

# *Jesuit & Missions*

EDITORIALS

FOOLS IN PARADISE

YOUTH SPEAKS

WE LEARN CHINESE

THE MONTH AT J. M.

A HARVEST OF YEARS

ALASKA'S PIONEERS

Ten Cents

VOL. XI, No. 2

FEBRUARY, 1937

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# CATECHISTS

Catechists prepare prospective converts for Baptism. They conduct classes in religion for those baptized and teach them Catholic practices and traditions.

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

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

The Philippine Islands, a foreign-home mission comprising a large portion of the Island of Mindanao in the Dioceses of Zamboanga and Cagayan, the leper colonies of Culion and Cebu, and educational work in Manila; and Missions in Southern Maryland for Negroes are entrusted to the Jesuits of the Maryland-New York Province which comprises the Middle Atlantic States. For these missions the Province Mission Procurator is

**REV. THOMAS B. CANNON, S.J.**  
51 East 83rd Street  
New York, N. Y.

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

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

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

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

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

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

**REV. LOUIS J. LAVOIE, S.J.**  
Case Postale 611, Quebec, Canada

**M**ORE and more Catechists are needed in the Missions listed on this page. These Catechists—men and women—are simply indispensable, especially in those territories where the missionary has so many stations to attend that he can visit each only once a month or once every few months. It costs five or ten dollars a month to support a Catechist. May we count on your gift, small or large, for our "Catechist Fund"? Kindly send your gift direct to the Editor of Jesuit Missions, 257 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y., or to any of the Mission Procurators listed on this page. We thank you in advance for your generous offering.

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

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**REV. JOHN J. LAHERTY, S.J.**  
55 W. San Fernando St., San Jose, Calif.

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

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

Catechists gather together and direct in their prayers the Catholics who on many Sundays must miss Mass solely because the missionaries are too few.

# CATECHISTS

Catechists keep the missionary posted on the sick of his mission. They keep a close watch on possible dangers to the Church and to the new Christians.



"It is in such lonely cabins of Alaska that the missionary finds his work. Two or three days are spent in instructing the family and then he goes on to the next cabin thirty or forty miles away. My district extends for more than three hundred miles along the Yukon."—Joseph L. McElmeel, S.J., Nulato, Alaska.

# EDITORIALS

## A QUESTION OF PROPER DIET

WITH the regularity of meals, Mr. and Mrs. and Jane and Jim must have the daily Times or Post or Herald or Tribune or News or Globe or whatever city paper or town chronicle may be had morning and night. After all, they must be up on the latest news. Front page headlines, society columns, sport pages—to say nothing of stock market quotations—are all part of the daily diet. Nor do we wish to be too severe on all this, provided only it be done in moderation and with a distaste for and a shunning of the scandal sheet type of news.

The point we wish to make is, that good and necessary though some of this reading may be, it ought not to form the sum total of family reading for any self-respecting Catholic family. There is much more news, really worth while news, that doesn't find its way into secular dailies, either because it isn't "hot" enough or because it is "too religious." But the point is that there is news that is solidly good, wholesomely nourishing and really necessary for a well rounded Catholic life and for information on the right Catholic opinion on matters of public interest. Many problems confronting life in family, city and nation are discussed in daily papers from a point of view that is purely materialistic and leaves God largely or totally out of the picture. Only in a Catholic newspaper or magazine will the sound treatment of these questions be found. Then, too, for a real Catholic interest and as an added incentive to a deeper appreciation and practical living of our Faith, what finer stimulus is there than the thrilling story of the growth of the Church in mission fields the world over?

Now February is Catholic Press Month. Our suggestion to you is that you look into the matter of your own Catholic reading and also that you talk the matter up vigorously among your friends. Convince them that support of the Catholic Press is not so much a charity to those hardworking editors—clerical and lay—who publish Catholic papers and magazines, as it is a charity to themselves. They will be surprised at all the worth while news they will find in Catholic publications; they will be consoled, too, after reading things Catholic for a time, to see how they are learning really to think and be well informed on things Catholic. Every Catholic home should have the diocesan weekly, one or other of the weekly or monthly magazines giving a sort of national Catholic review, and at least one good mission magazine. This latter group was too long looked upon as being just another "begging sheet," but observation will show that today there is a fund of information and in-

spiration between the covers of our well written and well edited mission journals.

Let Catholic Press Month be a big boost this year for our worthy Catholic Press. What are you going to do to make it so? Let us say in conclusion that we of JESUIT MISSIONS will be deeply grateful for your assistance in spreading our magazine and the books and pamphlets handled by our Press. Scan the ad pages to see what these are.

## IN MEMORIAM

A HEAVY pall of sorrow rests upon tepee and log cabin among Catholic Indians in every Indian Reservation of the United States and in icebound Alaska. The hearts of the brown-robed and black-robed missionaries are sad. For, from Holy Family Hospital, Brooklyn, N. Y., on Tuesday, December 29, came the distressing report that on that morning death had claimed as its victim the beloved friend and benefactor of the Indian Missions: Rt. Rev. William J. Flynn, Director General of the Marquette League for the Catholic Indian Missions of the United States and Alaska. About a month previously, Monsignor Flynn contracted a severe cold, and when pneumonia finally developed, death came speedily.

Monsignor was only forty-seven years old. During the years of his priesthood he was ever an ardent apostle for the Indian Missions. Few understood as well as he the intricacies of the Indian problems and the hardships of the missionary priests and Sisters. Certainly no one was more prompt in bringing generous and immediate relief. During the last eleven years, as Director General of the Marquette League, he visited nearly every Indian Mission of this country. With the cooperation of the zealous Board of Directors and the generous Members of the League, Monsignor Flynn sent hundreds of thousands of dollars to the Indian Missions. During his term as Director, the League built fifty chapels in the Indian country, and in the erection of every one of them he took a deep personal interest. Nor was the building of chapels his only great work, for his own personal contributions along with the generous gifts of League Members went frequently to relieve countless and often pressing needs of the missionaries among the Indians.

To the Marquette League we offer our heartfelt sympathy at their great loss. We unite with the missionaries and their Indian Catholics in grateful prayer for the speedy repose in Heaven of the soul of him who loved so much and toiled so ceaselessly for the welfare, spiritual and temporal, of the Red Men.

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## JESUIT MISSIONS

### A MAGAZINE OF APOSTOLIC ENDEAVOR

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# A Mother of India Speaks

Sister Francis Xavier

The writer of this article was formerly a graduate nurse at St. John's Hospital, St. Louis, Missouri. While there she was captivated by the appealing story that came from the American Jesuits in Patna Mission, India. Responsive to grace, she entered the Congregation of the Sisters of the Holy Cross and volunteered her services for India. She is today a zealous mission Sister in Patna Mission.—*Editor.*

**T**HIS is the story of a noble soul—a valiant Catholic Indian mother. Little did she think, when she told me her story, that it would travel the seas and would appear in **JESUIT MISSIONS** to hearten many another Catholic mother who is called upon to make a similar sacrifice. I shall give you her story as she told it to me.

“About twenty years ago, when I was a young girl, I had a great desire to enter the Religious Order where I received my education as a teacher. My desire was about to be realized; everything was ready and my trunk was packed standing at the door; the next morning I was to leave. Then came a terrible blow: during the night circumstances changed and I was forced to remain at home to help my aged mother. It cost me very much, but I obeyed.

“Some years after, I married, but I promised God that my first baby would be dedicated to Him. I was in the hospital when my little boy was born. My husband, upon hearing of his new son, rushed to the church and offered him to God and *then* came to see us. After ten days I left, and together we went to the church to have him baptized. There I kept my promise and offered my little one to God through the hands of Mary. As our baby began to develop into a chubby youngster, day by day



*The little Indian lad whose vocation was tenderly nurtured in a truly Catholic home.*

growing dearer to our hearts, my husband said he had a secret to tell me. To my astonishment, what did I hear? That we both did the same thing without the other knowing it. This knowledge gave us a greater incentive to set our boys' feet on the path of virtue, feeling the Hand of Divine Providence working in our home.

“**A**S time went on God sent us more children. In the city where we are living there is only a Hindu school, so I took it upon myself to teach our children until they were out of the lower classes. In our home we have a daily order: prayer, work, school and play. I made no distinction between the girls and the boys, each had to help the other with the work and no one was allowed to go out alone. The elder always had to take the younger, and by this means we managed to keep them under our eyes.

“When my girls reached the sixth class I taught them piano lessons. As the children finished the grammar grades we sent them to a Catholic Institute. Our boys are sent to the Khrist Raja High School in Bettiah, taught by the Jesuits of Patna Mission, India. After our oldest had finished his high school we were ready to send him to college. He said: (Turn to page 55)



*Sister Francis Xavier with some Nepali girls in Patna Mission, India. It does look as if Sister is telling of the big fish she caught,—but then, she rightly has to do only with fishing for souls.*

# Fools in Paradise

Edward F. Madaras, S.J.

THE faint-hearted will tell you that fools rush in where Angels fear to tread. They will also add, when the fools have rushed in and out again in perfect safety, that God takes care of fools and children.

I am reminded of these double edged proverbs whenever I think of the desert trip which Father Rice and I took from Baghdad to Mosul in response to a telegram from the Apostolic Delegate. Lest you think the telegram indicated anything amiss, I hasten to tell you that it was merely His Excellence's way of showing how urgently he desired our company.

The way to Mosul lies through about two hundred and fifty miles of unmarked desert, and one really ought not to attempt the trip without an experienced guide. Being lost in the desert is like being in

a shipwreck. As the Negro said in stating his preferences as to wrecks: "In a train wreck, there you are; but in a shipwreck, where are you?"

Anyhow, Father Rice and I climbed into our auto one morning bright and early in the month of August and headed north through the desert by ourselves. True, we had gone that way once before with a driver who knew the route; but you don't become familiar with a desert route by going that way once. At first everything was fine, but by the time the temperature had climbed somewhere in the region of one hundred and twenty in the shade, we began to see mirages. Maybe that had something to do with the fact that at one point in our trip we came up short on the banks of the Tigris. At any rate, we simply turned round again and were soon headed once more in the right direction.

Then we were caught in a sand-storm which reduced visibility to about six feet. If that ever happens to you, take my advice and slow down to about six miles an hour. I didn't, and we ran into a dust-filled ditch which left us gasping and choking for breath. That was probably the reason, too, why the motor gasped and went dead as we were going up a rather steep grade in the foot-hills that surround Mosul. We had visions of spending the night out in the open, but a little coaxing accompanied by earnest and fervent prayer soon had us moving along again.

WELL, not to make this account too long, the Angels were on our side. We reached Mosul without being shot at by any of the bandits who, we later learned, infested the region. Monsignor Drapier, O.P., Archbishop of Neocaesarea, and Apostolic Delegate to Meso-



*Modern remains of the Zikkurat, a temple tower of the Babylonians or Assyrians, consisting of a lofty pyramidal structure built in successive stages, with outside staircases and a shrine at the top. Jesuits in foreground.*

potamia, Kurdistan, and Lesser Armenia, welcomed us with open arms, a fine supper, and his best suite.

Now, you will agree that our venture was perhaps a bit foolhardy. But what has all this to do with paradise? I will tell you. This desert land of Iraq, which has little more to relieve its desolation than the Tigris and Euphrates with their fringe of vegetation, was once the country of the Garden of Eden and the quondam home of our first parents, Adam and Eve. That, at least, is the tradition, and down at a little place on the Tigris called Qurna, they will show you a forlorn remnant of a descendant of the apple tree from which mother Eve plucked the fatal fruit. You would never guess that the surrounding desolate precincts were once the beautiful Garden of Paradise where our first parents held familiar converse with God and were so happy for a while.

With all due deference to those who have studied these matters with meticulous and scientific accuracy, I cling to the comforting thought that this land in which I live is the spot chosen by God Himself for man's first home. I am strengthened in my conviction by the fact that it can boast of other marks of Divine predilection.

WAS it not from Ur of the Chaldees, hard by Qurna, that God chose Abraham to be the father of His chosen people? You can visit Ur today and stand within the ruins of what is said to be Abraham's own house. And if you are tempted to be sceptical about the identity of the building, you can at least be certain that you are within the city where God said to Abraham: "Go forth out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and out of thy father's house, and come into the land which I shall show thee." And you feel your- (Turn to page 55)

# Youth Speaks

George B. Hamilton, S.J.

LET me warn you right at the start, dear reader, that you will find a great deal of the ego in the lines that will follow. Month after month you have been reading the stories—very interesting, indeed, all of them—of our full-fledged foreign missionaries; but this time you have commenced the tale, not of an old-timer in the mission field, but of a mere rookie.

It was a little less than three years ago, on the feast of one of the Jesuit Saints. We were all at table in the bright sunlit refectory at St. Charles College, Grand Coteau, Louisiana, waiting anxiously for the signal from Father Rector to open conversation, when, quite to our surprise, one of the Scholastics ascended the reader's rostrum, a long important-looking letter in his hand. "Provincial's Residence," he commenced, "November the thirty-first, nineteen hundred and thirty-three." Then on he read and there we sat, our eyes popping, our ears straining to catch each single syllable. Rome had spoken. The Province of New Orleans was to prepare at once to take over the Mission of Ceylon. A bugle call! Volunteers were wanted! Men were to cross the seas, never to return!

God knows how many of us came to the fore. Like the hearts of the French to the mustering Marseillaise, like the flaming heart of Xavier to the call of Ignatius, our hardy hearts responded to that call to arms. Burning with zeal we listed our names and impatiently waited the signal. But the signal was not given. From the General's headquarters came the command that no man was to make the advance until he had completed his course of philosophy. Three years, three long laborious years must pass before any of our class would be even eligible.

ONE year passed, and, eventually, another. The closing of the third year found us all not a little anxious. One of us, at least, would be going. Of that we were certain. But who would it be? We watched and waited, but not a word from headquarters.

Then came the dawn! It was a Thursday afternoon toward the end of April. Most of the Scholastics were out at a villa on their weekly holiday. On my way to my room I paused, as usual, to inspect the mail box. No one was passing his box obviously in those days. Lo and behold! There was a letter and on the envelope the official stamp "Provincial's Residence." Could it be possible? I darted to my room, the heart within me beating double-quick.

Just tearing the envelope was not without its thrill, for it is not often that a Jesuit Scholastic receives a letter yet unopened. "My dear Brother in Christ." How I counted every word! "I am writing to give you the good news. . . ." Ah, I knew what was coming now—good news—what else could it be, but . . . I read on. "That you have been appointed to go to the Ceylon Mission this Summer." Then followed a few words of felicita-



*George B. Hamilton, S.J., (left) and Joseph H. Fengler, S.J., both of the New Orleans Province of the Society of Jesus, now teaching at St. Michael's College, Batticaloa, Ceylon.*

tion, ending with a paternal benediction. What a moment that was! Shall I ever forget it! You would have to experience it yourself to appreciate it, to comprehend the feelings that arise, and the thoughts that rush in upon you.

Did time and space allow it, I should go on to describe the many events that followed upon my appointment. Congratulations poured in from every side. There were little receptions proffered by my Jesuit brothers, receptions that they alone could provide. Then, as the time of departure from the scholasticate drew near, the material delights gave way to the spiritual, and I enjoyed many little chats with my fellow Scholastics, little spiritual colloquies, the memories of which will linger long, and strengthen me when I shall be most in need of strengthening.

TWO little incidents followed that were too significant at the time, and are too amusing now to leave unmentioned. Immediately upon learning of my assignment, I experienced a phenomenon the like of which was entirely new to me. Along the cardiac region I began to feel sharp spasmodic pains. My ears became sensitive to the beating of my heart. The drumming seemed to reverberate throughout the chapel. It kept me awake at night. I thought any moment it would break asunder. Meanwhile, my orders to go "over the top" lay open on my desk. What visions sprang up before me! On the one hand, the great harvest of Ceylon waiting to be gathered; and on the other, my deathbed. To make a long story short, and skipping many interesting details of how the heart specialist himself took sick while examining me, thus leaving me in greater and greater suspense, the physician of bodies finally pronounced those comforting words so often whispered by the Physician of souls: "Go in peace." With these words the heart

trouble vanished, never to return. It was just a little scare, a little trial.

