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May, 1929



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OUR LADY OF CHINA

THIS picture of our Blessed Mother is very popular in Christian China. The photograph here presented is from a copy at the Jesuit mission at Sienshin. One hundred and nineteen native and French Jesuits are in this mission.

Well!
of
ALL



"Bhagalpur mission school . . . in the making"

Things!

J. A. Creane, S.J.
Missionary at Bhagalpur, India

BHAGALPUR boarding school mission history is in the making. You will be interested in its latest chapter. A week ago last Wednesday the boys, old and new, some thirty in all, were to come in from the villages in the southern part of our district. We had prepared dinner for them and were eagerly and anxiously awaiting their arrival. But instead of the boys, James, one of the teachers, drove up in a *thika gari*, a hired carriage. We asked him where the boys were. "Nahin ate hain," "they are not coming," he said. Then he explained.

As soon as the train on which the group was traveling left the station at Mandar Hill, some Hindu passengers began arguing with the teachers who were accompanying the boys, accusing them of bringing the boys *jabardasti se*, forcibly, and with the sole purpose of making them Christians. This, of course, the teachers

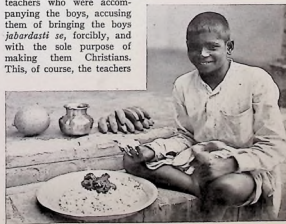
denied and insisted that the boys were coming of their own accord and that their becoming Christians would be a matter of their own free choice. But those Hindus could not brook the idea of pagan boys going to a Christian school. Things came to a climax at Dhownee, the half-way station, when some fifteen of them forcibly put the boys off the train and threatened to cut their throats and throw them in the Ganges if they continued their journey to the hated Christian school.

THERE followed the most miserable night we have had this year, a dreary cold night with rain, thunder and lightning. You can imagine how our hearts and our sympathy went out to the poor lads left to the inclemency of the weather with no food and very little clothes, twenty miles from Bhagalpur and still further from their homes. Where they were or what they would do we knew not. One teacher stayed with the boys and the other came on to inform us. There had been no time to make any arrangements or come to any agreement before the train started off. The situation looked bad in the extreme. It seemed that we were going to lose all the boys from that section. Were they to go home, and it seemed quite probable that they would, there was little likelihood of their ever returning.

After a hurried interview with Father Stoy, I hopped on my bike and dashed off in the darkness with only a flashlight to illumine the way to see the Deputy Magistrate, a Catholic. Since the incident happened outside of his jurisdiction, he could do nothing. He advised me, however, to see the Collector. So next (*Turn to page 119*)

THE COVER PICTURE

With searching eyes, China today is looking towards Christianity. The yellow harvest is turning white. Pray for China. Photo by McTear & Co., Shanghai.



"They had got some food from a nearby bazaar."



"In the heart of Arapahoe country."

Among Arapahoes and SHOSHONES

Thomas F. Divine, S.J.

LIKE a thread of green across a cloth of silver and gray, runs the Little Wind River through the desert tracts of western Wyoming. On the verdant banks of the stream which gives them food and drink, in what is officially known as the Shoshone Indian Reservation, two thousand descendants of those once powerful tribes, the Arapahoes and Shoshones, have pitched their tents or built their rude log huts. The fierce hostility which they maintained towards each other in the days of their power is manifest still in the separation of the tribes, the Shoshones in the eastern section of the reservation, and the Arapahoes farther to the west, near the junction of the Little Wind and Big Wind.

IN the heart of the Arapahoe country, on the north bank of the Little Wind River, in the midst of fresh pastures, shady trees and swaying fields of green and gold, is St. Stephen's Mission, the garden spot of Wyoming. The traveler is first attracted by the glint of the afternoon sun upon the gilded cross that surmounts the entrance to the main mission building. As he draws nearer there flashes from the arch just beneath the cross the motto emblazoned in letters of gold: "For God and Country." In this short phrase is crystallized the secret of the achievement of the Blackrobes of St. Stephen's among the Arapahoes and Shoshones.

Early in September the Indian boys and girls, some one hundred and fifty in number, pour into the mission school from the neighboring camps. Many of them cannot speak or understand a word of English. For some, their association with the primitive manner of life and

customs of their elders during the summer months has in great part destroyed the results of their previous training. They come to learn or to learn again the rudiments of letters, the principles and practice of the love of God and of their neighbor, the tradition of Catholic culture and the ideals of American civilization and citizenship.

THE curriculum at St. Stephen's mission school comprises the eight grades of grammar school to which are added as many years of vocational training as the graduates care to avail themselves of. The boys are given instruction and practice in carpentry and other forms of manual training while the girls are afforded practical experience in cooking, sewing, housework and general domestic science. They usually remain until they find an opportunity to marry and settle down in life.

At regular intervals the government supervisors come to inspect the school; their reports are invariably laudatory and encouraging. Though the total yearly income at St. Stephen's is perhaps not more than one fifth of that received by the other schools on the reservation, the very best that can be given the children in board, lodging and equipment is always at their disposal, even at the cost of great hardship and privation to the missionaries and teachers themselves.



"The little ones are not the only care of the missionaries."

But the little ones are not the only care of the missionaries at St. Stephen's. In this section of the reservation there are well nigh a thousand adults whose material and spiritual needs must be supplied. Hence, besides the school buildings, we find in the mission group, a church, a government post office, a general store, a bakery, an infirmary, a laundry, a gasoline filling station, a dairy, a turkey farm, a vegetable and flower garden and numerous dwellings which accommodate the workmen employed on the buildings and farm.



"The school and mission church were reduced to ruins."

FOR more than ten years, the success of St. Stephen's mission has been linked with the devoted interest and efficient direction of Father Aloysius J. Keel, S.J., a keen observer of Indian life and customs, a true friend and genial companion, and an enthusiastic lover of his work. *Haba Theae*, "The Eagle," as the Indians call Father Keel, must fill at once the offices of superior of the mission, principal and prefect of discipline of the school, chief pastor of souls, postmaster general, banker and general accountant of the finances of the mission. Father Keel's only assistant in his labors is Father Joseph T. Lannon, S.J. Father Lannon's open-hearted manner and sunny smile suit him admirably for his position of colleague and companion to Father Keel. The supervision of the manual labor of the mission devolves upon two Jesuit Brothers, Andrew Hartman and George Stern, while the household duties, the care of the infirmary and the teaching of the children in the mission school are managed by seven devoted Sisters of St. Francis, most enthusiastic and zealous co-workers.

ST. STEPHEN'S MISSION is now passing through a crisis in its history. About eight o'clock one cold morning in January, 1928, the cry of "Fire!" rang through the halls of the main school building; and within the space of a few hours both this building and the mission church

were reduced to ruins. With characteristic courage and determination the Fathers strove to adapt themselves to the meager accommodations afforded by the two remaining buildings. Fathers Lannon and Keel immediately inaugurated a drive for the erection of a new school building and

chapel, and sufficient funds were eventually obtained to begin the construction of these buildings. On March 17, 1928, ground was broken for the new school. On through the spring and summer the work progressed with remarkable rapidity. With the opening of the school term last September the Indian children moved into a building which, in the words of one of the government inspectors, will well afford "a mark to aim at" for the other schools of the reservation.

This is a beautiful three-story, concrete, fireproof building containing about thirty rooms; class rooms, living rooms, dormitories, wash rooms, dining halls, chapels, all thoroughly modern in every respect. Adjoining it is another spacious concrete structure which will be used both as gymnasium and auditorium for the children's entertainments during the school year. The erection of these beautiful structures at a ridiculously modest cost was possible because their construction was personally supervised by Brother Hartman, architect and (Turn to page 120)



At the laying of the cornerstone of the new building. Most Rev. Edward J. Hanna and Rt. Rev. Patrick A. McGovern, presiding.

How MAKE Them

SEE It?

Rt. Rev. John Ross, S.J.

*Vicar Apostolic
of
Hiroshima, Japan*



Buddhist temple, Kyoto, Japan.



FEW days ago I resumed my pastoral visit, which had been interrupted by the festivities in honor of the coronation of the Emperor, and boarded the train which was to take me right across Japan to the opposite coast, the shore of the Japan Sea.

Had it been a pleasure trip, I would indeed have enjoyed it. Beautiful, charming country with ever changing views. Wherever there is an available patch of level ground, the checkerboard of the rice stubble tells its tale of Japan's struggle with the problem of feeding its teeming millions. Two crops year by year! That can be got only at the cost of hardest work. No wonder tens of thousands are leaving the country in search of better living conditions.

Brazil with its thousands of square miles of untilled soil is the chief goal of the ever increasing stream of emigrants. Whole colonies of Japanese settle there and strike root in the country of their adoption.

NOR is that all. What they never dreamt of in their native surroundings becomes a practical question in the Catholic atmosphere of Brazil: they find the Faith, or rather they open their hearts to the warm rays of Catholic truth and embrace the religion which they were taught to despise and abhor where

Shinto and Buddhism hold undisputed sway over all departments of life.

How undisputed that sway is, came home to me once more as I crossed the country. Nine long hours I sped through the beautiful scenery, and not one sign of Christianity did I see. No church, no cross, no shrine by the wayside, no trace of Christianity. But every town, village and hamlet had its Buddhist *tera*, as I could tell by the characteristic tall roof towering high above all else, and one or more Shinto shrines or *miyas*, where spirits of ancestors are worshipped.



