles in the way of converting the Sioux Nation.

One impediment to the Faith was the Indians' superstitious nature and their belief in their medicine men. Many refused to have their children baptized, because, they said, "it killed them,"—a *post hoc ergo propter hoc* argument. The missionaries had let slip no opportunity to baptize a dying baby. The Indians attributed these deaths to the pouring of water on the child's head.

Another great obstacle was their code of morality. They saw nothing immoral in polygamy, and a chief might have as many wives as were required to do his work and afford hospitality to the numberless visitors who came to see him. Many asked for Baptism, yet refused to give up their consorts, thinking it a disgrace to do so. Some held out fifteen or twenty years before taking the necessary step.

THEIR various dances, too, led to abuses and immorality. The torturing Sun Dance had been forbidden already by the U. S. Government, but the Ghost, Omaha, and other Dances still remained. A dance generally lasted three days and nights and it was the practice to give presents between rounds, the dancers vying with one another to give the most. With no thought for the future, they would give even the ponies and wagon with which they came.

But the greatest impediment of all in the way of bringing these children of the prairie to the true fold came from without. Even before the Blackrobes had arrived, the Episcopalians and Presbyterians were in the field and sought to bar all Catholic priests from the Reservation. The opening of a Catholic school for Indian boys and girls the first Autumn after the Fathers' arrival was a thorn in the side of these competitive ministers of the Gospel. One in particular did his utmost to prevent success and to undo the work which was successful. By slander, lies, and unfounded stories, he managed to turn the good will of many Indians away from the Fathers. The school was a special object for his hatred, and had it not been for generous Catholics throughout the States and in Europe, who furnished funds for its sustenance, it surely would have perished. St. Francis Mission is a Contract School, that is, one in which a contract is signed by Mission and Government authorities, whereby it is agreed that the Government will supply funds or material to cover part of the expenses. The contract itself stipulates for a definite number of children, and the Government pays per capita out of a special fund set aside for the education of Indians. The reverend gentleman, together with his Social Helpers, by means of lies finally succeeded in having the quota reduced by twenty annually, until 1900, when the Government gave no contract and it became necessary to organize the Preservation Society to care for the two hundred and fifty children who continued to come to the Mission for their schooling. Generous White Catholics came to the rescue, and with the meat and milk furnished by the ranch cattle, and vegetables from the Mission garden, the school survived. Mother Katherine Drexel came to the rescue once more.

FINALLY, through the influence of Archbishop Ireland of St. Paul, a contract was granted by President T. Roosevelt. Immediately, the zealous evangelist brought an injunction against the contract. While this case was in process in the Supreme Court, novenas and Masses were being offered at the Mission for a favorable verdict, which was handed down November 29,

1907. The contract, nevertheless, has continued to be the target at which opponents aimed even to the present school year.

WHILE the battle has been partly defensive, the growth and progress of the Mission school is concrete evidence of the vigorous offensive that has cut deep into the enemy's stronghold. To counteract the evils of polygamy, trial marriages, and general immorality, St. Joseph and St. Mary Societies were organized, and the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin Mary received members as early as 1895, and annually a novena before the feast of the Espousal of the Blessed Virgin Mary was made to get the Indians successfully over the period of transition from half barbarity to a practical Christian life, especially good family life. But even so, the Spirit of Darkness caused the missionaries many a heartache.

Father Digmann writes in his diary for October 17, 1904: "Many wish to return to the Church; on the other hand, whiskey and women stealing, breaking into homes, quarreling, and even killing and licentiousness seem to be on the increase, and the authorities let it go. Our preaching is not minded, or else is laughed at. Sometimes the thought steals upon me: 'God

has abandoned this people.' But no! Try again!"

FIRES were another threat. They destroyed quantities of hay, and in 1911, the boys' building was burned down completely with a loss of \$20,000. In the Spring of 1916, a fire started in the girls' building, burning it to the ground, together with the church and Fathers' building,—only the new boys' building, made of concrete, remained. The Fathers and Sisters courageously stayed at their work and by the next Fall Brother Hartmann, with the help of his Indian boys, had put up new concrete buildings to take the place of the old frame ones. Another fire burned the top floor of the boys' building in 1932. In these fires many records were destroyed, and in the last one, horns and uniforms to equip the whole band were lost.

Indian Catholic Congresses were early introduced among the Indians of North and South Dakota, Wyoming, Minnesota and Wisconsin, (Turn to page 195)



Meet Father Merrick

Edward F.
Madaras, S.J.



MISSIONARIES are forever writing about their work, their needs, their adventures, and themselves. I do it myself. But is there any reason in the world why they should not write about one another? I know of none, and so I am going to tell you about Father Merrick. He will not thank me for this, to be sure. But I don't mind that. We cannot hold up the march of missionary journalism simply because a likely subject objects to a bit of limelight shining in his eyes.

When you first meet Father Merrick, you get the impression that he is very serious. He is—about serious things. But there's always a song in his heart and oftentimes on his lips, though he would be the first to admit that he's no thrush. He proved that, if proof was needed, the night he stood at the front gate of Baghdad College and sang a song of farewell of his own composition to our good friend Mr. Ogilvie-Forbes, late Counsellor to the British Ambassador in Baghdad and relative of the martyred Jesuit, Blessed John Ogilvie.

Beneath the serious mien which he usually wears there lurks a winsome smile which is very easily brought to the surface, especially by a little banter. I have managed to evoke that smile with my camera poised, and I pass it on to posterity and to you.

To see him go about the house in his quiet, unhurried way, you would think that he had very little to do and nothing to worry him. But he is one of those rare individuals who succeed in doing a great deal of work and giving the impression that they have loads of leisure. He is never too busy to let you stop and chat with him, and you can ask his help with the assurance that it will immediately be forthcoming without stint or excuse.

NOW, as I am writing all this not for the mere purpose of extolling Father Merrick, but to let you know what Baghdad College is accomplishing, let me enumerate some of his activities. His chief occupation is that of teaching physics and mathematics, which he formerly did at Holy Cross. But his work at "The Cross" was a mere bagatelle compared with what he has done here. Almost single-handed, he has set up a chemistry and physics laboratory. That may sound simple until you try it out here a thousand miles from nowhere, lacking the facilities and conveniences which, in your modern college, are as near as the telephone. Just now he is putting the physics laboratory into shape; the equipment arrived only a few weeks ago from Germany, though it was ordered last May. And I am writing this in February. Almost any other man would have been fuming and tearing out his hair with rage at the delay. But not Father Merrick. The most he will do is use a gently plaintive tone in telling you about it, and when



Father Joseph P. Merrick, S.J. His chief occupation is that of teaching physics and mathematics at Baghdad College. Almost single handed he has set up a chemistry and physics laboratory. In a pinch he can and does act as surveyor, as you see from the above picture. Nor was he merely posing when this was taken.

you chafe him about it, as you are almost bound to do, the sunshine of his gracious smile will break through the clouds and bathe the circumambient atmosphere with golden light.

As spiritual director of the students he keeps their zeal alive chiefly through the warmth of his own. They can feel the glow of it when he addresses them on Saturdays and First Fridays, and it reaches them, too, through the several bulletin boards on which are displayed from day to day, in word and picture, the triumphs of the Catholic Church throughout the world. As a consequence of his publicity activities, none of the newspapers or magazines which we receive are safe.

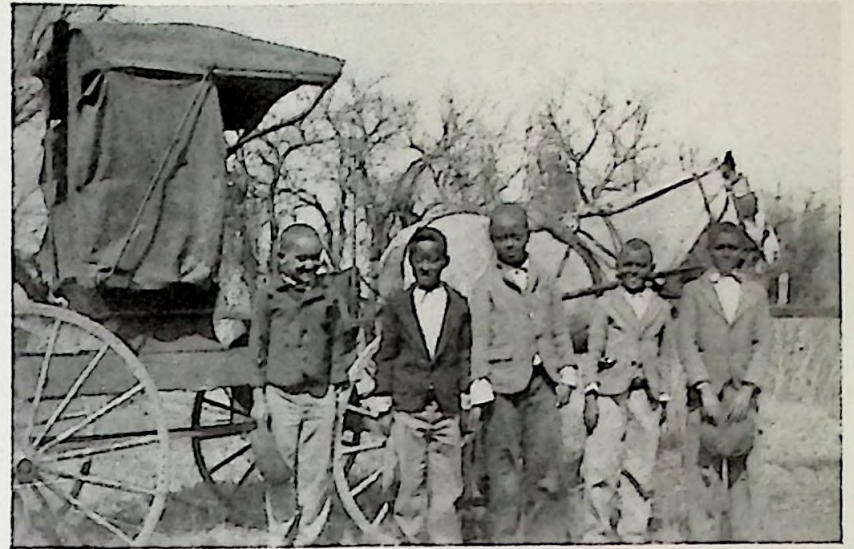
Nor does he confine his labors for the boys' spiritual welfare to the school precincts. I couldn't tell you how many of the boys' homes he has visited, there to hang up a large picture of the Sacred Heart and consecrate the family to Christ the King of the World; or how many subscriptions he has secured for the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart* and for JESUIT MISSIONS.

FOR the past few months, too, he has been acting as chaplain at the cantonment of the British Forces in Hinaidi, some twelve miles distant from the school. It takes up his whole Sunday morning, and he goes out again on Thursday evening to give Benediction.

He has interested himself, too, in the refugee camps, miserable things built for the most part of mud, where the Assyrians, Armenians, and others who fled from Turkey during the war have since (Turn to page 195)

"I'se a Bucket, Fader!"

Bernard A. Tonnar, S.J.



This relic of the gay nineties is the "car" that brings some of the Colored children to catechism class at Grand Coteau.

THE announcement said three o'clock on Thursday afternoons, but Father hinted that I would be wise to come earlier. I took the hint and came in time to see an old rickety buggy roll up in front of the church at two-thirty. It brought my first pupil, a boy of ten years old. I was a bit discouraged. Here I was, ready to teach catechism to fifty or more Colored children, and the Lord sent me only one. I gave him a thorough drill in the important rudiments and then dismissed him.

The next Thursday Catechism Class at St. Peter Claver Church of the Negro Parish of Grand Coteau, Louisiana, found me twenty minutes late. Time is nothing to these Colored folks. "Jest git dar," is their adage. "If der Foude ain't got no gas, jest take der buggy, or else us is footin' it today." There were more children this time, five little girls and twice as many boys. Most of them knew the Our Father and the Hail Mary, but instead of the regular "Hail" in the Hail Mary, they had a peculiar pronunciation that sounded like the first name of Selassie. After these I introduced the famous example taught me by one of the old Fathers.

"Do you know the difference between a bucket and a basket?"

No answer.

"Well, if your mother said: 'Go to the pump and get some water,' would you take a basket?"

"No, Fader!"

"Fine. Now, I want you to be buckets. Everything I tell you today about Our Lady and Little Jesus, I want you to hold in your little heads. Be buckets; don't let anything run out. If you forget, why you will be baskets. Now," said I, pointing to a tiny girl, "what do you want

to be?"

In a whisper she said: "Fader, I wants to be a basket."

Twenty minutes gone and—so I started all over again, and after repeating several times, four got the idea they would like very much to be buckets.

THE next week about fifty or sixty tots showed up for instruction, so two other Scholastics offered their help. I tried to get all those I had the week before, but found only two girls. It is something like the hop-skip-jump affair, miss one week, come two; skip three, come one. Taking my two students and a dozen or more, I asked for the benefit of the rest what they were. One of the two replied loudly:

"I'se a bucket, Fader!"

My surprise was beyond description.

The classes are now in full swing. Recently I started using illustrations of Our Lord's life and of the Old Testament. These are an immense help in keeping interest and putting over the more difficult doctrines. One of these pictures was the cause of an amusing incident. The instruction was on the Fall of the Angels. The picture showed Michael driving the devil out of Heaven. Pointing to St. Michael, I told them what a beautiful spirit he was and what he was doing; then I told them

about Satan. To be sure that they understood, I pointed to the Archangel and asked:

"Who is this?"

"Michael!" came the prompt reply.

"Then," as I pointed to the devil, "Who is this?"

One little girl put up her hand and said: "Fader, I know."

"Good, who is he?"

"St. Lucifer."

Such an answer made me wonder on other points. I asked one boy to whom (Turn to page 195)

Two Jesuit Scholastics of the New Orleans Province, with some of the Colored children of their catechism classes at Grand Coteau, La.



Five Years After

Andrew F.
Cervini, S.J.

BACK in 1930 when I had finished my third year of teaching in our college in Manila, Superiors allowed me to pay a visit to Mindanao, before I should return to the States to take up my theological studies in preparation for ordination. I came and I saw. At that time there were fifteen American Jesuits on the northern coast of Mindanao stretching from Talisayan on the East to Oroquieta on the West. These Jesuits had begun to arrive here in 1926, and everywhere they went you could see a little bit of Boston, a little bit of Jersey City, a little bit of good old New York and even a bit of Baltimore. These men began from the bottom to organize parishes along the lines of the parishes they had known back in the States. The first thing that struck you as you entered a town where an American Jesuit was Pastor was the Parochial School. "It is an old Jesuit custom"—bring the children in and the older folks will follow. There was nothing pretentious about these schools. Not as beautiful as the public school building, perhaps, yet work had been started and progress would follow. It did.

When I returned to Mindanao on October 1 of last year, five years after that first visit, I found every parish manned by an American Jesuit with a grade school going in full swing. In Cagayan, the Episcopal city of the newly erected diocese, there is a high school for girls, called the Lourdes Academy, with a normal school department attached to it, taught by clever Filipino Sisters, Religious of the Blessed Virgin Mary; also a high school for boys, known as the Ateneo de Cagayan. Moreover, the prophecy about "a little child shall lead them" is being fulfilled. For in every one of our parishes one sees women, yes and even men, young and old, going to Mass, and what is more, receiving the sacraments. The increase in attendance at Sunday Mass especially among the stronger sex is marvelous. This increase is due to the work being done in our parochial schools.

