

JESUIT MISSIONS





RT. REV. JOSEPH N. DINAND, S.J.
Vicar-Apostolic of Jamaica
Bishop of Selinus

Jamaica's New Bishop



"At home" on a banana plantation in Jamaica.



HE choice of Father Joseph N. Dinand, S.J., President of Holy Cross College, as Vicar-Apostolic of Jamaica and Bishop of Selinus has met with universal satisfaction.

It is the twentieth year since Father Dinand, bidding adieu to Jamaica, closed a brief missionary career there. Yet Jamaicans still remember him and are quite elated over his appointment.

Back in 1904 the new Bishop was just one of a group of Jesuit priests at St. Andrew-on-Hudson. They were receiving the last finishing touches of Ignatian training at the hands of that master of the spiritual life, William O'Brien Pardow, S.J. It was then that Father Dinand's missionary vocation asserted itself.

The Heroic Commonplace

When the period of prayer and probation came to an end he was off for Jamaica, a hidden and lonely mission of the American Jesuits. Now Jamaica is well known to the mid-winter tourists with its balmy, salubrious climate and its quaint folk and striking show places of nature. These are all more attractive in the glow of the romance that has gilded them from the days when buccaneers made Jamaica the centre-house of their revels and the treasure-house of their plunders. For the twelvemonth inhabitant romance loses its power and Jamaica becomes a mission which demands the heroism of the commonplace. It offers none of the magnetism, because it has none of the thrills of more attractive missions farther afield. Here there are no serious dangers to the missionary's life from man, beast or reptile. To

JUST a few outstanding facts from the career of one who has always been a missionary at heart and has been called unexpectedly from the presidency of a prominent college to the post of a missionary Bishop in a Caribbean Isle.

this quiet mission where thousands of black and brown men were to be saved came Father Dinand in the summer of 1905, with the intent and pur-

pose of living and dying on Jamaican soil.

An Earthquake and After

There is one danger that threatens every dweller in Jamaica, native or otherwise. Earthquakes have a way of paying periodical visits to this Caribbean isle. A terrific one came in 1692 and toppled the buccaneer city of Port Royal into the sea. None ever came more violent than the one which in a few seconds made a graveyard of Jamaica in January, 1907. That upheaval of nature brought ruin and death to thousands. The escape of the Jesuit missionaries seemed almost miraculous.

Father Dinand at the time of the



Chapel in Gordon Town, Jamaica.

shock was teaching in a large classroom in a wooden portico behind the college building. All the other classrooms were destroyed; this one withstood the strain. Now the Bishop-elect would disclaim all heroism; but heroes of the commonplace are not usually found wanting when the uncommon demands heroism. The American Naval Officers who came in the first day of the catastrophe were quite loud in their praise of the cool courage of the missionaries. Through the afternoon and night that followed the quake, Father Dinand was busy administering the Sacraments and extricating bodies of living and dead from the ruins. The days that followed were like some horrible nightmare. But the stark terror of this terrific visitation was relieved by the heroism of the Fathers and Sisters, by the abundance of graces manifestly poured out, and by the patience and resignation of the Catholic flock.

An Educational Mission

If Providence removed Father Dinand from Jamaica in 1908, it is returning him nineteen years later with interest. During those nineteen years of absence from Jamaica, Father Dinand has never been forgotten. He was needed for administrative work in the North, and to the North he was sent. Called to the presidency of Holy Cross College, he worked energetically for the development of a greater Holy Cross. There can be little doubt that the progress of a Catholic movement is regulated and measured by the progress of Catholic education. Holy Cross with the splendid intellectual and religious training she gives, fructifying as it does in an abundance of priestly vocations, is a symbol of the splendid progress of Catholic education. The Bishop-elect, it is right to believe, had no doubts about the missionary characteristic of Catholic education. If he gave himself up with all his splendid enthusiasm to the task of making Holy Cross a foremost exponent of ideal Catholic training, it was because he was a missionary at heart and because he realized that home or abroad, there is no greater missionary than the Catholic teacher; no more needed mission than the Catholic College; no mission heroism higher than the heroism of the commonplace as exemplified by the religious teacher.

New Administrative Task

Father Dinand was made President of Holy Cross in 1911, and held that post all through the trying days of the great war until 1918. The rather un-

A Voice from Alaska

THE ice is just breaking and begins its long seaward course, and I must get ready to leave for Holy Cross to fill up the hole left by the death of good Father Rossi. It is very hard

to cope with the present urgent needs, after the loss of so many efficient workers. Four are dead; two invalids are unable to work; all of them knew and spoke the language either the Tena or the Tunuit. The young men must hurry and come to the front as good Soldiers of Christ. The harvest is ripe in many places, but the laborers are wanting. Meanwhile the Lutherans push ahead, invade our district and spoil the work already done or ready to be done by us. It is heart-rending.

Fish Village

"Last March I was sent to replace Father Lonneaux at Akulurak, during his long trip to Nelson Island. After a long and very cold day's traveling, we reached the village Tkaloriligament (if this word proves too hard for your tongue or jaws, follow the easier nomenclature of the white

men, and call it simply Fish Village). It is a small village, the last of this district, but a very good one. There are here a number of our old pupils of Holy Cross and Akulurak, and this is an evident proof

of the utility, not to say necessity, of boarding schools. They are the good leaven among the others. All are Catholics and attend well and devoutly. They long and ask for a chapel and a school for the young ones. We try to satisfy their just request, but with so many changes and few men, it is not easy.

At Akulurak

"Next day, I reached Akulurak, and I was lost. What a change since I left less than two years ago, namely, since the fire! It was really a blessing in disguise. A new large house for the boys, a kind of palace for the Nuns and girls, new laundry, new sidewalks, splendid new furniture. It is a wonder, the amount of work that was done in such a short time, with such scarce means, in such a country, where very difficult communica-

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"The ice is just breaking."

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Aboard the Santa Maria

ALLAN A. STEVENSON, S.J.



Helping Father's dory over a rapid (above).

A Carib congregation in the bush of British Honduras (below).



BY sailboat and launch and dory, on horseback and on foot, Father Stevenson has been carrying the message of the Gospel to Whites and Indians and Caribs in British Honduras for many years. Just a "bush and coast missionary," he calls himself. A spirit of apostolic optimism helps Father Stevenson to make light of difficulties, and a spirit of adventure aids him in getting a real thrill out of his trying journeys. His zeal and enthusiasm are characteristic of the thirty-five American Jesuits laboring in the Colony of British Honduras.



AM sitting in our mission motor boat, "Santa Maria," presented years ago by the late Mr. Fusz of St. Louis, when his son was bush and coast missionary of the Punta Gorda District. My destination today is Crique Sarco, an Indian village on the upper Temash River. The trip will take about five and a half hours, and as there is nothing to record so far, I'll tell you something of my missionary activities since mid-December.