Rt. Rev. John Ross, S.J.

ONE thing is palpably clear: humanly speaking it is an impossibility to wean the people from what they cling to with every fiber of their hearts, what enters constantly into their daily life, what their ancestors held sacred for hundreds and even thousands of years. Of course there is in the Catholic Faith more than ample compensation for all this; there is a full response to all that moves the human heart, there is most complete satisfaction and the purest stilling of all its cravings. But how make them see it?

True, the endeavors of the missionaries have not been quite in vain. Some 80,000 out of 80,000,000 have been won for the true Faith. But as a whole, the mass of the people is now as thoroughly pagan as it ever was. What has (*Turn to page 120*)

All Winds in Madagascar

Jean
Sacré,
S.J.



The art of modern coiffure in the Jesuit missions of Madagascar.



IN a dark night in February, came the cyclone. It swept along the coast, and cut into the highlands with maddening fury. Tropical rains accompanied the tempest. It could not be called a rainfall; the very floodgates of heaven were opened and water fell in one unbroken mass. After two nights and two days, the mission was literally "at sea." The river rose to the height of twenty feet, and all the bridges in the vicinity were washed away.

In Fandrandava, a neighboring mission station, an old priest, after years of toil and labor in the "bush," had completed a beautiful little church. It was the "pride of the village," and the priest was filled with the joy of the newly consecrated home of the Lord when he was condemned to see his work destroyed by the havoc of the storm. His simple letter needs no embellishing:

"WIND and rain began very early in the morning. As day came on they grew worse. Trees began to fall, some broken in two, others torn up by the roots. At ten o'clock the schoolhouse went down. At eleven, the turrets of my church blew off. At noon, the first window of the church was broken in, the whole frame crashed on the floor, bringing with it some of the bricks in which it had been set. I called to my boys for help. We worked

THE Jesuit mission at Fianarantsoa in Central Madagascar, off the coast of Africa, was in a very flourishing condition, and the labors of missionaries past and present were yielding rich harvests of souls. Every year witnessed four or five thousand converts. Even the material condition of the mission was quite satisfactory: there was the College-Seminary of Fianarantsoa, three normal schools for the instruction of catechists, a Brothers' school, the new Sisters' school, and several other schools conducted by native teachers. Altogether nearly one hundred buildings had been erected for educational purposes. In recent years there were 160,000 conversions among the 463,432 pagans of Madagascar, and there was room for all within the fold.

to cover up the opening. Early in the afternoon a second window gave way, then a third and a fourth. The rain beat in horizontally. My boys were nearly exhausted and so was I. We fought, nevertheless, till late in the evening. Bedtime came, but it was impossible to think of sleep. The noise outside was terrifying. Everything was dancing, in my own brain as well as out in the storm. I think it did me good to feel so weak against the messengers of the Almighty. I tried to sleep with the thought that once I went to sleep I would never wake, *'In manus tuas, Domine. . .'*

"At three A. M. the belfry of my church came crashing down, and more than half of the walls caved in. The women who had taken refuge in the residence, began to lament as if at the loss of a first-born. Many indeed loved the little church as a child. How they had toiled for it!

"Four in the morning, the hour of meditation! Nothing was more easy. *Fiat! Fiat!* What else was there to say? The next day brought visits from other missionaries, telling of the losses sustained in their respective districts. But the losses of one were the losses of all, and the adage, 'Misery loves company,' found no place with us then."

The superior of the mission, Rev. Father Poirier, S.J., summed up his losses as follows: "About fifty village churches ruined or seriously damaged. Twenty schools, thirty homes of the priests and catechists destroyed."

An AMERICAN Governor-

General SPEAKS

Edwin A. Quain, S.J.

A DESCENDANT of Ralph Waldo Emerson, Harvard graduate, Boston banker, Cabinet official in the Philippines, and later Governor-General of that important colonial possession, Mr. Forbes has written a two-volume history of the Philippines that stamps him as a scholar and a statesman. His observations on Catholic influence are of special interest to our readers.

EVERY American schoolboy knows that the Philippine Islands were discovered by Magellan in 1521; and in 1929, some old schoolboys will rediscover those islands in these volumes just published, "The Philippine Islands," by W. Cameron Forbes, an ex-Governor-General there. Many men, after ten years of personal experience in the islands and several more of competent assistance in the compilation of documents, could write authoritatively on Philippine subjects, but few could display the calmness and fairness of mind that characterize this latest work on a subject of which Americans know only too little. The impartial detachment with which the author reviews the story of all that he built firmly and lastingly is truly admirable and his appreciation of the Catholic Church and its influence marks him as a man who praises good when he sees it no matter whence it comes. Although the two volumes of Mr. Forbes are principally concerned with the stewardship of the American Government in the islands and his remarks on the Catholic Church but incidental to his work, too much attention cannot be directed to the high praise that is ac-

corded the work of the Church "among the only Christian people of the Orient." For, a slight misconception may have gained ground among Protestants, and even in Catholic ranks, as to the real influence of the Church in pagan lands, and especially that of the Spanish



Legaspi-Urdaneta monument, Manila.

friars in the Philippines; implying that the work of her missionaries is not a civilizing power, but a harmful and retrogressive influence.

THIS testimony from a Protestant, an impartial observer, and from one whose vast and varied experience warrants his speaking with authority on Philippine matters, should go a long way towards a right appreciation of the friars and their work in the islands. In his own words, "A potent factor destined to be the controlling element in the development of Spain's colonial enterprise was the missionary priest . . . The soldier made his campaigns and withdrew to Manila, or to some other military station. The friars remained in the village teaching the people the Christian religion and the new arts and sciences." And further down we read, "The

work of the Church in the islands leads one inevitably to Friar Andrés de Urdaneta, an Augustinian and companion of Legaspi in the conquest of the Philippine Islands, whose 'natural abilities and extensive knowledge of the eastern seas stood his commander in good stead at every point and effectively contributed to the

success of the expedition.' Later on of Urdaneta's friar companions it is said, "Inspired with apostolic zeal, gifted and tireless, they labored in harmony with Legaspi, won many converts and checked the slowly advancing tide of Mohammedanism." In the public park in Manila



Malacañang Palace, Manila, residence of the Governor-General.

stands a fitting symbol of the spirit of Spain in the hands—the Legaspi Monument—which shows “Legaspi carrying a sword, while Urdaneta at his side holds up the Cross.” It is very gratifying to see an American Protestant appreciating the same high and noble ideals that spurred on the “Conquistadores of God.” In fact, we

as the spiritual guide of the people led necessarily to his acting as the intermediary between them and the rest of the world.” After enumerating a score of duties that devolved upon the priest in the community, the Taft Commission sums it all up in these words: “It is easy to see from this that the parish priest was not only the spiritual guide, but that he was in every sense the municipal ruler.”



Rt. Rev. Joseph Cloz, S.J., bishop of Zamboanga, P. I., and lambs of his flock.

might sum up what he says of the early efforts of the missionaries in his own words, “The work of the Roman Catholic Church in the islands . . . has been one of the most potent determining factors, perhaps the most potent determining factor, for good in the history of the people. Whatever its methods may have been, no fair-minded person could under-rate its achievement in dealing with the disunited, warring factions and tribes which it found inhabiting the islands in 1565, and in giving them a unity of thought which comes from a common religion to which they are devoted and to the maintenance of which they have erected their most impressive and monumental buildings, where worship is conducted according to the ritual of the Roman Catholic Church.”

But the influence of the Church did not wane after the zeal of the early explorers, for even in modern times the Father, in many senses, of the whole parish was the padre who brought them the waters of life. Not only this, he defended and cared for his flock and very often was the sole representative of the people with the government. “The friar as parish priest was usually the only man of intelligence and education who knew both the native dialect and the Spanish language well in the parish. His position

their souls were not neglected, and an old Spanish church was made available for the Jesuit Fathers to minister to the colony. “It is typical of the Jesuits that, when the call for volunteers for this service went forth, every priest responded, including Father Algué, Chief of the Weather Bureau.”

With regard to the latter, Mr. Forbes seems to have caught the fascination that lingers around that patriarchal old man, which all must experience and few can resist. He says, “The story of the Weather Bureau is one of the



The Ateneo in Manila under the direction of American Jesuits.

most remarkable in Philippine annals, and like most great stories it centres about one extraordinary man. Father José Algué, a Jesuit priest, was so devoted to science that he made himself one of the foremost world experts in meteorology and seismology. With no lessening of his religious fervor, he had the mind of (*Turn to page 120*)

A Missionary in HIP Boots

John P. Fox, S.J.

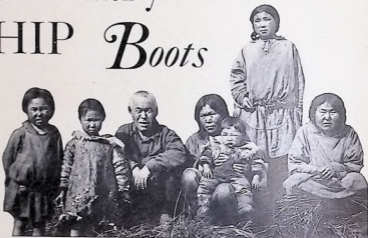
Missionary at
Kashunak, Alaska

EXTRAORDINARY storms and consequent high water all along the Yukon River drove many of the Eskimo and Indian natives from their summer camps a month earlier than usual. So I started classes at my Alaskan mission school at Kashunak on September 5. All the children

put in an appearance, and in addition there were five adults. My pupils in consequence range in age from five years to forty-five. For the men, I have started an evening school. They are eager to learn at least how to write their own names, to read a little and to count.