The second incident I shall narrate more briefly, although of the two, I consider this one the more serious. On my way to New York from Mobile, Alabama, to take ship for the Orient, I stopped at Georgetown University, intending to remain there but two days. Immediately upon arrival I asked the infirmarian to apply a little patch to a blister that a new pair of shoes had recently produced on my heel. He took one glance at my heel, saw the ugly swollen wound, raised the trouser leg, thus revealing several clear red stripes creeping upward to the knee, and without a word put me to bed and hastily summoned the doctor. With a frankness typical of medical men when treating Jesuit patients, the doctor at once reminded me of the case of Calvin Coolidge's son who had died within twenty-four hours of the identical malady. He could not venture an opinion. Time alone could determine what progress the poison had made. Meanwhile, he advised hot applications and no solid food.

But once again the dark clouds turned to silver, and in less than a week I was on the train for New York and home.

SHALL I attempt to describe the experiences that were mine during that fortnight at home, the eve of my departure for fields afar; or should I rather leave it to your own imagination? Let me but ask you, friend, to remember this. A Jesuit, with all his years of training, with his vows of poverty, chastity and obedience, with his round collar and his black robe, is still a human being, a very human being. Within his breast there is a heart that aches at times like any other heart. His mother to him is just as dear as your good mother is to you, and his father no less devoted. He, too, has brothers and sisters who have a strong claim upon his love. He has friends, cherished friends, whose place God alone could fill. And so, on that Friday afternoon, the feast of Saint Ignatius, it was not easy to say good-bye. God's grace was there, of course. It always is on such occasions. But the heart was there as well, a very human heart. I might have prayed in that trying hour as my Master did one evening when His own human Heart was near breaking in His Breast: "My Father, if this chalice may not pass away, but I must drink it, Thy will be done."

THE ties are severed now. Thousands of leagues of land and sea have since been traversed, and here I am in a strange land amid strange people. Compared with India to the north, and China and the Philippines to the east, our Mission here is comparatively small. Speaking of the map of the Orient, one of our Fathers recently remarked that India looked a little like the great

Sacred Heart, and Ceylon like a drop of Its Blood. Yes, territorially it is relatively small, but how applicable is that pleading cry: "The harvest, indeed, is great; but the laborers are few."

Poverty, too, is the lot of our Mission, and only your Masses and alms that keep it going. Never cease to bless you!

For a while I was a little lonely and depressed, now there is no time for that. There is time to work and to pray; and as you labor and as you pray the yoke becomes just a little sweeter, your burdens lighter. They say that Simon was a little slow to take up the Cross that day, but when he did, he laid it down. I can understand that now.

But let me give you some idea of the boys at Michael's College here and also something about the school order. One of the Jesuit Scholastics who formerly was here summed up pretty well the impression that I had given. "To tell you the truth," he writes, "once

fallen into the regular routine of the school, it's very much the same as any American high school would be. They are—boys! They don't seem to be as foxy as Americans. They are of full many a good sort, but they haven't tried, and they will never think of trying to be active, lively, happy-go-lucky, ready to sing any old song that comes along."

The boys rise at five-thirty in the morning and, after their usual bath and dressed, they go to the chapel where the day begins by assistance at Holy Mass. After Mass comes a study period until breakfast which is at seven-thirty. At about eight-thirty

the school day begins and the morning session continues until eleven-thirty when they are assembled for Mass. The afternoon session of class begins at one-fifteen and ends at three-thirty. After this the boys are free for *tiffin*, which is the term used in Ceylon to express the English and American tea time. After *tiffin* a Scholastic conducts them to the playground where they amuse themselves at their various games until about six-thirty. Having bathed and changed their clothes, they have another study period which ends with the bell for Mass at seven-fifteen. Not long after supper the smaller boys are put to bed, as they are quite tired with their day's activities. The larger boys retire at nine o'clock. You may safely suppose that it does not take these young men very long to slip into the untroubled sleep that is their precious possession of youth. We might add here that the Scholastic who has been looking after the boys all day, is likewise tired and the prospect of bed is a welcome one. As one Scholastic very well put it, "I am never sorry when nine o'clock comes at night. I am always ready to retire." And there is a reason for this besides teaching, the Scholastics have charge of the sodality, debating, dramatics, the choir, etc., etc.

#### A MISSIONARY'S PRAYER

John J. Walsh, S.J.

Thou art the purple center of the flame  
That burns within my soul;  
Thou art the Love  
Inspiring me to seek the Cross  
Love makes my goal.

My life may break upon some agony,  
Still I drive a subtle gain;  
How kind, sweet Christ,  
That Thou shouldst barter  
Happiness for pain!

# A Priestly Generation

**H**IGH up in the Himalaya Mountains, at St. Mary's College, Kurseong, India, Joseph Mann, S.J., was ordained to the priesthood on November 21. The following day he said his first Mass. In those two solemn and sacred events he was participating in the consoling experiences of every priest. But quite unique and profoundly impressive was another celebration held in his honor on the other side of the world, in his home parish church in Chicago. On November 22, in St. Gregory's Church, 5600 North Paulina Street in Chicago, there was a Solemn High Mass at which three brothers of the newly ordained officiated and at which one of his priest brothers preached and read letters from his priest brother in India. True missionary, Father Joseph had left home and loved ones to answer the call of the Missions. But on Sunday, November 22, he seemed present in spirit to those who were assembled in his honor. His beloved parents, with the honored members of this holy family, were the principals in the sacred drama. What their thoughts, their consolations, their joy must have been we leave to the recording Angels, for, no doubt, it was all too deep, too impressive for words,—even as the joy of their new priest son and brother in India was profound beyond the power of human language to express. To the parents, sisters and



*Mr. and Mrs. Matthew Mann and their three sons who officiated at the Solemn High Mass. Left to right: Father Frederick Mann, C.S.S.R., Father Nicholas Mann, S.J., and Edward Mann, S.J.*

brothers of the newly ordained we offer our heartiest congratulations. To Father Mann himself, we extend the hand of welcome to the ranks of the priesthood and an ardent wish and prayer that God may long preserve and prosper him in his great work in Patna, India, where today the Chicago Jesuits have forty priests, thirty-three Scholastics, and six Brothers engaged in or preparing for the work of converting Patna's more than twenty-six million souls. At present there are 16,383 Catholics. Working with the Jesuits are eight Irish Christian Brothers, thirty-two Sisters of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary, twenty-eight Sisters of the Holy Cross, twenty-nine Indian Sisters of the Sacred Heart and eleven Indian Sisters of St. Clare.



*The happy family. Seated: Mr. and Mrs. Matthew Mann. Insert: The newly ordained Father Joseph Mann, S.J. Standing (left to right): Aloysius, Miss Anna Mary, Father Frederick Mann, C.S.S.R., Father Nicholas Mann, S.J., Edward Mann, S.J., Miss Dorothy, Charles and Gregory. Another son, Paul, was absent when the picture was taken.*

# Coastal Trips and Mission Visits

Rt. Rev. Joseph A. Murphy, S.J.

Last month His Excellency began the story of one of his annual official visits to those of his mission stations of British Honduras which are located on the Caribbean Coast. From Stann Creek he went inland, traveling by rail motor car. On his return trip, two trains were ahead. One of these took a siding to let the Bishop's party pass. But read on for the story of the second.—*Editor.*



*Some Catholic Carib youngsters of the American Jesuit Mission at Stann Creek, British Honduras.*

WE made good time until we had passed Pomona and then we came up to the second train on the way to Stann Creek. The first train was about five miles ahead. There were many stops for each train and we had to "follow the leader," hoping that soon we would come to a siding.

It seemed a long time before that siding came into view, but eventually the train moved to the right and gave us a clear way ahead. We thanked the engineer for his courtesy and moved on apace. In a short time we were up to the first train which was stopped at a place which seemed to be twenty miles from anywhere. The hands had just finished picking up bunches of bananas that had been piled by the growers under little shelters on both sides of the track.

Evidently all the bananas had been loaded on the train, but there was no movement on the part of the crew. They were having a pleasant chat with some of the natives and after a little while we saw two of the crew coming out of the bush after a visit to some of their friends a quarter of a mile away. The train moved on and we followed, stopping two or three times for the loading of bananas. Then the crew on the engine waved their hands to us and sped away, telling us that they would give us the right of way a few miles further on. We followed in due course and finally we stopped because the train was in the track right ahead of us, motionless. We wondered what could be the matter, and Father Marin stepped off our car to find out. He returned, telling us that the engineer had lost a driving sprocket belt somewhere back on the track, and he would be much pleased if we would oblige him and take him back to pick it up.

I STEPPED off the car and let the others go back to look for the belt. I noticed two or three men on the locomotive trying to fit a new belt, but evidently something was wanting, and after about twenty minutes Major Strachan's car came back and brought the belt that had dropped off the train. In ten minutes it was set in

place and the train moved ahead. Near Sarawee, Mr. Bowman's grapefruit plantation, we were allowed to take the lead, and soon we reached Stann Creek pretty well broiled from exposure to a burning sun. Mr. Orton insisted that we should not walk to the village from the station; he would call up Mr. Metzgen and have the truck sent to carry us home, but after waiting for more than an hour, we were informed that Mr. Metzgen was out of town and so was the truck whose crew was engaged with some road making work and they could not be spared for an hour yet. So we gave our valises to some little boys to carry and took a good warm walk to the parish house at Stann Creek.

After taking a bath and a good dinner, we forgot all about the inconveniences of the trip from "20 Miles" and we thought only of the pleasure of our visit to Pomona and to the Middlesex districts. The courtesy of Major and Mrs. Strachan and of Mr. Orton calls for special mention; they certainly showed most kindly hospitality.

IN the evening Mr. Metzgen came with apologies for the failure of his men to give me the lift to town. The District Commissioner takes great interest in his new field of labor and he seems to understand just how to make the best of a situation that is not always a pleasant one. There are racial distinctions in Stann Creek and it is not always easy for the District Commissioner to steer clear of trouble, but he seems to be holding his own and he deserves great credit for the good work he has already accomplished.

I spoke to the people of our congregation with regard to their religious duties and their obligations as Catholics to set a good example in every respect. There are still some cases of men and women who are living in concubinage and who seem to have no self-respect or respect for public decency. I warned them of the scandal they were giving and of the hindrance they were putting to God's work among their own people. The lack of public opinion against open immorality (Turn to page 55)

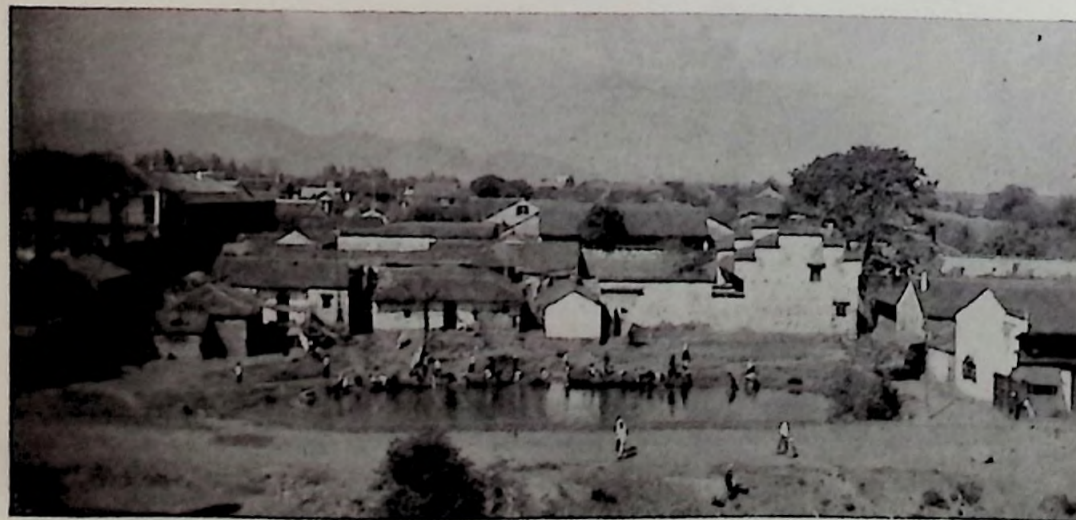
# We Learn a New Language

John K. Lipman, S.J.

The writer of this article is an American Jesuit and a member of the ever increasing group of California Jesuits in China. Recently a new plan was inaugurated according to which the new Jesuit missionaries for China spend a year or two in the Anking Mission studying the Chinese language. It is from Anking that the present letter was sent.—*Editor.*

OVER a month has slipped by since I last wrote you, and for the past three and a half weeks we have been hard at work here at Anking, trying to inhale or imbibe or in some manner get a little bit of Chinese some place inside us. I returned from Nanking to Shanghai on September 29, and after two or three days in the Big City, the three of us,—Daniel P. Clifford, S.J., Richard B. Meagher, S.J., and I,—boarded one of the river boats and started on the last leg of our journey. For three nights and two days we plowed along up the river and found it to be a very interesting and not uncomfortable trip.

At many of the ports, or rather villages, the boat does not pull in to shore, but stops out in the river while the passengers are taken off in large scows,—I guess you'd call them lighters, but they looked like plain scows to me. At some of the places the boat did not even stop, but slowed up a little while the men tied the scow alongside, and then kept going while the transfer of passengers and baggage went on. At one place three of these flat boats came out, each one being at least fifty feet long. Our boat anchored and proceeded to disgorge Chinese into the three scows. It reminded me of one of those old Mack Sennet comedies where you'd see about fifty men getting out of the back of a taxi. I never dreamed our boat would hold half the number that piled into the lighters, and no one would ever imagine that these latter could accommodate a third of the human cargo that they finally carried ashore. There must have been at least a thousand Chinese in those three boats, and that's a conservative estimate. They were packed like the pro-



*California Jesuits in the Anking Mission, engaged in the study of the Chinese language. Left to right: Father John K. Lipman, S.J., Daniel P. Clifford, S.J., Richard B. Meagher, S.J., and Gerald J. Pope, S.J.*

verbial sardines, and all jabbering away like inmates of the zoo. What a country! It was about seven in the evening, or I would have taken a picture of it.

FATHER JAMES F. KEARNEY, S.J., was at the dock at Nanking when we passed through, and we left a box of books with him. At Wuhu we tried to phone the Tertianship but didn't have any luck, so we did not see Fathers Francis A. Rouleau, S.J., and Thomas Phillips, S.J. Finally, at nine o'clock on Sunday morning, we reached Anking, and there Gerald J. Pope, S.J., and a Spanish Brother met us and helped us get our baggage attended to. I thought there might be another Customs examination, but all we had to do was fill out a form and hand over our visiting cards, which are absolutely essential here in China. One has to pass them out wherever he goes. The Brother made arrangements to have our baggage brought to the Mission, and we piled into some rickshaws and reached our new home after a ride of about ten minutes. We were given a royal welcome by the good Spanish Fathers and by the Canadians who had arrived several days previously. The Canadians from the second year school at Kweichih had come over with Mr. Pope, so there was quite an English colony on the premises, at least for the time being.

This new idea of a central language school seems to be working out quite well. Here at Anking we have thirty beginning the study of Chinese—six priests and the rest Scholastics—or rather I should say that there are two lay Brothers who just arrived here from Spain this year, and they are coming to the classes also. There are six nations represented: The United States, Canada, France, Italy, Hungary and Spain. Two Austrians were coming, but they didn't make connections in time, and won't arrive in China till November, so I think they will not come here this year. (The lights just went out, so I'm continuing by candle light.

*"Out in back of our property is a large pond, and it seems to be the laundry for this section of the city. For from six in the morning till six at night, every day of the week you can see the women there, washing their clothes."*

Please excuse any mistakes!) This house was never intended to accommodate the Community of forty-five or more that it now holds, but the Spanish Fathers made a very good job of fixing the place up, and we are quite comfortably settled. A number of the Scholastics are a bit crowded, but everyone is very cheerful and there is a fine spirit among the men. We are treated wonderfully well, and everything possible is being done to make us feel at home. When this present crowd of Scholastics gets to theology, they will just continue a very pleasant friendship that is being started here at Anking, and that is not the least of the benefits of the central language school.