OVER in Talisayan, our outpost in the East Coast, Father Alfred Kienle still keeps his sense of humor, a big asset for any missionary, and quite a feat for anyone who has been in the mission field for over eight years. His next door neighbor (next door, that is, a good three hours' ride if your car is in condition and the road is open) Father Martin O'Shaughnessy has made many improvements on his ancient church and is happy now that his school is complete. He retains the hearty laugh which he used to have when he was Moderator of the Altar Boys at St. Ignatius, New York, and I was his Prefect. About two hours down the road in Jasaan lives Father Vincent O'Beirne, who also returned



Father Andrew F. Cervini, S.J., stationed at Cagayan, Oriental Misamis, P. I. Due to the sickness of several missionaries during the last few months, Father Cervini was used as a general utility man. His spirit is revealed in the present article of which he is the author.

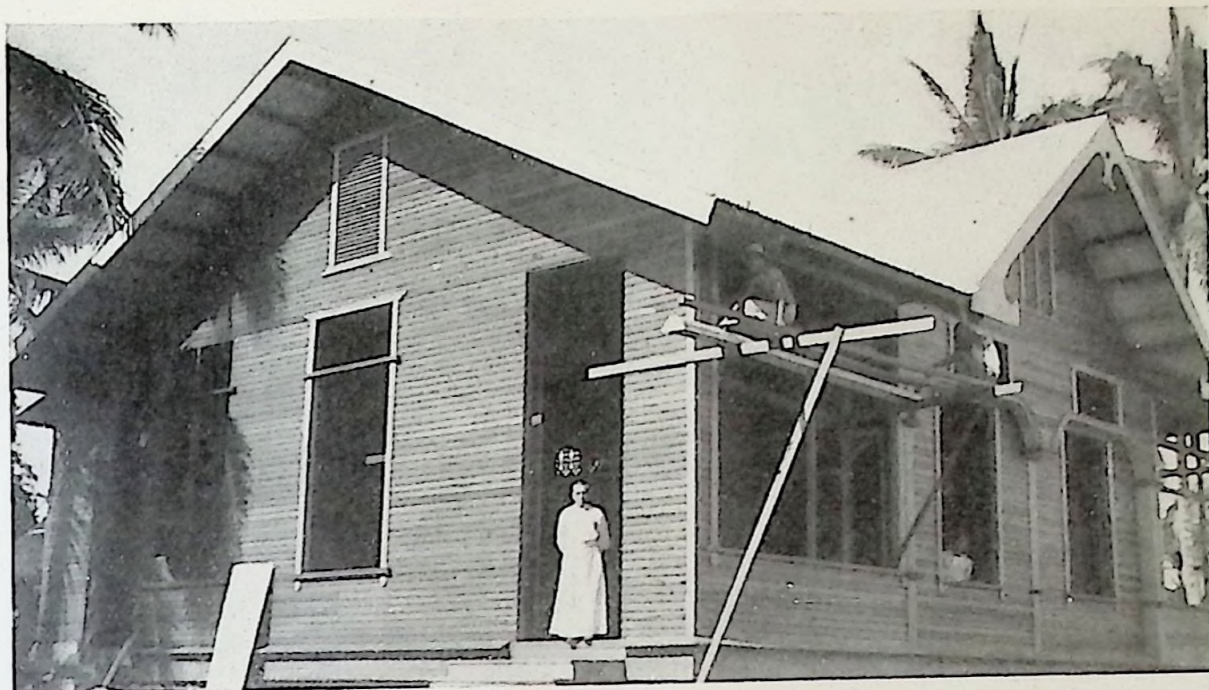
to the Philippines after his ordination. His six feet and his football shoulders come in handy along those steep mountain paths which he must climb frequently on distant sick calls. Another two hours down the road and you come to Father David Daly's church, with his up-to-date school across the plaza. This town is called Tagoloan, an easy place to get to if the bridges are not down, as they usually are in the rainy season. When the bridges are up it would take Father Daly just an hour flat to come to Cagayan.

HERE at Cagayan, Bishop Hayes resides. Five years ago he was only Father Hayes and was pastor of St. Augustine's church here. Seventeen years ago he was Mr. Hayes, S.J., Professor of Mathematics at Regis High School, New York City. There he was trying to teach the writer of this article what x equals. Now he is Bishop and I am assistant in the Cathedral parish with Father Vincent Kennally as Pastor. Instead of having a mere class of thirty boys under him, Bishop Hayes now has two full high schools under his immediate charge, to say nothing about a newly erected diocese in size as large as Belgium. If there were fewer rivers to cross and a few more good roads, his task as Bishop would be considerably lightened. But this is Mindanao. However, it is improving. "*Hinay hinay basta kanunay*" as they say here. ("Slowly, slowly but constantly.") With Bishop Hayes, as secretary, is quiet Father George Kirchgessner, who is also Dean and Professor in the Ateneo de Cagayan. He takes care of the study end of the school while Mr. Ralph O'Neill, S.J., runs the discipline side of things along with his duties as Professor

in English and Latin. Father Kennally, Pastor at Cagayan, is another one of those who spent his teaching days as a Jesuit in Manila, and who returned here after his ordination to the priesthood. He carries the extra burden of being Superior of the Jesuits here in the East Coast. Any one of the missionaries coming in from the out-stations always finds a hearty welcome at Cagayan. Father Walter Hamilton, who is reputed a Visayan scholar, holds the first fort on the other side of Cagayan. You have heard of his doings "Away Up in Tumpagon."

Across the bay from Cagayan lies the island of Camiguin (come again). Here Father John Pollock, one-time Professor at the Ateneo de Manila and former Pastor at Jasaan, now holds the office of Vicar Forane. Two of the three secular priests who are also stationed in Camiguin were ordained by Bishop Hayes.

As you leave the Province of East Misamis, you come to the Moro Province of Lanao. In Iligan, the capital, Father Hofmann from Baltimore is Pastor. His combination Home Economics Building and auditorium is the pride of the province. Many wondered what kind of a building he was putting up. Now they marvel at his ingenuity and incidentally his economical ability. Up the mountain road from Iligan, where you pass many curious Moros who are themselves a curiosity, you come to Dansalan. In 1930, this was only an out-station of Father Hofmann's parish. Now it is a full-fledged parish, with a complete grade school and a dormitory for girls and young ladies who attend or teach in the high school.



Father Andrew Hofmann, S.J., standing in the doorway of his Home Economics Building which he built for his Mission in Iligan, Lanao, P. I. This is but one instance of Father Hofmann's ingenuity and skill in building.

Father Joseph Reith, one time Business Editor of JESUIT MISSIONS, is Pastor.

BEFORE taking the launch to go over the Iligan Bay to the West Coast of Mindanao, let us board a bus from Cagayan and go up to the *bukids* (mountains) to Sumilao and Malaybalay. To get to these places, you have to descend into three canyons, crossing and re-crossing the same river about four times. But the road has been improved a great deal in the past five years and so have our parishes there. Sumilao is manned by Father Frederick Henfling, known as the mountain missionary. Malaybalay five years ago just had a church and Father Joseph Lucas. Today, under the direction of Father Lucas, it has a partly renovated church, a rectory, a school as high as the fourth grade, and dormitory for boys and another for girls. There is a public high school and normal school here in Malaybalay and quite a bit of Protestant influence has crept into them. Father Lucas

opened the two dormitories in order to keep tabs on the boys and girls and to counteract any proselytizing. He has had quite a bit of success with the dormitories.

Now we can go back to Iligan and take that launch. Occidental Misamis, which in Jesuit parlance (Turn to page 195)



The Faculty and girl graduates of the Jimenez parochial school, Jimenez, Misamis, Mindanao, P. I. First row, left to right: Mother Godfrey (sister of Father George Willmann, S.J., Mission Procurator of the Maryland-New York Province), Mother Victorice, Superior, Father James G. Daly, S.J., Mother Lena and Sister Angelina.

Miss Iris

William F. McHale, S.J.

“DOES anything ever worry you, Iris?” I asked. “Only when I cannot see my way through,” she answered, meaning by that that she sometimes could not please everybody as sacristan of a busy little church.

“You know you must take care of your health. It is a sin to neglect it.”

“Father, you know, I want to die.”

Again and again when her health seemed fairly good she would express in a matter of fact way that she very much desired to leave this life. Not in an impatient way and without giving any special reasons. Everybody seemed inclined to think her wish would be fulfilled before too long. When she began to fail seriously in health, I asked her in jest:

“How is it, Iris, God has to punish you this way? You must be a great sinner.”

Somewhat alarmed that I should really think badly of her, she replied with a touch of spirit:

“Father, I never did anything wrong.”

I was not her confessor and had no mind to probe her soul, and yet I am glad I brought her to make that statement: “I never did anything wrong.” It helps me to know it.

Her words make more clear what everyone who knew her well thought, namely, that her sins were very few and small in her short life.

A few times Iris would inform me that my instruction was good. It seems that I may have been talking



Jamaican faces, East Branch School, Kingston, Jamaica, B. W. I.

plainly and with some emphasis on the dangers of youth on those occasions.

“I like to work for the church,” she said. To the church early to open it, and at the church late to close it, unobtrusive and patient, beloved by all.

She was trained at the Holy Rosary School in Kingston by the Sisters of Mercy, and lived her short life a sacristan at Holy Rosary Church.

She was a frequent communicant and little interested in the vanities of the world. If I could have succeeded in making her talk during the six years I was in charge of Holy Rosary, I might be able to write more, but there was only one girl friend outside her own family, an old schoolmate, with whom she really chatted endlessly.

WHEN she was dying and seemed to be looking through and beyond one, you hoped that she might say something, but she only listened and suffered. Yes, she promised she would pray for me and my missions when God called her home, and part of my hope for a blessing on my efforts is based on her promise.

Then there is Mass' Aleck. He is gone to a better world now, having fished for fish and souls during his life. Not that he was fishing so much for souls the first part of his life,—and so he is not like Miss Iris.

One day he was rowing with a church official of some kind who asked him what would happen to his soul if the Lord should call him. Mass' Aleck was worried but would not admit that he was without hope.

“I like to work for the Church,” she said. To the church early to open it and at the church late to close it, unobtrusive and patient, beloved by all, such was Miss Iris.

(Turn to page 195)

Introducing Father

Silva

Carmelo
Tranchese, S.J.

QUONE of the effects of the Mexican persecution is the presence of Father Benjamin Silva, S.J., at the Guadalupe Mission, San Antonio, Texas. And by the way, he says that Guadalupe is such a hard place that his Indian missions in Mexico are not more difficult.

Father Silva belongs to the Mexican Province of the Society of Jesus which he joined as a priest. He hails from Zamora, in the State of Michoacan, "the best land in Mexico," he says. Father Silva has spent most of his life in the mountains of Chihuahua, amongst the Tarahumara Indians. His life has been one of hardships and adventures.

The Tarahumara Indians are tribes of semi-savage men who dwell in the mountains of Sierra Madre. Nobody, not even the Mexican Government, has been able to find out how many of these Indians are there, amongst those high and rugged mountains. To start with, these Indians are very distrustful, and they do not allow anybody to make an inspection amongst them. They show some confidence in the priest, but this is limited to their religious relations and not further. These men are slow of understanding, superstitious, indifferent. But as there has been enough said about the Tarahumaras in JESUIT MISSIONS, I shall leave out other details, and go on with Father Silva's work and his adventures.

QUONE of the problems of the missionary is the food. He has to eat what he possibly can, without being too particular about the kind of meat he gets or the tortillas. Besides the poverty of the food, the missionary has to overcome the great drawback—dirt. One day, after a long and hard fast, Father Silva went into a shack for his dinner. A handful of toasted and ground corn mixed with some spices, which preparation is called

pinole, dissolved in an empty tomato can of water, is the main plate. Then, as a special present to the good Father, the Indian who was watching and waiting on him wanted to regale him with some hot tortillas. Tortillas are a kind of cake made from ground corn and cooked on a hot stone or iron plate. The Indian had to go to another hut to get the tortillas, which were being baked by his wife. Some minutes elapsed; finally in comes the Indian in great haste. Think of Father Silva's situation when that man, with great dignity, pulled from under the pit of his arm two tortillas. What to do? A refusal would have meant an insult. The good Father looked at the tortillas, then at the crucifix, and thus overcame his repugnance.

FATHER SILVA has plenty of stories, but it is not the stories but his patience, which makes him very dear to our Christian Doctrine School children. These are as wild as forest monkeys; pay no attention to whatever you may tell them, and are always up to some mischief. With his indomitable courage and tireless patience, Father Silva holds those children spellbound for a long time, teaches them how to sing and how to say their prayers. Then, as a special gift to those who are more diligent he gives a *santito*, a print which he cuts

from old church goods catalogues, and pastes on a piece of cardboard. The paste also is of his own manufacture.