Our location here is in a swamp about one mile from the Bering Sea. At high tide the water sometimes comes up almost to my back door. At no time can I go outside without putting on at least high top shoes. To go anywhere within fifty yards of the house, boots of some kind are essential. The best investment Father F. Menager, S.J., my predecessor here, made was the purchase of rubber boots. I put them off and on at least four times a day.

Not possessing a large bell at this mission, I resort to the methods used by St. Francis Xavier to call my people to church. Every morning at half-past six I make a complete circuit of the village, ringing a hand bell to call the people to Mass. Lately on two of these rounds, the water was so deep in places that it flowed over the top of my rubber hip boots, and that in spite of the fact



"My pupils range from five years to forty-five."

that I went slowly, picking every step. I will be heartily glad when the winter comes, and freezes over this swamp.

THE natives' houses, real war-time dugouts, are decidedly moist during the summer. You cannot go into any of them without wading through mud and water. The incoming floods force the inmates to move out of the house into a tent, and stay there till the freeze-up. The entire village is built on and in an artificial hill which rises to forty feet at its greatest height. This mound of dirt and moss is burrowed through in every direction by igloos and the tunnels leading up to them. The place reminds me of the famous labyrinth of old Greek fable, or the World War trenches.

The winds too are mighty forces. Some of the achievements of the last blast were: it blew two of the tin caps off my chimney (they had been riveted on!); it broke the lock on my back door, pulling out the two wood screws that held it; it carried away some iron roofing that I had piled up near the bank of a slough; it scattered my small lumber pile over the landscape. When I went up on the roof to repair my smoke stacks, I noticed the paper roofing belying up and down like the canvas of a tent. My constant dread was that at any minute a piece might come off, leaving a hole for the wind to get under, and tear off my whole roof.

MY morning order of time from late summer to the freeze-up is as follows: five o'clock, rise and kindle fires till five-thirty; six-thirty, make round of village with my little bell; seven, Mass; seven forty-five, visiting sick; nine to eleven forty-five, teaching school. In the afternoon I say (Turn to page 120)



Rt. Rev. Joseph R. Crimont, S.J., and a
Confirmation group at Kashunak.



MEMORIAL OF A MODERN APOSTLE OF THE PHILIPPINES

REV. JOHN J. MONAHAN, S.J., DIED MAY 8, 1926

(Top) Arrived at Manila, P. I., July 26, 1923. (Center, left) Parochial school work. (Center, top) His burial vault, Manila, P. I. (Center, bottom) Parish work. (Center, right) Among the Moros. (Bottom, left) With Rt. Rev. José Clos, S.J., Bishop of Zamboanga, Dec. 11, 1925. (Bottom, right) Distributing scapulars and literature.



MARY, Mother of the Good Shepherd, and Mother of the shepherds, the lambs and the sheep of the Savior's fold, has many claims to a further title as Shepherdess of Pagans. Christ is today roving over the hills of time,

still gathering His wandering flocks; still seeking the millions and millions of souls that do not know or acknowledge the Pastor;—and arm in arm with Him is the missionary. Mary's interest in her own dear Son guarantees her devotion to the mission cause and especially to the flocks of straying souls, and pledges her care for those who, ranged at Christ's side, are keeping stern vigil in the outposts of the Kingdom, the giant souls seeking to win back lost sheep and lost pastures.

Moreover, the Virgin most Merciful has pity on the mystical body of Christ which is in sorrow until the pagan be incorporated therein. As Queen of the Church, she uses all her spiritual energy to extend her dominions. As Mother of the flock, she yearns to embrace more and more of the stragglers branded with Satan's mark. Since she holds the potent stewardship over the treasury of Christ's merits, since she is Mediatrix of All Grace and House of God's Gold, she will surely be generous in supplying soon the great shortage of Graces over the earth's wild acres where so many sheep ramble, not knowing the voice nor the footfall of their true Shepherd, Christ Jesus, our Lord and Savior.

The Shepherdess of Pagans cannot hide her interest in their humanity, their poverty and their suffering. She realizes that the pagan as well as the Christian wears all those noble badges of man's exaltation among created things; that he, too, wonders and loves and labors, cherishes wife and child, honors his friends, feels the blind stings of instinct and of enmity, suffers in body, mourns at heart, wearies in soul. If indeed, the poor are beloved of God and His Mother, then the pagans so poor in spiritual blessings are thrice beloved.

Mother's Day.

(A Reminiscence to his Mother.)

J. E. MURPHY, S.J.

EACH Mother's Day pours silver on thy hair,
Leaves in thy furrowed brow a deeper trace,
Weighs down thy heart with one year's added care
Striving to dim the sweetness of thy face . . .

Yet cannot dim, for in thy sainted eyes
Hope ever gleams, the hope that gives thee power

To number years as days; till in the skies
Dawns that true Mother's Day; my priesthood hour.

Shepherdess

Bernard J. W.

EVER since the days of the Apostles, Mary's love has been the inspiration of all zealous souls and her protection over the missions has consoled all who are watching the battle against paganism. But especially does it inspire the missionary. He is dear to her not alone because he is shepherding for her Son, but also because she has a fervent human admiration for missionary bravery. She infused this courage into the soul of priest and nun, catechist and Brother, nurse and doctor. She wooed all of them to this high enterprise of mission endeavor. She let them see Christ brooding over His wasting fields. She sent them forth, her favorite warriors, her lovers, her champions culled from the royaler manhood and womanhood of the earth. She knows their mettle, knows the gaunt tensions of their lives, for, after His Resurrection, if not before, Christ made her, too, a missionary. She knows their needs, for Christ has suggested to her the startling figure of apostolic service, "sheep sent among wolves."

Therefore, she guards them against the wolves of paganism and against brigands of temptation. Therefore, too, she continues to inspire, console, and mother all these gallant hearts. Of failures and disappointments she weaves the shining fabric of their sanctity. When the beakers of suffering stream from the brim, she pleads with the Master for surcease of their passion. On the chasms of surrender—for Christ would have His missionaries as sheep shorn of selfishness and as lambs ready for holocaust—she offers them anew the shepherd's crook that they may not give up, but hasten in search of the flocks of the Great Owner.



of Pagans

Wellner, S. J.

THE whole earth is as the pasture over which the Patroness of Pagans wards. Whole nations are but as ranches over which she watches. Where Africa's sands are red with the promise of martyrdom, there is the Patroness of Pagans;

where strange mosques of India, carved according to scarcely human patterns, jut upwards, there is the Patroness of Pagans; where the buckles of cold and hunger grip Alaskan wastes, there is the Patroness of Pagans; where pagodas slant their quaint sunset shadows, there is the Patroness of Pagans; where the Indian raises his pleading arms to the Great Spirit, there is the Shepherdess of Pagans; she is everywhere impatiently calling to her sheep, torch in hand to dispel the age-old darkness that is deeper than death. The ice of the peaked-face man of the North and the jungle of the sprawling-nosed man of the South are alike before her eyes. She knows all the beggary, the crushing of the poor, the slavery, the brutality of caste, the weariness of pagan childhood, the negation of its womanhood. Her hand, nervous with pity, paints the scene for the tender Heart of the Good Shepherd; and she prays and prays, combining with her petition the intercession that rises from earth. All the fragrance of monastic prayer, the humility of laborers, the aspirations of those kept away from fields afar, the drudgery and loneliness of the missionary in service; all the sacrificial incense of heaven, earth, and purgatory she swings before the throne of God that the sweet pungency of this aroma may enlist His omnipotent energy in the cause of conversions. A mother's love and devotion were never greater.



OF CHRISTIANS
China

IN the thought of her as Shepherdess of Pagans, the missionary may find rich joy. With him she will keep the night-watches over Christ's sheep. She is ever at hand with her magnificent support. In her firm grip she holds the casket of his virginity; with her chaste hands she weaves the rose-red crown of martyrs, the glorious symbol of a splendidly vicarious life. Through the years and the climates and the strangest corners of the earth she leads on the missionary with the mystic sanction of her favor. For she is the Princess for whom the missionary rides and battles; she is the heroine to whom he raises his heart and desires and prayers, each aspiration a poem of confidence. Once constant to Jesus on Calvary, she is now loyal to the missionary until the fires of his zeal burn down to the cold cinders of death. Withal, it must never be forgotten that the watchfulness of Mary must ever be implored by the prayers of the faithful. Like a human mother she is who, though she never relaxes her vigilance, yet increases her affectionate care and guardianship when her children place tender arms around her neck and show her marks of special love and devotedness. We must constantly beseech her to help those less blessed than ourselves.

Abounding in Mary's special love, the missionary keeps on herding the flock, full of an eager dream for souls, full of an eager longing for that day of great surprise when he shall gain his first face-to-face glimpse of the Shepherdess. For she will be waiting for him just over the horizon where the sunsets sleep. Hers will be the privilege of opening for him the gate to the great sheepfold of the faithful of Christ. She will point out sweet valleys and plains where he will shepherd forever the flock so well defended by him in his life. Her kisses for his valiant fidelity will heal all the hardships of the homeward trail. She will mount with him the brilliant ascent of the Trinity's wonders and leave him there, his shepherd staff dropped, his head fallen on the bosom of the Eternal Shepherd. "I know mine, and mine know Me."

On a Pagan Sea.

THOMAS J. COFFEY, S. J.