Christmas with the Caribs

Some twelve miles south of Punta Gorda, along the Caribbean coast, lies the Carib village of Baranco. The villagers there are among my most appreciative mission children. As they

were very anxious to have their "Föder" for Christmas, I secured permission from my Superior in Punta Gorda to spend the great Feast with them. As my "Santa Maria" engineer, "Sammie," was too busy preparing the church at Punta Gorda for the celebration of Christmas, I went to Baranco in a little sail dory. Great was the joy of the Caribs when they saw that I had come to spend the Feast with them.

"Now we are going to have real Christmas with midnight Mass and everything."

And they had it, even "Silent Night," although I could not tone them down to the desired piano or pianissimo, for the Carib is essentially noisy. The "all is bright" was most emphatically true, for the whole church was lit up with candles, and only candles, for we

had no lamps, no gas, no electricity. There were candles on the rafters of the roof, candles on the window sills, candles on the altar and high above the altar—a really pretty sight. My sermon was interpreted by the schoolmaster; and it was a treat to watch the eager attentive faces of the little ones as the maestro repeated my English version of the Christmas story in their native Carib language.

After midnight Mass the children, according to Spanish custom, had the "Pastores," a kind of sacred half play and dance and half adoration which they hold before the Niño (Child Jesus) in church. The rather long "Pastores" is sung in Spanish, though very few of our Carib children know that language. At two o'clock I managed to get to bed, but sleep was only intermittent on account of the noise

and howling for the rest of the night. Yes, one would prefer to write more idealistically about the Christmas celebrations; but the Northern Christmas sentiments do not thrive here in the tropics. It is easy to keep the people in hand while they are in church, but not outside of it. The Carib dances, especially when accompanied with drums and monotonous but wild howling, seem to conjure back the aboriginal conditions in the jungles of Africa or South America—wherever the Caribs come from.

Morning dawned after restless hours and I celebrated my second and third Masses. Hymns were sung in English. The "Angels we have heard on high," with the "Glo-o-o-o-o-ria," seemed to appeal most to the people. There were about sixty Communions at these Masses, but comparatively few children. Soon after the last serv-

The laborers employed in these ranchos are Ladinos and Coolies. The former are Spanish-Indian mestizos, mostly from the neighboring republics of Guatemala and Honduras; the latter are East Indians who came here via Jamaica. At a central place in these ranchos we have a bush church and school, that is, a building made of rough sticks and a palm leaf roof. I always preach both in English and in Spanish in that church.

At Midnight on the Caribbean

Monkey River was the next mission visited. This place is thirty miles north of Punta Gorda, on the coast. I had intended to go there on our "Santa Maria," but as a sailboat from

Benediction at midnight on the third day. As far as the natives were concerned, the last night was the most important, because it was the end of the year, and these natives like the "watch night." The Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament is given after the twelfth stroke of the New Year's bell. I had High Mass next morning at 7:30, without organ, and later visited different families, especially those who were sending their children to the Anglican school where the white resident parson is teacher. In our school we have only a Carib maestro, who, however, gets a much higher average of "passes" in the government-conducted examinations. As both schools are aided by the government, and hence in a sense are public schools, both are subject to inspectors sent by the Belize authorities. They examine only in the secular branches. The various denominations may teach their children religion. We take advantage of this and teach religion for half an hour daily; the others do not do this, and still we are ahead of them in the secular branches. The "public school question" is solved ideally in our little colony.

Aerial Parcel Post

On Sunday, January 2nd, I started from Monkey River for Cowpen, a distance of about forty miles. It may take twenty hours or more by dory, but there is a shorter way if you can let the natives know you are coming. If you can get word up in time they send a horse down to Pine Ridge Creek, an hour's paddling from Monkey River. But this time I could not get word up beforehand. Since it was dry weather, however, I decided to tramp the fourteen miles across the Pine Ridge. This is not exactly bad in fair weather, but in rainy weather it is awful. The footpath through the heather grass is a little canal, one to three inches deep. One must wade through two big swamps and swim across two swollen creeks. I have done that repeatedly. Once it was a circus. The Cowpenners had been advised of my coming and had sent on two men and three horses. They had been able to cross the upper creek, but when they came to the lower one they had to stop, for it was too swollen for cavalry maneuvers. When I arrived, they were waiting patiently on the other side. I had my rubber boots on and used them as aerial parcel post to fling them, stuffed with my clothes and other things, across the creek. They were emptied and sent back to me for a reload. Four or five boot-loaders sufficed to get my belongings across; then I swam

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Bishop Joseph Murphy, S.J., of British Honduras and his Moko River escort—some of Father Stevenson's parishioners.

ices were over, the "Santa Maria" made her appearance to take me back to Punta Gorda. The return trip in our little launch took less than half the time I had spent the day previous coming down by dory.

Ladinos and Coolies

The next Sunday I gave to an entirely different class of people, namely, the Spanish element in our rancho church. These ranchos are sugar plantations controlled by Americans from the Southern States whose fathers came here after the Civil War. The settlement is just west of Punta Gorda.

Stann Creek was about to return to that place, thus passing Monkey River on its way, I decided to avoid the expense of the motor trip and go by sail. I had reason to regret it. The thirty miles took nearly seventeen hours in calm and head winds. We were opposite Monkey River at midnight. The sloop "Piedrad" had towed my little skiff, the "Imaculada," and so I got into my own little boat and rowed alone at midnight into Monkey River. The church at this place is dedicated to St. Aloysius, and I had come to give a tridium in honor of the bicentenary of the canonization of the Saint, which was to close with

From Crib to Cross

JOSEPH L. LUCAS, S.J.



Father Lucas at the door of his church in Jasaan, Mindanao.



February nineteenth I issued forth by skiff to complete the Christmas visitation of our farthestmost barrios. It was a case of paddle your own canoe, or pull and push it as occasion demanded. My little craft entered the harbor of Binnangan, its pilot looking like a boiled lobster and feeling much like the same delicacy. When I arrived, the town was in the throes of its annual Fiesta. Hearing the salvos of welcome, everyone turned out to catch a glimpse of the first American Jesuit to set foot upon their hospitable shores. Escorted by the Governor and President, flanked on all sides by the Fiesta committee and principal men, the mob drawing up in the rear, I journeyed to the mountain's summit where a feast was in readiness. We ate the banquet dinner in three languages and half a dozen dialects, enough rice being visible to feed a Chinese army through three or four revolutions.