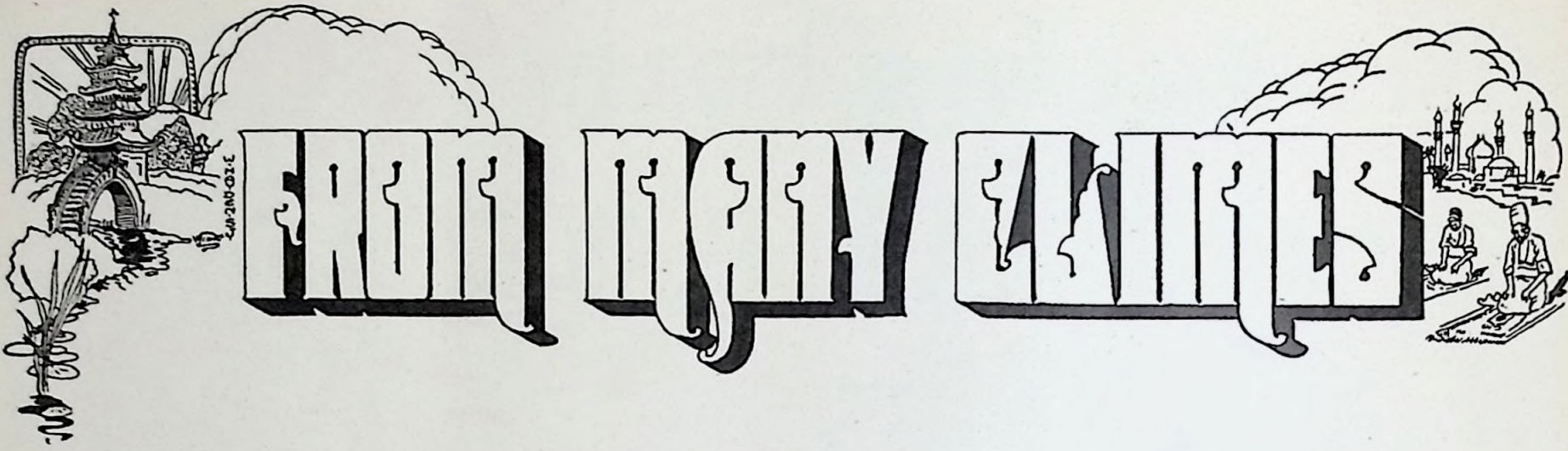
Thus our Christian Doctrine School has grown by leaps and bounds. This is a very remarkable result when we consider that we have the strenuous competition of our Protestant neighbors, who have plenty of money to entice these poor children with gifts of every kind.

Some of the Mexican children who come to Guadalupe Mission for religious instruction.



Father Benjamin Silva, S.J., formerly a missionary among the Tarahumara Indians of Mexico, now doing splendid apostolic work at Guadalupe Mission, San Antonio, Texas.





"It would be most ungrateful on our part if we should not acknowledge with thankfulness the most valuable contributions that mission agencies have made in our making." Thus spoke the Hindu Minister of Education in the Madras Legislature Council on March 25 last, in answer to a Member who took exception to Hindu pupils going to mission schools.

* * *

The connection between Catholic mission action throughout the world and world peace was described at a Mission Congress which was held at Vienna May 30 to June 1, under the patronage of His Eminence, Cardinal Innitzer, Archbishop of Vienna. The Congress had been organized largely by the Society of Austrian Missiology Associates, the Pastoral Institute of Vienna, and the Missionary Union of the Clergy.

* * *

Plans for an Indian Catholic Summer School to be held at Bangalore during May have been approved by the Cardinal Prefect of Propaganda Fide and the Apostolic Delegate of the East Indies. The general subject chosen is "The Catholic Church in Modern Times." Courses will be chiefly for post graduate students.

* * *

Fathers Piront and Widmer, priests of the Foreign Mission Society of Bethlehem, Immensee, Switzerland, working in the Prefecture of Tsitsikar, Manchukuo, have received silver tablets from the Minister of Education in recognition of their charitable work in schools, hospitals and prisons.

* * *

The army worm, dark green and velvety black and about an inch long, so called because they move across the land in an unbroken line, are invading parts of northern and central Natal, the Transvaal and the Orange Free State. Already entire fields of young plants have been destroyed and scarcely a crop saved.

* * *

A new workingmen's journal called *Manyomba* (Guilds) has been started by the Scheut Fathers at Leopoldville, Belgian Congo.

* * *

Mr. Aw Boon Haw, a Chinese philanthropist of Singapore, wholesale chemist and manufacturer of pharmaceutical prod-

ucts, is a model in the matter of disposing of surplus wealth. Convinced that it would be unwise to leave all his money to his family, he has left his relatives a sufficient inheritance and has distributed the rest of his wealth to charity.

* * *

A grammar of the Katya language, used by some Indian tribes of northwest Colombia, South America, has been compiled by Father Paul of the Blessed Sacrament, a Carmelite missionary of the Prefecture of Uraba, Colombia.

* * *

Missionaries from Burgos, Spain, who have charge of the Prefecture of San Jorge, are promoting the development of the Catholic Press and the organization of Catholic Action in the missions of central Bolivar, west of the upper branches of Rio Magdalena, Colombia.

* * *

Bishop Matthias J. Sola y Farrell, O.M.Cap., Prefect Apostolic of Bluefields, Nicaragua, has just completed a visit through the stricken regions of northcentral Nicaragua, left in ruins by the cyclone which swept across the country several weeks ago. He made a tour of twenty-five villages of the Mosquitoes Indians, personally distributing the funds which were sent by the Holy Father for the natives affected by the storm. It was given to all indiscriminately, Catholic, Protestant and non-Christian.

* * *

In Rubuno, Tanganyika, East Africa, civil and municipal officials, missionaries, and a throng of natives on March 7 last took part in the celebration in honor of Sultan Rubinda, who was observing his Silver Jubilee as a ruler of Ihangiro. "I wish to begin this day with a Mass of thanksgiving," the Sultan said.

* * *

A Savings Bank and a Dowry Reserve Fund established several years ago for students of the Catholic Trades School of Alberta, Belgian Congo, has, since 1927, loaned 56,000 francs and made it possible for fifty-nine young couples to start housekeeping. The Scheut Fathers have charge of the Trades School.

* * *

His Excellency, Phaya Phahon, Prime Minister of Siam, recently remarked: "In drawing up the Constitution, I made a point of having it safeguarded and protected with religious liberty."

Contributions to the general fund for Catholic missions throughout the world increased during 1935 by approximately one million *lire*, over the total amount received in 1934. The more outstanding amounts were made in countries where the Church has been passing through years of severe trial, as in Germany.

* * *

An indication of the harmful effects of big industries in lands of primitive races, comes from Ubangi-Shari Colony, French Congo, where extensive coffee plantations have been developed in the last few years. Small villages have been disbanded and the activity has been concentrated in large towns with the consequent breaking down of tribal life. The missionaries of the Holy Ghost Society, who are trying to adapt their activities to the changes created by the new order, say that the future of the country will depend upon the success of attempts now being made to save the native family and to strengthen the bonds of family life. It may be noted here that an attempt towards obtaining social justice for the worker is being made in a new set of laws which binds the worker to the employer by a two-year contract and demands in return that the employer guarantee the moral, physical and material welfare of the workmen.

* * *

Missionaries of the provinces of North China, now within the autonomy of the Mongol Conference of Chahar, say that although the officials of the new regime are kindly disposed towards missionary activity, they fear that two recent decrees issued by the Government will have a harmful effect upon public morals. One decree orders that one-fifteenth of all tillable land be given over to the cultivation of opium; the second provides for the reorganization of the elementary school system. The net financial yield of a hectare of poppies is three times that of a hectare of grain, namely, \$350 Mex. as against \$100 Mex. Yet this large financial gain does not at all compensate the country for the terrible effects suffered. In districts where the poppy is grown, the young people acquire the habit of using the drug. Their health is undermined and their future; their whole life is ruined. Even good pagans know the horrible consequences of this drug and detest it.

Russia on the Yukon *William Codd, S.J.*

If you're mission-minded, if you read missionary literature to any extent, then, perhaps you'll be talking about the fiftieth anniversary of the Jesuits' coming to Alaska, which is to be celebrated this Summer. Who knows but what some of you will even be participants in the celebrations. The purpose of this rather threadbare article, however, is not to rehearse the history of the Jesuits' arrival in Alaska, nor to give an account of their

work among the natives—I leave that to more talented pens—but rather to construct some little background antecedent to their coming.

Strange as it may seem, Alaska's first missionaries were not Catholic, but Russian. However, its first religion was Russian Orthodoxy, not Communism. These are not remarkable facts when we consider that Alaska was Czaranian territory from the time of its discovery in 1741 by Vitus Bering, a Dane in the Russian service, until its purchase by the United States in 1867. Yet with nearly a century of labor and much lavish expenditure, very little impression was made on the natives. So negligible, in fact, was Russia's influence, that Francis Mercier, the chief agent of the Alaska Commercial Company, alarmed at the constantly threatening dispositions of the natives along the Yukon, invited the first Catholic missionaries, the Oblates of Mary, to Alaska, for the humanizing influence that Catholicity had exhibited over savage tribes all through history. That was in 1867. It was not until 1886 that the Jesuits appeared on the scene.

RUSSIA'S first attempt to Christianize the natives was initiated in 1794 by a man named Shilikof, the organizer of the Russian-American Fur Trading Company, who petitioned the Empress Catherine II for missionaries for his trading posts. Prior to that time a few spasmodic attempts had been made by Russian traders, but impelled much more by considerations of business than by Christian ardor.

In answer to Shilikof's appeal, Catherine detailed some of her best material. In the Autumn of 1794, the Archimandrite, Ivassof, with seven members of the Russian clergy and two laymen arrived at Shilikof's headquarters on Kodiak Island, from whence they migrated out in



different directions under the patronage of the fur traders. One, the Archimandrite Makar, proceeded to Unalaska and began to baptize all the natives in sight. Another, Juvenal, a man of great energy, and who perhaps did more than any of his companions in spreading the Russian religion, labored among the natives of Kodiak Island and Cook's Inlet. He was murdered, however, two years later for his attempts to abolish polygamy. The rest of the expedition was, for the most part, less active, confining their labors to the vicinity of Kodiak Island.

IN 1823, Veniaminof, by many called "The Enlightener of the Aleuts" and, undoubtedly, the most distinguished of the Russian clergy in Alaska, appeared on the scene. During a period of nearly thirty years he exhibited an intense zeal for the Indians, visiting not only the Aleutian Islands, but much of the coast of the mainland from Bristol Bay to Kukoskwim Delta. He was a man of exceptional ability. Among other things, he mastered the Aleut and Thlinket languages, translated portions of the New Testament, composed a catechism and hymnal, and began an exhaustive research into the traditions, beliefs and superstitions of the Aleutian groups. Later, as Bishop of Kamchatka, he founded a seminary at Sitka for the training of natives and half-breeds for the Russian priesthood. He was transferred to Yakutsk in Siberia in 1852, and later died as Metropolitan of Moscow. He is highly venerated both as a man and a writer, but the success of his work was not permanent. It began to evanesce at his departure and continued to dwindle through the succeeding years of the Russian occupancy. The Holy Synod estimated the number of Russian converts in 1806 at 11,000, but this is considered a gross exaggeration.

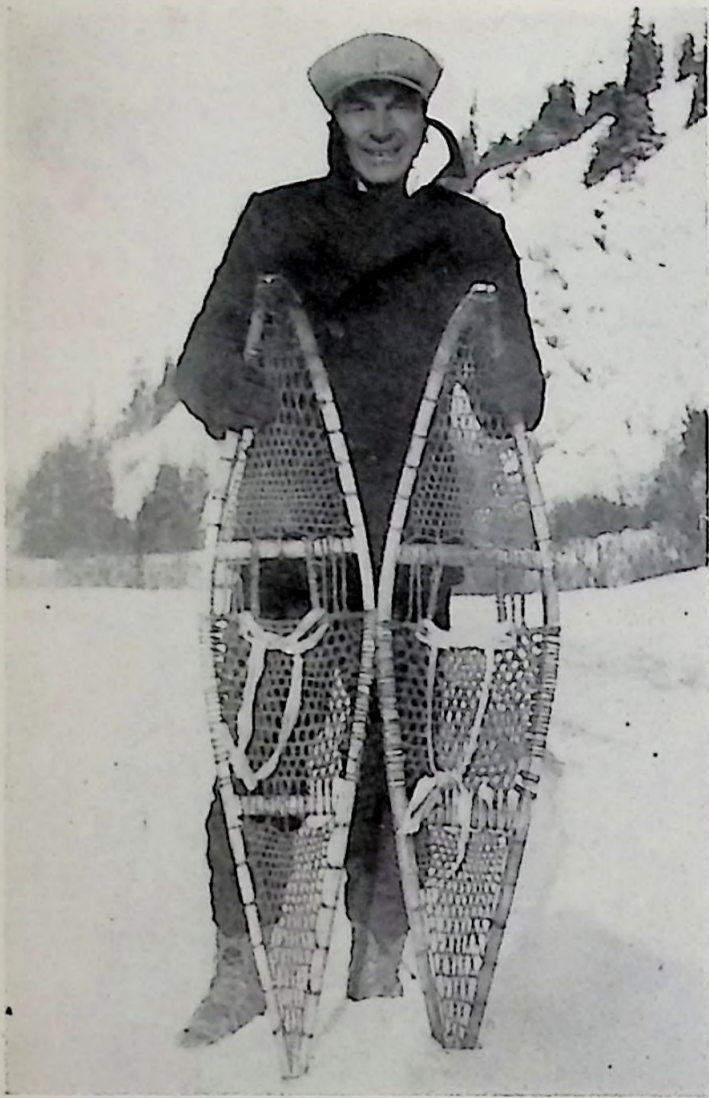
The Ontario Mi

to Heaven; when every member of the race within the reach of a missionary had been brought to salvation, the Huron Missions ceased to be; they had served their purpose."

In the year 1650, the surviving handful of Christian Hurons took refuge on the Isle of Orleans near Quebec. Here the Jesuit Fathers continued their ministrations; but it was not long before they again turned their attention to the south and to the north and west. They entered New York State and other southern parts to instill the lesson of Christ in the warlike hearts of the marauding Iroquois Nations. Penetration of the hinterland went on simultaneously as Christianity had to be brought also to the sporadic Algonquin tribes. Up the Ottawa route to Lake Nipissing, across the north shores of the Georgian Bay and Lake Huron, even amongst some of the wild tribes on the bold coast of Lake Superior, evangelization made progress.

WITH the British occupation in 1760, came the prohibition of the inroads of more Jesuits. This was the death sentence to the advancement of religion amongst the indigenous tribes. The passing of years found the dwindling number of heroic missionaries struggling to keep alive the diffusing light of the Gospel, dispelling where they could, the darkness of paganism. Undoubtedly, the missionaries daily prayed that their work would be taken up afresh by new brave hands before death would claim the last of the Jesuits, leaving a heritage of Christianity yet too feeble to live long without spiritual parentage. Different were the designs of Providence. The Society of Jesus in Canada ceased to exist with the death of Father Casot in the year 1800.