*Ave Maria, Star of the sea!
Pray for the wanderer; pray for me.*

Speed me, Mother,—God and thou,—
Lonely voyager for thee.
Be the Star above my prow
O'er the pagan sea.

Speed me, Mother! Gathered thick,
Tempest clouds o'ershadow me.
My weak human heart were sick
But for Christ and thee.

Speed me, Mother, speed thy priest
To the harbor of thy grace.
Morning Star, the journey ceased,
Bring me, face to face.

*Ave Maria, Star of the sea!
Pray for the wanderer; pray for me.*

JESUIT MISSIONS

A MAGAZINE OF APOSTOLIC ENDEAVOR

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An American Mission Advance

THERE was something more than usually significant in the episcopal consecration which took place in Patna, India, on March 17, 1929. The Right Reverend Bernard J. Sullivan, S.J., was consecrated Bishop of Patna by Archbishop Edward A. Mooney, Apostolic Delegate of India. The significance does not lie in the day or feast, though that too must have meant something—if names at all signify—to Archbishop Mooney and Bishop Sullivan. The deepest significance for Americans interested in the mission cause, lies in the fact that two Americans were leading figures in an event of great mission import. An American priest was made a mission Bishop by an American Archbishop who is the Holy Father's personal and highest representative in a great mission land, and the ceremony took place in the heart of that land.

The event is but one inspiring proof that Catholic America in foreign fields is advancing in the work of the missions. We may be justly proud of her progress. But it will temper our vanity to ask ourselves the pertinent question: "Are we prepared to furnish the sinews of war to our men on the mission field by giving them the support of fervent prayer and material aid, according to our means and the promptings of God's grace?"

A Generous Catholic Mother

THE mission intention which Our Holy Father proposes to the associates of the Apostleship of Prayer this month brings almost naturally to mind the story of the great English Catholic mother of Cardinal Vaughn. She had in her home her own private chapel and she seems to have used it well. Each day for an hour before the Blessed Sacrament she prayed God to call her children to His service. If ever prayer were answered, hers was. Besides the eminent cardinal, God called five other of her eight sons to the priesthood, and all her five daughters left her to consecrate their lives in the religious state. Mrs. Vaughn stands as a symbol of apostolic generosity.

Complete Cosmopolitanism

THE very name and nature of the Church proclaim her universality. "Full are the folds of her mantle" and wide. No race nor nation but may find a quiet rest in them. And in receiving good none will be called upon to sacrifice even a tittle of racial or national prestige or custom.

It is very good at times to have some authoritative pronouncement to point to as an expression of this truism. Just such a pronouncement was made this year by Archbishop Constantini, Apostolic Delegate in China, in his official address to Chang Kai-Shek, President of the executive council of the Chinese Republic.

"The Catholic missions, Mr. President," said His Excellency, "are conducted by men of every nationality, but these men, so different in language and customs, possess one sole heart in the pursuit of their single goal, to make known to their Chinese brothers the Gospel of Christ with its sublime code of human equality and fraternity. "You see by my side, Mr. President, one of the six Chinese bishops whom the Sovereign Pontiff consecrated at Rome with his own hands and placed in a position of direction in the Church. His presence here demonstrates that in the domain of religion there is neither difference of nationality nor of race but perfect Christian equality.

"We live outside the spheres of foreign politics and home politics; we do not mix in the competitions of parties but we profess for authority the most loyal respect. We have a sincere desire to make our contribution to the great work of the renaissance of China."

On Reading Mission Magazines

A SMUG sense of satisfaction comes to an editor when subscribers write in to say that they "read your magazine from cover to cover." The present editor cannot take full measure of this delicious sensation because to the missionaries and not to himself belongs the fascination of these pages. The missionaries, whether in a nipa hut, or in an icy igloo, or muddy chamber, write most of the accounts and snap the pictures that please our readers.

When people do not read their mission publications, then the present editor too, must look to his duties. And it would seem that there are some ardent subscribers to mission magazines who never glance at the product they pay for; others, who, though they praise the magazine, never read a line of it; and others too, who take to the pictures and forego the encircling text.

We do not believe that the average Catholic mission magazine is uninteresting or unworthy of the cause it serves. We do not believe that the average Catholic is a patron only of the flashy news stand sensational. We do not believe that the story of the apostle is unappealing to those who are otherwise omnivorous readers. We do believe that there is a host of excellent Catholics who just have not taken the time to peep through the mission magazines to see how very instructive and attractive they are. It would be a wonderful thing if someone could bring these good people to realize what they are missing, and could have them experience the satisfaction that regular readers derive from knowing apostolic literature.

Jesuit Mission Vignettes

No. 18. Rocky Mountain Indian Missions



Sister Zita and her helpers at St. Paul's Mission, Montana.

LED by an old Iroquois chief, Ignatius, Father Peter De Smet, S.J., came in 1841 to the Flathead Indians and established St. Mary's Mission in the Bitter Root Valley, Montana. This was the first of a group of Indian Missions founded by the Jesuits in and near the Rocky Mountains. The apostolic ministrations of these missions extended to other Indian tribes, to the Flatheads, Carar d'Alenes, Kalispels, Pend d'Oreilles, Shosiepis or Kettles, Spokanes, Nez Perces, Yakimas, Blackfeet, Gros Ventres, Assiniboines and Crows.

Present day Indian Missions in the States of Montana, Washington and Idaho, in charge of the Jesuits of California province are either identical with these early foundations or developments from them. Seventeen priests, and eleven lay-Brothers, with the assistance of devoted Sisters and lay teachers now conduct eight central missions and travel to numerous out-stations. Three hospitals and three schools are included in these mission activities.

EVERY feature of this month's intention is fitting. May is the month of Mary, our Mother; May holds Mother's Day when children of all creeds and of none, honor their mothers; May is the month when many eager and earnest youths are

asking themselves the question which to them is of greatest moment; "What shall I be?" Knowing all this, our Holy Father, the Pope of the missions, asks thirty million members of the Apostleship of Prayer to pray that Mary may inspire mothers with the desire to have a son a missionary; that she, so to speak, may take the Catholic mothers of the world into the school of her own brave heart and teach them a lesson of generosity which will go far towards bringing the pagan world to the feet of Christ.

Catholic missions owe much to mothers in the Church, from the first Catholic mother who stood one summer day by a little cottage door at Nazareth and told her Son

THE MISSION INTENTION

for MAY

That Mary may inspire Mothers with the Desire of
having a Son a Missionary

"good-bye" as He went out from her side to save the souls of men, down to the mothers of yesterday who watch with eyes that shine with pride as well as pain until the clock marks the hour when a steamer noses out into far waters with a

son who is as dear as very life.

One day when the harvest of souls, unutterably precious, is reaped at last in Heaven's barns, we shall look and see that mothers' prayers and mothers' tears of pain and pride have worked mightily in mission fields. It is not sons alone which our Holy Father wants from Catholic mothers but their ceaseless, irresistible prayers as well for these sons who are laboring for souls. May our readers pray earnestly to Mary, through whom all graces come, to teach many Catholic mothers in a world which has too little joy because it will have no sacrifice, that joy, bitter-sweet for a very little while, but altogether satisfying at last, is the portion of mothers who have a son a missionary.

FROM MISSION FIELDS OF NORTH AMERICAN JESUITS



Alaska

The obvious response to the opening sentence of this letter from FATHER FRANCIS MENAGER, S.J., at Hooper

Bay, via Holy Cross P. O., Alaska, is "Amen."

"May the Sacred Heart reign everywhere always, even on the shores of the Bering Sea.

"I left Holy Cross September 16, with a young native in a thirty-foot launch pushing a three-ton barge, loaded to the 'gunnels.' I was the captain and engineer; the native, the deck hand. We successfully made the first part of the trip, some three hundred miles, to Chukotulik, two hundred and fifty miles from Kashunak. There my deck hand had to leave, and, try as I would, I could not get a native to go on with me, so I decided to make the trip alone.

"It may seem easy, but it was not; and if it had not been for the kindness of one of my friends of last year, George Shepherd, a young trader who lives near Kashunak, I would still be stuck on the way. He took the lead and I followed as best I could. Being alone, I had to run from the engine to the wheel, then jump on the barge to pole it away from the bank where the wind was constantly driving it. Often, too, I had to jump into the icy water to push my boat off a sand bar; and all this from eight to ten hours daily. But the worst was yet to come. The propeller fittings of my boat shook loose. When this happened, my friend, the trader, was out of sight. I spent a weary night wondering what I could do. Day came at last, and on careful inspection, I thought that by wrapping the propeller with rope and moving at the slowest speed I might be able to go ahead.

"That done, I started. It took an hour to make a mile; but how much better that was than drifting. After plodding along two miles I saw George Shepherd coming back full speed. With his help and tools I fixed the propeller a little better; but as we did not have sufficient help to beach the boat, we had to go on at a snail's pace for another hundred miles until we reached the lakes about Kashunak.

"We finally made Kashunak after almost two weeks on the river. And how I was repaid for my griefs? As soon as my people saw their priest coming they expressed their joy in every possible way.

I had a hard time breaking through the crowd to greet dear FATHER FOX, S.J., who now holds the fort for Kashunak. I said Mass next morning for my people and spoke to them in their own language for the first time without paper or interpreter. They were highly pleased. When I started to go away many of them cried, which shows that, after all, there is deep gratitude in the hearts of these dear people."