Ford and Pony Thrills

The next month was spent in romancing for new souls, which brought me into the very heart of the Bukidnon Mountains. In my travels I followed the advice of Horace, mingling the pleasant with the useful, journeying by raft, skiff, launch, Shanks' Mare, Pony Express and Ford. Would that I could sing the beauty of these various modes of travel under an Oriental sun and tropic rain! By far the most thrilling are the Pony Express and

THIS is the second part of a vivid account of the experiences of one of the American Jesuits who last year left the States to begin his missionary life in Mindanao, Philippine Islands. In the September issue, Father Lucas gave us the story of his first Christmas among the Filipinos. In the present number, he tells of the elaborate ceremonies and solemn impressive processions of Holy Week and Easter as they are celebrated in typical Filipino style in distant Mindanao.

Ford. Twice, at the mere drop of a coconut, my little pony elected himself to a stellar rôle, choosing the narrowest edge of the cliff for his performance, with the result that I have lost several highly prized relics, the most notable being the saddle which I honestly believe, the renowned Queen Isabella presented to some very ancient mariner of Spain.

Journeying in a Ford on what is called a road, always on the sheer edge of a mountain side, holds a thrill absolutely unique. Fortunately a few extra legions of Angels were guarding the path on the six thousand foot

grade, since the differential broke once, and the brakes twice refused to work. With lives in hand and hearts in mouth, we managed to reach level ground. Little indeed was accomplished on this expedition; however, the air was sanctified with the Holy Mass, the people met an American Padre, the students of all public schools received a talk, and the graduates of two provincial high schools listened to an English commencement address.

The Twelve Apostles

Just as I was about to pay a visit to the Moro country, word came to hasten to Jasaan, in Misamis, to replace during Holy Week an old Spanish Father worn out from thirty-three years' labor on the Mindanao Mission. The customs and ceremonies of Semana Santa, or Holy Week, were more realistic and colorful than any I ever witnessed. On Palm Sunday everyone brought a large coconut branch to the church, and the procession looked like a moving forest.

On Holy Thursday, when turning around to distribute Holy Communion, I was non-plussed to see the twelve Apostles, represented by the ancients of the people, grouped around the Altar. At noon I assisted at the "Last Supper of the Apostles," serving them and giving them an alms, as did all the people. At 3 o'clock, Fathers Mahoney and Gisel from Manila caught me in the act of washing the feet of the "Apostles." They were so impressed, that all unknown to me,



Pony Express.

Father Gisel snapped the scene, while I was engaged in my humble task.

The Repository is called here the "Monument." It nearly reached the ceiling and was approached by a flight of steps which covered the Sanctuary. The decorations, gifts of the people, were munificent and tasty. A pilgrimage to the Monument lasted far into the night, and all took turns in watching devoutly before the Blessed Sacrament.

A Passion Play

The Good Friday services were most impressive. I preached in Visayan, the "Seven Last Words," once prepared in English to sway the walls of some vast Cathedral of the New World. Out of reverence for the poignant sufferings of the Crucified, the good people knelt during the whole time, meditating on each word, and their rapt attention throughout was most inspiring, even though a little disconcerting to a novice in Visayan. The procession which followed was a gorgeous pageant and moving tableau. Life-sized groups in brilliant colors, representing each Station of the Cross, were carried on the shoulders of chosen men, while in the same way the Daughters of Mary carried a figure of our Sorrowful Mother. The Apostles surrounded the Tomb of our Lord. On one side of the Stations walked men and boys dressed in white, and on the other walked the women and girls dressed in the black native costume. The children, grouped between the different Stations, scattered flowers along the way. All seemed filled with the solemn penitential spirit, and walked the Way of the Cross, much, I imagine, as the first Christians ascended and returned from Golgotha. Bamboo arches lined the road of

march; the houses were tastefully decorated with banners, candles and flowers; and the band, bombs and clappers furnished sufficient noise to represent the clamor of the rabble.

Thrilling Pageant of Easter

The clangor of the bells, hushed and silent for two days, burst with renewed vigor as the "Gloria" was intoned on Holy Saturday. Bells and bombs made the hills ring with a thousand echoing tongues. Flower petals and brilliantly tinted leaves fell in showers upon the Sanctuary, while the band and choir added their measure of exultation to the joy of the sacred occasion. The exactness and splendor of the ceremonies, together with the awe-inspiring din, made of this Feast a combination St. Peter's, Rome, and first Armistice Day, America.

Before the High Mass on Easter Sunday two processions started forth, the men in one direction, carrying the figure of the Risen Saviour, the women in the opposite direction, carrying the figure of our Sorrowful Mother. Both processions met under a decorated bamboo arch erected on the square opposite the church entrance. In a balcony appeared two husky Angels adorned in glistening garments. The Angels sang "Regina Coeli Letare, Alleluia!" and then lifted the black robe of sorrow from the shoulders of our Lady, and behold! she was radiant in white raiment. Joyfully the procession now wended its way across the plaza, band blaring, singers chanting, bells ringing and bombs detonating. Truly it was the culmination of a wondrous Passion Play, carried out with all the fervor and enthusiasm of a simple devoted people, a thrilling pageant, instinct with a spirit of reverent faith, a soul-stirring drama, wherein mystic sentiment was immortally wedded to

practical devotion. From Crib to Cross in Mindanao, amidst poverty and hardship, one learns from these innocent people that abandonment into the hands of Divine Providence is the keynote of the missionary's life. For the Crib and the Cross reveal wondrous possibilities and wretched realities.

MEDICAL MISSION DAY

BECAUSE St. Luke is known as the Patron of medical societies, his Feast Day, October 18th, has been chosen by the Catholic Medical Mission Board as *Medical Mission Day*.

Medical missions include the medical training of missionaries in first aid, rudimentary medicine and tropical hygiene, the training of natives in medicine and nursing, the dispensing of medical aid by missionaries to natives of the mission field in districts where other medical help is unknown.

Often, medical aid is the means through which a missionary may reach those to whom he wishes to preach the Word of God. Then, in addition, medical missions are a practical expression of true Christian charity.

The Catholic Medical Mission Board is young and needs help to assist missionaries in giving them training and in sending them supplies and personnel. It is asking its friends throughout the whole world to join spiritually on October 18th, to pray for the advancement of medical mission societies. Readers of *JESUIT MISSIONS* are asked to help in making this day a day of prayer and sacrifice for the missions. Those wishing to get in touch with the Mission Board may address letters to the Reverend Director, Catholic Medical Mission Board, 25 West Broadway, New York City.



A fashionable wedding in Salay, Mindanao.—Father Lucas officiating.



Father Florentine Digmann, S.J.

Another Hero of South Dakota

HENRY S. SPALDING, S.J.

THE writer of this sketch is the well-known author of many popular Catholic boy stories of adventure. His work of gathering material for a new book brought him to the Sioux Reservation in Dakota where the American Jesuits are laboring for the salvation of the Indian. Father Digmann, S.J., beloved Black-robe of the Sioux, the subject of the sketch, is known among the Indians as "Putin Sapa" (Black Beard). You will enjoy the interesting story of his life.