It was not until 1842 that the sons of Ignatius set foot again on Canadian soil. Two Summers later they were laboring once more amongst the Algonquin Indians in Ontario. The foundations of the Faith previously laid had disappeared. The members of the Society of Jesus, upon their return in 1844, immediately established headquarters at Wikwemikong, a large Indian settlement on the northeast corner of Manitoulin Island. From this point they traveled the shores of the Great Lakes, gradually working east and south, west and northwest, till the territory covered today stretches from the southern extremity of the Georgian Bay to the head of Lake Superior and from the northwestern boundary of Ontario almost to the James Bay. The center of interest is the Indian Industrial School at Spanish, half way between Sudbury and Sault-Ste-Marie. The school was moved from Wikwemikong in 1913, and is now alongside the Canadian Pacific Railway, which facilitates communications.



The Ojibway Indian is up to date. He wears modern clothing, retaining only the native moccasin and snowshoe, which are indispensable.

THE apostleship of a Paul, "in journeying often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers . . . in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils from false brethren; in labor and painfulness, in much watchings, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness" (2 Cor. xi, 26, 27) was the apostleship of a Brebeuf and a Jogues and sixty other courageous priests, Brothers and oblates who offered their lives for the planting of the seed of the Church amongst the Iroquois, the Algonquin and the Huron Indians of the New World. The blood of canonized martyrs and the blood of uncanonized martyrs, priests and aborigines, was abundantly shed during the great apparent tragedy, when almost every last Huron was slaughtered in battle, tortured at the stake, or starved to death on an island prison in the Georgian Bay. In terms of eternity it was not a tragedy, but a victory, as the whole harvest of souls was reaped. In the words of Father Julien Paquin, S.J., (JESUIT MISSIONS, March 1934, page 82): "Christian Faith was for the Hurons a direct stepping stone



The birch-bark wigwam has been replaced largely by the canvas tent and the log cabin.

JESUIT MISSIONS

A MAGAZINE OF APOSTOLIC ENDEAVOR

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Mission Activities in Parish Life

IN its release of May 16, *Fides News Service* reports that on May 9 the Superior Councils of the Pontifical Associations for the Propagation of the Faith and of St. Peter, Apostle for the Native Clergy, composed of National Directors from the various countries of Europe and America, were introduced to the Holy Father by His Eminence, Cardinal Fumasoni-Biondi, Prefect of the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda Fide, and by His Excellency, Archbishop Celso Costantini, Secretary of the Congregation and President of the mission-aid associations. The Cardinal read a brief address to the Holy Father, in which he said that the total amount gathered for the general fund of the Propagation of the Faith last year was forty-two million lire (at the present value of the lire this would be \$3,309,600.00) . . . and *Fides* goes on to say:

"Replying to the Cardinal's address, the Pope thanked the Directors for all that they had done during the past year, and he asked them to express his gratitude to all Catholics of their nations for their generous co-operation. . . . Referring to the resolutions taken by the Directors in regard to the missionary organization in the parishes, he said: 'Our confidence is all the more justified in seeing missionary activity receive such a fitting place in parochial life. In this way it will make itself felt everywhere, even in the tiniest veins, in the most remote members of the great Mystical Body of the Church. This is as it should be: it is quite proper that all those who have received the great gift of Faith should respond to the appeal, that they should do everything possible to correspond with the gift of Faith, by co-operating in communicating it to others. . . .'"

The words of His Holiness are most heartening and the resolution of the Directors of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith is most timely in urging the development of missionary co-operation in the individual parishes. Unquestionably, our Catholic people will give

their aid generously if they are educated to the cause of the missions. While it is evident that not every parish can do an equal amount, it is also clear that every parish can do something. Even the poor parishes in mission countries have in the past given evidence of this when they, just a few years removed from paganism, contributed their mite to the spread of the Faith among other peoples. This was completely in accord with the Holy Father's statement of May 9 and with the finest Catholic traditions of all times.

Now our Catholic people must come to know the mission cause before they will take an intelligent interest in it. This knowledge can come only through two sources: the spoken word and the written word. The pulpit must be used to educate the people along mission lines, and worthy mission magazines must receive a wider circulation in order to increase and intensify the effect of the spoken word. All classes need mission education, and the background for this ought not to be a feeling of toleration, but rather a sense of appreciation of the gift of Faith and a widespread desire to help others receive it. This is the tenor of the remarks made by the Holy Father. The spirit that must permeate all is neither parochial nor diocesan; it is catholic in the literal sense of the word.

And speaking of methods for carrying out this idea of reaching the people in every parish here in the United States, we have up to the present seen no finer or fairer plan than that proposed some years ago by a zealous Director of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith. He proposed for each parish three annual mission appeals: one for membership in the Society for the Propagation of the Faith; one for the Indians and Negroes of the country; and one to be made by one of the Religious Orders, Congregations or Societies who have charge of foreign missions. This latter group would be made up of those who had previously registered with the diocesan authorities and had been assigned a limited number of parishes in which they might make one appeal in a given year. According to this plan, no parish would be overburdened, nor would any parish miss its opportunities to do its share of work in helping the spread of the Faith. The appeals to be made would be for direct financial help or for subscriptions to mission magazines or both.

In speaking of Religious Orders, Congregations or Societies who have charge of foreign missions, it is well to bear in mind that the Society for the Propagation of the Faith has been able to render at best only about fifteen per cent of the support needed for the missions. Hence, it is evident that if dioceses or parishes are closed to the appeals of Religious Institutes in charge of missions they simply cannot go on doing their mission work. They cannot raise the eighty-five per cent of the funds needed in their apostolic works if they are forbidden access to our American Catholic people in the parishes. This is a vital point, and one not always understood even by the zealous members of the Hierarchy and Clergy. The work of the foreign missions of the Church is being done today largely by the Religious Orders, Congregations and Societies. Does it not seem proper, then, that these organizations, along with the noble Society for the Propagation of the Faith, should receive the whole-hearted support of every parish in the country?

THE MISSION INTENTION

July—More Missionaries for North India

TAKE a political map of Asia, find on the west coast of the central peninsula the city of Goa and on the east coast the city of Madras. Now sharpen your pencil and draw resolutely a straight line right across from Goa to Madras. The land north of that line is North India as understood in the Mission Intention for July. In area, North India has 4,400,000 square kilometers; in population, 305,000,000; in color it has the Whites from the northwest, the Yellows from the east, the Blacks from the hills and the coffee colored everywhere. Religiously, there are in North India, 1,200,000 Catholics; 207,000,000 Hindus, with Hindu gods; 8,000,000 devil worshipping hill men; 13,000,000 Buddhists with gods and devils but no God; 74,000,000 Moslems who have God but insist they do not need Christ; then there are 2,000,000 Protestants who have God, who say that they have a Christ, but who, with one voice, reject the Church and who hold as many opinions about the sacraments and grace as there are sects. The Catholic missionary personnel numbers 1,200 Priests, 350 Brothers, and 22,500 Nuns, coming from all the nations under the sun with not a few Indians included. The average mission field for a priest in North India measures 150,000 square kilometers, and the average flock per priest includes 1,000 Catholics and 250,000 non-Catholics. In 1934, American Jesuits from Chicago, laboring in Patna Mission, converted 1,000 to the Faith. At this rate, how long will it take our Catholic missionaries to convert India?

August—May the Bad Example and Teaching of the West not be a Source of Scandal to the Natives on the Mission Field.

IT is a lamentable fact that since the very beginning of Catholic missionary endeavor in the Orient, the good done by the missionaries themselves has been in varying degrees oftentimes compromised by the bad and pernicious examples of their compatriots, be they merchants, soldiers, colonists, tourists or others. This was true in the days of St. Francis Xavier, and it is even more true today, for today, evil doctrine has been added to bad example. Indeed, all the heresies and the falsehoods of the Western schools and schoolmen have their exponents today on the mission field. In the libraries of Tokio, Shanghai, Saigon, Tananarive, and so forth, works of Karl Marx, Darwin, Rousseau, and others are easily available. In history text books hundreds of phrases like the following occur: "The Old Testament is nothing but a romance, invented by the priests to confuse the minds of men;" or again: "Science has demonstrated the falsity of creation as taught in the Old Testament;" or again: "The most ancient ancestor of man is a horrible and extremely stupid animal who after countless years, finally evolved to that state of perfection which is man today," and so forth and so forth. Because of this influence the situation on the mission field today might be dramatized as not a comedy but a Tragedy of Errors. Prayer, plus Catholic example, plus Catholic literature, plus Catholic moving pictures, plus a Catholic press, plus Catholic propaganda in all its forms, is the need of the day upon the mission field.

COMMUNICATIONS

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

Communications and Questions

To the Editor of JESUIT MISSIONS:

That new column, "Communications," is a welcome addition to your wonderful magazine. On the inside page of the January issue is written "Your JESUIT MISSIONS," and it is only right, therefore, that the subscribers should have a little space in their magazine to make known their likes and dislikes, although personally, I don't believe anyone could dislike any part of JESUIT MISSIONS.

Now I think it would be a good idea to have part of this column put over to a "Mission Question Box" in which the supporters of JESUIT MISSIONS could have their questions concerning the missions answered. I'm sure there are many readers who have questions to ask about the different phases of mission work. I beg to have the honor of asking the first questions. Has the Society of Jesus any home missions among the Negroes of our Southern States? Are the Protestant missionaries in China more of a hindrance than a help to the Jesuit missionaries there? I mean, do they intentionally turn their converts' minds against the teachings of the Catholic Church?

I hope this is not too much to ask at once, but our "Mission Question Box" must have questions to make it interesting. Needless to say, JESUIT MISSIONS is always a welcome visitor to our home, and I hope will always be as long as it is printed.
Edenderry, Ireland.
EUGENE J. TYRRELL.

As far as we know, Protestant missionaries in China are not different from Protestant missionaries elsewhere. Some are friendly; others are hostile. Perhaps the opposition is largely founded on bigotry due to a lack of information on Catholic teaching. This would be at least a charitable interpretation. However, it is difficult to give such an interpretation to some of the operations of American Protestants in the Philippine Islands.

With reference to the writer's question on home missions among the Negroes of the Southern States we hope to give a fuller answer later. For the present we may state that in the South and the border States, Jesuits are working among the Colored people of Louisiana, Maryland and Missouri.

The Ending of the "Our Father"

To the Editor of JESUIT MISSIONS:

Some Catholics express surprise when they hear that Catholic Missals published in Rome contain the "Our Father" with the ending which they always associate with its Protestant version. "For thine is the Kingdom and the power and the glory forever." The irony of fate! Greek scribes, with the melody of the Mass ringing in their ears, copy the "Our Father" as it occurs in the Scripture manuscript, and perhaps unwittingly add the antiphon that follows its recitation in their Mass. Thus is Western Protestantism, seeking the "Pure word of God."

This response to the "Our Father" is used in all the Catholic Oriental rites, yet its antiphonal character is clearly seen in the various forms in which it appears. Perhaps the Armenian usage will make it most evident.

Priest: Grant us with bold voice to open our mouth and call upon the heavenly Father and to sing and say:

Clerics: (Sing the "Our Father" as far as "deliver us from evil.")

Priest (secretly): Lord of souls . . . Father of our Lord Jesus Christ lead us not into temptation but deliver us from evil and save us from temptation.

Deacon: Sir, give a blessing.

Priest: For thine is the Kingdom and the power and the glory forever. Amen.

In the Greek, Ethiopian and Chaldean rites, this ending comes directly after the "Our Father." But in the Coptic and Syriac it comes, as in the Armenian, at the end of an intervening prayer. From this it is very clear that liturgical tradition does not regard these words as our Lord's. If we go back to liturgies no longer used, but very ancient, as the Syriac liturgy of St. James, we see the same thing. The people recite the "Our Father" as far as "deliver us from evil." Then the priest bows and repeats "Lead us not into temptation, O Lord, Lord of the Powers, who dost see our weakness, but deliver us from the evil one and his works . . . through Thy Holy Name invoked upon our lowliness, for Thine is the Kingdom and power and the Glory of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost now and forever. Amen.

Washington, D. C.

(REV.) JOHN J. SCANLON, S.J.



AFIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUITS

PATNA, INDIA

Father George A. Dertinger, S.J., writes from Khrist Raja High School, Bettiah, Champaran Dist., India:

"You have already received all the sad news concerning the death of Father Francis M. Brown, S.J. It was about a year ago that he got a bad heart stroke, and the condition of his heart since then had seemed precarious. His last illness was pneumonia. It lasted eight days. As it happened, Khrist Raja was the center of activity in those last anxious days. Father Aloysius S. Pettit, S.J., and Brother Anthony Ugarte, S.J., moved to Chuhari to attend Father Brown. By chance, the Ford used by Father Frank Loesch, S.J., was here and Mr. John S. O'Connor, S.J., kept it going much of the days and nights, fetching doctors and medicines and ice. This last commodity is not made in Bettiah, so is not so easy to get on short notice, but English officials and residents and the local hospital all gladly contributed some from their small supply. Very Reverend Father Visitor (Father Aloysius Rohde, S.J.) and Very Reverend Father Superior (Father Peter J. Sontag, S.J.), were both with Father Brown when he died, and they consider he was fully conscious at the end, though unable to give much indication of the fact. His Excellency, Bishop Bernard J. Sullivan, S.J., arrived in time for the funeral which was held the following day (Sunday) at Bettiah. Some men of Chuhari carried the body in its home-made coffin from Chuhari to Bettiah, six miles, on Sunday morning. No proper conveyance could be found. An ox-cart would have been somewhat too rough and slow. The funeral was the largest I have ever seen in Bettiah, since it combined the parishes of Chuhari and Bettiah, and took place Sunday evening when all were free to attend. The procession was about a half mile long, winding through the lanes of Bettiah out to the cemetery. The coffin was put in a brick crypt above ground."