An Arctic son.

The benefits of the intensive Medical Training Course for Missionaries are recorded in the following letter of FATHER A. G. WILLEBRAND, S.J., at Akulurak, Yukon Delta, Alaska.

"I deeply appreciate the medical help which I received last summer. This is certainly a part of the world where a medical training is useful to a missionary. Real pioneer conditions prevail. Our nearest doctor is at Nome, two weeks distant in the winter by dogsled, and, unless one makes good connections, it may require as long in summer. We have no dispensary, and in our school there are about one hundred children. If they get sick it is up to us to do what we can for them. I have been able to help a large number of our boys in their little sicknesses. The natives also come to us very frequently for help. I have just been able to cure a case of some very strange sort of skin disease."

Father Willebrand is using one of the specially prepared kits of the Catholic Medical Mission Board.



Indian Missions

Typical is the word which FATHER LOUIS J. GOLL, S.J., of St. Francis Mission, South Dakota, would impress on you in this letter:

"The following is nothing extraordinary, just a specimen of the trips the missionaries in the land of the Sioux are wont to make. Our field of labor does not lie in a foreign land, our life is not endangered by hostile savages, or wild beasts, no starvation faces us, unless a traveling man of our cloth is supercilious enough to leave out the iron ration, a rifle, from his equipment. This writer even enjoys the luxury of a new Ford, with only \$200 debt on it after nearly two years saving up to purchase it.

"Here goes the Ford!

"It is Saturday. Forty-two miles to make St. Peter's. The next morning will be a failure without proper preparation on the preceding afternoon and evening. There may be some sick people in 'the neighborhood,' a radius of twenty miles.

"There is to be a 'meeting' this evening at the church; it will really be a canonized catechism class and will end with Confession for all present. At Mass on Sunday morning sermons will be preached in Sioux and English, and after Mass, Holy Communion is to be brought to the sick 'in the neighborhood.'

"About noon I start for my next station for the same rounds of work as the evening before. There is neither chapel nor meeting house at this place, just an ordinary prairie frame house. Five or six families are to gather here.

"Monday noon I arrive at the place where I am to say another Mass, St. Catherine's at Bad Nation, but please, the people are not bad. I am now seventy-five miles from St. Francis Mission. The flu is making its yearly visit, and, in consequence, several families can not come. Before sunrise I have to be at Okkreek, thirty miles from Bad Nation. This road is not a highway, however else you care to dignify its muddy, rocky course.

"I hear Confessions at once, say Mass, hear some more Confessions, then tend to two sick calls.

"In the afternoon I have to go eighteen miles to White Thunder church, where a congregation is waiting for me, in need of the same varied attention as that at Bad Nation. I have a little time for myself before starting for the next station, on Bull Creek, sixty miles away.

"Another small group lives somewhere along this creek at an almost inaccessible place. Woe to the man who is caught here in a rain. The soil is known as 'gumbo' and is painfully 'affectionate' when wet. It stays right with you, piling on the rims and the sides of the wheels of your Ford. The best tools to remove it are the ten fingers of your hands; when you are



Philippine Islands

On February 2, at St. Augustine's church, Cagayan, six Jesuit missionaries pronounced their Final Vows in the Society of Jesus. FATHER ALFRED F. KIENLE, S. J., tells of it:



"At St. Augustine's church, Cagayan, six Jesuits made their Final Vows."

through you wash them in the wet grass. Road there is none, but the wheel trail is deep, furnishing numerous 'high centers.' You hit one and your wheels spin in mid-air, then you dig the ground from under your car till your wheels once more form contact. Once again you, or I, are off for other experiences whose recital tends to grow wearisome."

FATHER LEO C. CUNNINGHAM, S. J., continues his splendid work at Holy Rosary Mission, Pine Ridge, S. D. He writes:

"I think some of my friends accuse me of being a dreamer and perhaps a visionary. I am forever making plans for developments at my mission chapels, and this in spite of the fact that my Sunday collection most often amounts to not even twenty-five cents. Well, I keep on planning nevertheless. I think the reason for my so doing is my experience in the past that when a missionary plans something that he is convinced is really for the good of souls, God does provide in a wonderful way."

"I was the first to arrive because I wanted to make my annual retreat in preparation for the great day. I left Talisayan, Thursday evening, January 24, and when we reached Balingasag, Friday morning, I wished to go ashore and say Mass at FATHER WILLIAM COLEISS' church, but was informed that I would not have time. However, I did manage to go ashore and speak a few words to him and then returned with FATHER MARTIN O'SHAUGHNESSY to the steamer. He also was on his way to make his retreat. We reached Cagayan about eleven A. M., and as I was still fasting, I went to the church and said Mass.

"Our retreat continued without interruption until Tuesday morning when Fr. O'Shaughnessy and I arose at 4 A. M., and went down to the wharf to welcome FATHER THOMAS MURRAY, who was due to arrive from Zamboanga. We waited there until 6.30, but there was no sign of his boat. We returned and said Mass, and had just finished eating breakfast when I walked FATHER MURRAY, looking well, feeling happy, and singing the praises of Zamboanga.

"On Thursday afternoon FATHER LEWIS O'NEILL arrived by auto from Jasaan, after Forting five small rivers that had lost their bridges during the recent floods. On Friday morning FATHER THOMAS GALLAGHER arrived bright and early, after a long boat ride from Jimenez where he had been in charge of FATHER JAMES DALY'S parish while the latter was making his retreat here. That afternoon FATHER FREDERICK HENTFELG came from Sumilao, after seven hours on the road, and without having tasted anything since breakfast. What a glorious reunion! made all the more so because we do not know when we will see each other again.

"Saturday morning, February 2, dawned bright and clear. It was the day that we have been looking forward to during the past eighteen years of our lives as Jesuits, and we were not disappointed. The altar was beautifully decorated, and the six of us knelt in the sanctuary. FATHER JAMES T. HAYES, superior, celebrated the Mass and received our Vows, while a large and interested congregation looked on this unusual sight.

"Immediately after breakfast I went by auto to Tagalao to help FATHER DANIEL SULLIVAN celebrate his *festa*. He was celebrant at a Solemn High Mass, while FATHER JOSEPH MCGOWAN was a deacon and I was subdeacon. The church, which is one of the largest in Mindanao, was crowded. Father McGowan preached a very fine sermon in Visayan. Afterwards we returned here for a genuine American dinner that Father Hayes had prepared in honor of those who had pronounced their Final Vows. FATHER J. M. PAENDECAST came in from Tagnipa for the occasion, and it is safe to say that all of us felt young again, while we sang the good old songs of Woodstock days. That evening found Father Murray and myself in Tagalao marching in the procession of the *festa*. There were surely a thousand men, women and children in line, all carrying lighted candles, and singing hymns in honor of the Mother of God. That night a crowd of several thousand watched a moving picture that Father Sullivan showed in his school yard. He has his own electric light plant and moving picture machine and films, and moreover operates them with great skill.

"Sunday morning, Father Sullivan drove me in his auto to a nearby barrio where I sang a High Mass, and afterwards took



"There is neither chapel nor meeting house at this place." St. Francis Mission, S. Dakota.

part in what is called *Sacay-Sacay*. About ten large *barotto* crowded with people paddled out to the fishing grounds to watch Father Sullivan bless the water, and to pray for a successful fishing season. The *barotto* that I was riding in was decorated with palm branches and streamers of bright colored paper, and carried a statue of a Guardian Angel. When a wave splashed some water over us, a little girl became so frightened that she threw her arms around the Angel's neck and started to say the Rosary out loud.

"Thus did we spend our Vow Day and the day after, and I venture to say that nowhere in this least Society of Jesus has there ever been a happier gathering of those who were pronouncing the Vows that were to bind them forever to the service of the Master."

Friends of FATHER JOSEPH McGOWAN, S.J., at Balingasag, Misamis, P. I., will be grieved but not alarmed at the distressing information he gives. As the saying is: Let's give Father McGowan a "big hand."

"I have been in bad shape. The battle against dysentery has been a losing one, melting away sixty-five pounds of necessary avoidpouis. Thank God I have been able to keep on the job. The number of Communion is measured only by my physical capacity to bear the confessions, but I am averaging about 1,300 each month.

"The going has been kind of rough for nearly three years, but like Micawber, I am always waiting for 'something to turn up.' Four months ago I rescued a tin Lizzie from the junk heap by going 400 pesos into debt, and until the recent storm it did yeoman's service. Now with all the bridges down and probably six months before they are repaired, it is just as useless as myself."

From Iligan, Lanao, P. I., FATHER ANDREW HORMANS, S.J., sends three cheers because of the progress in his mission. "Iligan Bay is to have a real wharf. No more dangerous shifting from steamer to skiff to the shoulder of a Filipino in order to get ashore.

"Iligan Bay is a land-locked strait, very turbulent and treacherous at seasons. But now, all day long, brown bodies bob up and down, in and out of the water carrying the heavy stones for the wharf. All the stones are laid by hand. The laborers should have the endurance of a channel swimmer."

The American Jesuit missionaries closely watch and read the magazine that represents them. From Cagayan, Misamis, FATHER LEWIS O'NEILL, S.J., writes, to congratulate JESUIT MISSIONS on its new cover:

RENOWNED JESUIT MISSIONARIES



BL. CHARLES SPINOLA, S.J.