WHEN President Coolidge went to the Black Hills of South Dakota for his vacation, the eyes of the country followed him. Stories of the past were recalled and repeated. Records were opened and reporters found that the vast region of the Black Hills was included in the territory ceded to the Indians by the Treaty of 1868. The heroic death of Custer was retold. Then there were other men of heroic mold—William Lardner, who headed the expedition to Deadwood Gulch in 1875, Dan Muskle, J. B. Pearson, Ed. McKay, and others of western fame. Nor must we forget the brave Annie Tallent, the first white woman who resolutely faced the dangers of the Black Hills.

But I must tell you of another hero of those early times. Yesterday I talked with him for an hour. He is eighty-two years old, strong and erect, with the bearing of a soldier. And soldier he is and was—a soldier of Christ. I refer to Father F. Digmann, S.J., who for forty-one years has labored among the Sioux Indians of Southwest Dakota. From his mission home at St. Francis, he rode forth to take care of the scattered Sioux Indians.

He Needed at Least Six Angels

Father Digmann arrived at St. Francis Mission on August 5, 1886; and it was on August 5, forty-one years later, that I sat in his room

and listened to the story of his life work. I had just returned from a drive over a hundred and fifty miles of the country where he had labored, and I had witnessed enough of the hardships to impress upon me the sacrifices he had made. I was, therefore, in an attentive mood; and on the anniversary of his coming he was more than interested in the years that had passed.

I have heard of servants of God who were blessed with an Archangel as a guardian. I do not know whether Father Digmann had an Archangel to watch over him during those long years; but he needed at least six An-

gels. Certainly one was needed for each wheel of his buggy, and one for each horse.

Sleeping in Indian Huts

Father Digmann gained the good will of the Sioux Indians by mastering their language within a few months. Arriving in the summer, he was able to preach to the people in their own language in November. To him were given the small missions scattered throughout the Reservation. Often he was on the road for six weeks, sleep-

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Famous Eucharistic Procession on the Sioux Reservation,
"Bad Lands" in the distance.

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JESUIT MISSIONS extends heartfelt felicitations to Bishop-elect Joseph N. Dinand, S.J., and wishes the richest blessings on his new work.

MISSION SUNDAY will be celebrated throughout the world on October 23d. This by the express wish of the Holy Father is to be a day of missionary propaganda. At every Mass a special prayer is to be said for the diffusion of the Faith. The sermon is to deal with some mission subject and all the faithful are to be urged to join the Society for the Propagation of the Faith. Remember our Jesuit missionaries in your prayers on that day and help to make known their work by spreading the influence of JESUIT MISSIONS.

MARYKNOLL and all her friends have been rejoicing on the consecration of her first bishop, Right Reverend James Edward Walsh, D.D. Now there comes the announcement of the selection by the Holy See of the Right Reverend Edward J. Galvin, as the first bishop to be selected from the members of the Society of Saint Columban, Nebraska. JESUIT MISSIONS wishes to congratulate heartily both these societies consecrated to the conversion of China on the honor which is theirs in the glory of their sons.

WE thank Father Eugene McGuinness for the following generous praise of Jesuit missionaries which we have extracted from an article by him in the

September *Extension Magazine* wherein he closes up his account of a recent tour of investigation in the Philippine Islands.

"Someone said that Americans make poor missionaries, but that was prior to the Maryknoll men's entrance into China and Korea, and to the acceptance of the Misamis missions by the American Jesuits. Do Americans make good missionaries? I'll say they do, but there are entirely too few of them over here. Given a hundred Americans like Fathers Sullivan, Holland, Daly, Cortis, Lucas, McGowan, O'Hara, Mudd, Rafferty, Hayes, and the virility of Catholic action and thought would force not only attention but admiration. Work? Like Trojans, and they love it. On this air they start splendid schools, but God gives the increase, and success is assured. I think we should be God's instrument in this matter and give them the wherewithal to press ahead, for their coming to Misamis has meant much for the Church."

Very kind and very good, Father McGuinness. However, we would not have you forget that Fathers Thompkins and McDonough and Monahan were great missionaries in the Philippines before the days of Misamis. Also some day we hope that you will investigate the work of American Jesuits in Patna, India, which is achieving such astonishing results. Nor may we let you forget that in Alaska, amongst the American Indians, in British Honduras and in Jamaica, American Jesuits have been quietly and effectively performing a great mission task for many years back. We are very grateful to you, Father McGuinness, and we thank you.



The Jesuit Observatory at Zikawei, in China, has given and figure standing (See

WRITING in the *New York Herald-Tribune*, Sunday, August 21st, on various phases of native uprisings in South America, Walter S. Hiatt has this to say about the old Jesuit Missions in Paraguay.

"ARCADIA" FOUNDED BY JESUITS

"Without such pious intent the reds may be using such interior posts to teach that which the Jesuit Fathers actually practiced in this very interior from 1607 to 1767. It was here that the Jesuit Fathers did one of their most monumental works. They tried to establish in this region of the upper Paraguay a communistic settlement that would live forever, where man might be free and happy and good. Their work was among the Indians, particularly the Guarani, who today form the major portion of the population of Paraguay. The Jesuits began their experiment for the purpose of saving the Indians from the slavery and degradation to which they were subjected by the early Spanish colony of Argentina and the Portuguese one of Brazil.

"They built in all thirty-two missions that taught religion and handicrafts and agriculture to the Indians; they brought the Spanish orange to the country, as other priests did to Florida; they brought in horses and implements, and for a long time were successful. Now and again they were harassed by slave-seeking bandits from Sao Paulo de Piratouanga, 800 miles distant, men not unlike the Puerto Marinho outlaws in mentality. They were also disturbed by the Spanish from down river, who wanted slaves. Too, they were accused in Europe, at the Spanish court, of secretly mining gold which they would not surrender to the crown. At any rate, the enemies of the company in Europe having grown too strong, King Charles III of Spain finally issued a decree banishing the Jesuits from these colonies, and this threw the Indians upon the tender mercy of civilians. Whatever of good there is in Paraguay today, com-

Remember Sunday, October 30th
Feast of Christ, the King!

Prayer to Jesus Christ, King

O Christ Jesus, I acknowledge You as Universal King. All that has been made was created for You. Exercise over me all the rights that You have.

I renew my baptismal promises, renouncing Satan, his pomps and his works, and I promise to live as a good Christian. Especially do I pledge myself by all the means in my power to bring about the triumph of the rights of God and of Your Church.