* * *

Father James A. Creane, S.J., writing from Catholic Mission, Champagnar P. O., Bhagalpur, India, says:

"Here I am at Bhagalpur, gradually getting back to the front lines at Gokhla. Due to my illness my mission

work there suffered not precisely a set-back, but rather a check in the forward movement. That little sickness led to a lot of travel and the travel in turn brought me into contact with every Jesuit on the firing line in Patna Mission. Those meetings were inspiring and are sending me back to my own battleground with renewed enthusiasm and ambition. Everywhere the work of conversion is going forward with leaps and bounds in spite of difficulties and handicaps. And the only reason it is not going ten times faster is because the Fathers are woefully lacking in funds to finance their projects and cannot bi- or tri-locate themselves to reap the ripe and ripening harvest.

"Really, this seems to be God's hour of abundant grace for many castes and tribes of India. Not only are the aboriginals coming into the Fold with consoling rapidity, but Hindus and Mohammedans, too, are becoming more and more hopeful.

"A letter from Father Rudolph W. Bohn, S.J., tells me of Baptisms and marriages among the aboriginals and of hopes among the Sohars, Ouraons and Telis.

"Father Bertram E. Ernst, S.J., though young in the field, is reaping the consolation and encouragement of

success. Report has it that Father Edward A. Scott, S.J., is to join forces with Father Frank I. Stoy, S.J., who in his last flying trip around the Mission made a scoop of ninety souls, I was told.

"Father Charles P. Miller, S.J., writes from Gajhi: 'I'll keep my eye open for anything in the Chamar line. I am very friendly with some of them. Just at present the Bulas are coming in faster than I can bait the hook. I have two more castes on the string, one of them very promising. And this morning I opened negotiations with a third. My first advances were met so favorably that I am still running a temperature of one hundred and ten degrees in the optimistic thermometer. They walked four miles to keep an appointment with me, stayed three hours almost, and insisted that I pay a visit to their village,—eighteen houses.

"Last week I tried to get in some Mahlis but missed five. Better luck next time. I would have had about fifty of those Koras, but a two *anna* sore-headed Santal Catholic threw a monkey wrench into the gears and stopped proceedings. But that will straighten itself out before long. Eight houses of Bulas were held up in the same way.

"Well I have about one thousand



A recent letter from Bettiah brings us the very sad news of the death, on April 25, 1936, of Father Francis M. Brown, S.J., of the Chicago Province, zealous young missionary at Chuhari in Patna Mission, India. The picture shows Father Brown and his workmen on the pile of bricks they were making for the reconstruction of church and convent destroyed in the devastating earthquake of January 15, 1934.



Father George Endal, S.J., of the Oregon Province, who sails this Summer as a volunteer for the Alaska Mission.

envelopes to address, so goodnight.'

"North of the Ganges, too, the Fathers in the field as well as those in the High School, Bettiah and Chuhari, are replete with optimism and dreaming big, big dreams. Father Frank N. Loesch, S.J., for instance, told me that he had recently baptized a Brahman, that he has a Mohammedan family preparing for Baptism. And there seems to be no end to his line of Doms heading for the Church.

"Several letters from Father P. L. Frank, S.J., show that the work of conversion about Gokhla has by no means been at a standstill during my absence. He and Father Charles D. McAleese, S.J., have been busy baptiz-



Richard B. Meagher, S.J., of the California Province, who has just completed his studies in philosophy and science at Mt. St. Michael's, Spokane, Washington, has been assigned to mission work in Shanghai, China.

ing Mochis. Several others including a group of Doms, he says, are on the way.

"Surely we in Patna Mission have every reason to sing a *Te Deum*."

ALASKA

Father Segundo Llorente, S.J., contributed to the April eleventh issue of *The Alaska Catholic* the following account of the Catholic school at Akulurak.

"Few persons have heard of the school conducted by the Jesuit Fathers at Akulurak on the Yukon Delta. The school at Holy Cross because of its central location is better known all over Alaska and outside. And yet the Akulurak school answers a need no less grave than that of Holy Cross, and it fills its mission with no less success than its sister school up the river.



Father John K. Lipman, S.J., of the California Province, will sail this Summer for missionary work in Shanghai and Nanking, China.

"There is here on the Yukon Delta and all along the coast from Nelson Island to St. Michael a vast tundra area inhabited by full blood Eskimos. They live in small villages, so small that most of them consist of five or six igloos. There they live almost as poorly and unprogressively as their ancestors back in prehistoric times. The Akulurak district alone numbers over thirty of these small villages. It is evident that no priest can reside permanently in every one of these places.

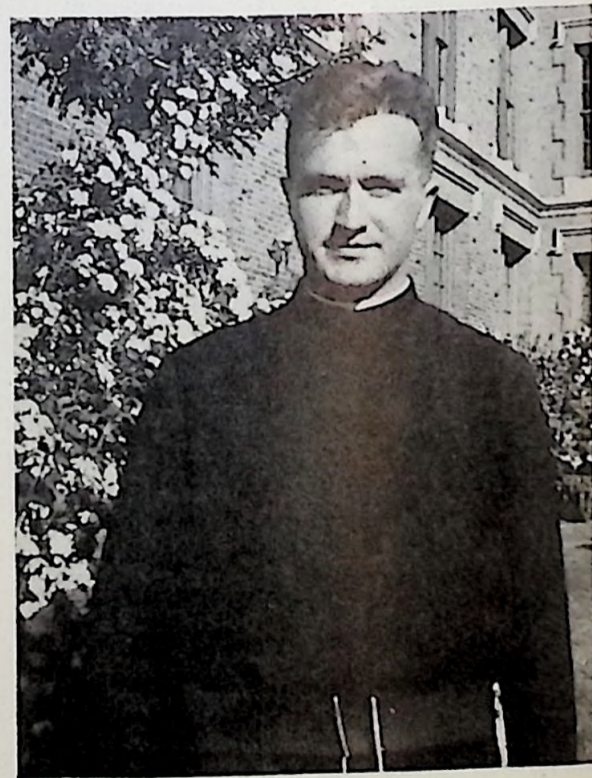
"Furthermore, a village is likely to be abandoned by its people if the trapping becomes poor. This increases the difficulties for the missionary. And yet, something had to be done to reach the hundreds of natives of the district.

"The problem was happily solved when St. Mary's Mission was built on the banks of the Akulurak slough at the beginning of the century. It was soon filled with children rescued from

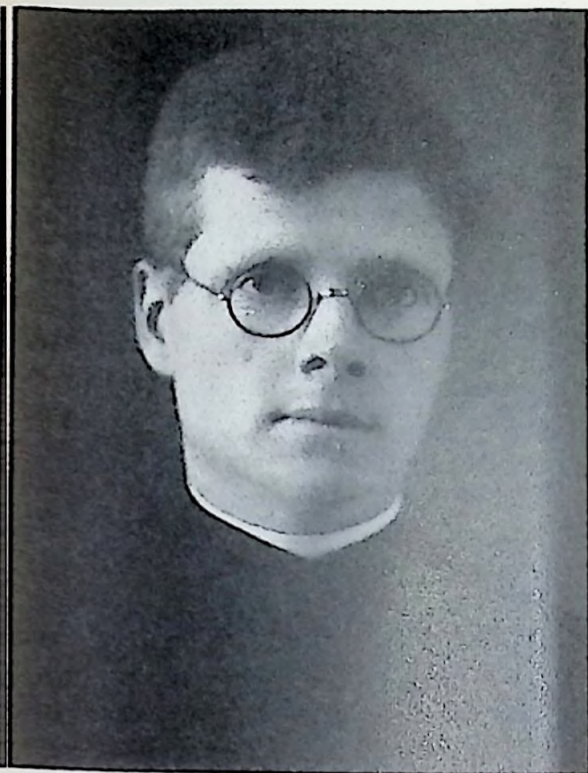
poor surroundings, orphans most of them, dressed in rags and full of dirt. After spending some years in the school those children returned to their respective villages speaking good English, well dressed and fit to be parents of Catholic children. The tundra was soon dotted with Catholic couples who made it easy for the missionary to reach the people on his occasional visits by dog teams from the Akulurak headquarters.

"There are today sixty-two girls and thirty-three boys in our school. They are taught by the Ursuline Sisters who came to Akulurak at the very opening of the school. There are three classrooms; one for the newcomers who cannot speak a word of English, and these children are instructed by a graduate girl of the school; then comes the middle class in charge of a Sister who teaches them the three R's; finally comes the upper class, also in charge of a Sister, who teaches everything taught in the States to the children in the last grades. To this is added music twice a week, and catechism every day. This last class is conducted by the missionary himself.

"It is most consoling to see these children of the tundra behave like the children of any of our parish schools. They sing the Sunday Mass with a perfection that many a White choir would envy. The girls, not satisfied with making the finest skin boots, mending parkas and sewing socks, make very elaborate needle work, embroidering scenes and customs of their life, such as seal hunting in kayak, dog teams and the like that stir the admiration of our benefactors in the States. The boys spend their free time chopping wood, hunting, gather-



Daniel P. Clifford, S.J., of the California Province, who has just completed his studies in philosophy and science at Mt. St. Michael's, Spokane, Washington, has been assigned to mission work in Shanghai, China.



Father Walter F. Hyland, S.J., of the Province of Maryland-New York, who is returning for missionary work in the Philippines.

ing grass, visiting the blackfish traps and doing other work that will help them when they leave the school.

"These ninety-five orphans with their teachers are supported entirely by donations from our benefactors. For a time the U. S. Government contributed some help, but this was withdrawn; so we depend again on the generosity of the mission-minded souls of the States. Certainly, if this school would ever have to be closed for lack of means to support it, this crime would make every angel in Heaven weep with long lasting tears."

CEYLON

Father Edward T. Cassidy, S.J., of the New Orleans Province, is stationed at St. Michael's College, Batticaloa, Ceylon. During the month of April he went to Jaffna to get in a month's work on Tamil while some of the other teachers were on vacation. During his stay at Jaffna he was the guest of the Oblate Fathers at Little Seminary. From this place he writes:

"Your good letter and the enclosed check came this morning. I cannot give you much news because I am living a very quiet, though very warm life here in the Seminary. However, this might interest you. Here in Jaffna they have the oldest English-speaking Mission: the American Protestant Missionary Society; they were the first to teach English in the schools. They are a very fine group, and on intimate terms with the Oblate Fathers. Besides the school, they have a hospital, the only denominational hospital in Ceylon,—I mean run by a religious organization. A young American, Dr. Jameson of New York, is at the head of the hospital, and he is actually adored by the people. The Fathers here told me how extremely kind he

was to them, and how they always go to his hospital instead of to the Government outfit. Ten days ago I got a bad infection, and I had occasion to experience his graciousness. He and his wife and one White nurse are the only White people within five miles of the hospital. We may criticize as we wish, but these people have the organization, and it is not mere pay that keeps this brilliant young doctor in a small village with rude and uncultured people. It is a shame that with four hundred thousand Catholics, we haven't a single Catholic hospital in the whole Island. I hope some day to change that."

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

On June 10, the first contingent of Jesuit missionaries from the Province of Maryland-New York for the year 1936 embarked from the port of Vancouver, B. C., for the Philippines. The pictures of these departing Fathers and Scholastics



Father James E. Hoggerty, S.J., of the Province of Maryland-New York, who has just completed his Tertianship and is returning to the Philippines.

appear in the pages of this present issue. They are Fathers James E. Hoggerty, S.J., Walter F. Hyland, S.J., and Joseph M. Rosauero, S.J., Messrs. Thomas E. Brady, S.J., Frederick N. Dincher, S.J., Fenton J. Fitzpatrick, S.J., Matthew N. Fullam, S.J., Ralph B. Gehring, S.J., and Joseph E. Maxcy, S.J.

* * *

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

"Just for a break on last Sunday I had a fiesta in Pagatpat, a *barrio* about two hours by horseback from Cagayan. I had to go the afternoon before and sleep in the *barrio*. This place was opened for us last year through the interest of some catechist who taught there during the vacation period. Then the people built a little chapel, arranged

for a regular teacher, and since then there has been one grade school with about sixty children in session morning and afternoon. For this visit of mine they had erected a series of arches around the route of the procession. They had invited a band, and in general, did everything within their means to make it a real Catholic celebration. I had held First Communion for the children here in Cagayan the week previous, as I wanted them to get a look at a real church. During the year I have had about one hundred Baptisms there and this is only a beginning. I got back here on Sunday afternoon in time to give the Stations. One could easily spend a week going from one small *barrio* to another, and could gradually win them all back by a little patience and tact, but there are no men."

* * *

Father Thomas Gallagher, S.J., Pastor at Catholic Rectory, Misamis, Occidental Misamis, Mindanao, P. I., writes to thank **JESUIT MISSIONS** for his last check received and notes that "my injured carpenter came home from a Cebu hospital last Thursday with but one leg. I suppose I'll have to help support him. He has a wife and several children. The poor fellow was in the hospital almost two years.

"Just at present I am trying to prepare some Binasayan sermons. I always feel as if I have too much to do, and am afraid that life will be gone before I realize all I wish to do."

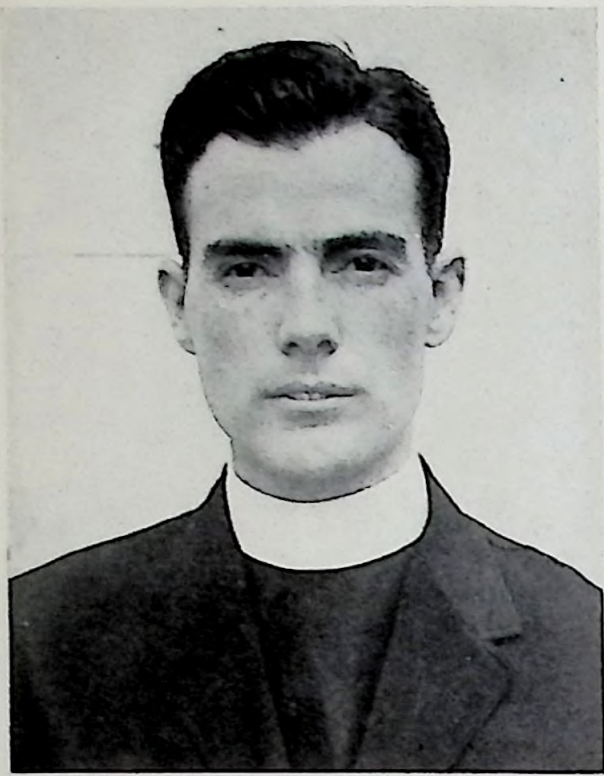
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Father Christopher Sastre, S.J., writes from Mercedes, Zamboanga, Philippine Islands:

"On December 15, the Jesuit Fathers left Butuan for Zamboanga where we arrived on December 20. The Fathers of the Sacred Heart took our parishes in Agusan. Mercedes is in difficulties and I was unable to pay the full salar-



Father Joseph M. Rosauero, S.J., who has just completed his Tertianship and is returning to his native Philippines.