MARTYRDOM came to Blessed Charles Spinola as the realization of an ardent early ambition and the answer to a lifetime of prayer. On his ordination as a Jesuit priest he set out for India. Storms forced the ship to the shores of Brazil. On a later attempt he was captured by pirates and brought a prisoner to England. Once again he set forth; and, after a hundred dangers, finally reached Japan. Here he spent twenty years of fruitful labor as teacher, missionary, prefect, mission procurator and vicar-general of the Japanese episcopate.

At the outbreak of the fierce persecution of Daifusama, and later of his son Shogun, Father Spinola was captured and thrown into prison. He spent four years at Omura in an open wooden cage amidst shame and suffering. Condemned at last, he marched to death on September 10, 1622, at Nagasaki, in company with seven Jesuit novices, fourteen other religious and thirty lay Catholics. Spinola was the leader and moving spirit of the joyous, singing group of fifty-two Christians whose eagerness to suffer martyrdom was a grand example to the surrounding throngs of Christians and pagans who watched the execution. Blessed Charles was a member of a noble Italian family of Genoa.

"The former cover was surely historical and represented the spirit of the early Jesuits, but the change in the picture of the cover each month will show the work of the American Jesuits in the mission fields today.

"The song down here is 'East Side, West Side, all around the Missions.' The work at present is mainly along the East and West coast.

"The Fathers have organized the schools in a surprising manner. Up and down the coast and into the mountains, you will find well-ordered schools, and really what is most important and most needed is schools, schools and again, schools."

There is always an optimist's smile in the letters of FATHER JAMES G. DALY, S.J., missionary at Jimenez, Misamis, P. I. His latest note is typical:

"In January I was over to East Misamis to make my retreat at Tagalooan. Father Thomas Gallagher, S.J., remained here during my absence, going back to Cagayan on my return for his own retreat and Last Vows on the second of February. Many of the people along the coast were in a worried state on the approach of February 4,

the date some pseudo-prophet set for a severe earthquake to herald the end of the world. The night of the second of February there was a minor quake, but the fourth was just an ordinary blue Monday. The half dozen earthquakes the past two months probably were the prophet's inspiration. One of the quakes caused \$500.00 damage to our church in Colabato."

FATHER CLEMENT R. RISACHER, S.J., has been appointed as the first chaplain of the newly established leper colony on the island of Cebu in the Philippines. He sailed for his new post about the end of September.

This new colony is to function as a branch of the central leper colony of Cullón. Cebu is a rather large and very thickly inhabited island of over a million inhabitants, and has been more sorely afflicted by leprosy than perhaps any other island of the archipelago. A local leprosarium was evidently needed to facilitate treatment and to relieve the overcrowded conditions of Cullón with its 5,500 patients. The recent Leonard Wood Memorial Anti-Leprosy Fund provided funds for the building. Senator Sergio Osmena, distinguished Filipino statesman and leading citizen of Cebu, furnished the land, and the new colony is rapidly taking shape.

It was at the particular request of the Government authorities that an American Jesuit was assigned to this chaplaincy. And it may be permitted to interpret this request as a warm endorsement of the Jesuit chaplains at Cullón.



Jamaica, B.W.I.

At the Holy Trinity Cathedral, Kingston, Jamaica, on February 2, FATHERS JOSEPH COVATTA, S.J., and DANIEL CREED, S.J., and BROTHER MICHAEL LYNCH, S.J., pronounced their Final Vows in the Society of Jesus. The

Our Lady of Lourdes church, Rockhall, Jamaica, was solemnly opened and dedicated. A great gathering of people came on foot and in cars for the opening of the new mission church.

This mission was first started by VERY REVEREND FRANCIS KELLY, S.J., then in charge of Above Rocks. His successors, REVEREND FERDINAND WHEELER, S.J., and REVEREND GREGORY KIEHNE, S.J., continue the work done by Father Kelly. The



Pastoral charges of Father Joseph A. Dougherty S.J., at Brown's Town, Jamaica.

vows were received by REV. FRANCIS J. KELLY, S.J., superior of the mission.

His Eminence, Dennis Cardinal Dougherty of Philadelphia paid a visit to Jamaica. The Cardinal called on the Reverend Father Superior and the other Fathers at Winchester Park, Kingston. As the Cardinal was only on a vacation tour, there was no public reception.

The Catholic Chinese of Kingston and the surrounding territory received Holy Communion in a body on Sunday, February 10, at the cathedral. Over sixty Chinese went to Communion.

This Communion service is to be a monthly institution and it is hoped that all the Catholic Chinese will participate. FATHER LEO T. BUTLER, S.J., is the apostle among the Chinese of Jamaica. On February 3, he united in matrimony two of his mission charges. The groom had the happiness of being received in the Church on the eve of his marriage.

His Lordship, Bishop Peterson of Boston, paid a short visit to Jamaica. During his two days' stay he was the guest of the Jesuit Fathers at Winchester Park, and was taken for short motor trips into the nearby mission centers. He was shown over the entire institution at Alpha by Reverend Mother Magdalen, and was greatly impressed with the useful work being done by the Sisters of Mercy. He also visited the Immaculate Conception Academy of the Franciscan Sisters as well as the elementary schools under their direction.

writes for extra copies of the publication and says: "I am using it to advantage in my Spanish classes."

RT. REV. JOSEPH A. MURPHY, S.J., and the Jesuit pastors of the cathedral parish in Belize, have completed plans for the erection of a new building to serve as a community center and parochial hall to care for all the Catholic activities in the city. Up to the present no suitable parish hall has ever existed. The new building will be erected on a recently acquired piece of property near the cathedral.

FATHER BERNARD ABELING, S.J., has gone north from Belize to Cozacoal, British Honduras, to assist in caring for the outlying mission stations in the northern district of the colony. FATHER FRANCIS J. KEMPZUES, S.J., succeeds Father Abeling as pastor of the new church of St. Ignatius in the "Mesopotamia Area," Belize.

Patna, India

Let MR. PAUL DENT, S.J., at St. Mary's College, Kurseong, India, talk for himself. Who can do it better?

"See that address?"

It's mine now, thank God, and for months to come. You see, I abdicated my position as 'Prefect Apostolic' of Bettiah and am a mere first year theologian now. And here's how things happened. I had my usual yearly breakdown, this time in late November as a result of a fever I caught in my retreat in late October, together with an injudicious combination of the strenuous life and hot India. My lungs were affected and I had about as much strength as a wet hen. So, I quit working and took up eating and sleeping as a profes-

sioner, FATHER HENRY WENNERBERG, S.J., completed the church.



British Honduras, C.A.

The *Mangrove*, published by the students of St. John's College, Belize, is unique in the line of student publications in that it is written in two languages, English and Spanish. The most recent issue contains interesting correspondence be-



India needs many nuns, especially American nuns.

tween the Spanish speaking students in Belize and a group of American girls who are studying Spanish at SS. Peter and Paul Convent in Toledo, Ohio. The letters are printed in Spanish. In the same issue a teacher of Spanish in Dallas, Texas,

staying in Bettiah, however, and getting in a bit of Hindi between sleeps, and thus getting strength to take my chances with a doctor after Christmas. Well, the day after Christmas found me on the road to Dinapore, and the next day three doc-

tors thumped me up and down and made me shout and sing and whisper 'ninety-nine', ninety-nine times. They said that I might go back to the classroom at Bettiah if I started off with an easy schedule and if I kept on 'hitting the cow and the hay' as my chief work in life for some months to come.

"I went back, stepped into three and a quarter hours a day of dead easy stuff and had a royal time of it—for I liked my *bachkas* (kids)—for six days. Then I began noticing that life in general was a dull sort of business, that I was whiter than snow and that my legs wobbled too much under me, while nights were getting sleepless and it was a real task to eat. So I had an inspiration; I wrote a letter to Father Superior telling him I was afraid I'd be 'taking the count' again soon. I got back a letter, strictly and entirely inspired, saying 'Mr. Dent may go on to Kurseong for his theology!'

"So, here I am, 5,454 feet above the loud-sounding sea, living in a house by the side of the hill where the race of yellow Nepali men go by, and every day in every way I'm getting *better* and *better* and *better*. The air up here is the kind that blows around our Lady up above, and it has, these three and a half weeks now, made me feel like a citizen of above, too. Then, too, the fact that every setting sun ticks

getting back its normal Ozark Mountain 'pep,' and so I am still hoping to celebrate my golden jubilee as—to tell you what my *bachkas* in Bettiah called me—an American Indian."

* * *

A new aide, FATHER LEON A. FOSTER, S.J., has come to FATHER JOHN KILIAN, S.J., at Victoria Mission, Champaran, and he writes from India to the editor:

"Father Kilian just came in; the tropics have sapped none of his fire, energy and enthusiasm; the Sisters call him 'the American Express,' and really the name fits, for he is moving just constantly and moving fast. Well I told him that I was writing to you, so he said: 'Tell him that I need—(I do not dare quote the figure) to put up my industrial plant. The new bishop has approved of everything; the bricks are being made, but they will rot if I do not get the workmen's wages to lay them!' Father has just come back from Patna, where he consulted the Bishop-elect Sullivan, and the architect. Everything is ready except the money, so just 'slip him that,' the sooner the quicker."