ANKING is a city of around one hundred and fifty thousand or so, and is the capital of the Province of Anhwei. Actually we are only about twenty-six hours from Shanghai,—six hours by train from Shanghai to Nanking, and twenty hours from Nanking to Anking by boat, and going from Anking down the river, it is probably less than that. The Mission is located in the northeastern corner of the city, quite near the wall that was erected a few years ago as a protection against Communists. (The lights just came on!) We have a good view of the river and of the famous Anking pagoda which dates back some four or five hundred years. The Fathers have a flourishing school here for small boys and for middle school boys, and I think that most of them are Catholics. You should see the time they spend in church praying, and when they pray over here, you can hear them for blocks around. We are getting into the habit before and after our classes, when we say the Hail Mary in Chinese. It seems that singing is a *sine qua non* of praying, and one gets used to it after a while. One can say the Canon of the Mass out loud without any scruples, for even then it's not always possible to hear yourself!

OUT in back of our property is a large pond, and it seems to be the laundry for this section of the city. For from six in the morning till six at night, every day of the week you can see the women there, washing their clothes. And over here, washing consists in dipping the

clothes into the water, and then laying them on a rock and beating them with a paddle,—and this thumping is audible every minute of daylight. From my room it sounds like someone walking up and down in the corridor, and half the time I expect to hear a knock at the door! I'm enclosing a snap of the scene.

But let me give you a little more detailed information about our language school. The main object, perhaps,

of at least the first year in the study of the language, is the acquiring of a facility in speaking, and the laying of a foundation for knowledge of reading and writing. The method of procedure, which is working out quite successfully, is the following. At nine o'clock there is a general class for all the students, during which the teacher,—who at Anking is the Reverend Father deCabo, the author of a very comprehensive course of instructions in speaking Chinese,—explains the pronunciation, derivation and meaning of the new characters assigned for the day's lesson. The six Chinese instructors, who are also present in the classroom, are asked to pronounce the characters, and they then carry on a conversation among themselves or with the teacher, making use of the new characters and those learned in previous lessons. In this way the ear is attuned to the sounds of the language, and attention is called to the various combinations of characters and the Chinese idiomatic uses.

THIS general class lasts for one hour, and after a short intermission, the men meet in groups of five for a forty-five minute session with one of the Chinese instructors. He goes over the pronunciation of the characters seen in the general class, and practises the students in the various phrases and sentences that

are set down in the text, as well as in original conversation, making use of the characters already studied. In the afternoon, each man has half an hour of private tutoring with one of the Chinese teachers, and in this time he is able to have his difficulties solved, and to practise and have corrected his Chinese pronunciation, which is quite difficult in many respects. The system seems to be working. By the end of the school year, the class should have seen over one thousand characters.

### LORD OF THE MISSIONS

(Psalm 2)

Anthony G. Schirmann, S.J.

#### *The Revolt of the Nations*

Why did the gentiles rage, ah why?  
And why did the people vain thoughts ply?

Up rose the faithless kings of the land,  
And princes, united, took their stand  
Against Jehovah, the Lord of Might,  
Against the Anointed at His right.

Let us break Their bonds with a sundering stroke:  
From our bended necks let us cast Their yoke.

#### *The Revenge of the Lord*

Them shall the Dweller of Heaven mock:  
The Lord shall make them a laughing stock.

Then He shall speak to them in His rage,  
And cause them to quake in a future age.

Him as My Ruler I made to stand  
Ruling from Zion, His holy land.

#### *The Eternal Decree*

I will speak Jehovah's great decree:  
"Truly art Thou a Son to Me.  
This day have I begotten Thee.

All nations of the earth that live  
To Thee but asking will I give,  
And for Thy kingdom there shall be  
The farthest land, the farthest sea.

Them shalt Thou rule with a rod of steel  
And break like the vase from the potter's wheel."

#### *Advice to the Princes*

And now, ye rulers, now understand:  
And learn, ye judges of the land.

Serve ye the Lord, with fear serve Him;  
Rejoice in the Lord with trembling limb.

Discipline learn, lest the Lord show wrath,  
And yet all perish on the sinful path.

When his wrath shall flare as ere long it must,  
Ah, blessed are all who in Him place trust.

# The Month at Jesuit Missions

Thomas J. Feeney, S.J.

That's right, it's out at last, "Al Baghdadi," the book from Baghdad, and already comments like the Campbells are coming. "Cead mile failthe and orchids," from Mrs. Margaret Harrington,

## THE BOOK FROM BAGHDAD

347 K St., South Boston, Mass.; "Put me down for five more—though it's no cure for insomnia," this from George C. Crowley, Jr., 511-513 E. 164th St., New York, N. Y., whose Subscription Guide to the leading American and foreign periodicals establishes his right to state a scientific verdict, and just to taper off *sotto voce*, our dictograph picked up this soliloquy from Mother Mary St. Luke, the versatile Editor of *The Pylon*, missionary publication of the Sisters of the Holy Child, 10 Via Boncompagni, Rome, Italy: "You'll stay right here on my Editorial desk; library too uncertain; you wouldn't be there more than an hour or so—borrowed, you know!" Why not send her a copy for her library, too? She deserves it. Enriched by more than three hundred and fifty comic cuts scattered throughout its four hundred and seventeen pages, both the cuts and the pages being the handiwork of the author, Father Edward F. Madaras, S.J., "Al Baghdadi" or "Tales Told by the Tigris," is the story of the educational venture entrusted to the American Jesuits in Baghdad, Iraq, by His Holiness, Pope Pius XI. Between its covers lies all the enchantment that fond memory associates with the land and the legends of Arabian Nights. "Try me and see." Price \$2.50, Jesuit Mission Press, 257 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Did you know that JESUIT MISSIONS has approximately five hundred foreign missionary correspondents keeping us in touch with the latest advances along the Catholic mission front?

## THE JESUIT INTERNATIONAL

Well, it has—and their uncensored despatches are the stuff from which these pages are drafted. They are also the stuff from which the American *Jesuit Relations* of the future will be composed. A quick check-up on the outgoing daily mail at J. M. has all the thrill of a round-the-world trip via the Stamp Route. Last year's total of stamps, more than 320,000 in number, if set side by side would make more than a five and a half mile reel of silent pictures, incidentally, all on the A list.

At present writing, Father E. Paul Amy, S.J., Business Manager of JESUIT MISSIONS, is en route as foreign correspondent from the Home Office to the Thirty-Third International Eucharistic Congress at Manila, P. I. Many months ago Father Amy conceived the enterprising project of a Jesuit Missions Pilgrimage. In cooperation with James Boring Company, Inc., he canvassed successfully a quota of twenty-three pilgrims with whom he is now traveling in the capacity of Chaplain. Immediately after the close of the Congress Father Amy will dispatch his personal reflections and observations by way of the China Clipper, at the Air Mail rates of seventy-five cents per one half ounce or one dollar and fifty cents per 4,872 square picas of copy. All this in order that you might have in story and photograph a report on the greatest religious celebration in the history of the only Catholic country in the Orient.

## THE INTERNATIONAL EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS

Pamphlet propaganda from the New History Society, a medley of visionaries whose objective is a "United States of the World and a Universal Religion," has just reached this office.

## IN DEFENSE OF YOUTH

Forty-four quotations from the youth of as many nations are culled from competitive essays sponsored by the Society and publicized as an instance of its fight to enlist in its ranks the youth of the world. However, not all the youth of the world can be so professionally perverted—not at least as long as the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade in the United States and similar agencies

in Europe continue to function as they do. Indeed, even on the mission field itself we often find models of Catholic Youth Organizations which might well be imitated by non-mission dioceses in our own country. Thus the Catholic Youth Organization of Aurora University, Shanghai, China, mixes the apostolic with the recreational by teaching catechism in hospitals, penitentiaries and homes of the poor. With approximately five out of every six inhabitants in the world outside of the Catholic Church it is difficult to see how any Catholic organization can do otherwise.

While still on the question of youth, we recall that on December 30 last, Doctor John H. Finley of *The New York Times*, speaking before eighty of the young men and women who represent the *Times* at fifty-three colleges and ten preparatory schools in the East, said:

## KEEPING UP WITH THE TIMES

"He, the journalist, is the historian of the present without whose documents the later-day historians would have to rely on the laborious assistance of the archeologists to gain the most superficial knowledge of our era." In this sense, JESUIT MISSIONS with its international appeal is making world history with each issue. It was further brought out that the circulation of the *Times* at men's and women's colleges had increased tenfold since 1929, which logically brings us to our point, namely, viz. and to wit: if we are ever to hold our own with the *Times*, we must have a substantial and immediate increase in the circulation of JESUIT MISSIONS for our schools, colleges and libraries. Wherefore, during Catholic Press Month. I ask you in forwarding your Money Order or check to be sure to note the name and address of the fortunate legatee of your gift subscription, whether it be the Students' Library at Alma Mater or the round table at the neighborhood barber shop or beauty parlor. "Waive a permanent" and subscribe to JESUIT MISSIONS.

At this same conference, James G. McDonald, of the Editorial Staff of *The New York Times*, dropped a word in defense of high pressure newspaper promotion work. "The press must be

## IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE IN JESUIT MISSIONS

kept one way or another if advertisements do not pay the entire bill, and when the finances start to come from private sources the press can no longer remain sincere but must adopt the whims or policy of its leader." Needless to say, if JESUIT MISSIONS ever becomes a *kept press* it will only be in the sense that it is *kept* feverishly busy soliciting enough subscriptions to make it pay to advertise and enough advertisements to attract subscribers and then enough to foster one and the other to enable us to make our Jesuit missionaries better known. Incidentally, in reply to twenty thousand copies of our Christmas appeal, more than eleven hundred individual gifts were received for our missionaries. Looks as if it might pay to advertise in J. M., doesn't it? Well here are the rates: Eighth of a page, \$9.75; Quarter of a page, \$19.50; Half page, \$39.00; Full page \$78.00; Fourth Cover in one color and black, \$100.00.

"In my travels about the world," says Dr. Rahm, O.S.B., well known Professor of Biology and Doctor of Medicine *honoris causa*, "I have visited many universities, both old and new, but

## MORE ORCHIDS

I must admit that apart from great American universities like Harvard and Yale I have found none with such a model arrangement of laboratories as that which the School of Medicine at the Aurora University, Shanghai, possesses. I would draw special attention to the Physiological Laboratory where each student not only has a very wide space for his microscopes, with shadowless artificial light, but also his own adjustable operating table and a mechanically adjusted writing drum." Like Ricci, Schall and Verbiest, our Jesuits in China are endeavoring to convert the Chinese by first capturing the intelligentsia.

# "Time-table" at Holy Cross

Joseph L. Murray, S.J.

THE writer was privileged towards the end of last year to substitute for a short time at Holy Cross Church for the late Father George McDonald, S.J., who was then on leave for three months. Readers of JESUIT MISSIONS will recall that Father McDonald's trip to the States at that time was an "*Ave atque Vale*" to his friends there, for hardly was he returned to work again when Almighty God said "Enough!" and bade him come to an unending vacation with Him. We can give an inadequate idea of what intensive work Father McDonald has done for years by detailing the schedule of work he left behind him.

The first and foremost charge at Holy Cross is, of course, the church. It is not really a church, but rather a very large house made over. A new church is soon to be built on its site. The priest's quarters consist of a two-room apartment built out from the sacristy of the church. This is a handy arrangement for sick calls, especially at night—though there are not too many of these. The grounds at Holy Cross are quite extensive, a good section of them being set apart for the convent and school of the Blue Sisters, that is, the native Sisters. The school is nearer the priest's quarters and makes its presence felt. There are some large shade trees practically at the sacristy windows, and as it is not uncommon during the hot parts of the day for a class to be held under these trees, the priest in charge can sit in his room and go to school all over again. If he knows how to spell c-a-t, cat; r-a-t, rat, etc., he need not join in the chorus but he can at least brush up on his multiplication tables.

Children at the school range from tiny tots—infants—of four or five to grown-ups of fourteen or fifteen years. The school takes care of both boarders and day scholars, and is taught exclusively by the Blue Sisters. These children are great friends of the Fathers and even consent at times to pose for pictures.

THE Sisters look after the church proper and are beforehand in anticipating any of the priest's needs. He takes his meals in the priest's dining room at the convent. Holy Cross is considered a city parish, as it is located in Lower St. Andrew which is practically a suburb of Kingston to which many of our influential citizens have moved to escape Kingston heat. There is plenty of work for the priest right in his large parish proper, but Holy Cross is merely the headquarters of the "Mission." There are four other mission stations attached thereto and they cover a wide area. They are located at Whitehall, Tollgate, Gordon Town and Hagley



*Pupils of Father Joseph L. Murray's School of the Holy Cross, dressed in blue and white uniforms. A competition in hair dressing.*

Gap. At the first three of these places there are very substantial churches which can be converted into children's schools; there is also a convent and separate school at Gordon Town, but there is merely a shelter or lean-to and a little wooden altar at Hagley Gap.

WHITEHALL was formerly a mission headquarters, but many of its former parishioners have moved away. Tollgate is at a fairly important crossroads called Matilda's Corner, which will probably become more important when the city completes its road building plans there. Gordon Town is in the lower hills approaching the Blue Mountain Range and is a fairly important hill center. Hagley Gap is deep in the hills at the foot of Blue Mountain peak, and forms a most charming and beautiful saddle between hills or mountains of about five or six thousand feet elevation. The peak itself, highest mountain in Jamaica, is well over seven thousand feet. Hagley Gap must be nearly twenty-five miles from Holy Cross; the trip is over the most harrowing if most picturesque route. The road climbs recklessly over sheer cliff and mountainside and scrambles madly along a ridge. This mission was Father McDonald's secret pride in that he established it personally with the aid of a catechist, caused its lean-to church to be built and visited it several times a year. Mass is said at Hagley Gap, if luck holds out. (Turn to page 55)

# A Harvest of Years

Joseph L. Lucas, S.J.

“GO forth and conquer souls for Christ and may the great Missioner reward your labors and sacrifices in the Philippines most royally and abundantly.” Thus spoke Father Jeremiah Prendergast, S.J., a valiant veteran missionary, to ten young Jesuit Levites at their Departure Ceremony in 1926. They were the first Americans destined to take over the spiritual care of the Island of Mindanao, second largest of the Philippine group in the Pacific. A decade of years has passed since these words were spoken, and even a brief survey of accomplishment bears out, in a striking manner, the literal fulfillment of this prayer. In a record of remarkable experiences, marvelous achievements and memorable triumphs, even the disappointments of failure were haloed with the unconquerable hope of winning souls to God. *JESUIT MISSIONS* recounts the names, and some of the heroic labors, of our American Jesuits, and the *Cartas Edificantes* of the Aragon Province give thrilling accounts of the labors and sacrifices of the Spanish Jesuits. Each page recounts deeds of valor and daring far surpassing fabled story or legend, and as we follow these giants in their campaign of winning warlike hearts to the pursuits of peace, and captivating minds, groveling in grossest superstition, to the knowledge and love of the one true God, our admiration blends into imitation, and our souls are borne aloft on a flood-tide of exaltation.