Fenton J. Fitzpatrick, S.J., of the Province of Maryland-New York, who has just completed his philosophical studies at Woodstock College, Woodstock, Md., and is sailing for work in the Philippines.

ies to the three teachers and the *muchachos*. The children at the school have not the necessary books. The land taxes which come to more than sixty pesos for 1935, have not yet been paid. Please pray for us."

JAMAICA, B. W. I.

Father Joseph F. Ford, S.J., writing on April 8, from Mandeville, Jamaica, B. W. I., says:

"I am writing to thank you for the Mass stipends, and also to wish you all a Happy Easter. The enclosure represents my twelfth church, mentioned in my last account. I am now getting ready for the thirteenth and fourteenth simultaneously, although just now I have no money for them, but am very optimistic about them.

"Just now I am mostly interested in the extension of my church here, twelve feet, making a new sacristy. The building, originally erected for the Adventists, has had to be altered plenty to meet our requisites, and in the early stages of my work here, this was easy, as a lady bountiful stood for all of these. Now she is dead, and I have a strenuous time even to get enough from the people to go through the week, let alone extras, but somehow it generally turns out O. K. for me."

* * *

Father Ford, writing again on April 23, reports:

"Thanks exceedingly for your Easter windfall, coming at the critical time of the year for us here, as April 1 starts the financial year, in the house and car taxes, and quarterly interest on loans, and so forth.

"On Low Saturday and Sunday, I had the Morality Play, 'Everyman' by the College Dramatic Society, but rain—twelve inches in the two days—put

a damper on these performances in more ways than one. Over a period of about four years, I've encountered rain in nearly every affair I've had, and I've decided to become a real Britisher and go through with them in mackintoshes and rubbers, as I notice they do with their sports in England, although we have enough fair days."

* * *

Father James Dolan, S.J., writes from High Gate, Jamaica, B. W. I.:

"Last week some of the Fathers came out from Kingston and I didn't do a thing but enjoy their company, for after being alone so long, it was a tonic to have our own men come out and visit us. Believe me, I never enjoyed anything so much.

"It is very difficult trying to run eight missions alone. Lent was a nightmare, with a different station demanding attention each night, and, as you know, these roads are no River-



Matthew N. Fullam, S.J., of the Province of Maryland-New York, who just completed his philosophical studies at Woodstock College, Woodstock, Md., and is sailing for missionary work in the Phillipines.

side Drives. Then, too, I had to think about paying for my car. I still owe about one hundred and thirty pounds."

* * *

Father Edward J. Whalen, S.J., writes from St. Anne's Rectory, Kingston, Jamaica, B. W. I.:

"As I write, it seems to be too painfully true that all my correspondence with JESUIT MISSIONS consists in letters of thanks. At present, all my attention is being directed to the possibilities of obtaining a new school. The present one is dilapidated and over-crowded, and in great disfavor with the Government. I shall have to do something very soon or run the risk of losing my Government grant. This would be a real disaster. Please pray that I may be able to obtain a suitable piece of land for this purpose."

IRAQ

Father Edward F. Madaras, S.J., of Baghdad College, gives us some interesting viewpoints on our Arab neighbors:

"It is not very comforting, when you move into a new neighborhood, to be told that you will have need of armed guards to protect yourself from the predatory tendencies of your neighbors. But that was the news that some well-meaning advisers delivered to us when we left Baghdad proper to settle down here permanently in Sulaikh, a nearby suburb.

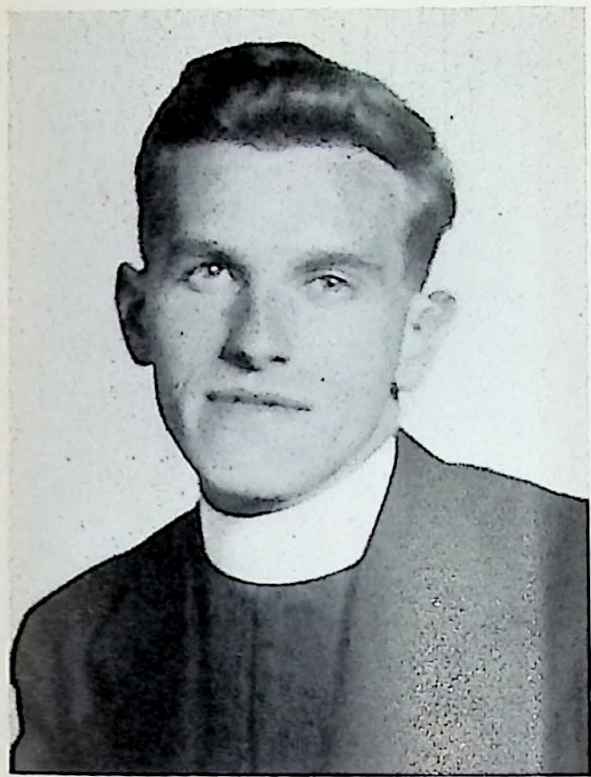
"Our instincts told us to disregard the advice given, and time has proved the correctness of our judgment. At first, it is true, the Arabs who drove their donkies past our front gate each day as they went back and forth to market looked with curiosity, not unmixed with suspicion, perhaps, at the large sign which proclaimed in English and Arabic that this was 'Baghdad College—Conducted by the American Jesuit Fathers.' But familiarity breeds respect for those who are worthy of it, and our new neighbors soon found that we were rather harmless and good-natured individuals at the worst.

"It was not long before some of the passersby stopped to fraternize with our own Moslem servants, whom we had brought with us from Baghdad. These latter were not slow to sing the praises of the Fathers, and it is not surprising nor to be held against them if their accounts of our goodness, wisdom, and even wealth, were tinged a bit by exaggeration.

"When it became known that we had a dispensary with an unlimited and miscellaneous supply of remedies for all the ills that flesh is heir to—such seems to have been the description which our servants gave out—it was



Thomas E. Brady, S.J., of the Province of Maryland-New York, who has just finished his Juniorate studies at Wernersville, Pa., and is sailing for the Philippines.



Frederick N. Dincher, S.J., of the Province of Maryland-New York, who has just completed his Juniorate studies at Wernersville, Pa., and is sailing for work in the Philippines.

not long before the lame, the halt, and other unfortunates, of both sexes and all ages, came to us for treatment.

"He Who gave us an example showed how quickly barriers are broken down by a bit of sympathy and a soothing touch. We have seen here how effective such things can be. Those who once were merely our neighbors and regarded us suspiciously as doubtful strangers, are now our friends and have given us their confidence. They are never more pleased than when they have an opportunity to engage the Fathers in conversation, and the Fathers, it need not be said, treat them with unfeigned affability.

"From the day, too, that we began hiring some of the men of the neighborhood to work on improving our land in remote preparation for the day when we shall be able to erect our school building, they have looked upon us in the light of real benefactors.

"As for those armed guards, we have never hired them nor found them necessary. To be sure, we have a night watchman, Hamid by name, and a pious son of the Prophet, but we are not sure just how successful he is in keeping awake; at any rate, we have found him sleeping in the dead of night on more than one occasion. As far as the safety of our belongings is concerned, we do not really mind this so much; but inasmuch as his chief function is to be on the lookout for a chance fire that may happen to break out from defective wiring, his presence on the grounds does not bring us much reassurance.

"Thus far our Arab neighbors have repaid the confidence that we reposed in them. May we not hope that some day they will accept the greater friendship of Him Who has remedies for the ailing soul?"

AMERICAN INDIANS

Holy Rosary Mission, Pine Ridge, South Dakota, suffered a loss almost greater than words can tell in the untimely death of Brother Patrick B. O'Connell, S.J., aged thirty-six, who died at St. Joseph's Hospital, Alliance, Nebraska, on Thursday, March 19, of injuries received in the Mission light plant on March 16. *The Sioux Chief-tain*, published at St. Francis Mission, South Dakota, gives the following account:

"Brother 'Pat' had gone to the light plant early in the morning. While looking after the engine his sweater was caught in the fly-wheel and he was whirled through the air. After two rounds he lost consciousness. He came to, and somehow managed to make his way to a bed in an adjoining room. How often he was whirled round the



Ralph B. Gehring, S.J., of the Province of Maryland-New York, who has just completed his Juniorate studies at St. Andrew-on-Hudson, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., and is sailing for work in the Philippines.

fly-wheel is unknown, but the force of the wheel tore most of his clothing from his body. On the bed he again lost consciousness. When he revived he called for help. His calls were heard by one of the truckers, who brought assistance. He was taken to the infirmary and later to the hospital at Alliance. Besides a broken arm and several broken ribs, he suffered severe internal injuries which caused his death.

"Brother Pat was a young man, strong and robust, with a very congenial and pleasing disposition. He was an excellent worker and many of the activities of the Mission were entrusted to his care. He had charge of the light plant and garage, looked after the conditioning of the missionaries' cars, did much of the trucking, had charge of the movies, and attended to a hundred and one other details of

the routine at the Mission. He was liked and beloved by all. The Mission has suffered a very great loss in his death. We join with the students and faculty of Holy Rosary, and with the relatives and friends, in praying that Almighty God may speedily grant to His faithful servant the reward for which he labored so earnestly and well.—R. I. P."

* * *

Father William J. Ryan, S.J., writes from Sacred Heart Mission, Desmet, Idaho, under date of May 19:

"This is a late date to acknowledge your letter of March 27 and the stipends sent to us. I hope to send you some pictures shortly and also an article for *JESUIT MISSIONS*. Just recently we had a rather elaborate production, an Indian pageant, depicting the coming of the Blackrobes to the Coeur d'Alene Indians.

"We will not build for some time, for our expenses are quite great. Until we have more material aid, it is necessary to live as we are now in some remodeled quarters of the boys' building."

The question of building at Desmet has reference to the necessity of reconstructing after the fire which destroyed one of the main buildings on January 30. The Fathers lost all their personal property, almost all their books—a library of three thousand volumes. They felt that an appeal should be made for help both for the Indians and for themselves. Unfortunately there was little response. We trust that their prayers for benefactors will soon be answered and that they will receive adequate equipment by way of books for their library and by way of financial assistance for the Indian boys in the school whom they must lodge, clothe and feed.



Joseph F. Marcy, S.J., of the Province of Maryland-New York, who has just completed his Juniorate studies at St. Andrew-on-Hudson, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., and is sailing for work in the Philippines.

Settoo's Wife

John A.
Morrison, S.J.

Old Timer is a missionary in India. George is his catechist. The two had established a mission in the village of Lakshmipur, almost in the shadow of the *zemindar* Settoo's palace. One day, much to the missionary's surprise, Settoo's wife came to ask for Baptism. From a store room in the palace she had been listening secretly to the instructions given by the catechist who usually assembled his classes just outside the wall. Knowing the probable anger of the *zemindar*, Old Timer advised the lady first to seek her husband's permission. When she did not return for days, no one could find out what had happened. The story continues.

ONE evening some ten days later, the Old Timer was just finishing his supper of rice and *dal* when he heard voices outside the hut and then George's voice calling:

"Father, Settoo's wife is here."

He hurriedly arose and went out. There was the young woman with her baby in her arms, and she was weeping. The shyness she had shown on the previous occasion had vanished, and the priest quickly learned her story. She had told her husband how she had listened to the village school teacher from the window of the storehouse and how she wished to receive Baptism; how she went to see the priest and the answer he had given her.

Settoo had been furious. Was his wife a silly woman who renounced the worship of her father's and her father's fathers at the lying words of a foreigner? What had his wife, a high caste *purdah* lady, descended to, that she left the protection of her husband's home alone, to visit strangers? She must be taught a lesson. And the unhappy girl ended her tale with the simple words: "He whipped me." The priest could guess at the rest of the story:—confinement in the upper rooms of her husband's house under strict guard, and then escape at the first opportunity.

THE Old Timer looked at George and the catechist looked at the ground. They could not send the woman back to her husband, and yet, how could they keep her? The only pagan in all his territory who had dared to take the big step and had been baptized with his family was Philip, who lived in the nearby village of Chergaha. Philip owned his own land and was fairly well off, as Indian farmers go, but he was meeting with petty persecutions continually, and the Old Timer knew that Settoo could make life unbearable for the new convert. Would it be fair to Philip to ask him to take Settoo's wife into his household until some better arrangement could be made? The priest pondered. He had never had to handle a situation like this before. The girl apparently read his thoughts, because she said:

"*Sahib*, do not send me back; he will kill me."



A Brahman priest in solemn ritual setting. These pagan leaders still exercise a powerful influence over millions in India.

The missionary nodded his head. She was probably speaking the truth.

"*Sahib*, baptize me and let me live with your Christians until my husband's anger has cooled."

This seemed the only possible solution for a very difficult problem. George would take the young woman to Philip's house, explain the situation, and if the new convert was willing to receive her, she could remain with him until some better solution presented itself.

Philip seemed to have the stuff that early Christians were made of, for he readily agreed to shelter the Brahman's wife.

One week passed, during which the girl was baptized and received the Christian name of Cecilia, but Settoo made no move. Two weeks went by and the landlord had not yet attempted to claim his wife. The priest was puzzled and worried, yet there seemed nothing that might be done. They could only wait and hope for the best.