* * *

The name of FATHER C. P. MILLER, S.J., has been too long absent from these pages. His address is St. Michael's High School, Digba Ghat, Patna District, India.

"From August, 1927, to August, 1928, the dispensary at Kurji cared for approximately 1,200 patients a month, and during the first two months thereafter, namely August and September of 1928, the number reached 2,000 a month.

"Service and medicines are given free of charge. The work is done by the writer, with the aid of three Indian youths about seventeen years of age.

"All cases that can be moved are treated at the house of the Father. The other cases he visits personally, spending daily from one to four hours in going from village to village.

"The results have more than justified the effort, time and money expended. The Father now enjoys the confidence and good will of the people for miles around. They come to him in their troubles and trust him implicitly."

* * *

The mother of Mr. MARION BATSON, S.J., sends the following impressions of Victoria Mission, India, from her missionary son at Bettiah, Patna, India:

"I have a good opportunity to see how these people live, but the more I see the more I wonder where one would begin if he wanted to help them out of the rut. It can't all be done at once, there are so many, and they need everything from a bath to something to wear. The prospects are good for building up an ideal little community, that is, if the work can keep moving; to stop now would lose all or much of the ground that has been gained, after so much work and worry. It all depends on the prayers and help of those who can and will pray and help."

* * *

On his journey to Shembaganur from the Patna Mission Mr. JOSEPH MANN,

S.J., brought with him, Stephen. Stephen makes the third postulant lay-Brother now at Shembaganur in training for work among his own people of the Patna Jesuit Mission.



"Mariya Teresa, daughter of a Brahman."

FATHER RAYMOND MULLEN, S.J., and Mr. FRANCIS LOESCH, S.J., are hard at work in the grammar school and boys' orphanage at Chuhari, Distr. Champaran.

* * *

The pleasing tale of Mariya Teresa is told by FATHER JAMES CREANE, S.J.:

Mariya Teresa was a little Hindu girl, daughter of a Brahman. She grew up in a pagan environment just as most Hindu girls do. When she was about twelve years old arrangements were made for her marriage. Jewels were given and all the usual preliminaries were gone through. But about that time too a *padri*, one of "those terrible Jesuits," began to visit her home and talk to her parents about sublimer things than marriage or giving in marriage. He told them to look up at the stars and think of things eternal.

Little by little the great truths began to sink into their hearts. Grace, the fruit of someone's prayers, was at work. They wanted to become Catholics. But one big obstacle stood in the way, that proposed marriage.

"Break up the marriage," said the Father. "The girl is too young for marriage. Why not send her to a Catholic school?"

Result: The marriage was smashed. When the suitor's parents came they took back not a bride, but their jewels.

Happily! I have seldom seen one so thrilled with joy as was that Hindu girl when the chains of matrimony were shattered and she could hasten off to school. Now she has made her first Communion."



Rev. Francis Ory, S.J., and Mr. Marion R. Batson, S.J., in India.

off one less day until that great day in November, 1931, when I, too, shall be a priest forever makes me feel like grinning perpetually, which is good lung exercise. This part of my anatomy, by the way, is



GOLDEN LIGHT ON DARK CONTINENT

FATHER JULIUS TORREND, S.J., recently celebrated his golden jubilee as a Jesuit at the Chikuni mission, North Rhodesia, South Africa. In a strong "young" voice he sang Holy Mass in a church crowded with three generations of African natives, who had learned from him the truths of the Holy Mother Church. To make the occasion more homely and joyous, a boy student of the Catechists' school read to the smiling and fully comprehending jubilarian, "a very nice Chitonga speech of felicitation."

Father Torrend is a member of the English province of the Society of Jesus but is working now with the Polish Jesuits in the Broker Hill Prefecture of North Rhodesia. A fellow laborer at Chitonga well named the jubilarian's career "an odyssey."

Born in France in 1861, he entered the Jesuit novitiate at Arlon, Belgium, with eyes on the then projected Zambesi Mission. He studied in Belgium, France, Ireland, Cape Colony, South Africa, in the Island of Jersey and in Portugal. He either founded or aided in the foundation of four pioneer missions in South Africa and has worked and studied amongst its dusky natives for more than forty years. His odyssey has led him long and far, and it is not yet ended.

STRAIGHT SHOOTING FOR SOULS

The missionary who sends us the following, thus prefaces the tale: "I do not vouch for the accuracy of this story but merely tell it as it was told to me."

One of the Belgian Fathers in the Chota Nagpore Mission, who is skilled in the law and defends the poor aboriginals against the tyranny of their rulers and money lenders, incurred the anger of one of the rajahs. The rajah wishing to get rid of him engaged a spy to follow him and at a favorable opportunity to kill

him. As Father went from village to village he noticed that this man was trailing him and suspected his evil purpose. In order to put a little fear of the Lord, and of himself into the man, the Father placed a target on a large tree, stepped back some fifty yards, pulled out his "six-shooter" and put a bullet right in the center of the bull's eye. He then called the man to show him what he had done. To prove that it was no mere accident he fired six more shots, putting one bullet right on top of the other in the same hole. "See," said the priest, "what has

superiors that the day is not far distant when India will have an adequately established province of Indian Jesuits.

The new vice-province will comprise the mission of Trichinopoly and will be called the Vice-Province of Madura. It will depend for the present upon the mother province of Toulouse.

JESUIT ON JAPANESE LAW COMMITTEE

A Japanese Jesuit, FATHER PAUL TSUCHIBASHI, has been named to represent Catholic interests in the revision of the Japanese Religious Organizations Bill which was to come before the Japanese Diet in March. The Bill has been presented to the Diet before but has consistently met with opposition. It now seems to have received a more favorable form. The Rev. JOHN LAUREN, S.J., of the Catholic University of Tokio, thus comments: "Speaking generally it is highly desirable that the relations between State and Church be settled by definite law and . . . the new bill may be considered a fairly good solution." (F. S.)



Chikuni Mission, N. Rhodesia, Africa. Celebrating Golden Jubilee of Father J. Torrend, S.J., in Society of Jesus.

happened to the bull's eye! Well, the same will happen to you if you do not clear out and cease following me." The pursuit terminated then and there.

JESUIT VICE-PROVINCE FOR SOUTH INDIA

Official announcement was made of the erection, on February 4, of a vice-province of the Society of Jesus in south India. The news is an indication of the satisfactory progress in developing a native clergy in India. A vice-province is a transitional status which aims finally at the establishment of an independent Jesuit province. A fully constituted province is regarded as capable of recruiting its own subjects and caring for its own needs. The new vice-province in south India is a clear expression of the belief in the minds of Jesuit

WHITE FATHERS CELEBRATE GOLDEN JUBILEE IN UGANDA

The fiftieth anniversary of the coming of the White Fathers to Uganda was celebrated at Rubaga, Uganda, East Africa. Progress, both material and spiritual, has been phenomenal in Uganda since 1879 when the first pioneer White Fathers set out for this interior African land. Uganda now counts over 300,000 Catholics under the care of the White Fathers and the missionaries of Mill Hill, London. The greatest event in the history of the mission is the glorious martyrdom on May 26, 1886, of Blessed Charles Lwanga and his companions, thirty pages of the native king, Mwanga. These are popularly known as the Martyrs of Uganda, and are the pride of the Catholics of that land. (F. S.)

A WEIRD APOSTOLIC INTERLUDE

The dry tomes of the day were set aside and the deep arguments and explanations were put out of mind. Jesuit scholastics whose first interest at St. Mary's, Kurseong, India, is the study of theology, were relaxing minds and lightly working bodies on the playing field. Along came a tribesman from the hills of North India carrying another tribesman on his shoulders. Two of the theologians stopped playing and went over to inquire what the trouble was. A sick man was being taken to a hospital in the town, having been carried many miles that day. He was evidently dying. The scholastics prepared him for baptism; water was procured and baptism administered, and the man died on the spot. Are you praying for the missions?

AMERICAN AUXILIARY BISHOP OF MANILA

THE REVEREND WM. FINNEMANN, S.V.D., has been appointed by Pope Pius XI, to be Auxiliary Bishop of Manila.

Father Finnemann, who has been named Titular Bishop of Sora, entered the Society of the Divine Word in 1900 and took his perpetual vows in 1911, being ordained for the priesthood in the same year. His first and only appointment was the Philippines where he labored for a number of years as a missionary in the Abra Province.

JESUIT VOLUNTEER CATECHISTS AT SHEMBAGANUR

Although far away from the *Pangoss* the scholastics of Sacred Heart College, Shembaganur, Madras Dioc., India, have their little mite to offer in connection with the conversion of India. By going out in the various villages on their weekly holidays, thirty baptisms were attained last year; seventeen of infants in danger of death, one adult in danger of death, five adults from Protestantism and seven adults from Hinduism.

FIJI ISLANDERS GENEROUS TO MISSIONS

Catholics of the Fiji Islands, itself a mission land, have contributed with greater proportional generosity to the Society for the Propagation of the Faith than sixty-eight dioceses in the United States. Catholics in the islands last year gave an average of 1.14 francs each. In the fourteen years since the Society has been established Fiji Catholics have contributed nearly \$9,000.00. (F. S.)