THE Revolution of 1896 paralyzed, and in part, destroyed their wondrous work. Priests and Brothers were thrown into prison. Deprived of religious instruction and the consolations of the true religion, the people became an easy prey for proselytizers. Agitated in mind, and without fatherly direction, many fell into the Aglipayan schism, which combined the strongest virtues in the human heart, religion and patriotism, with emphasis on love of country above the love of God. This exaggerated nationalism deceived many priests and people. Happily with the advance in education, this schism has steadily

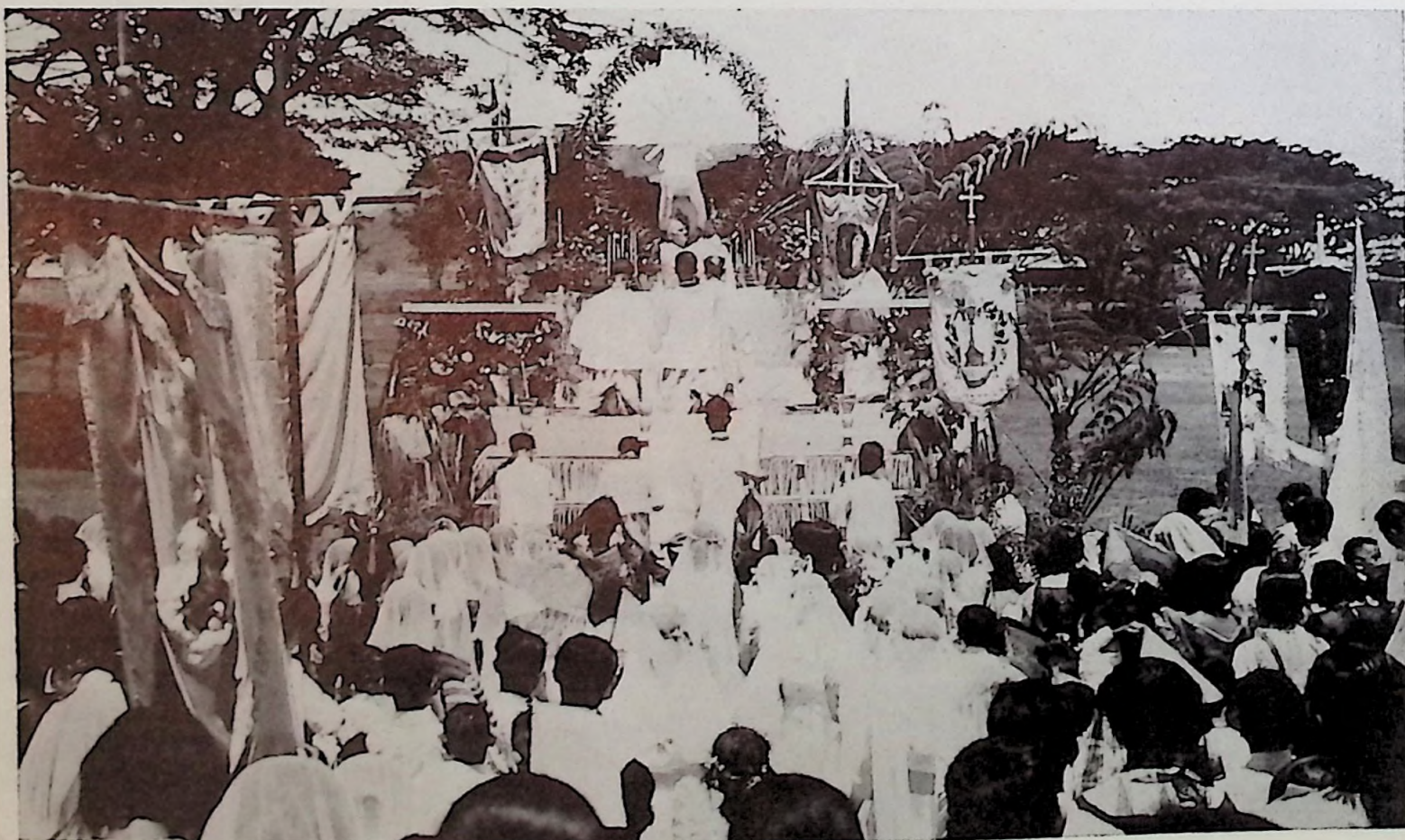
waned, and will, no doubt, collapse entirely with the death of its founder.

Next came American Protestantism of every color and description, possessed of more zeal than knowledge. Some of the Protestant Ministers, teachers and social workers, were cultured and learned men and women, sincere and zealous, who really felt that they were answering a Divine call. Some were narrow-minded bigots, unlearned and unrefined, suddenly raised from poverty to affluence, possessed with an almost satanic hatred of Catholicity. Most pathetic of all, yet doing the greatest damage to the Faith and piety of the Catholic Filipinos, were the sweet, gentle and truly pious young girls and women affiliated through ignorance with Protestantism. These were filled with zeal, wedded to sacrifice, and truly anxious for the salvation of the poor Orientals. Among the pagan Filipinos some of them accomplished much good.

PROTESTANT mission workers wrote back glowing accounts of their miraculous success. American Protestant Mission Boards poured in money like water. The missionaries became rich beyond their fondest dreams. They wielded influence with the Government. They controlled the schools. They built dormitories, schools and social halls. Having every material agency at hand, had their religion been true, they would have swept the Islands from Aparri to Jolo, into the folds of Protestantism. Perhaps there is no more tragic story of failure in missionary endeavor than the story of Protestantism in the Philippines. Perhaps never was there a greater extravagance of expenditure attended by such poverty in results.

Into this ruined heritage came the youthful American Jesuits in 1926. They were greeted on all sides with the sad refrain: “Welcome, but you are just a quarter of a century too late!” Mindanao is inhabited by Christian Filipinos, by pagan and Christian Japanese in Davao, and by the so-called non-Christian tribes—Moros,

Manobos, Bagobos, Bukidnons, Tirurayes and Subanos. Coming from America, versed in the ways of Protestantism, and understanding the value of the Parochial School, it did not take the American Jesuits long to realize that the battle for the Faith had shifted from the



Father Joseph Reith, S.J., gives the final Benediction at the Eucharistic Congress held in Dansalan, Lanao, P. I. This was one of many conducted throughout Mindanao in anticipation of the International Congress at Manila.

altars of the church to the schools of the Church, and despite the fact that the Government schools were most powerful, each Father immediately set to work on a Catholic school that would be equal or superior to the public school. The Sacred Heart Fathers from Holland, working in the Province of Surigao, also started schools in every town and village. The Spanish Jesuits who remained also increased their schools. Today there are some thirty Government recognized Catholic schools in Mindanao, together

with Catholic high schools for girls and boys in Cagayan, Surigao, Zamboanga, and Davao, four strategic centers and a Normal School for our teachers. From these schools are graduated annually over a thousand boys and girls, fully instructed in their Faith, and strengthened with the frequent reception of the sacraments.

The Protestants strove to win the young educated Filipinos. They planted their dormitories and social halls near the public high school in every Provincial Capital. As far as resources permitted, the Jesuits started catechetical schools in every center. They initiated the Catholic Boy and Girl Scout Troops in every mission, erected dormitories for boys and girls, directed Bellarmine Clubs in apologetics for the defence of the Church, and slowly but surely won back most of those who had been deceived by the Protestant gospel of material progress, education and advancement. After a week of years Cagayan was made a Diocese, with the genial and beloved Father Hayes as Bishop.

**BISHOP HAYES'** return to Cagayan after his consecration was a veritable triumph for the Faith, and November 21, 1933, stands out in every one's memory as the greatest day in Cagayan's history. Pagans, Protestants, Aglipayans, Catholics, Americans, Spaniards and Filipinos vied with one another to honor Cagayan's first Bishop. Thousands of people crowded the dock and lined the roadway. Governors and Presidents formed the guard of honor. Ecclesiastics from all parts of the Islands came to give welcome. As the brightly pennoned ship came to anchor, cannons roared, bands blared, the school children and people sang the "Ecce Sacerdos." At the conclusion of the hymn the new Bishop in his royal purple robes, stepped to the railing, smiled benignly upon his flock, and spread his arms wide in a gesture that took that whole immense throng to his heart. It was a veritable outpouring of love, and then that vast crowd gave vent to a heart-cry that was unrestrained in its love, affection and rejoicing.

Under Bishop Hayes genial guidance, assisted by the kindly and gracious Superiors, Father Vincent I. Kennally, S.J., and



Left to right, Father Austin V. Dowd, S.J., Father Joseph L. Lucas, S.J., and Ralph M. O'Neill, S.J., at the local parochial Eucharistic Congress of Malaybalay held in preparation for the Thirty-third International Eucharistic Congress at Manila, February 3-7, 1937.

Father Antonio Van Odyk, helped by devoted and zealous priests, Brothers, Sisters and teachers, the Diocese of Cagayan is rapidly developing into a rich garden spot of Catholicity. Even the non-Christian tribes in the mountains are alive to the stirrings of Divine Grace, and are being instructed in the Faith. The flowering of devotion has come during the past year, with the Parish, Provincial and Diocesan Eucharistic Congresses. It seems as if grace and strength and faith have come directly from the Eucharistic Heart of Christ, especially to those who have been long away from the sacraments. Thousands have returned to the Faith of their saintly ancestors; many have publicly renounced Masonry; and devotion to the Eucharist has thrilled all hearts. Held in every city and town, these Congresses have produced unity, devotion and enthusiasm among all Catholics.

**THEY** are but a preparation for the Thirty-third International Eucharistic Congress to be held in Manila from February 3-7, 1937. Dennis Cardinal Dougherty of Philadelphia will return as Legate for the Holy See, and will, no doubt, see the phenomenal progress that the Church has made since the days of his Bishopric there. Manila the Capital of the Philippines, a beautiful modern city, is preparing to open wide its arms to receive all visitors with its unique and gracious hospitality, and, without question, it will be a delight and a joy, especially to our pilgrims from the United States. During these days the cordiality and hospitality of a most lovable people will reign supreme. The rays of faith, hope, love and devotion will radiate, not only over the entire Philippines, but will, without doubt, reach out and envelop China and Japan, Borneo and Java, Singapore and India, and will assuredly win the entire Orient to a love of Catholicity, and bind it to the Eucharistic Heart of God.

*The spirit of apostolic kindness and zeal which pervades this article is indicative of the missionary soul of its author, Father Joseph L. Lucas, S.J., who, after a decade of years in the active apostolate of the mission field of Mindanao, has recently returned to his native Province of New England.—Editor.*

# Plymouthing for Souls

Robert  
Robinson, S.J.

I AM a 1936 Plymouth two-door sedan. The prime purpose of my existence is to bring pleasure and comfort to my owner. Upon stepping out on this great world of highways and byways, of speed and power, little did I think that some day I would be Christ's helper in the saving of immortal souls! But I was—

Along in the month of July, Father Louis Taelman, S.J., the master of my destinations, received a hurried call from the Vandenberg family of the Arlee district on the Flathead Reservation in Montana. The last of the daughters of that household was dying, the near ravished victim of the white scourge of modern civilization. Annie, for that was her name, knew that the merciful hand of death was beckoning her,—calling her Home, where tuberculosis wastes not away bodies and crushes not the hearts of the loved ones left behind.

Yes, I was ready. A touch on the starter, a light hand on the choke, and I was off! Today for me was a glorious day. As you know, great men of our day are borne along in automobiles of speed and power greater than ever I would possess, yet today I envied not the higher priced cars of my passing, for I had riding with me no less a Personage than the King of Earth and Heaven.

AFTER journeying over this oft traversed highway I turned in, two gates below the lone fir tree, over the tracks . . . but then even a Plymouth gets stuck with some knotty problems, and in this case mine was a muddy one.

I know not what happened inside this house that day, but can't I, from gathering a few phrases of the ensuing conversation, just say a few words? Annie was just twelve years old that Spring, but the dampness and cold of the March winds had been too much for her frail body. First she had coughed, and this sapped the very marrow of her life; then she felt tired, too tired to play and frolic about, as did the other Indian girls of her age. At length, too weak even to walk, she was confined to her bed, where, day after day, week after week, she failed, grew thin and coughed away her very life. Consumption, the great leveler of things mortal, was getting the upper hand . . . and Annie lay dying.

My master, good Father Louie, as the Indians fondly call him, was a happy man that day. Yes, he had seen the face of inevitable death; but then, hadn't he foreseen the birth of a soul, a pure and spotless soul, into the bosom of heavenly happiness?

And then it happened, as it always does in the case of the last stages of consumption's dread disease, that our little Annie died. One last journey then did I have to



*"My master, good Father Louie, as the Indians fondly call him . . ."*

make to be of service to a body,—the body of a little girl who had exchanged her temporal sufferings for the happiness of a painless Paradise.

AGAIN did I journey over the crowded highway to the little church of Jocko. Here at the head of the funeral cortege did I travel, slowly, reverently. There at the church, Father Louie gave the blessing to the shell of her who had here been washed spotless with the waters of Life, who had here fondled in her heart her Eternal Friend, and who finally would rest in the very shadow of the church till the Angels' clarion trumpet would call her, then glorified body and soul, to live forever in the great tribal court of Heaven.

Sad it was after the services were over, to see a scene fraught with tears and sorrow. In the midst of the sorrowful ones, I saw Father Louie comforting the broken parents of Annie, father and mother, who had brought forth into this world twelve baby boys and girls, and had lived to see eleven of them planted in this acre of God, to blossom forth as Angels in the Garden of the great Harvester of human souls.

Now don't wonder then, if ever while journeying over Montana highways, you see a proud Plymouth sedan speeding on its errands of mercy. I travel much, by day or by night, because I am at the beck and call of my master, who is the Father of Life and Death to the Indians of the Flathead Reserve.

My master has been among the Indians for many, many years. If you had been here in September, 1935, you would have seen how they showed their love for him. He was celebrating his golden jubilee as a Jesuit, and he would not listen to any celebration in his honor unless his Indians played a big part in it. And they did! The long parade of painted warriors, their ponies spangled with ancient war trophies, tottering chieftains and frontiersmen following in the parade, made a most elaborate spectacle. As the thousands passed in review before Father Taelman, his smile and gracious wave of the hand told his people his joy and happiness.

# The Catholic Youth of India and Ceylon

## The Mission Intention for February

AS defined by the General Director of the Apostleship of Prayer, the youth of India and Ceylon who are the special object of this month's Intention include those of both sexes between the ages of fourteen and twenty-five. Due to the more rapid physical development that takes place in the Orient, this would include the adolescent period as well as that of mature young manhood and womanhood. It is for these especially that the Church is so anxious to provide the only morally certain guarantee of Christian life, namely, Catholic elementary instruction and Catholic higher education. In no other way can she protect them from the inveigling influences of the pagan and Mohammedan hordes with which the Catholic minority is surrounded. Furthermore, it is her ultimate objective one day to mobilize her Catholic youth on a nationalistic scale. Indeed she must do this if she is ever to Catholicize the mission world.

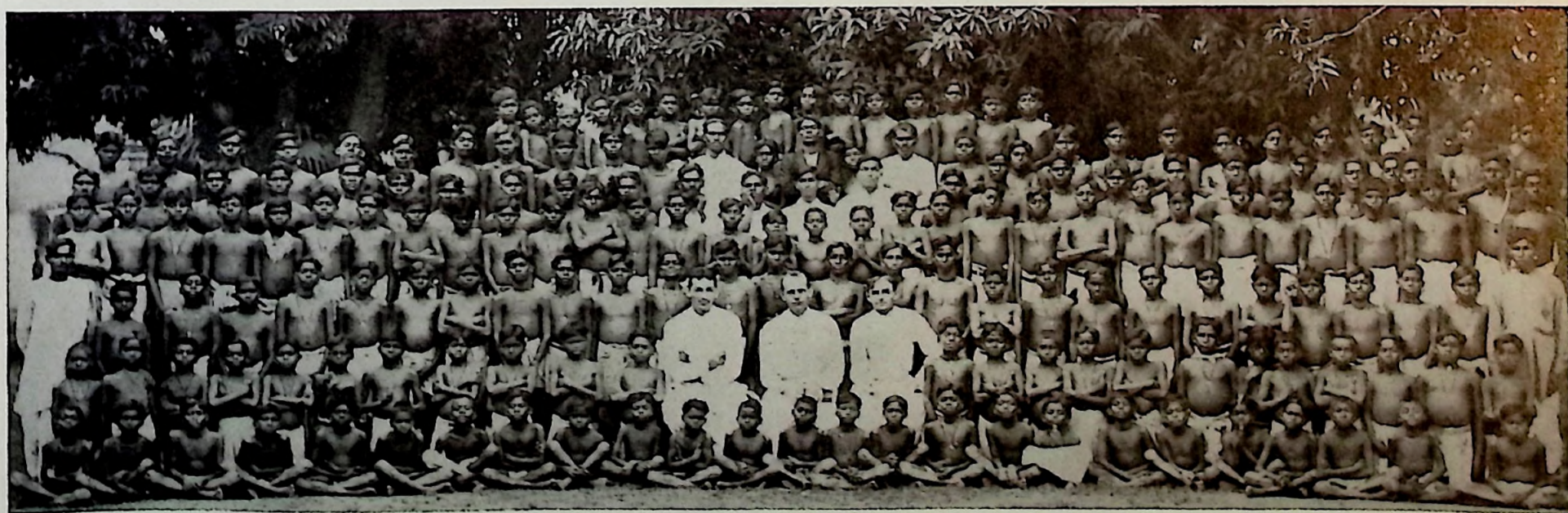
While the English Government and private agencies have multiplied schools in India, of all grades from the elementary to the university, Catholic authorities have done their best to keep pace. According to the most recent statistics issued for India, Ceylon and Burma by the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, there are 4,893 elementary schools with 289,065 pupils, and 750 high schools with 112,932 students. It must be noted that all the pupils are not Christians. Nevertheless, by a slow leavening process both the antipathy of Mohammedan pupils and the disinterestedness of the pagans give way to docility and curiosity and in many cases to conversions. When restricting barriers of caste are gradually removed, it is hoped that the number of conversions will increase rapidly. Yet not only in the matter of conversions is the fruit of the Church's planting evident. In the colleges of Bombay, Calcutta, Mangalore, Madras, Trichinopoly, Colombo, and elsewhere, Catholic students form an elite group who with the zeal of true apostles have placed themselves at the beck and call of their spiritual guides, the Bishops, Priests and Religious. Many also occupy positions of distinction in the legisla-

tive assemblies in their respective countries, while all are beginning to play their proper part in the Catholic Action program which is now in the process of formation in India.