Divine Heart of Jesus, I offer You my poor actions to obtain that all hearts may recognize Your consecrated Kingship and that thus the Kingdom of Your peace may be established in the whole world. Amen.

petent authorities hold, originated with the Jesuits, many of whose old missions and churches still stand. 'A Vanished Arcadia' is the name given to their work by Cunningham Graham in one of his books."

When will the world learn that the greatest civilizing and educational force that the world has seen is the Catholic Church? When the world learns that, we shall not be forced to witness such a spectacle as is now being staged in Mexico in the name of liberalism.



THE Feast of Our Lord, Jesus Christ, King, was established by our Holy Father, Pope Pius XI, as a reminder to the peoples of the world that Christ must reign not merely in the hearts of individuals or in families but in civil society, over all nations and over every aspect of human life. This year the Feast will be celebrated on October 30th, the last Sunday of October. On that day in every parish church of the land the Act of Consecration of the Human Race to the Sacred Heart of Jesus will be recited. All who are present and have received Holy Communion will have the privilege of gaining a Plenary Indulgence. In that Act we shall implore the Divine Redeemer to be "King of all those who are still involved in the darkness of idolatry and of Islamism" and to "refuse not to draw them all into the light and Kingdom of God." Let us storm Heaven with our prayers for the conversion of the world!

A Plenary Indulgence has been granted by the Holy See to all those who recite after Holy Communion the prayer to our Lord, Jesus Christ, King, that we have printed above. It can be gained daily under the usual conditions of confession, Communion and prayers for the intentions of the Holy Father. The translation we give has received the approval of His Eminence, Cardinal Hayes, Archbishop of New York.



prestige to the Church. Father Lejay, S.J., is the seconding right to left.

FROM MANY CLIMES

Mindanao, Philippine Islands

Father James T. Hayes, S.J., has been appointed Superior of Cagayan de Misamis. This involves control of the eight mission stations now under the direction of the American Jesuits in the Philippine Islands. Father Hayes is well known to a large circle of New Yorkers, having been for some time Dean of Discipline at Fordham University. Whilst the elevation to his present post is a sign of great confidence reposed in Father Hayes by his Superiors, it involves unusual cares and heavy responsibilities. Doubtless, many former friends will be anxious to communicate with the new Superior of Cagayan. They may do so by addressing all letters to him at Cagayan de Misamis, Mindanao, P. I.

In a letter from Father Joseph J. McGowan, S.J., Sumilao, via Bukidnon, Mindanao, P. I., there is an interesting account of some of his work. "On one of my trips, a Manobo lad of eighteen years came to me for instruction. He is a poor, hard-working boy and a child of God's special love. It was a pleasure and a joy not of this world to sit with him in the dark, when his day was done, and tell him the great story of the Cross. He had on a shirt, three parts of which were holes; but his soul was solid as his shirt was not, and white as his face was black. Laureano listened as a child would listen to his brother back from sea. The next day he brought me his sister, brother and stepmother, a boy and a little girl. I instructed them all, using little Vincente as interpreter. Those are Divine words indeed that say: 'And they shall be

taught of God.' As all bent over the crucifix it was plain that they saw with the eyes of Faith. At the start of the Baptism they laughed, as we say, like fools; but that laughing meant nothing. At the end of the great act which made them children of God, they were as serious as a man going up for his ordination. Next day five more came, children of the woods. They, too, heard the great truths and were finally baptized. From their faces you could see that some one other than I was talking to their hearts. They returned to their homes with large pictures of the Holy Family sent me from the States. Before these they kneel each day and make their acts of love of God. The trip I had made to these natives was swaying to the body, for there was little food and long waiting, but still, I can say in truth that I came home with less fatigue from that journey through mud and water, than from many gatherings where we talked in innocent fun but did not open the Gates of Heaven to human souls. The field is white for the harvest, if

only we farmers can get tools and transportation to reach the field and to gather in the crops. For this, prayer comes first, then the material means."

From Cagayan de Misamis, Father Robert Holland, S.J., writes: "I am giving a retreat, the first ever heard of here, to the Cagayan High School students. I was agreeably surprised at the numbers, nearly two hundred, I think, in spite of unheard of rains. The boys and girls were deeply interested in the answer to the question: 'Why did God make me?' Sometimes, when I put a rhetorical question, I would get, 'so'tto voce' answers. This pleased me, for it seemed to show not only interest, but that I was understood. One has to use a very simple brand of English, for though these young folks learn English far better than we learn Visayan, still, big words and involved constructions are useless. . . . Speaking of negatives,—ask a child: 'You will not do that again, will you?' 'Yes, Father.' But it means 'no,' on the principle, I suppose, of 'Yes, we have no bananas!'"



(Left to right) Fathers James T. Hayes, S.J., Patrick Rafferty, S.J., and Daniel Sullivan, S.J.

"The Ford sent me by the Holy Cross students last year is surely doing all that was expected of it and more," writes Father Daniel Sullivan, S.J., from Tagoloan, Misamis, Mindanao, P. I. "Like a faithful salesman, who visits the trade regularly, and picks up lots of business, I have been able to multiply my efforts and the fruits thereof many fold. This Ford is a blessing for me in my work. I have many, many sick calls in places that are very difficult to reach."

Writing from Davao in Mindanao, Philippine Islands, Father Patrick Rafferty, S.J., says:

"The sorrowful thing about Mindanao, as it strikes me, is that the poor *pagans* do not get a chance. And yet, the missions of Mindanao were started for the benefit of the *native pagans*. The work of the pioneer missionaries was among them, and was very fruitful and hopeful. But the number of Christian Filipinos coming down here from the islands further up north has been so large that the few priests have more than they can do to attend them.

"The ship that brought me from Manila to Zamboanga picked up in Cebu about one hundred immigrants. After a stay of a week in Zamboanga I took ship for Davao and found that also packed with immigrants for Davao. And the story goes on, week after week. No priest comes with them, for none can be spared from the parishes from which they come. Meanwhile we have to leave the pagans inland untouched, unenlightened by the Faith of Jesus Christ. Meanwhile, too, the Catholic children are growing up in ignorance of their Faith."

More priests! More Sisters! Young America, do you feel the challenge to your apostolic spirit?

* * *

In early September, three more American Jesuit Fathers sailed for the Philippine Islands. They are: Father J. J. Bolster, S.J., of St. Joseph's College, Philadelphia, who had previously labored in Jamaica; Father F. W. Henfling, S.J., and Father J. M. Prendergast, S.J., who is returning to the Philippines where he labored as a missionary some years ago.

* * *

Patna Mission

Face to face with what is admitted by those who know India to be one of its most difficult missions, the Fathers in Patna Mission are by no means disheartened. In their personal letters to the editors and in their own little Patna Mission Letter there breathes an optimism that is delightfully contagious. That their problems are great becomes evident when one realizes that in addition to the language difficulty and the danger of tropical diseases there is that gigantic obstacle of caste which rises like an almost impregnable steel barrier before the missionary when he tries to make single or even smaller group conversions from Hinduism. The problem will remain baffling until the



A few members of Father McGowan's squad.