MEANWHILE Cecilia made her First Communion and tried to settle down as best she could in her new home. Philip's family showed their guest every respect, while the young Brahman woman lent a hand in the work of the household and tried as much as possible to avoid being a burden to her hosts. One day while the priest was visiting Philip's village, Cecilia proposed a plan.

"Father," she said, "you have a school for the boys of the nearby villages, but the girls are left entirely alone. How can they learn if they are not instructed? Start a school for the girls and let me teach them. Their mothers will trust me, I am sure, and it will help your work."

The Old Timer was agreeably surprised at Cecilia's

suggestion. He had half entertained the same thought himself, but he was only too well aware of the shyness of high caste Indian women who had passed all their lives in the seclusion of the women's quarters of their parents' and husband's homes and he hesitated to make the suggestion himself. But he was glad to accept her offer.

SOME refused when the missionary invited them to send their girls to his little school. These were Settoo's tenants and perhaps they feared the Brahman's wrath if they seemed to favor the priest. Perhaps they suspected that this was some trick to force Christianity upon their daughters; or they may simply have recoiled at the idea of girls receiving an education. Their mothers and wives did not know

how to read and write,—why should their daughters? To them the duties of mother and wife did not seem to call for a knowledge of reading and writing. But some of the villagers were glad to have a high caste lady influence their children, and finally classes were started on the verandah of Philip's house.

Cecilia bloomed as a teacher. Her baby she had brought with her when she fled her husband's roof, but she had been obliged to leave her little girl behind. Her heart ached at the separation. Here, though, were other youngsters to claim her attention, and Cecilia gave to the little class all the care and devotion of which her warm nature was capable. Her own education had been most elementary, but she could teach simple reading and writing, and her little Hindus learned to know and love the Lord Jesus from one who had loved Him first.

AND so things went until the missionary received a visitor. One morning the Old Timer and George were about to set out on a four day tour through the villages to the east when the priest, who was arranging the last things in his kit, heard a loud, "Salaam! Salaam! Hey! Padre *Sahib!*" from outside the hut. A rather stout young man, clad in the usual flowing *dhotie* and shirt, with a large turban upon his head, sandals on his feet and holding a heavy cane in his hand, stood at the door. It was Settoo.

The Brahman was very pleased to have the great honor of meeting his most distinguished neighbor. The Padre *Sahib* knew, of course, the unpleasant story that his wife had told him, and Settoo was sorry and ashamed to admit that it was all true. He had been upset by his wife's unusual behavior and he had to confess that he

had forgotten himself. But he wished to make amends. Let his wife return to her husband's house and she would be given full liberty to come and go and perform the new worship as she pleased. He gave his word for that. And the Padre *Sahib* must not continue to live in this poor hut. Let him choose a suitable plot of ground from the *semindar's* lands. He would be only too glad to grant him a place upon which to build a house as a token of appreciation for the splendid uplift work the *Sahib* was doing among his poor villagers. It was really too bad that he had not done more for them himself.

THE Old Timer listened to his visitor's flow of speech and then invited him to come in and sit down. No, no, he would not detain the Padre *Sahib* longer, as he saw he was about to set out upon a tour, but would he kindly send a messenger and request his wife to return home that day? When the Padre *Sahib* returned from the tour they would settle this little business of a plot of ground for the new house and school. And the Brahman saluted and departed.

The Old Timer did not know whether to believe the landlord's words or not. He certainly seemed to be sincere. He had actually blushed in admitting his guilt and he appeared to be thoroughly ashamed of himself. If Settoo was playing a game he was a mighty clever actor.

From George, who had listened to Settoo's little speech he could only get: "Father, this is very difficult." But if the Brahman wanted his wife back, the missionary knew that he could not prevent him from having her back. He could not send her to her orthodox Hindu parents. They would not receive her. In becoming a Christian their daughter had become an outcaste, an untouchable, worse than dead as far as they were concerned. He could not leave her in Philip's house any longer. Settoo could come and take her away by force if he wished. The *semindar* was a little king in his own villages, while he, a stranger and foreigner, was merely tolerated. He did not even own the land upon which his tiny one-room thatch hut stood. And it would be utterly useless to take the case to court. Settoo could get twenty witnesses over night to swear to any story that he might care to make up. And besides, the Brahman was probably sincere; if so, the proper thing would be for Cecilia to return to her husband.

Instead of sending a messenger, the Old Timer and George went themselves to bring the news, taking Paul with them to accompany the girl (Turn to page 196)

TEKAKWITHA

JOHN B. TOOMEY, S.J.

Mid halfheard whispers of the mounting snow
And the faroff song of the chickadee,
With the murmurs of the fastened brook
Kateri prayed,
And God,
In the green of the spruce and the white on the world,
Flashed that her heart was pure.

Mid warblings like to hammered silvers
And the fluttering grace of new blown birch,
With the steady roar of the falls unleashed
Kateri prayed,
And God,
Through the pale of the leaves and the clear of the sky,
Breathed that her soul was fair.

Mid rustlings of the silk-robed corn
And the fading drone of passing bees,
With the sweetness of the laughing waters
Kateri prayed,
And God,
By the sheen of the stars and the tinge on the moon,
Bade the lone princess come.

BOOK REVIEWS

Mexican Martyrdom. By Wilfrid Parsons, S.J. The Macmillan Company, New York, N. Y. Price \$2.50.

One of the outstanding methods available to the Catholic Church in modern times for the exercise of her moral influence is the Power of the Press in all its forms. No nobler use of the Press can be conceived than that of exposing persecution and defending the persecuted. It is with this double objective in mind that the former Editor of *America* has given us "Mexican Martyrdom," an outstanding and timely integration of the facts in the case to date. With a clear knowledge of the glories and the vices of the Spanish Regime, as these were presented so admirably by His Excellency, Bishop Francis C. Kelley, D.D., in his "Blood-Drenched Altars," Father Parsons concerns himself more with the most recent status of the persecution in Mexico. The major issue which he reduces to a desire on the part of the republican government for the privileges of the *Patronato*, granted to the Spanish kings and an equally determined desire on the part of the Church to deny the government such an unwarranted concession, is indicated clearly, together with the irreconcilable opposition between Mexican atheistic socialism and Catholic religious and political principles. The volume has the intimate detail of a diary and the authenticity that comes from first-hand information. Beautiful examples of the Faith that still lives in the hearts of Mexicans as well as bloody pages of martyrology provide the light and shadow effects for the swiftly moving panorama of conditions in the ancient and pitiable land of the Montezumas. No explanation of this martyrdom of a people will be adequate or complete which omits the part that persecution has always played and always will play, according to the Providence of God, in the propagation of the Faith. "Mexican Martyrdom" has won for Father Parsons the title, "Defender of the Faith."

Man, the Unknown. Alexis Carrel. Harper & Brothers, New York, N. Y. Price \$3.50.

A great book written by a great man on a great subject. Books like "Man, the Unknown" help incomparably to scatter the mists of mental depression and to reconstruct clearness of vision in a world befogged by the conclusions of atheistic scientists. No mere shyster research worker would have the intellectual bravery nor equipment necessary to make the following pronouncements which like keystones of valuable thought stud this volume. "Modern man has rejected all discipline of his appetities." "Biological and industrial morals have

no practical value . . . they do not give to man an armor strong enough to protect him against his own inherent vices." "The state can thrust legality upon people by force, but not morality." "The Roman Catholic Church, in its deep understanding of human psychology, has given to moral activities a far higher place than to intellectual ones." "Moral beauty is an exceptional and very striking phenomenon. He who has contemplated it but once never forgets its aspect. This form of beauty is far more impressive than the beauty of nature and of science. It gives to those who possess its divine gifts, a strange, an inexplicable power. It increases the strength of intellect. It establishes peace among men. Much more than science, art, and religious rites, moral beauty is the basis of civilization." "We have succeeded in giving organic health to the inhabitants of the modern city. But, despite the immense sums spent on education, we have failed to develop completely their intellectual and moral activities." "The happiest and most useful men consist in a well-integrated whole of intellectual, moral and organic activities." "Man integrates himself by meditation, just as by action." Apropos of the miracles at Lourdes, the author notes: "the most important cases of miraculous healing have been recorded by the Medical Bureau of Lourdes. . . . The only condition indispensable to the occurrence of the phenomenon is prayer. . . . Such facts are of profound significance. They show the reality of certain relations, of still unknown nature, between psychological and organic processes. They prove the objective importance of the spiritual activities which hygienists, physicians, educators and sociologists have almost always neglected to study. They open to man a new world." The volume is revolutionary. It gives the highest, modern, scientific sanctions to the age-old moral teachings of the Catholic Church. In counter-distinction to so many surgeons, unworthy of the name, the author realizes and appreciates the full dignity of man. It is sad to think that many who need to profit by the inspiring message of Doctor Carrel will refuse to accept his authority in regard to any phenomenon that does not come under the scalpel or the microscope.

Forever and Forever. By Daniel A. Lord, S.J. The Queen's Work, St. Louis, Mo. Price ten cents.

What happened to the world's marathon sleeper when the Sandman's Local No. 23 had a walk-out. "Forever and Forever" is a newly discovered name of a panacea for modern sleeplessness and sin. Think well before dozing in the future.

A Fantasy of the Passion. By Daniel A. Lord, S.J. The Queen's Work, St. Louis, Mo. Price \$1.00 per copy.

A dramatization of the sinner's part in the Crucifixion of Christ, an externalization of the reports of conscience and of the dictates of the Good and Evil Spirit.

The Church Is Out of Date. By Daniel A. Lord, S.J. The Queen's Work, St. Louis, Mo. Price ten cents.

In this pamphlet is established the fact that in competition with Judaism, Protestantism, the Eastern philosophies and religions, and agnosticism, the Church always fulfills the needs of man and is by no means as out-of-date as an ox-cart blocking traffic on Fifth Avenue and Central Park.

The Gracious Years. By M. Pharo Hilliard. St. Anthony Guild Press, Paterson, N. J. Price \$1.50 plus postage.

Another testimony to the sweetness of the truth as exposed by converts to the Church of the ages. Written because the author had to tell her story and in answer to the queries of her friends as well as with the lurking hope that it might be a sign post on the road to the City of God for others seeking the truth, this little volume is as gracious in its thought and diction as are the years that it describes. It is more human by far than the metaphysical biographies of the philosophical type of convert. This is true particularly of the chapters: "A Strange New World," and "The Fountain of Youth."

The Catholic Sunday Missal. Plain Edition by Very Rev. C. J. Callan, O.P., S.T.M., and Very Rev. John A. McHugh, O.P., S.T.M. P. J. Kenedy & Sons, New York, N. Y. Price twenty cents each. In quantities, fifteen cents each.

Complete, authoritative, and easy to use is this latest edition of "The Catholic Sunday Missal." The publishers are to be congratulated for their attempt to bring the price within the reach of everybody, even school children. There is no need of priests preaching the encyclicals of the Popes on Capital and Labor, if Catholic publishers do not act in accordance with the same encyclicals. "The Catholic Sunday Missal," selling at twenty cents a copy and fifteen cents in lots, is a step in the right direction and deserves support. The arrangement for the funeral service at home, at Mass, and at the grave is a distinctive attraction and will be appreciated by the Faithful.

A JOCKEY FOR SOULS

(Continued from page 171)

Knowledge of medicine, he told us that he had learned it from his mother who had always cared for the poor and sick. She had named him after the great patron of the poor, St. Vincent de Paul.

His room, therefore, is his medical storehouse. The walls are covered with shelves bearing all kinds of remedies. The whole place seemed filled with medicine excepting a clothes closet. And what were those pictures pasted on the floor of the closet? Sure enough, they were a few faded pictures of the old time race track and steeplechase. But his favorite objects were there upon his desk among the medicine bottles, and the pills—his crucifix and a little statue of St. Vincent.

Besides the medicine bag which Lao Shen Fu carried from village to village, he has always with him a bottle of water for baptizing. Mothers bearing their fever-stricken infants in their arms have called to him for help. And often he has applied the remedy which has opened the door of Heaven to spotless little souls.

Christ of the Missions, Who called upon poor fishermen, and a money-changer to be His Apostles, Who inspired the wounded soldier, Ignatius of Loyola, and converted the heart of the worldly-minded Xavier, has found in this passionate lover of the race track, another zealous apostle,—a jockey for souls!

ST. FRANCIS MISSION

(Continued from page 173)

and served as councils at which social and educational problems were discussed, religious instructions given, marriages validated, children baptized, and Confirmation administered. St. Francis Mission served as host in 1908, and had 3,000 in attendance. This coming Summer, sometimes in July, the Congress will again be held at St. Francis as part of the Golden Jubilee Celebration. Those who then come from the various reservations will look on the largest Catholic Indian School in the United States. They will feel the quiet but strong pulsations of the heart of Christianity on the Rosebud Reservation as it pumps the life blood of Sanctifying Grace through the souls of thousands who seek God's Kingdom. They will hear the sacred precepts which during the school year are made a living code among the three hundred and twenty-five school children and the one hundred and twenty-five high school students.

They will number among their own lists former pupils of St. Francis who now hold Government positions, are successful tradesmen, musicians or artists. And most consoling of all, the thousands who attend will raise their hearts in unison at the august Sacrifice of the Mass, celebrated at an altar on the plains—a magnificent spectacle, significant of the victory won over the Prince of Darkness, by Christ, the Prince of Light. It will be a fitting climax to St. Francis Mission's fifty years.

MEET FATHER MERRICK

(Continued from page 174)

maintained themselves. He found them spiritually neglected, as well as physically, and some of them within the Protestant fold; but now he has several of our boys going down there to teach catechism and perform other works of mercy, and the people are beginning to notice the stars more and the mud less.

To come back to the school now. Father Merrick is one of five Fathers who must live in a separate residence some ten minutes' walk from the school. But he is more than one: he is in charge of the house and must see to it that everything runs smoothly,—no easy task in this part of the world where things have a natural predilection for going awry. On his way to and from the house each day he always has a cheery word for the Arabs whom he meets, and though his Arabic is still a trifle sketchy, his Moslem friends are always delighted to hold a conversation with him. Their instincts are accurate, and it is a case of heart speaking to heart.