The power of youth for good or ill is incalculable. Yet tragedy lurks in the fact that heads of nations, arrogating to themselves rights never conceded by God, are suborning their young men and young women for their own selfish nationalistic aims. Nor are these aims merely nationalistic. In the case of Communism, whose influence is being more and more distinctly felt in mission lands and only recently has been publicly deprecated by individual Bishops of India, the purpose is both anti-religious as well as international in scope. At the Congress of the Third International held in Moscow in August 1936, the head of the Communist International Youth Movement in the United States reported that during 1935 over one thousand Youth Movements with a membership of over one million, including religious, student and pacifist organizations, had been induced to unite with Young Communists in many demonstrations.

If the tenets of modern warfare as illustrated in Ethiopia, China and Spain prove anything, it is the one indisputable fact that a disciplined minority will always vanquish an undisciplined and dismembered mob. Acting on this experience it is the desire of the Church through her program of Catholic education to weld together strongly disciplined units of her Catholic youth who will function in subordination to an infallible high command and who will conduct themselves with the esprit de corps that can come only from a divinely inspired objective and a morale that is the heritage of twenty centuries of Catholic tradition. Upon these units, mobile in spirit and in body, the Church depends for the ultimate spiritual conquest of the pagan and Mohammedan masses of India and Ceylon. In the words of Pope Leo XIII written on the occasion of the founding of the native seminary at Kandy in 1896: "May salvation come to thee, O India, through thy sons!"

*The youth of India. American Jesuit teachers and boys of Santal school at Bhagalpur snapped some time ago. In center, left to right, Richard T. Mehren, S.J., Father Francis I. Stoy, S.J., and Father P. L. Frank, S.J.*



# Afield with American Jesuits

## CANADIAN INDIANS

Father Oscar H. Labelle, S.J., has charge of the Mission of Christian Island, the last home of the early Jesuits in Old Huronia. He is building a separate school on the Island this year. Up to the present, classes were held in the Rectory.

At Tobermory, another Mission in charge of Father Labelle, a church is in process of construction. Father writes:

"You will be pleased to learn that I obtained one of the finest lots in Tobermory for the church. It just happened by accident that I heard of this lot on one of my trips to the town. It is on a hill and on the main road, so the church will be seen from every part of the village. There was a great deal of opposition to our obtaining this lot. The Orange Lodge went so far as to write to the Government, asking that I be prevented from building in the village. The answer was prompt and not too flattering to the Orange Lodge. The Government did not know there was any part of Canada so uncivilized as to make such a request. They added that, provided we procured the lot, no one could prevent us from building a church on it. A church is certainly much needed here and will do a great deal of good. During the time I have been at Tobermory, overseeing the building operations, several have asked if they might attend the services and learn more about the Catholic Church."

\* \* \*

Frederick Costello, S.J., and John McKey, S.J., have been assigned to missionary work at the Industrial School at Spanish, Ontario. They are getting their first taste of teaching, prefecting, managing athletics and a host of other things which are cared for by Jesuit Scholastics in mission schools.

\* \* \*

Thomas Finucane, S.J., sends the following notes concerning Jesuit missionaries in Ontario:

"During the Fall Father Joseph Couture, S.J., of Longlac, Ontario, received a surprise visit from Father Schulte, O.M.I., the priest-pilot from Germany. Father Schulte was inspecting some of the Oblate Missions around Hudson's Bay when he heard of Father Couture's visitation of his northern missions. Immediately Father Schulte flew over to where Father Couture was staying at the time and landed on the lake in front of the mission chapel. The two flying Padres spent the afternoon exchanging experiences while flying for Christ. As Father Schulte was departing he expressed his admiration at Father Couture's work and promised to assist

him as soon as he returns to Germany after organizing the Oblate Missions among the Eskimos.

\* \* \*

"After many disappointments and much hard work (as carpenter and bricklayer) Father Paul Prud'homme, S.J., Saulte Ste. Marie, Ontario, was able to consecrate a new chapel in his mission district on December 8. This chapel is for the convenience of a settlement of Ukrainians and Poles who have settled in a little backwoods village north of Lake Superior. They are very poor and have not had the opportunity to assist at church services for a good many years."

## CHINA

On the twenty-fifth of September last, Brother Emile Lord, S.J., of the Lower Canada Province, was drowned while bathing at Hiukeou, China. Ever since 1930 Brother Lord has been stationed at the Observatory, Zi-ka-wei, where he helped the Jesuit Fathers in their astronomic researches. He was remarkably qualified to fill that position, as he often proved by planning and making complicated instruments needed for the scientific work carried on at Zi-ka-wei.

Brother Emile Lord, S.J., was born in Montreal South, Province of Quebec, on the twenty-fourth of December, 1893. He had entered the Society of Jesus at Sault-au-Récollet, January 15, 1911.

Here is a short account of his death as related by Brother Dominic Pesant, S.J., Canadian Jesuit in China.



Brother Emile Lord, S.J., of the Province of Lower Canada, who was drowned at Hiukeou, China, September 25, 1936. Brother Lord had been on the staff of the Jesuit Astronomical Observatory of Zi-ka-wei since 1930.

"Brothers Sauvé, Saint-Jean and I were taking a few days rest at our residence by the sea at Hiukeou. This short holiday was deeply appreciated after the long construction work carried on during the heavy Summer heat.

"On the twentieth of September, Brother Lord rejoined us. The twenty-fifth, during the morning, he and I left the house to take our daily sea bath. There was a heavy wind that day and the waves were enormous. As I do not know how to swim, I had to stay near the shore. Brother Lord, a good swimmer, took to the open sea notwithstanding my protestations; the waves that lashed the shore drew us with force toward the open sea as they receded. After ten minutes approximately, always seeing him in the same place at about forty feet from me, swimming without being able to advance, I called out to him to come back. No answer. I called once more and then he told me he was exhausted.

"I tried twice to reach him; the second time I thought we were both going to perish. After violent efforts, I succeeded in reaching shore. As I could not save him, I tried to find a branch with which I could reach out to him. There was not a single one on the shore. At this moment Brother Lord disappeared.

"We found his body only at four o'clock that afternoon, at low tide; it had been carried a mile further away. Brother Lord was buried on the thirtieth of September at Hiukeou."

## AMERICAN INDIANS

"The Reds" have invaded St. Andrew's School in Pendleton, Oregon, where Father Thomas A. Steele, S.J., is Superior. But now, don't get excited; just read on to hear what the good Father has to say about it all.

"Of special interest was the red flood that struck our mission in September and continued even into October. Sister Superior was alarmed. Experienced missionaries were charmed. They said that nothing could be done to stop the influx of Reds, that the doors of our buildings should be opened to receive them, because these Reds were red only skin deep, that their very souls were not stained as those of the Communists. These Reds would graduate from our Catholic Indian school still red, yet anti-red.

"There are signs of life even in a supposedly dying race. Where a sufficient supply of food is gathered together, you find Indians flocking about. Marking that the mission had on hand a very ample food supply of the right kind, Indian parents and children were not so dull as some might suppose. Totaling at present

about eighty, St. Andrew's School enrollment is about twenty-five per cent above that of last year.

"The Superior of the Mission certainly rejoices that the Lord has sent so many children. From far and wide these little ones have come together for the special good of their souls. If the Superior is to keep his reputation that he is good to the children, he needs the help of St. Joseph that all their needs may be supplied. This is why the Indian children pray at our little shrine of St. Joseph.

"The mind may easily turn to the picturesque. That Indians arrayed in feathered headpieces should be swinging their tomahawks and dashing in and out of the woods is a memory of the past. As you wander along the road there is a fat Indian woman straddling an equally fat horse. Down the road farther an Indian has parked his ramshackle car in the ditch and is struggling with a tire. An Indian boy armed with a wooden spear is hastening up towards the Blue Mountains. He is trailing an elusive porcupine. After a while he returns with the creature skinned. His poor mother misses the buffalo of former days, but she will enjoy the 'porkie.'

"Father Joseph Lajoie, S.J., a missionary among these Indians for many years, reports the time very opportune not only for fishing but for gathering in the fish. He says that he put out nets long ago and that the fish are approaching the nets and are coming in. But we must not stop fishing till all the fish are caught, even to the last pagan Cayuse, Walla Walla or Umatilla."

\* \* \*

Though Father Aloysius G. Willebrand, S.J., has been transferred from St. Andrew's Mission in Oregon to St. Joseph's Mission among the Nez Perce Indians at Culdesac, Idaho, he feels that the change is not great and



Brother Edward P. Gilbertz, S.J., of the Missouri Province, who has been assigned to Holy Rosary Mission among the Sioux Indians of South Dakota.

he says that he is feeling quite at home.

"This little Mission," he says, "is located in a nice little valley with the timbered foothills of the Blue Mountains but a short distance away. There are the modern concrete buildings of the school; the fruit of the last efforts and zeal of the great Father Cataldo. He had the happiness of seeing the work completed just before his death. The old mission church and the residence of the Fathers are the same as they have been for years. Then there is a fair sized Indian village.

"The Indians are scattered about the valley of the Clearwater River within the limits of the old Nez Perce Reservation. They are especially centered about the towns of Fort Lapwai, Sweetwater, Culdesac and Webb. Many are living on and working farms, while others have their land rented to Whites. They are mostly educated and civilized, in fact all, with the exception of a few of the old people. They are good workers. Large numbers go down to the Yakima valley in the Summer to work in the hop fields and on fruit ranches. They still have preserved many of their old Indian customs and arts. They go up into the Craig Mountains on berrying and root gathering expeditions, and to hunt deer and elk during the short open season.

"That a fair proportion of the tribe is Catholic is due mostly to the efforts of Father Cataldo. He came among them in the year 1867, in response to the request of a number of Catholics who had been converted by other missionaries, to have among them a Black-robe and a House of Prayer. Until his death in 1928, this tribe was the special object of his zeal. His work was impeded by many interruptions, and was handicapped, mainly by the fact that he was frequently more needed by Superiors for work elsewhere, by the opposition of anti-Catholic agents, and by the fact that the Presbyterians had been able to get a foothold in the tribe. The general hostility against the Whites, stirred up by Chief Joseph's war of 1877, was also a hindrance. Father Cataldo's last years were spent mostly here at this Mission and were devoted mostly to building up this mission school and to rebuilding it after a fire which destroyed it in the year 1916. He mastered the Nez Perce language and has left a number of writings in it.

"A good number of Indians attend our mission church. Together with a number of White farmers who live around here, they make a nice congregation. However, the greater part of our Indian mission work (outside of the school), is at our outlying missions. Every Sunday, Father Emil Boll, S.J., says Mass at Lapwai, where there is a good Indian congregation, and twice a month at Culdesac and twice a month at the Lapwai Sanitari-



Father Gabriel Moreel, S.J., of St. Michael's College, Batticaloa, Ceylon, who recently celebrated his sixtieth anniversary as a Jesuit.

um for Tubercular Indian children. It is a large Government institution. There are children there from reservations of Washington, Oregon, Idaho and Montana, and even Wyoming. Many of them are Catholics. We have the spiritual care of them. The Sisters go there every Sunday to teach catechism.

"In the mission school there are about forty Indian girls and boys, mostly from this reservation. They are bright and intelligent and give comfort to the Fathers and to the Sisters. As in the case of most missions, the school is the chief source of solid Catholicity among the Indians and, as in the case of every mission, it is only by great sacrifice that the Sisters are able to provide for their charges.

"At present a playshed is urgently needed for the Indian boys, together with a play room. An old shed which was used for the purpose, one of the old temporary buildings hastily erected after the fire, had to be torn down. The boys now have to use their dormitory for a play room, which is not very satisfactory."

#### CEYLON

The American Jesuits of the New Orleans Province who are working in the Mission of Trincomalie, Ceylon, report two important jubilees that were celebrated recently.

On November 28, His Excellency, Right Reverend Gaston Robichez, S.J., celebrated his Golden Jubilee as a Jesuit. He was born in France on November 21, 1866, but he has been a missionary in Ceylon for the last thirty-two years. The celebration of his jubilee was to have included the ceremony of the consecration of the

Trincomalie cathedral. However, the work of reconstruction has progressed so slowly that the church will not be ready until next February.

\* \* \*

The second jubilee was that of **Father Gabriel Moreel, S.J.**, who on September 8 celebrated his Golden Jubilee as a priest and on September 17 his sixtieth anniversary as a Jesuit. He was born at Dunkirk on December 1, 1853, and entered the Society of Jesus at Amiens on September 17, 1876. He came to Ceylon in 1895 as one of the pioneer missionaries for the Trincomalie Mission. In all the years of his zealous apostolic labors—forty-one years—Father Moreel never returned to Europe and scarcely ever left the Mission for a holiday. Father Moreel has never ridden in a train; on his various mission journeys in Ceylon the ox-cart was his usual mode of travel.

\* \* \*

Here is an interesting little note from one of our frequent contributors, **John Lange, S.J.**, of the New Orleans Province, who is teaching at St. Joseph's College, Trincomalie, Ceylon:

"A new motion-picture theatre has been recently opened in Trincomalie. The owner is a Catholic. On the day of the first show, the owner and manager came to the parish priest and piously begged him to come and bless the theatre. The good Father had misgivings over so unusual a request, and hesitated to comply, until he had consulted the Bishop. Anyhow, it is a good sign and promises well for the future."

### PATNA, INDIA

**Father Peter J. Sontag, S.J.**, is working among the "Depressed Classes" of Patna Mission. He writes:

"I am here at headquarters for a day, so I'll try to get off a line to you—to keep you praying and getting others to pray for us and our work.

"We certainly need prayers. Yes, God has been blessing our work wonderfully. Already we have a nucleus of several hundred converts from the Depressed Classes (recent) and each week adds a new quota. But we are struggling against the powers of darkness—with a vengeance! What a drama it is! Some of the opposition is, of course, altogether intelligible. When landlords are sucking the very life-blood out of their laborers (most of our converts are field laborers who receive from one to two annas worth of coarse food—they seem never to get rice, the Indian food—two annas just gets one man one very modest meal of rice and pulse here in Patna), and this going on unchecked for ages—you can understand their opposition to any 'interference'—anything that lies in the direction of emancipation.

"And what a gauntlet of persecution our converts have to run! Wherever they are recognized as Christians

they have to face abuse, threats and ill treatment. To me it is a constant marvel to see how, in the face of all this, the work goes on. Clearly, God's grace is at work. It reminds me of the lines,

'Far off in the hills

The rain has been falling. . . .'