Christian population is large enough to form its own solid social group. At present, in a population of 25 million souls, there are a scant six thousand Christians. But what Christians many of these must be! In Bettiah, which is blessed with probably the greatest Christian settlement in the Patna Diocese, 25,000 Holy Communion from January 1st to June 15th of this year were received. This figure shows a general average during that time of about sixteen receptions of Holy Communion per communicant. Does your city parish equal that? The voices of missionaries and Christians in vast pagan Patna unite in their famous prayer to Christ, the King of kings. "Jesu Khris! Rajat Tera Raj Awe!" "Jesus Christ, King! Thy Kingdom Come!"

Father Henry I. Westropp, S.J., once great apostle of the American Sioux and at present spending himself for the conversion of the Hindu in Patna Mission, writes that he has had to give up work at Victoria Mission. Father Westropp, never a healthy man, did a giant's work at home and in the mission field. All who have worked with him witness to the fact that he is a wonderful influence in the mission. Father writes that the strain finally became too great, and he had to take a smaller mission where he hopes to work for the conversion of the millions of pagans around him. His new address is: St. Joseph's Church, Jamalpore, E. I. Ry., India.

Word has just arrived from India, stating that on July 10th, Father John A. Kilian, S.J., took charge of Victoria Mission. Father Kilian's successor at Motihari has not yet been announced.

The many friends of Fathers A. Pettit, S.J., and P. J. Sontag, S.J., will be pleased to learn of their success in establishing the High School in Bettiah, Patna Mission. And now with the lately arrived help of an American Jesuit scholastic, Mr. Paul Dent, S.J., we look for great things from Bettiah. Optimism breathes in the lines that come from the American Jesuit Fathers in far-off Bettiah. They are great builders for the future, dreamers of dreams that are based on visions of a greater Catholic people in a land where paganism's millions well-nigh smother the scattered thousands of Christians. But the builders of Patna Mission schools see into the future. They see brave Christians, self-sacrificing catechists, zealous priests coming from their schools. And their dreams are not futile, for already young men have gone from the schools to prepare for the priesthood,



Father Henry I. Westropp, S.J., and Hindu converts.



Father P. J. Sontag, S.J., teaching Calvary's lessons to Hindu pagans in Patna, India.

Chaplain of St. Michael's Boarding School in Digha Ghat at Kurji in Patna Mission, assistant editor of a small but interesting diocesan paper, in charge of more than one mission station,—this would seem to be work enough for one able-bodied missionary, but Father Charles Miller, S.J., is nurse besides. He writes: "It is now 2:30 P. M., and from 12 until 2:15 I was nursing sick natives, one with an ulcerated knee, another with an ulcerated finger (this has cost me five days of nursing already), and a third with a case of malaria. A bad knee, a running ear and a case of malaria were cared for. The patients were dismissed as cured today. For the past two weeks I have put in over two hours a day on cases. In an hour I start for Khagaul to instruct a convert. I shall be back before 6:30. Then I must clean up, for it is raining hard and driving a motor cycle through muck is no play for white pants. I have not even had a chance to start my Office for today."

+ + +

Father James Creane, S.J., laboring in a new sector of Patna Mission, namely, at Champagnagar on the E. I. Ry., India, has some interesting items for JESUIT MISSIONS readers. He sends the following paragraphs to the editor:

"*Hindus honor Mary:* How is this for strategy? Two Hindu women came into the compound begging some flowers to place in their temples for puja (worship) purposes. I explained to them that really I could not give them flowers for that, but would they sit down for a minute? They did so and I proceeded to tell them why I could not give them flowers. I insisted that I would gladly give them

two bouquets if they would place them where they would do much more good. So we went into the church and up to Our Lady's altar, where I explained to them who she is and why we pray to her. Then I gave them each a bouquet to place before the statue. They took them and offered them to Mary and then knelt in reverent prayer invoking our heavenly Mother for favors.

"*Swimming the Ganges:* There was a great hubbub out on the Ganges here a few days ago. Looking out over the river I saw a strange sight. There was a boat midway across, filled with natives whooping and shouting. They were followed by a long black line of Indian buffaloes, bellowing and bawling. It was a sight long to be remembered, that spectacle of half a thousand buffaloes racing across the river. Splendid swimmers they are, and fast. Great was their excitement as they rushed along the shore just after emerging from the river. The padre sahib (the name

they give us priests) was warned to beware and keep at a distance lest the animals attack. You see, I had rushed out to try to get a snapshot of the animals while they were still in the water.

"*Snakes:* My school teacher got the scare of his life the other morning as he started to hop over the back fence. He heard a hiss and saw the rising hood of a cobra coiled on top of the wall. What is worse, the snake escaped and is still at large. I am not over anxious to have that sort of neighbor. On another occasion, a friend who lives nearby looked up into one of his trees and there, much to his surprise, saw a huge snake, some seven feet long, looking for birds and bird eggs. We had one of those deadly kraits in the house in Jamalpur a month or two ago. Fortunately, here in Champagnagar, they have not become quite so familiar. But centipedes share our humble dwellings with us; only recently two of them paid me a visit. My latest discovery was a little fellow crushed between the folds of my collar."

+ + +

"If Protestants allow their sons to go to foreign lands to teach those poor people false religions, my son is going to get all the encouragement and help I can give him." The words were written by a zealous Catholic father whose Jesuit son has been chosen by his Superiors for work in the missions of India. Comment is unnecessary; the words are gold of the coinage of Heaven.

+ + +

The American Jesuit Fathers in Patna Mission have been overjoyed at the announcement that the Sisters of Mercy of the Holy Cross, Holy Cross



Father James Creane, S.J., Patna Mission, and his bike go navigating.

Convent, Merrill, Wisconsin, will accept American candidates who enter with the express purpose of future missionary work in Patna, India. The Holy Cross Congregation has had Sisters from the European convents in Patna Mission for some years.

✦ ✦ ✦

Alaska

Father John P. Fox, S.J., a California Jesuit, has just left for the arduous missions of Alaska. He promised to send some interesting accounts from the land of snow and ice. The American Jesuits in Alaska have very little contact with the outside world, for their frozen territory is in communication with the States during the late spring and the summer months only. The long Alaskan winter nights are a real trial to the missionary; but then, no obstacle is allowed to stand in the way of bringing the message of salvation to souls that must be saved, and so the missionary in Alaska goes out in cold and darkness in search of his scattered flock.