In a pinch he can and does act as surveyor, as you see from the accompanying picture. Nor was he merely posing when this was taken; he was really at work, and was caught more or less unawares.

Space does not permit us to tell about his meteorological station, his big telescope on the roof of the school, or his power as a writer. The products of his pen have already appeared in these pages.

In reality, it would take a book to dilate properly upon all the activities of Father Merrick, for I have but sketched with hasty strokes a few highlights in his Baghdad career. If you are one of his correspondents (he is a prolific and tireless letter writer) he will tell you, when he writes, that I have exaggerated a good deal, and have passed over the other Fathers who are laboring just as hard as he. Well, we won't quarrel with him on that point. We shall be content that, through his efforts and those of the rest of us, Baghdad College is moving towards the fulfillment of the hopes of our Holy Father Pius XI—to restore to Christ the Kingdom that is His by rights.

"T'SE A BUCKET, FADER!"

(Continued from page 175)

he prayed when he said the Hail Mary. After guessing Angels, Our Lord, and some saints, he said: "Fader, to you!"

Near the end of each class, to keep interest, I tell them a story of a saint. One week I told them of St. Stanislaus which caught their fancy. The comparison of Stanislaus holding Jesus in his arms to their holding Him in their hearts delighted them immensely.

The work done in the Peter Claver Parish is growing steadily. The Communion on Sundays are numerous and always on the increase. But this is only a small section of the Southland. It is our hope that many years will not pass before there will be more parishes for the Colored. The young Negroes are

our hope. If trained well they will be the means of spreading their Faith far and wide,—to some of the other 12,750,000 Colored people of the United States. The way to a Negro's heart is through religion. If the little ones are instructed there is no fear that Communism will sway them.

FIVE YEARS AFTER

(Continued from page 177)

is known as the West Coast, has made rapid strides in the past five years. Then we had two Americans in Jimenez and one in Oroquieta. Today, there is Father O'Connell who is building up a new parish down in Tangub, a growing municipality. Father Thomas Gallagher has taken over the town of Misamis, turned the lower part of his *convento* into a first class school and is now doing a good deal of repair work on the church. Half way between Misamis and Jimenez is Clarin, where Father Joseph Reyes, a Filipino Jesuit, is doing fine work. In Jimenez, Father James Daly, the Superior on this Coast, has his parish and school and temporary convent for the newly arrived Franciscan Missionaries of Mary. There are six of them. One French, one Spanish, two Americans, and two Filipinos. Four of them help in Jimenez, the other two commute every day down to Oroquieta, where they help Father James L. O'Neill with his grade school. With Father O'Neill is Father Eusebio Salvador, a Filipino Jesuit, who takes care of Plaridel, itself a good-sized parish, and other stations connected with Oroquieta parish.

Space forbids the recounting of the story of the good lay Brothers who are working hand in hand with our Fathers here. Every station with the exception of four has one of these self-sacrificing men whose good deeds can only be recorded by the angels in charge of the Book of Life.

MISS IRIS

(Continued from page 178)

When the Catholic Church began to function feebly in Yallahs, Mass' Aleck put in an appearance. To join or not to join—that became his question. Finally wrestling with his doubts, he stood in his yard and said:

"What do we all say in the Apostles Creed? 'I believe in the Holy Catholic Church.' My God, I will join."

And he did, and became a superb catechist and a power in the little Catholic group that was forming.

"When you take Holy Communion," he told the children in the course of an instruction, "you must go back to your seats very nice and quiet. You know you are carrying the little Christ Child and you must not shake Him up."

His Calvary came and he passed through terrible sufferings—perhaps for his sins—but in any case he made good use of his sufferings to sanctify his soul.

He received the last sacraments with a smile of joy; he prayed incessantly, and died in the peace of Christ. I do not hold

him as Miss Iris, but yet I have almost as much confidence in his prayers for poor old Yallahs as I have in hers.

THE ONTARIO MISSION

(Continued from page 183)

longer to be had in the same abundance as in the old scalping days, and especially because the constant use of flour, sugar and tea has created in him an appetite that now cannot be denied. The Indian, too, perforce, must dress as does the White man; which fact also necessitates the obtaining and use of coin, and, therefore, further enforces closer association with his pale-faced neighbor.

The Indian is good,—very good. He knows and practices his religion. If the reader would question the depth of the religious fervor of the Red man, let him witness the crowding of small mission churches at the hour of daily Mass and nightly services. Let the observer see how Christianity has inculcated absolute stability of the marriage contract amongst the children of the forest, with whom to-day sinful free living is almost unknown. The Red man, too,—though once famed as a skilful petty thief,—since he is a Christian, has taken most literally the commandment: "Thou shalt not steal." Conviction that there is a sharp contrast between these well-behaved savages in their first Christian fervor and the particular brand of White man they encounter in the rugged Northland will not come hardily.

But the Indian has naturally a certain awe of the men who have run their monster steam engines through the forests, and conquered the air by speedy modern planes. Admiration is an incentive to imitation. If then the White men with whom the Indian first comes into contact be not the finest of their race and the cream of Christianity, but somewhat corrupt, the task of the missionary is immediately apparent. If the Indian admires and emulates his White associates in craftsmanship, why not in religion? How prevent the evil influence of those who are admired? The means advised is to make the Indians grasp the superiority of their own Faith to that of the slipshod professional prospector.

The task is to prepare the Indian to stand on his own religious feet and to realize that, as a Catholic, he is the possessor of the truth, and the real standard of living; and that the invader—perhaps in other respects imitable—may have degenerated morally from the Christian ideal. It is easier to give the Indian to understand that all Christian religions are not alike—one is as good as another—a fallacy enacted by many admired White men as if it were a truth—than to overcome the degrading influence of the example of men of the true Faith who are careless in the practice of their duties. To the writer this is the big work for the zeal of missionaries today, and it is about as momentous a proposition as was, in the first place, the conversion of the aborigines from paganism to Catholicity.

A call, therefore, is heard for spirited apostles, "for the perfecting of the Saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ. Until we all meet into the unity of faith and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the age of the fullness of Christ." (Eph. iv, 12, 13.)

SETTOO'S WIFE

(Continued from page 193)

back to her husband's compound. Philip's village lay on the route of their proposed tour and they would continue the trip from there.

Cecilia was overjoyed at the Old Timer's news.

"But Cecilia," said the priest, "suppose this is only a trick. It will not be safe for you."

"It is not a trick, Father," replied the girl, "I know that my husband is a good man at heart. He acted as he did before because he was surprised and hurt. But now his kind nature has had time to consider and see; he wants to make me happy. I must return to him at once."

After all, Cecilia ought to know her own husband's character. If she wished to return to him it would not do to detain her on a mere suspicion. The Old Timer and George saw the happy young mother bundle her baby into her arms and start down the road with Paul. Then they set out on their tour.

The Old Timer had intended to remain away for four days, but he felt uneasy. At noon of the second day he told George that it would be better to call off the rest of the tour and return to Lakshampur. The catechist agreed with him. The Old Timer did not know how he could help Cecilia in case Settoo wished to harm her, but he had an apprehension that all was not well.

A day and a half of travel on foot through the villages, with stops at many houses to give out medicine, to instruct pagans who thought that they might consent to Baptism later on, and to bring the first knowledge of Christ to those whom the Old Timer and George had not yet been able to meet, had not taken them far from headquarters. The afternoon shadows were just beginning to lengthen as the priest and his catechist drew near to Lakshampur. The path they took followed a little river that flowed by the village, and after turning a bend in the stream they came within sight of the burning *ghat* where the Hindus of the surrounding villages cremated their dead. Down near the water's edge the last embers of a funeral pyre were smouldering. Death comes quickly in tropical Hindustan and the priest wondered who had passed away during his absence.

When the priest drew near he noticed a solitary man watching by the pyre. This was not strange, as someone always watches to the end, to cast the law few charred bones that remain into the waters of the stream, for Hindus consider as sacred all the rivers of north India that are connected in any way with the holy

Ganges. But the Old Timer gave a start when he saw that the figure was kneeling. A Hindu would not kneel; he would either stand or squat. Next he recognized the kneeling man as Paul, and his village school teacher was weeping.

Quickly Paul told his story. He had accompanied Cecilia to the door of Settoo's compound wall and then returned to school, as the boys were already waiting to begin class. All that afternoon he heard nothing, nor the next morning, but at noon four bearers came from Settoo's compound, carrying a rope bed on their shoulders on which lay a shrouded figure,—and the bearers were chanting back and forth the legend: "Ram, Ram is true." Behind the bearers came several coolies, carrying wood, but that was all. A cold fear had gripped Paul. This was a funeral and the corpse was being carried out to the burning *ghat*;—but who had died in Settoo's household?

It was Cecilia. The young Brahman had thrown aside the mask of repentance when his wife was safely within the walls of his own compound. He had beaten her brutally, so brutally that the woman had lingered for a short time and then succumbed to her husband's cruelty.

The Old Timer and George joined the village teacher on his knees in the sand of the river bank beside the charred bones of one who had given all for the Christ Whom she had known for such a short time, but loved so intensely.

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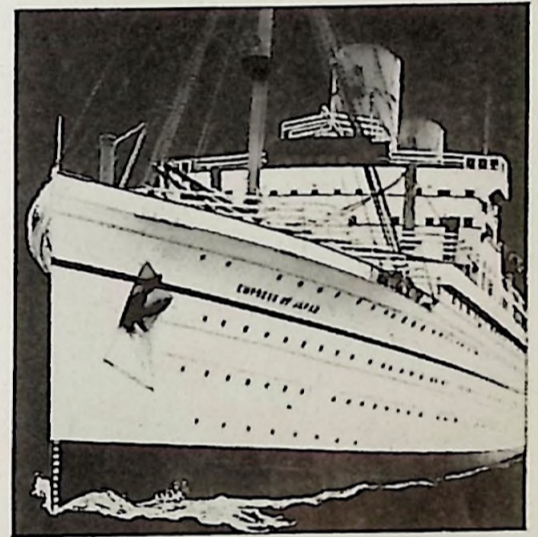
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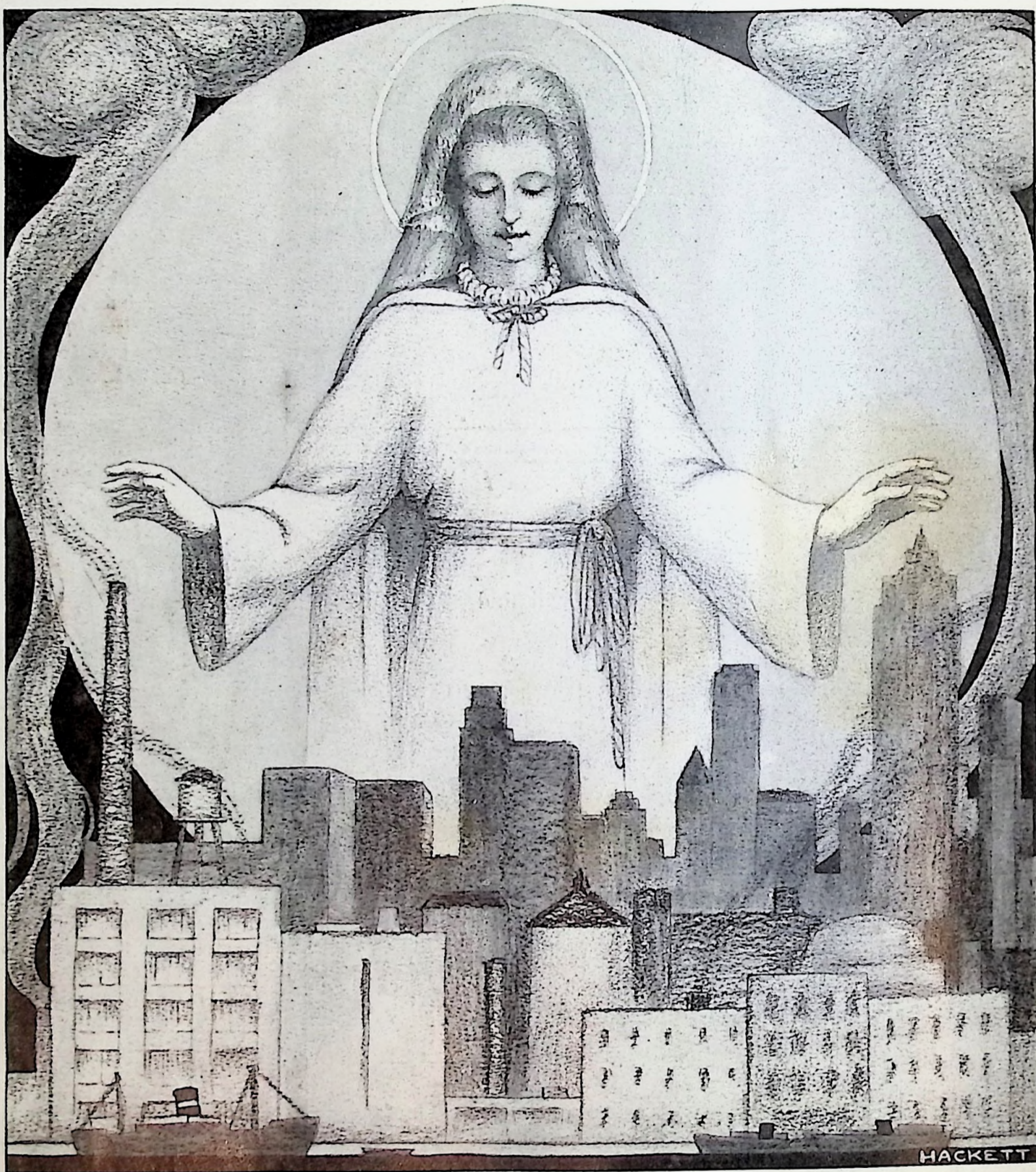
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