"Local, and even Calcutta papers, too, have been giving our work much unpaid for advertising by calling upon non-Christian bodies to meet the new danger.

You'd enjoy seeing us wading bare-foot across rice fields, through rain and sun. It's not all poetry, yet it is delightful to share a wee bit the Master's weariness in His quest for His own 'lying distressed, like sheep without a shepherd.' Of course, you, too, are just as much in this work as we are, if not far more. So, may God bless us all!"

\* \* \*

From history professor to missionary among the outcasts, is the story of **Father Paul Dent, S.J.**, who taught at Khrist Raja High School in Bettiah, Patna Mission, India, until September 2, when he took over some of the work previously carried on by the present Superior of Patna Mission.

"Last March before he became our Superior, **Very Rev. Father Frank Loesch, S.J.**, got me away from my English and Indian history classes at Khrist Raja High School and took me around with him for a week of missionary life among his nearly two thousand convert Doms. Since that time my Saturday afternoons, Sundays and school holidays have gone to the Doms and as a result two beautiful things have happened. These things are Dom Baptisms—a bit over sixty now—and a letter from Father Superior dated the sixth of October which tells the history professor that he now has a chance to 'develop into a Dom and Depressed Class missionary.' I write you this from Chuhari

on the eve of my first day of 'developing.' I have learned today from the two most recent of the Doms' five Baptismal Registers that I have at least ninety-three very much scattered villages with Dom Christians to visit in almost every part of Champaran District. Fifteen of these villages I saw on a previous occasion, and the sight was enough to show me that I have a very impoverished and despised flock, but one that is wonderfully tenacious in keeping the Faith. May God grant that in serving such a flock I may be a worthy follower of its past apostles, **Fathers Henry Westropp, S.J.**, **John Killian, S.J.**, **Charles Miller, S.J.**, **John Meyer, S.J.**, and **Very Rev. Father Frank Loesch, S.J.**

"Oh yes, a few days ago **Fathers Superior, Edward O'Leary, S.J.**, **Frank Stoy, S.J.**, and **Miller** and myself completed our first ten years in good old India!

"I'll probably write you much oftener now that I am no longer a history professor. **Charles Sedlack, S.J.**, is holding down that job now."

### PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

*The Philippine Mission News* published monthly at Novaliches, Calocan, Rizal, P.I., gives special mention to the Golden Jubilee of **Father José Coronas, S.J.**, scientist, apostle and friend of the University of the Philippines students, who celebrated his fiftieth year of Jesuit life last September 30. "Father Coronas was born January 8, 1871, in Barcelona, Spain. After his philosophy at Tortosa, he came to the Philippine Islands as a scholastic in 1894, and assisted **Father Algué, S.J.**, and **Father Faura, S.J.**, at the Observatory of Manila. In 1904, he was ordained priest at St. Louis, Mo., and three years afterwards came to Manila to take care of meteorological work at the Observatory. In 1931, illness obliged him to come to the United States. He re-



*The Reverend Mother Provincial of the Sisters of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary visits her Sisters who are working with the American Jesuits among the Santals of Patna Mission, India.*

turned to the Islands in 1933 and has since worked among the students in Manila. He is well known for the many student retreats he organized both for private and for public school students. His Jesuit brethren, both in the Philippines and abroad, offer Father Coronas on his Jubilee sincere blessings and heartfelt wishes for a long apostolate amongst us. *Ad multos annos!*"

From the same publication, we gather the following item about the Shoe Shiners' Club:

"Cagayan, Mindanao, P.I., is a growing city and the number of boys in the street is increasing. In order to give these boys a clean and interesting recreation, Father James E. Haggerty, S.J., has gathered them and organized them into a Shoe Shiners' Club. Father Haggerty gives the boys timely instructions on religion and other matters."

*The Philippine Mission News* also notes the final preparations for the International Eucharistic Congress to be held at Manila, February 3 to 7:

"Misamis celebrated last month the parish Eucharistic Triduum, as a prelude to Manila's Congress next year. Father Thomas F. Gallagher, S.J., parish priest, led the celebration. People from Jimenez and Oroquieta and *barrios* flocked to the town for the feast. Father Walter J. Hamilton, S.J., was the principal speaker due to his exceptional knowledge of the dialect.

"Zamboanga was the scene of another triduum which ended on the feast of Christ, the King. It was marked by enthusiastic crowds and great devotion to the Eucharistic Lord. Reverend U. Arcand, Director of the Propaganda of the Catholic Press, Monsignor J. Jovellanos of Tondo,

Manila, and Reverend S. Sancho, O.P., Rector of Santo Tomas, attended the Congress."

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Father Austin V. P. Dowd, S.J., who is now stationed at Malaybalay, formerly the Pastorate of Father Joseph L. Lucas, S.J., who recently returned to the States, writes of his new assignment:

"The church must be rebuilt; we must maintain two dormitories for the students of the Normal School, as most of them are from the coast or from other provinces as, for instance, Cebu. We must try to have our little parochial school recognized by the Government; we must also try to find, train and pay the expenses of catechists to teach in the forty public schools and in as many *barrios*. The expenses for all this work are staggering, but as we say down here in our dialect: '*Hinay hinay basta Kanunay*,' which means, as far as I can make out: 'Take it slowly and you will get there eventually.'

"The best card Father Lucas had was a weekly conference to the men on theological topics, especially directed against the age-old attacks of the Protestants. As a result, one man has written a first-class pamphlet on confession; another several times defeated the Minister in debates. The Minister is not a learned man, as far as I can find out. He told this fellow that he wanted to debate the priest. The man replied: 'Use your head; if I can beat you any day in the week, what are you going to do against a learned man who will take you back to the original languages in which the Bible was written? He will make a fool out of you.' The Minister pulled in his horns. This chap, who debated

him, Father Lucas told me, is a genius in his own way. He knows pretty nearly the whole Bible by heart, the English, of course, but his interpretation is not always what the text means. However, he has done well. What I am trying to get at is this: I want to continue these lectures. Besides, I want to study Visayan; this is imperative. I also want to study up on this Normal School course, what they do, how they do it, etc. A copy of Father McGucken's book on 'The Catholic Way in Education,' or Father Swickerath's volume on 'Jesuit Education' and a few copies of 'The Question Box' by Father Conway, C.S.P., would be of real assistance."

## IRAQ

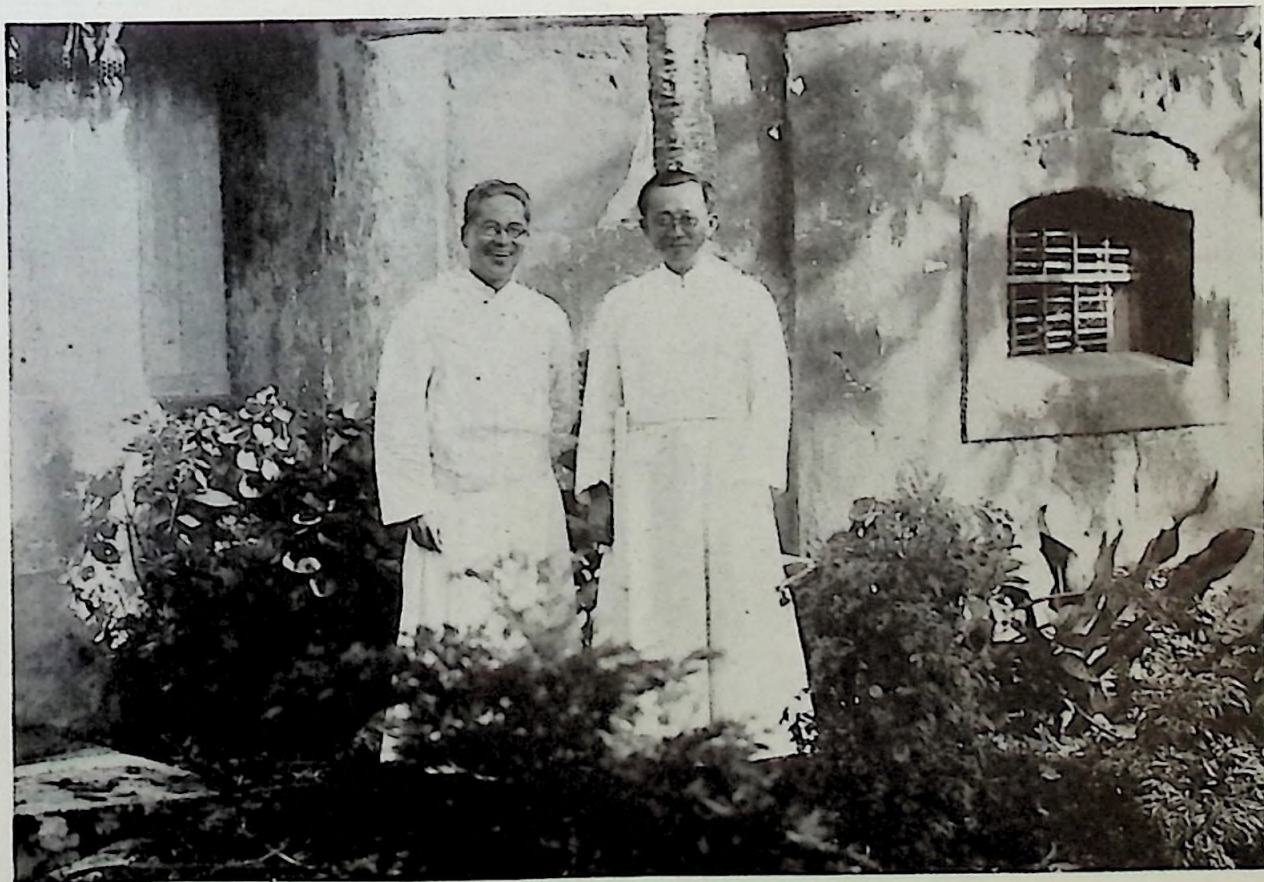
Father William Rice, S.J., Rector of Baghdad College, lets us have the last word in regard to the erection of the new College:

"Everything is moving along nicely, thank God. This week the bids are coming in for the building. Everybody has been satisfied from the Prime Minister down to the last official who has anything to do with buildings. The *Beladiyah* (Municipality) has promised to lay down the water pipes—after they were told that we would get the Minister of Interior after them—and we are going to begin, thank God. We are not so sanguine as to expect that all will be plain sailing from now on. There may be a few difficulties, but the worst of them are over. As soon as the first load of bricks comes on the scene we will get a photo of it and keep you informed of the progress."

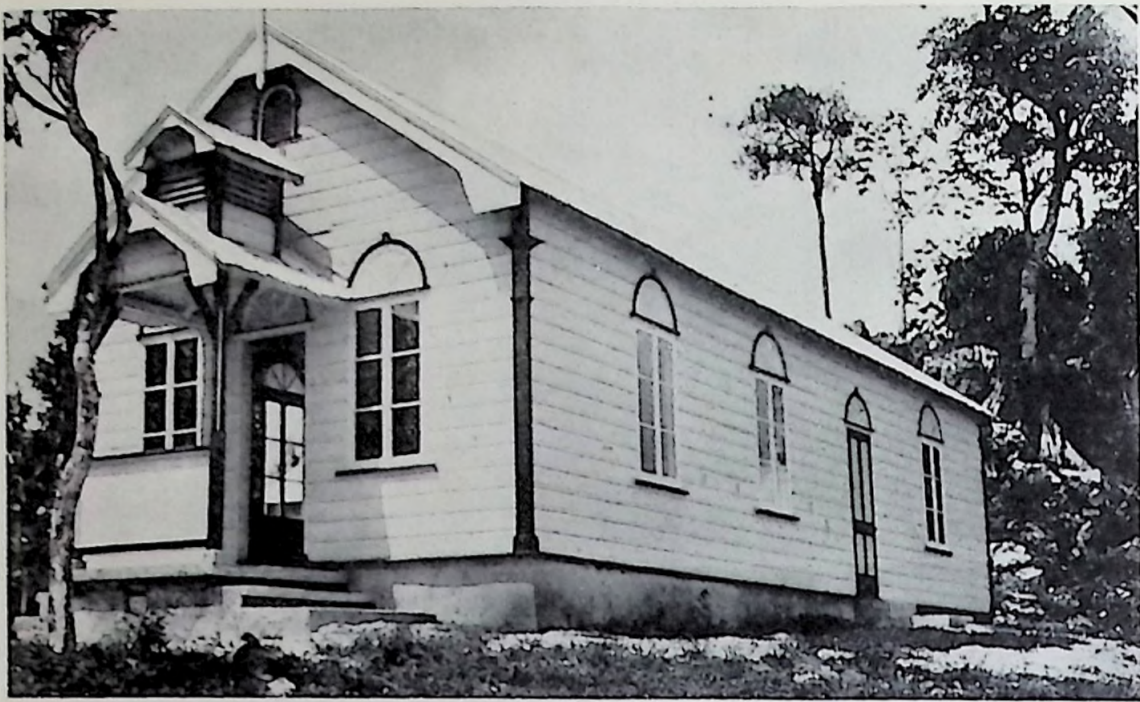
\* \* \*

Father Joseph P. Merrick, S.J., gives us information on fashions in Iraq. He writes:

"We live in the valleys of the Euphrates and the Tigris where the Garden of Eden was and where original sin began and that seems to be all some people know about the land which was successively Sumeria, Babylonia, Chaldea, Persia, Mesopotamia, Parthia, Arabia, Turkey and Iraq. Like Governments, customs also change. If you see an Iraqi with a fez he is nearly always a sedate old Jew; occasionally he is a Christian. Only Sayids (descendants of Mohammed) and Hajjis, those who have made the pilgrimage to Mecca or to some Shia shrine as Najaf or Kerbela, wear the fez among the modern Moslems and then it is encircled by the green sash of the Sayid or the cloth of gold sash of the Hajji. Yes, the fez is rare and getting rarer, for the younger generation hardly wears it at all. The veil or *pooshi* has not disappeared as swiftly as it has in Turkey or Persia but it, too, is slowly going out of style. Government decree works faster than public opinion, but both lead to the same inevitable result."



Father Augustine Consunji, S.J. (left), and his fellow Filipino, Father Joachim J. Lim, S.J., in the patio of the rectory in Jolo, Sulu Archipelago, Philippine Islands.



*St. John Fisher's Church, Christiana, Jamaica, B.W.I. The most recent accomplishment of Father Joseph Ford, S.J., present Pastor of Mandeville and outlying stations.*

### JAMAICA, B. W. I.

Father Frank Krim, S. J., forwards an account of the following experience from Kingston, Jamaica, B.W.I. He calls it "Dina- Might!" In telling the story of how a fisherman of Port Henderson near the old Spanish Capital of Spanish Town lost an arm he writes:

"Our fisherman went out with others to catch fish. The way they do it is by lighting a stick of dynamite which has a hollow fuse that burns inside. They guess when it is near the powder—after first waiting for a school of fish, of course. Then the stick is thrown in the sea and the explosion kills or stuns a barrel or two of the fish. Down goes a diver after a prize catch of juicy mullets. Up he comes and into the boat a big fellow is thrown. Then down again and so on until the fish are safely tucked away.

"But here is one difficulty. Sometimes the dynamite blows up before they guess right . . . and off goes an arm. Another old fisherman insisted on going back after losing one arm . . . and lost the other. He eats with a fork tucked inside his elbow joint:

"Another difficulty is sharks—which always come in at the explosion. The fishermen don't seem to mind them, and while the diver is down at the bottom picking up the fish, sharks are swimming around him taking their catch. As long as the fish last, the shark is satisfied. But when the fish, or the biggest ones, are gone, then 'Sailor Beware!' Better come up, as the shark is now ready for the 'piece de résistance'—the dessert!

"Does the missionary try this exciting game of dynamiting for fish? Dina Might, but not Yours Truly! And that, my children, is the story of the lost arm. We, of course, are more interested in lost souls—fishers of men. Whatever you do to make our catch bigger will mean more merit to your credit. So, with the Apostles, 'Let's go fishing, too,' for you can take part

in the glorious vocation of saving souls for Christ the King!"