✦ ✦ ✦

Montana Mission

At Missoula, Montana, on August 19th, Father Laurence Palladino, S.J., pioneer missionary and well beloved priest of the Indians of the Northwest, was called to his reward. He was ninety years of age, having been born in Italy on August 15, 1837. He entered the Society of Jesus in Italy when he was eighteen years of age. Most of his priestly life was spent as a pioneer and an apostle of the Church in Montana. He was not content to instruct his Indian wards solely in the truths of Faith, but he was their teacher as well in the arts of civilization, giving them lessons in farming and the erection of buildings. Father Palladino is also well known by the interesting history he wrote of the Church in Montana, entitled, "Indian and White in the Northwest."

✦ ✦ ✦

Süchow, China

Father George Marin, S.J., formerly associate editor of JESUIT MISSIONS, has left for Belgium where he will spend a year of special study in ascetical theology. From Belgium he will go direct to Süchow, China, where the Jesuits from Canada have been doing missionary work for the conversion of the Chinese.

The Canadian Jesuit Mission in Süchow, China, has been invaded by the Southern armies. The churches and residences are occupied by the soldiery, while the missionaries themselves, for the present at least, are allowed some small room in their own houses. Judging from the general methods adopted by the invading

come to the Jesuit University at Tokio. Since the great earthquake in Japan, the University has been on the verge of ruin financially, but now, through a timely loan of money, the University will be enabled to establish itself on the scale required by recent changes in Japanese law.

✦ ✦ ✦

Zikawei, China

Father Pierre Lejay, S.J., director of the observatory at Zikawei, China, was a recent visitor at the principal observatories in the United States and Canada, and at the editorial office of JESUIT MISSIONS. He has departed for France, where he will spend two years in special study and after that will return to China to resume direction of the observatory. Though only twenty-nine years old, Father Lejay is a veteran of the World War in which he took an active part at the very start. He served as artillery officer, and received frequent mention and several decorations. After the war he studied at the Electricity Institute and at the observatory in Paris. His scientific discoveries gained recognition for him from the International Union of Astronomy, and he was soon sent by the French Government to the observatory at Zikawei. For scientific purposes, Zikawei is one of the most important points in the East, and its observatory is known the world over. While at this station, Father Lejay perfected the wireless telegraphy lamps. His newly invented lamps have been adopted by the American scientists. By means of these lamps, the inventor can determine with extreme precision, the longitude of the observatories of San Diego, Zikawei and Algiers.

✦ ✦ ✦

Woodstock

At Woodstock College, Woodstock, Maryland, under the direction of Father John Hurley, S.J., a large mission exhibit is in preparation. The theologians wish to make their charts and outlines the very latest and most accurate in telling the Catholic world what the Jesuits have done and are doing in mission fields. When completed, the exhibit will demand a large-sized living room for adequate housing, and will be so constructed that it can easily be boxed and shipped to different places asking for it. The maps and outlines are being drawn up with an eye to imparting their message at a glance, omitting useless details. Interesting pictures and enlightening statistics will help to make the exhibit all that is or can be ex-

ONE of the WORLD'S GREAT MEN

IN a Filipino village far up in Mindanao's Moroland dwells a Jesuit Brother with a Jesuit missionary. The priest proclaims the Brother one of the world's great men. The Brother came there some seven years ago. He helps support the mission by his orange grove. He made pineapples to grow where there were none before. He built a house of wood where all other houses are of grass. An army officer said of him: "What an officer he would have made in the army!" A non-Catholic doctor exclaimed: "If that man were working for self he would have millions out of this land."

The doctor was amazed that the priest and the Brother should live in such a desolate spot. The comment of the Brother on this was: "Only for the love of God can we live here." That just explains the Brother's life, writes the priest. "To me he is among the great men of my little life. He has a poet's heart, a giant's will, a faith like Peter's, and a love like John's."

Young men of America, even though you have not felt the call to the priesthood, even though life in the world is sweet and satisfying, Jesus is calling from many a lonely mission station where there is a place for you on the frontiers of the King. You may obtain further information by writing to the Editor.

armies, the Fathers will soon find themselves entirely exiled from their mission homes.

✦ ✦ ✦

Tokio

Thanks to the efforts and influence of the Very Reverend Father General of the Jesuits, financial assistance has

pected of it. Letters from Jesuit missionaries the world over have brought the desired information and pictures. The theologians hope that their exhibit will be completed early in the fall.

ABOARD THE SANTA MARIA

(Continued from page 166)

across myself. I remember another occasion when I was forced to swim across alone, carrying my outfit as best I could. I held my bundle up in the air with one arm, and with the other and two normally effective legs, succeeded in reaching the other shore. Then I had to tramp five more miles through the nice warm water of the narrow footpath and the swamps, while the tropical sun was beating down on me. My feet were so badly swollen that I thought I would have to open the mission in Belize "ex cathedra."

A Tramp of Five Hours

This time there were no such adventures. The walk over the wide Pine Ridge with its distant view of the Cockscomb Mountains, is delightful. But five hours with a wallet over your shoulders is enough. I did not attain the result for which I had undertaken this journey to the small out-of-the-way flock, but then, we know that nothing is lost that we do for the Lord. The following day I returned on horseback to Pine Ridge Creek, from there by dory to Monkey River, and then I got ready to sail back to Punta Gordá on the sailboat which was to bring some twenty mahogany cutters with their families down to my main station, from where they were to travel on large river dories to the camps on the upper Moho and Rio Grande Rivers. There was no favorable breeze, so it took us fourteen hours to do the thirty miles. As the hold of the boat was overstuffed with people and baggage, I decided to spend the night in the open. Happily, there was no rain except a little drizzle which I weathered under an old sail. I spent from January 4th to 10th at home in Punta Gordá. Now I am off again, bound, this time, for Crigue Sarco where the Kekchi Indians live. I shall tell you about them in my next letter.

ANOTHER HERO OF SOUTH DAKOTA

(Continued from page 169)

ing in the Indian huts and sharing with the redmen in their frugal meals. No; frugal is not the word. Often he came to an Indian hut and found the inmates without a thing to eat. The whole family lived in a single small room; and here, with the children and

or shut a gate, away they went, leaving him to walk some ten miles. To prevent this, the Father finally adopted the scheme of carrying a long rope which he held while he opened or closed the gate.

So you see why Father Digmann needed at least two Angels to watch those two ponies. And now for the four Angels at the wheels. I drove for fifty miles over the country where Father Digmann has labored. I am told that the roads have been greatly improved. Let us grant that they have been improved! What must they have been forty years ago! I saw deep gulches. Let me correct that. I drove along deep gulches where the least slip meant the complete destruction of the buggy; and slipping was an easy thing after the heavy rain that came down upon my companion and myself. Now there is where an Angel was needed at every wheel. Then, I drove along in the summer time, and Father Digmann was out many a winter day and often during a winter's night, when the road across the hills was entirely obliterated. How he followed those so-called roads in the depths of winter, night and day, I am not able to explain, for there were no fences to guide him out here where you will go for many miles without seeing a fence or even an Indian hut.