\* \* \*

While we are at it, we find in our mail bag from Jamaica the following letter written by one of the Catholic Chinese boys, formerly of Jamaica and now in China, to his Spiritual Director:

"Dear Father: I hope you are well and are good times. I am miss you about ten months ago. I am for a long time don't put my pen writing with you. Please excuse me; and don't angry with me. I am always remember with you.

"I am very sorry. I miss my best church for long time. I am always remember my best church. I am always praying my best church at home. Now I am and my cousins and family keeping school at home. Very body well.

"My brother and are children reach in Hong Kong May 7. No sea sick; very body well.

"Not much to say at present but close with fondest regards, Your best sincerely boy, Patrick."

We offer this in competition with some of the English obtained by Father Edward Madaras, S.J., in Baghdad College, Iraq.

\* \* \*

Father Joseph Murray, S.J., of Holy Rosary Church, Windward Road P.O., Jamaica, B.W.I., gives a good picture of the way in which new missions may start in Jamaica. He writes:

"A certified nurse and mid-wife, not a Catholic, making one of her periodical visits to Kingston, stops in to the Rectory to say that there are some people, a family or two, from her district who would like to become Catholics. They have never had a priest, there is not a single Catholic in that district, they have a kind of Protestant service there with which they are not satisfied. Will I come and look into the matter? I promise and eventually find the time to go. I find the people very willing, full of promise, and am assured of a nucleus of perhaps sixteen to twenty-five souls if I wish to start a bit of a mission. Of course, there is hope of many more, because there are quite a large number of people round about who with regular attendance from the priest would soon be in the Fold. The harvest is ready, it is only a question of the laborer. Has he the time? Is it feasible? Will his other work suffer? Has he the funds? For the people are very poor and live almost entirely off their little corner of the mountains. The matter is at present in this waiting stage. If I can get a good catechist who has the time and the strength to climb the hills on foot once a week or so and prepare the way, later on we could baptize, and start some tiny church where Mass may be said once or twice a month."



*Father William A. Ryan, S.J., with the Sisters of Mercy and the children of St. Ignatius School, Belize, British Honduras.*

# COMMUNICATIONS

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

## Ten Years with JESUIT MISSIONS

To the Editor:

Let me compliment you on the excellent new format of your magazine. I have been a reader of JESUIT MISSIONS from its inception, and have been greatly impressed by the intimate knowledge it gives of our zealous apostles in distant and difficult places.

It is one thing to know, in a general way, that Catholic missionaries are laboring in all parts of the world, but quite another to realize through your magazine the heroic efforts they are making to extend the Kingdom of Christ. The life of self-sacrifice which the Jesuits are leading among strange and frequently barbarous peoples, is a real incentive to sacrifice and zeal for us at home.

All of us are not called to be missionaries, but we all have a duty to spread the Gospel of Christ by aiding those who are actively engaged in the apostolate of foreign missions.

Your magazine, I am sure, will continue to inspire its readers to make generous sacrifices for the Cause for which the missionaries are devoting their entire lives.

New York, N. Y.

Martin J. Scott, S.J.

To the Editor:

Allow me to congratulate you on the happy completion of ten years of service for the missions. The changes in the January number have met with favorable comment, especially the striking cover. May the year 1937 double the number of your subscribers!

New York, N. Y.

An Interested Reader.

## Those Leper Pictures Again

To the Editor:

The differing points of view in regard to the publication of pictures from the leper colony are interesting. How would you interpret the following incident?

St. Patrick's Clerical Students' Club, which meets at 30 West Sixteenth Street, New York, was favored recently by Very Reverend Columbo M. Moran, C.S.S.C., of Fairhaven, Mass., who gave an inspiring lecture on Father Damien, the Apostle of the lepers at Molokai, illustrated by beautiful slides. At the end of the lecture one of the students said:

"During the first part I began to feel that I should like to spend my life in such a mission; but, when I saw the little leper child on the screen, that ended any thoughts of such a vocation."

Perhaps another was moved to intense pity and aroused to offer himself for the work.

New York, N. Y.

John Corbett, S.J.

## A Missionary David

To the Editor:

I just received your letter dated October 3. Perhaps you think you are writing to a big fellow. I am just fourteen years old, a Freshman in high school. I know how you got my name. I subscribed for the JESUIT MISSIONS magazine when Father Feeney was trying to dispose of some here at St. Peter's Church. I have a small paper route. I pay my own expenses and the balance I leave to mother because I think I have the best mother in the world. Six brothers and sisters, one sister is in the Convent, and a daddy who is an invalid for the past seven years. With mother's permission, I am enclosing one dollar to renew my subscription to the JESUIT MISSIONS magazine. I hope you can always call me Friend.

Dorchester, Mass.

James P. Burns.

## They Always Read It from Cover to Cover

To the Editor:

Herewith you will find one dollar, one renewal subscription for the JESUIT MISSIONS. Please pardon this seeming neglect on my part, but due to the unseasonable weather we've been having this Summer—and hard work in the garden, it has been impossible for me to attend to any correspondence. However, I hate to neglect the Foreign Missions as they are so dear to our hearts—but, under the circumstances, I feel sure the good Lord will forgive me—and I promise to do better next time. We have missed the magazine as we always read it from cover to cover and find it intensely interesting. May God bless your great work.

Burbank, California.

Eileen M. Harrington

## A Native Carib Schoolmaster Writes from British Honduras

To the Editor of JESUIT MISSIONS:

To be a successful missionary priest or a schoolmaster among the Mayas, Keckchies and Carib people of British Honduras, it is really necessary for such a one to make up his mind to dive down into these people's languages before real success can be admirably obtained. Here are a few Maya, Keckchie and Carib words for the interested readers of JESUIT MISSIONS.

Carib: *Inté fada Tenk*: Father Tenk is coming. *Goon-da-gua-dina*: I am very glad. *Ca-bi-ri*: What is your name? *La-ma-dina*: I am hungry.

Maya: *Tin wihen*: I am hungry. *Toon talé padre Leonard*: Father Leonard is coming. *Téné hash contentoen*: I am very glad.

Keckchie: *Nas-tin-so-kak-la-in*: I am hungry. *Chi-coo-éh-sè-Poont*: I am going to Punta Gorda. *Anish-ca-ba*: What is your name?

I am demonstrating the above phrases for the readers of JESUIT MISSIONS so that they may fully realize that our Jesuit Fathers down here are not in the least having a pleasant time with their tasks of preaching the Gospel. Fathers John Krizek, S.J., Quirinus Leonard, S.J., Anthony Corey, S.J., and Allan Stevenson, S.J., all belonging to the Society of Jesus, are getting along splendidly in the above languages. I am deeply interested in JESUIT MISSIONS and this is derived from the fact that I am now working with these brave soldiers of St. Ignatius for almost thirteen long years, and this magazine tells something of the missions of British Honduras.

Pachchakan Corozal,  
British Honduras.

P. A. Albert Avila,  
Carib Schoolmaster.

## Union of Prayer for Peace

To the Editor:

Feeling that it may interest your readers, I am venturing to send you a notice of a Union of Prayer for Peace which I am starting in England with the approval of the Archbishop of Westminster, and in which I hope Americans may cooperate. I should be deeply grateful to you if you would give it any possible publicity in your review.

The realization of the motto of the Pope—The Peace of Christ in the Kingdom of Christ—must be the hope and the ambition of every Catholic; and however we may differ as to the natural means to be employed in working for that end, there can be no room for disagreement, in these days especially, as to the essential importance of the supernatural means, the duty of prayer. It is desirable that this prayer should be, as far as possible, corporate; and to this end it is suggested that Catholics enroll themselves in a Union of Prayer by promising to say, every day, at least one decade of the rosary or its equivalent, or, for small children, the Hail Mary three times. We shall be praying, not merely for the absence of war, but for the peace of Christ, the unity which comes of justice and charity, both among the different sections of society in our own country and among the nations of the world. Once every month Mass will be offered for this intention and that all members may share together in it, the register of their names will be placed upon the altar. For this purpose, those who are willing to join in this work are asked, as sole condition of membership, to send their names on a post-card to Father Gerald Vann, O.P., Blackfriars School, Laxton, Stamford, England.

Stamford, England.

(Rev.) Gerald Vann, O.P.

## Tenth Birthday of JESUIT MISSIONS

To the Editor:

Just ten years of mission  
Endeavor that brought the knowledge of  
Salvation to countless souls now  
United to the Mystical Body  
In compensation for time and efforts spent  
To establish God's Kingdom in the hearts of all mankind.

Many more years  
In fruitful service  
Saving souls and bringing  
Solace to the heroic missionaries in many climes  
Is the earnest prayer  
Of Veritas Catholic Action Club while  
Never losing an opportunity to increase the number of  
Subscribers who have, and will in the future guarantee the  
continuance of this real  
Catholic Action so dear to the heart of our  
beloved Pope Pius XI.  
New York, N. Y. Veritas Catholic Action Club.

# Alaska's Pioneers

Hubert Post, S.J.

**I**N our first article on Alaska's Golden Jubilee, printed in the January number of *JESUIT MISSIONS*, we gave a sort of general survey. Let us devote this present article to the earlier years of the golden fifty. Yes, fifty years it is since the undaunted and saintly Archbishop Seghers went forth to found his church permanently. Fifty years it is since he reached the Yukon, after overcoming the treachery of enemies at Skagway. Fifty years it is since he laid down his life, within a day's journey of Nulato, watering with his blood the field he had promised to cultivate.

Charles John Seghers was born at Ghent, in Belgium, December 26, 1839. There he was baptized, confirmed, and there he made his first Holy Communion. After completing his college course he entered the Seminary. Whilst preparing himself for the priesthood he felt the call to become a missionary in a foreign land. After prayer his choice fell upon the Indians of North America. Accordingly, on August 9, 1862, he entered the American College at Louvain, where he was ordained priest, on May 31, 1863, for the Diocese of Victoria, B. C. Ten years of apostolic labor among the natives of the West Coast led to his consecration as Bishop of Vancouver Island and Alaska on June 29, 1873. On July 21 of the same year, he left Victoria for Alaska, via Sitka, Kodiak and the Aleutians. What he saw and heard convinced him of the great field for religious endeavor in Alaska and of his own obligation to cultivate it. Hence he prepared himself for a long visit into the interior. After unavoidable delay he sailed for his beloved Mission on June 8, 1877, accompanied by Father M. Mandart. But he reached St. Michael's, at the mouth of the Yukon, too late to make connections with the boats of the traders. Undaunted, he ventured the difficult and dangerous portage from Unanakleet to Kaltag, met the boats and went on to Nulato. Here he and Father Mandart began at once that apostolic work which they continued so zealously under difficulties and privations until the open season of 1878. His many friends and the converts he had made were loath to see the Bishop depart. But he consoled them by a solemn promise to return early with more helpers.

**B**ACK in Victoria, he learned that he was no longer Bishop of that See, having been transferred to the Archbishopric of Oregon City as Coadjutor. While submitting himself as a man of obedience, he determined not to forget his Alaskan flock and the promised return. Accordingly, when the opportunity offered itself, he knelt



*The saintly Founder of the Alaska Mission: Archbishop Charles John Seghers, D.D.*

at the feet of Pope Leo XIII, begging with tears permission to return to his dear Alaskans. Moved by the zeal and humility of the man, the Holy Father acceded to his request and returned him to Vancouver.

**E**IGHT years had elapsed since the promise made in Alaska. To realize it he persistently begged Father Joseph M. Cataldo, S.J., Superior of the Rocky Mountain Mission, for help. Though himself short-handed, the good Father finally yielded and assigned Fathers Pascal Tosi, S.J., and Aloysius Robaut, S.J., for the laborious task. Archbishop Seghers, the two Fathers and a layman named Fuller sailed from Victoria on July 13, 1886. After a few days spent in Juneau with Father Althoff, the first, and at the time, the only parish priest in Alaska, they left on July 19 for the Chilcoot Pass and the mighty Yukon. The Chilcoots proved treacherous, extorting more than the stipulated price, thus leaving the Archbishop with very meager resources for the rest of the trip. Nevertheless, they succeeded in camping on July 26 at the sources of the Yukon, where it rushes forth in torrent fashion from Crater and Lindeman Lakes. Well-nigh a month was spent in the vicinity, carrying the luggage from place to place. After building a small wooden boat, they began navigation on Friday, August, 29, with many thrilling episodes, especially in Miles' Canyon.

On arriving at Harper's Place, a trading post at the mouth of Stewart River, they were informed that two

Protestant missionaries stationed at St. Michael's had resolved to go to Nulato during the Winter. The Archbishop feared that the Protestants might spoil the work he had already done; or worse still, render completely impossible the conversion of the Nulatos. He decided, therefore, to pursue his journey immediately. The Fathers were instructed to spend the Winter at the trading post and follow him in the Spring. While perfectly ready to obey, the Fathers hated to see him go in the company of Fuller. They begged His Excellency to be extremely careful. The Archbishop, with Fuller, floated downstream in that leaky little scow, now in danger of being crushed by floating ice. At last, worn out by innumerable privations and sufferings, they reached the small trading post of Nukloroyet, a little below the mouth of the Tanana River. Here they delayed about a month to permit the Yukon to freeze sufficiently to allow dog-sled travel.

**M**EANWHILE Fuller, disaffected perhaps by the cold and the sufferings of the voyage, but more probably by the bad advice of some bitterly anti-Christian Nukloroyet traders, who feared that the coming of the missionaries would put an end to their shady traffic with the Indians, became extremely sulky and more and more surly towards the Archbishop. He refused to do any work and contradicted the prelate on every occasion. When the river had frozen sufficiently, the fearless Archbishop set out for Nulato in company with two Indians, Koihatoy and Sennetoh. Fuller followed. After ten days' travel they reached Yissetlatoh, about ten miles northeast of Nulato. There they found one of those smoke houses the Indians use while fishing in Summer. Archbishop Seghers decided to camp there, and made ready his bedding, while the Indians prepared to occupy the opposite side of the cabin. Fuller took his post near the entrance. He refused to eat. He was quite sullen and very restless during the night. Very early in the morning he built a fire. About four o'clock he called Koihatoy and sent him for some water to prepare tea. The other Indian awoke, but did not stir. He heard Fuller mutter something to the Archbishop, go out to the sled and get his gun. Standing at the entrance Fuller shouted: "Get up, Bishop!" The prelate arose without a word and made the Sign of the Cross while Fuller shot him through the heart. Sennetoh sprang forward and wrested the gun from the murderer's hand. "I just wanted to kill that bad man," Fuller said. It was on November 28, 1886, that Archbishop Charles John Seghers died for Alaska,—a victim, perhaps a martyr of his apostolic zeal.

The news of the murder of the "Big Priest" spread



*Father Pascal Tosi, S.J., who with Archbishop Seghers and Father Aloysius Robaut, S.J., founded the Alaska Mission. He died on January 14, 1898.*



*Father Aloysius Robaut, S.J., who with Archbishop Seghers and Father Pascal Tosi, S.J., founded the Alaska Mission. He spent over forty-four years in Alaska, never once leaving the Mission. He died on December 18, 1930.*

like wildfire up and down the Yukon. By Spring it had traveled nearly two thousand miles and reached our missionaries at the mouth of the Stewart River, where the Archbishop had left them. They refused to believe the horrible report. When the river opened they took passage on the first boat bound for the mouth of the Yukon, according to the instructions left them the previous Fall. When the steamer stopped at Fort Yukon they received a full account of the terrible happenings at Yissetlatoh. Anxious to learn the consequences they pursued their course as far as St. Michael's, where a trader had temporarily buried the Archbishop. Fuller was living there in a tent. He sent word to Father Tosi that he intended to kill him. The two Fathers took turns at watching, but nothing came of it.

**I**N the middle of June the *Dora* arrived on its regular trip. On its south bound voyage Father Tosi took passage in order to bring the true account of the murder to his Superiors and receive instructions for the future. Having been urged by them to take charge and continue the work, he returned with Father A. Ragaru, S.J., and Brother Giordano, S.J. The little party reached Nukloroyet on September 21. Here they were welcomed by the brave Father Robaut, who, though he had suffered much, was quite ready to continue his Alaskan apostolate. A division of the work was determined upon in consultation.