And After Those Many Years

Good Father Digmann! How strong he looks after those long years of work! His beard is as white as the drifting snow; his eyes are bright and his mind is clear. His is an interesting life. Through cold and heat; in thirst and hunger and fatigue, he had labored on. If others bore suffering for the mineral treasures of the Black Hills, he endured even greater trials for the higher purpose of bringing the message of salvation to the land of the wigwam.

What has been the fruit? Of course, Father Digmann was only one of the many missionaries in this part of the country. The results have been most consoling. I do not say that they are ideal; for you will not find the ideal in the best and largest parishes in our cities. But great things have been accomplished. I have had an opportunity to observe the Catholic life of the Indians in a dozen chapels. I

INSPIRATION ROCK

DOWN in the broad, vast Southwest, close to Zuni, stands a gigantic rock. The Spaniards call it El Morro; the Americans have named it Inspiration Rock, because the deeds and sacrifices of the men whose names are engraven there on have been a source of inspiration to those who read them. In the early days of the Spanish Cabeleros, when travelling was extremely dangerous not only from hostile Indians but from the hardships of the desert as well, from heat and thirst and fatigue—in those days the valiant Spaniards stopped by the rock and cursed that they had passed that way, Paso por aqui! And below they wrote their names and their birth places in old Spain, so that, if they did not return, friends would know they had been that way, and had died in endeavoring to extend the domains of the Spanish king.

"He passed this way!" Here are his footsteps! The poor remember him, the outcast and the unfortunate recall his name, it is written in the hearts of the lonely and the needy. How much better is this than having one's name engraven on stone! Tablets of rock crumble. Even the Sphinx, that silent watcher of the desert, is beginning to crumble, to fall into decay, but a kind deed has its reward here and its reward hereafter; for the second great commandment has its royal recompense. Eternal Truth has said that He would always remember the cup of cold water given in His name. And did He not single out his obscure Jew and write her name on the enduring tablet of Christianity because she had done a service to Him? So will He remember your names. The man or woman whose measure of kindness is heaped up and running over, who is always ready for the need of suffering humanity, cannot enter a church without finding a reminder in the gratefulness of the Master to Veronica, that Jesus still loves the poor, and that the towel of service that wipes away tears of sorrow and blood, will still be found with God's blessing, God's gratitude, God's fame upon it.

D. F. McLA., S.J.

the dogs, the missionary found shelter from the raging storms and cold, which often was twenty degrees below zero.

But I must explain why Father Digmann needed the six Guardian Angels. His Indian ponies were the meanest things that ever drew a buggy. They played so many tricks on the missionary and delayed him so often, that he suspected they were in league with the devil. Some days they would run away; if other days they refused to move. If he got off to open

have said Mass for them and have given Benediction. I have heard the Indian children, far out on the Reservation, sing a High Mass. I have given Holy Communion to a dying girl in a summer camp. Far away from school and chapel, she yearned to receive our Lord in Holy Communion. I have found great faith and real fervor among these children of the plains. Remember that their grandfathers were the savages who murdered the troops of Custer and fought at Wounded Knee.

A VOICE FROM ALASKA

(Continued from page 164)

tions handicap the work in summer, while the long, intense winter cold makes any outside work impossible. But with the help of God and of good



Ready for School?

benefactors, the means were not wanting, and the wonderful energy of Father Lonneaux, assisted by our devoted Brothers, working day and night, skillfully directing everyone and everything, brought about a gigantic accomplishment. It is really hard to understand how Father Lonneaux could stand such exertion. He looks tired and in need of rest. The flu made us a visit, too, and took some

victims, eight at Pilot Station; no-body here, thanks be to God.

Priest Wanted

"At Pilot Station, the people are clamoring for a resident priest, or at least resident for several months; at Takohak also, and we can make only very few short visits, and give them words of hope. How sad! Chukartulik, also, the new place started by Father Keyes, needs its church finished. The people there need plenty of instruction. They are practically pagan. Such is the actual condition of this promising district, which now will be left to the mercy of God, and to the care of two catechists not yet well trained. As you see, we need lots of prayers and good, willing, self-sacrificing men, who will not forget that St. Michael, the Archangel of the Last Judgment, will be there not with the modern registering machine to count the souls, but with the scales to weigh them, as our saintly General, Father Martin, wrote to us: 'Let the Alaskan missionaries be men of faith; and not look for numbers. The glory of God is absolutely independent of numbers; it depends only on the amount of faith and love, which is displayed by the missionaries. The missionary, who at the cost of months and years of labor, converts one soul only, gives more glory to God, than those who convert 5,000, if he has more spirit of faith and more love than the others.' This is the only point of view. Yes, plenty of faith, plenty of generosity, plenty of prayers, is what we need."

JAMAICA'S NEW BISHOP

(Continued from page 164)

usual honor of being named a second time President of Holy Cross came in the summer of 1924. The administrative skill developed in these years will be well employed in the Vicariate of Jamaica. His return there will doubtless mean more to Jamaica than his constant presence might have meant during all these years. Men do not easily forget Father Dinand. His Caribbean friends have not forgotten him all these years. Neither will his North-ern friends forget him in the years to come; nor will they forget the great mission task that still confronts him, greater even than he has ever faced before.

In 1894 American Jesuits took over the Jamaica Mission from their English brethren and have developed the precious heritage under two American Jesuit Bishops, Rt. Rev. J. J. Collins, S.J., and Rt. Rev. Wm. O'Hare, S.J. The population of Jamaica is approxi-

(Continued on page 178)

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Miss Mary Mackey of New York City left a legacy of \$8,000.00, Mass Stipends, for Jesuit Missionaries. These have been distributed amongst the Jesuits representing the Provinces of North America on the missions.	

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JAMAICA'S NEW BISHOP

(Continued from page 177)

imately 900,000. Of these, 600,000 are negroes; 240,000 are browns. Only 45,000, or approximately one in twenty, are Catholic. The new Bishop was born on the feast of St. Francis Xavier. Providence has prepared for him a spiritual principality of 900,000 souls which is the number that one tradition estimates was the spiritual fruitage of Xavier in the East. Bishop Dinand began his external priestly life as a missionary in Jamaica and his remaining years will be employed in tilling that field as missionary Bishop. Jamaica only loaned Bishop Dinand to New England and Holy Cross. They, doubtless, will help him in the serious mission task to which he will turn the hands that are being prepared by the sacred oils of episcopal consecration. Bishop Dinand will be consecrated at Holy Cross College Chapel, Worcester, Massachusetts, on Sunday, October 30th, Feast of Christ, the King.

+ + +

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