Father Ragaru was stationed at Nukloroyet with the generous sum of twenty dollars for the support of himself and the mission. Father Robaut went to Anvik with the Brother and twenty dollars. Father Tosi, as Superior, took up his post in (Turn to page 55)

# NEW BOOKS

## The Palace Beautiful and Our Palace Wonderful

Reverend Frederick A. Houck

Man and man's soul as the spiritual temple of God is the subject matter of these two volumes both of which retain the figure of "The Palace Beautiful" making man the architect of the same. They teach one how to dig a foundation out of Faith, to raise the superstructure of Hope and to cement the parts with Charity. The architect's plan is the Divine Archetype Himself, Jesus Christ. In "Man's Place in Visible Creation," the author illustrates the Providence of God in furnishing "The Palace Beautiful" with all the creatures in the mineral, vegetable and sensitive kingdom, drawing from each proofs of the finality in the world and refuting adversaries of the same. Man's natural and supernatural purpose in life are emphasized, explained and established and the author is careful to note how in keeping with the dignity of the Mystical Body of Christ the study of the visible creation begets the love of man as well as the love of God. The volumes form a new heliotropium.

Frederick Pustet Company, New York, \$1.25 each.

## The Priest Who Failed

Rev. Charles J. Mullaly, S.J.

Twelve tales of heroism that entertain while they inspire and which introduce the reader to characters that belong to the world's truly great. There is the successful failure, Saint Noel Chabanel, S.J., murdered by American Indians; there are characters from the French Revolution who lived to see Robespierre instead of themselves destroyed by the Lady Guillotine, the perfect actor and Mexican martyr, Father Miguel Pro, S.J., the famous Father Chaminade or The Tinker of Bordeaux, Eva Laval-liere, a popular pet of the Paris *Variétés* who, foiled as she contemplated a suicidal plunge into the waters of the Seine, lived on to stage a spiritual triumph as Eugenie-Marie-Pascaline Fenoglio. The revolutionary heroism of these heroes and heroines and the apostolic aftermath to their lives will be for the reader sources of deep inspiration as well as an unquestionable proof that despite the warfare that is life, the grace of God has not vanished from the earth.

Apostleship of Prayer, New York, \$1.00.

## The Catholic Digest

One is chary in these days, when publications multiply as if by magic, of recommending any new aspirant to the Periodical ranks unless it is justified by a useful if not an apostolic purpose. On this point The Catholic Book and Magazine Digest passes muster with citations for real merit. The variety and excellence of the selections in Nos. 1 and 2 of Vol. 1, bristle with the promise of good things

to come for which a Catholic and a non-Catholic reading public should be grateful. The Catholic Digest does for Catholic publications what The Reader's Digest does for publications in general. In all truth, it bids fair to be "The Golden Thread of Catholic Thought."

The Catholic Digest, St. Paul, Minn., Subscription rate, \$3.00 per year.

## My European Diary

Daniel A. Lord, S.J.

Pompeii, Naples, Rome, Florence, Venice, Austria, Paris, Brussels, London, Oxford, Ireland—a sightseeing tour of them all with youth's most popular American Catholic writer. Succumbing to the inevitable urge of all travelers, Father Lord offers in "My European Diary" a barrage of pictorial shots taken from many angles and interpreted by picturesque and newsy captions *a la* the best in modern journalism. Of course, no mere amateur journalist could ever hope to assemble the heterogeneous tidbits of historical lore which the author draws from his mental filing cabinets or evokes from past memories which drape themselves naturally as a perfect background for his reflections on the cities which he visited en route. The Diary is not merely topographical, it is, albeit unconsciously so, autobiographical as well, a fact in which the author's countless friends on both sides of the Atlantic will rejoice. For in these pages they will catch him in informal poses and at unguarded moments, and may revel with him in the holiday spirit that pervades each page. Father Lord is an expert guide but no dry Baedeker. His comments on life refresh the well springs of knowledge and inspire even while they entertain. With him, the reader may listen in as he interviews the great and lowly of Europe. With a word here or a thought there, an allusion now or a quick click of repartee, he is able to penetrate the mystery of Europe for untraveled minds and to bring us nearer to this land of our fathers and of our fathers' house. For many the most interesting chapter will be that on Ireland, and one reason for this is the following quotation taken from the author's interview with President De-Valera: "The aim of all our efforts is to make sure of a continuance of the Irish people as a distinct people with their language, customs, literature, traditions, Faith. Our heritage is too precious to allow it to be swallowed up by an alien race." Or again: "Catholic social and political philosophy is put into action in Ireland. We believe in the importance of the individual and in his destiny. We do not grow enthusiastic about that inanimate thing called the state. The state must be for the sake of the individual. The individual is not for the sake of the state." The book has all the charm and culture of the Old World, interpreted by a leading exponent of the New.

The Queen's Work, St. Louis, Mo., \$2.00.

## American Opinion of Roman Catholicism in the Eighteenth Century

Sr. M. Augustina (Ray), B.V.M., Ph.D.

Conceived in the spirit that "to know all is to forgive all," we are here presented for the first time with an encyclopedic survey of early American opinion of Roman Catholicism and a most startling investigation and exposé of the origins of anti-Catholic bigotry. The author draws her material from the English Historical Tradition before and after 1688 and from this same poisoned well as it infected the Colonial Clergy, Colonial Education, Colonial Literature, Colonial Action, during the Pre-Revolutionary Decade, during the Revolution itself, and at the making of the Constitution. The bibliographies are arranged for use with each chapter and are the obvious result of intense and far reaching research on the part of a careful student. They contain collections and digests of laws, ecclesiastical documents, sermons, petitions, tracts, records, memorials, diaries, periodicals and encyclopedic literature, charters, statutes, acts, Colonial and State archives, publications of historical societies, manuscripts and printed sources, articles, addresses, early American poetry and drama, and appeals and broadsides, the Library of Congress collection of these latter, comprising some one hundred and eighty volumes dictated over the years 1760 to 1789. In a word, the author has tapped practically every available vehicle of oral and written expression in her search for data. The result is a most appalling revelation of the depths to which Protestant ignorance, deceit and consummate knavery descended in its bigotry towards Catholicism. Though not written with this intention, as we have noted already at the beginning of this book review, the volume is nevertheless an indictment of Protestant chicanery as lurid in its coloring as it is historically scientific in its basis of fact. No apologist who deals with the Protestant mind of today will ever be able to understand it fully unless he first acquaints himself with this unique and tremendously important contribution to interdenominational understanding. A copy should be in the hands of every Catholic priest, teaching Brother and Sister, and educated members of the Catholic laity throughout the United States. In order that modern Protestants might make restitution at least in part for the sins of their Fathers, we suggest that they both purchase and read "American Opinion of Roman Catholicism in the Eighteenth Century" and after having done so themselves, that they place a copy in every public school and public library in the country. One lesson for Catholics is clearly drawn, namely, the fact that eternal vigilance is the price of religious tolerance.

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## A MOTHER OF INDIA SPEAKS

(Continued from page 32)

"For what use is all this wisdom? I want to become a simple Jesuit missionary. If I go to college I may lose my vocation among the pagan college students."

"Last January he came home for his holidays. We wanted to see if he was really sincere in what he said. We took him to Calcutta and gave him every kind of enjoyment that could attract him or give him pleasure. We spent a month there. On the way home we asked him if he still wanted to become a priest. He replied that he would remain firm in his decision to be a Jesuit no matter where we took him. We did not encourage, neither did we discourage him, for we felt it was up to him to decide. When he said he wanted to go we gave our consent."

"This morning for the last time we all gathered around the little altar in our home to pray. After our prayer we told him how happy and proud we were that he wanted to become a Jesuit priest, and we each gave him our blessing. Only then we told him what we had done when he was a wee baby. Before he went we told him that at the beginning he should write to us often, and then by and by less frequently."

"Remember, you belong to God now and must not let any natural affection for us, your brothers or sisters, draw you away. You must not worry about us in material matters or if we are sick, for God will provide for us. The main thing is that you are happy and pray very much; then you will be able to draw down many graces."

At this point tears filled her eyes and her voice was shaky; one could feel the great sacrifice this dear mother was making. Then amid tears her eyes told of the true resignation. "God has given and He has taken away; blessed be His Holy Name."

"To lead a Catholic life is hard," she said, "and we must bring many sacrifices."

How many heroic mothers and fathers in other lands have brought the same sacrifice in giving up a dear boy or girl? Be of good cheer, dear parents, your reward is great, not only in the next life, but also in this. He Who reads the hearts knows and understands.

## FOOLS IN PARADISE

(Continued from page 33)

self transported across the ages to the time when God walked the earth with men.

Again, it was at Babylon, not far from Baghdad, that God confounded the wickedness of King Nabuchodonosor and preserved the three youths unscathed in the midst of the fiery furnace, where they burst forth into the *Benedicite* which the priests of His Church recite now daily.

Further, this is the land of the Tower of Babel, the land of Nimrod the mighty hunter before the Lord, of Daniel and the lions' den, of Tobias and the Archangel

Raphael, of Jonas and penitential Ninive, of the Prophets Nahum and Habacuc and Aggaeus, and traditionally of the three Magi who were called by the Star of Bethlehem to visit their new-born King.

To the tourist of today Iraq may be a forlorn and God-forsaken country, and its glories may seem all of the past. But God smiled upon it once, and through His Vicar upon earth He is smiling upon it again. At least I like to think that Baghdad College and the American Jesuits, not excluding myself, are God's smile to Iraq.

## COASTAL TRIPS AND MISSION VISITS

(Continued from page 37)

is much to be deplored all through the Colony. There is a decided improvement, but matters are still far from being perfect.

I found in Stann Creek as in other places, that the parents are quite too easy-going in the training of their children. Many of them give no cooperation whatever to the Sisters and the Fathers in the school, and any reprehension of their children, no matter how well merited, is made by some of them an occasion to display ill will and a lack of common sense. I warned our Catholics against the encouragement of certain racial antipathies that I heard existed among them. (To be continued.)

## "TIMETABLE" AT HOLY CROSS

(Continued from page 41)

and the rain holds off, whenever there is a fifth Sunday in a month, which means three or four times in a year. The narrow roads are easily washed out by heavy rains. A sick call to Hagley Gap means about one full day out of the week.

This is a bare outline of the routine work Father McDonald did while at Holy Cross, and which is still being done there. It means constant journeying, continual planning, everlasting supervision. Without the assistance of the Sisters, especially at the outlying stations, the work would be obviously impossible. The priests may come or go, God may even call some of them from their labors, but the same or nearly the same group of Sisters will be found regularly at their post. What they cannot do with their hands and their labor they do by prayer. I am sure Father McDonald continues to bless these companions-in-Christ who are still in the field.

## ALASKA'S PIONEERS

(Continued from page 53)

Nulato. Thus the three Fathers faced the misery of an Arctic Winter in utter poverty and want, separated from one another. But the evangelization of Alaska was begun, and three of the most important points were occupied.

Although the Winter of 1887 was very hard, all went well except at Anvik, where Father Robaut, sick with typhoid-pneumonia, would have lost his life but

for the resourcefulness of the devoted Brother Giordano. To add to his troubles, he found that the Reverend Mr. Chapman, an Episcopalian, had established himself there. Hence it would be prudent to look for another location.

The following Spring, 1888, the Brother was called by Father Tosi to Nulato and asked to put up a cabin twenty by thirty feet, which became the first Catholic Church in northern Alaska. Fathers Tosi and Ragaru consulted with Father Robaut with regard to its location. A favorable spot was found at Koserefsky, and building operations began. The July steamer brought a Father, a Brother and three Sisters for the school which was to open as soon as buildings could be erected. Meanwhile the good Sisters lived in tents, suffering many inconveniences for the love of the cross; hence the name Koserefsky was changed into Holy Cross, now the most renowned mission on the Yukon. Father Tosi, the Superior, remained with Father Robaut and Brother Giordano to help the Sisters, while the others went off to take care of the remaining two stations.

The work so far was mostly among the Indians. Father Superior did not want to neglect the Eskimos along the Bering Sea. Upon the arrival of Fathers Muset and Treca, in 1889, he brought them to what we now term Nelson Island, to start a new Mission.

The evangelization of Alaska was now well under way. Eight Fathers, five Brothers and six Sisters were laboring in the new mission field. Father Tosi thought it opportune to go to Rome and report. The authorities there were so well pleased that they constituted the Alaska Mission into a Prefecture Apostolic in 1894, naming Father Tosi, S.J., first Prefect Apostolic. The zealous Father thus returned to his beloved mission with greater powers, more recruits and better financial aid. But Father Tosi had labored beyond his strength. He took sick and found himself obliged to hand over the guidance of the Mission to Father J. B. René, S.J. Till the last he was unwilling to leave Alaska. He retired to the Sisters' Hospital in Juneau, where he passed to his heavenly reward on January 14, 1898. The Captain of the Fort, in token of the high respect in which Father Tosi was held by all, ordered a salute of three guns as the steamship *Bear* sailed away with the body on board. The health of the new Prefect Apostolic gave way under the strain of overwork as had the health of his predecessor. He resigned in 1904.

His successor was the Very Rev. Joseph R. Crimont, S.J., then Rector of Gonzaga College, who had already spent many years in Alaska. He reentered the field with such joy and determination that the growth of the Catholic Church in Alaska drew the attention of the Roman authorities. They decided to raise the Prefecture into a Vicariate Apostolic. Undoubtedly, July 20, 1917, when Bishop Joseph R. Crimont, S.J., was consecrated, was one of the greatest days for the Mission of Alaska.

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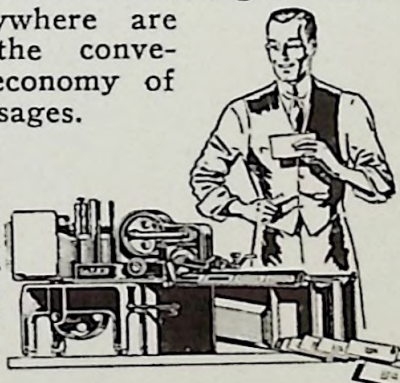
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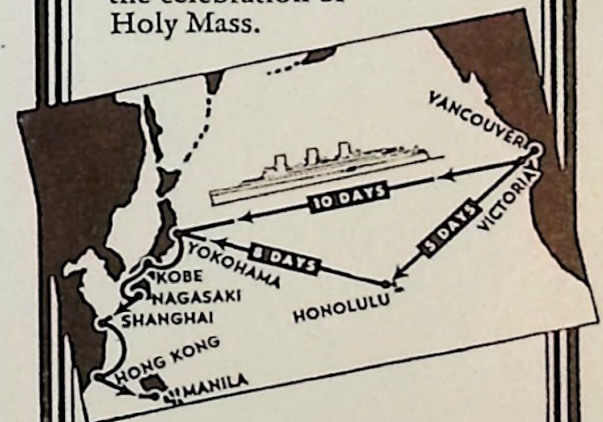
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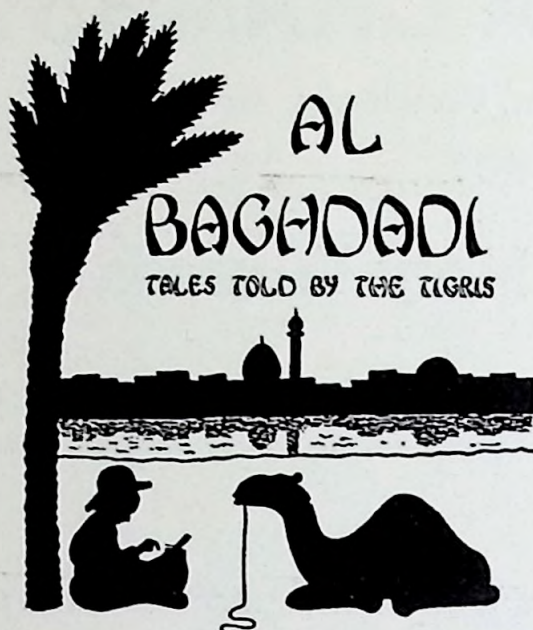
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