NATIVE SISTERS MARK QUARTER CENTURY

The Sisters of Our Lady of the Immaculate Conception, a native Indian congrega-

tion, recently celebrated the silver jubilee of their foundation. The community began in 1903 when a small group of native Indian young women placed themselves under the direction of a European nun as novices; today the community numbers one hundred and twenty-eight members, operates eleven convent schools for the instruction of over 1,600 pupils. In their medical ministrations among the villages of Trichinopoly last year the Sisters baptized 1,844 dying infants. Trichinopoly is a flourishing diocese in south India under the direction of the Jesuits. Of the seven communities of nuns working in the diocese, three are composed of native women. (F. S.)

Our June Number



For the month of June, Laurence J. Kelly, S.J., former provincial of the Maryland-New York province, has considered anew **THE SACRED HEART AND THE MISSIONS.**

You will be glad to learn of "the man upon whom the responsibility of saving Patna's 25,000,000 souls has been placed." The recent consecration in the Patna Mission of **HIS LORDSHIP THE BISHOP** Bernard J. Sullivan, S.J., is evaluated by Calvert Alexander, S.J.

THE MIDGET OF THE MISSIONS is the story of a seventy-year-old missionary who "has not yet learned walk," told by William J. Birmingham, S.J.

In the Philippines, Richard B. Schmidt, S.J., has found that it is the **LITTLE THINGS THAT COUNT.** He wants to know who will be the apostle of these pygmies of the East.

Manuel M. Aguirre, S.J., writes about the strange ways of the Tarahumara Indians, **JUST OVER THE BORDER.**

JESUIT BISHOP'S MEMORIAL AIDS SIMON COMMISSION

Fr. Rev. Louis Van Hoeck, S.J., bishop of Ranchi, India, has presented a memorial to the Simon Commission sent from England to India to investigate legislative and governmental conditions with a view to self-government in the latter country. Bishop Van Hoeck's memorial deals with social and economic conditions among the aboriginal races in his diocese and proved of great interest and value to the commission. Dr. K. Kennedy, the Anglican Bishop of Chota Nagpore, who had likewise been appealed to by Sir John Simon on "this complicated and important question of the status of aboriginals in India" endorsed without reservation every word of Bishop Van Hoeck's memorial.

THE BIG STICK IN BENGAL

"If you love your children, use the big stick at times," says FATHER A. LeTELLIER, S.J., noted missionary and retreat master of the Bengal Mission of the Belgians.

To impress the lesson he preached during a recent retreat near Bombay, Father LeTellier surprised his retreatants,—and their children,—by giving each retreatant at the close of his retreat a solid cane with a tag affixed. The tag read: "He that spareth the rod hateth his son: but he that loveth him correcteth him betimes. Prov. xiii. 24. If you love your children, use the big stick at times; it will help them to be good, and one day they will thank you for it."

AFRICAN MISSIONER SAYS MASS ON U. S. CRUISER

The U. S. flagship *Raleigh* on a recent diplomatic visit to Monrovia, capital of Liberia, West Africa, could not land the 200 Catholic members of its crew in time for Mass on Sunday morning; so, a Catholic missioner was invited to the cruiser to say Mass on board. During the celebration of the Mass the Church pennant, subject of bitter bigotry and acrimonious debate recently in the United States Senate, was clearly noticeable from the shore. The *Raleigh* is flagship of the United States cruiser squadron in European waters. The missioner of Liberia is in charge of the priests of the Irish province of the African Missions of Lyons and contains 3,406 Catholics.

THE MISSIONS AT SPANISH WORLD'S FAIR

The Palace of Missions will be one of the leading attractions at the World's Fair to open in Barcelona, Spain, on May 15. Within its walls, what is promised to be the largest missionary exhibit ever assembled, will be displayed. The mission building will cover more than an acre of ground. The material on display will be gathered from every mission field throughout the world and the exhibit will rival the success of the Vatican Mission Exhibition.

PAGANS BUILD CHAPEL, ASK FOR MASS

An entire pagan negro village near Lome, Togo, French West Africa, has come, chief at its head, to ask a priest of the bishop, His Lordship, Jean Marie Cessou, of the African Mission of Lyons. These anxious folks had already built a chapel and had begun taking catechism lessons from a pagan boy recently returned to the village from Lome where he studied at the mission school. A priest has been sent on a visit, but no one but the pagan boy can be found as yet for catechism. (F. S.)



"I began to go through all the villages of the coast sailing around me by the sound of a bell as many as I could, children and men."—Letter of Francis Xavier.

Please Tell Me, Father —

Who is Rev. Wm. Stanton, S.J.?

Father William Stanton, S.J., is the best known American Jesuit missionary of British Honduras. He taught there as a scholastic, later went to the Observatory at Manila, P. I., where he gained a name as a careful scientist; was ordained, and returned to the British Honduras "bush," labored there as a rolicking, saintly, scientific missionary until his early death, at forty years of age on March 10, 1910. His life has been written by Father W. T. Kane, S.J.

Give the headquarters in America for the American Jesuit missionaries.

The Jesuit Mission Press, Inc., 257 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y., is the publicity headquarters for the American Jesuit Missionaries. In other matters, each province has its separate headquarters; New England province, c/o Mission Procurator, Boston College, Chestnut Hill, Mass. Maryland-New York province, Rev. Francis A. Breen, S.J., 503 E. Fordham Road, New York, N. Y. New Orleans province, Rev. Peter McDonnell, S.J., 4133 Bank St., New Orleans, La. Chicago province and Missouri province, Rev. Michael J. O'Connor, S.J., 4970 Oakland Ed., St. Louis, Mo. California province, Rev. D. J. Kavanagh, S.J., 4220 43d St. S. E., Portland, Ore.

Is it true that Protestants support their missions better than Catholics?

The Board of Foreign Missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church appropriated \$5,000,000.00 for mission work during the year 1929. This represents only one of the Protestant sects. Catholic bounty cannot compare with this.

In general, what is most needed in the missions today?

Our Holy Father states in his Encyclical of February, 1926:

"It seems to Us that two special objects ought to be aimed at, namely: That a much larger number of well-trained missionaries be sent forth into the boundless regions that are still deprived of the Christian religion; and that the faithful may understand with what zeal and with what constancy and finally with what generosity they are to cooperate in a work so holy and so fruitful."

Can you give an example of modern missionary success at conversions?

In Chota Nagpore, India, the number of conversions from 1885-1925 was 200,000. Father Levens, S.J., is indelibly linked with this uplift of the people. The district was made a diocese in 1927.

Are there any Sisters working in the mission of British Honduras?

Yes, the Sisters of Mercy conduct a private academy, and teach over 800 children in the Catholic public schools of Belize; the Colored Sisters of the Holy Family conduct a Catholic public school at Stann Creek; the Pallotine Missionary Sisters conduct Catholic public schools at Corozal, Orange Walk and El Cayo.

What is the progress of the Church in India?

In 1921, the number of Catholics in India was 2,927,000. At the end of 1926 it increased to 3,240,000. More than 50,000 Indians are being converted to the Faith yearly. While Catholicism is penetrating every corner of India, it is strongest in the South.

What country has the best missionary record?

The Catholics of Holland have a remarkable record of zeal. For every 630 Catholics in the country, there is one actually laboring as a missionary in a foreign land. The Catholics of Holland form only one percent of the Catholics of the world and supply ten percent of the Church's missionaries.

Have any American candidates been received into the Sisters of the Holy Cross for work in the Patna Mission, India?

Three candidates, one of them a registered nurse, were received as postulants for work in Patna, India, at Holy Cross Convent, Merrill, Wisconsin.

Are the Mormons of Utah endeavoring to spread their cult?

The Mormons have one missionary in the Hawaiian islands for every 643 inhabitants. This is proportionately 140 times the number of their missionaries for the world. At a recent meeting in Salt Lake City there were 250 missionaries from Hawaii.

WELL! OF ALL THINGS!

(Continued from page 99)

morning bright and early I was at the Collector's house. He said that it was a matter which must be attended to at once, and immediately took action by ordering the assistant superintendent of police to accompany me on the train to Dhownee and investigate matters. But the order reached him too late to catch the train. The sub-inspector of railway police, however, very kindly went out with me.

ARRIVED at Dhownee, we were made happy to learn that the boys had not yet dispersed, but were in the police *thana* with Francis, their devoted teacher who played an admirable part in the whole affair. We immediately proceeded to the *thana* and found all there except six new boys, all from one village, who had left for home with the promise of returning a week later. The boys had been given shelter in the *thana* for the night by the police and they had got some food from a nearby bazaar. So things were not as bad as we had anticipated.

While we were there waiting for the train, the assistant superintendent of police and a local police inspector came out by motor car and offered to do anything possible for us. A constable was appointed to accompany the boys not only to Bhalagpur station, but all the way to the school. The police authorities asked me if I wished them to institute a case against the offenders. But under the circumstances I did not think it advisable as the real culprits had escaped and there was little chance of finding them. And even if we did catch them, court proceedings would only give more undesirable publicity to our work among the Hindus.

The ticket collectors, guard and station agent were rather seriously at fault as they did nothing to prevent the ejection. They were reported and should be condignly punished by railway authorities.

WE came in and reached home without any mishap. *Deo gratias!* The police authorities were

in general very good to us and promised to give us their help and protection when bringing boys in the future.

All is running smoothly once more in our boarding school. We have now a grand total of fifty-eight boys in attendance, with good prospects of still more to come. Every new boy in the school means a new hope for a conversion and gives us a hold on his parents and relatives. One of the big problems that confronts us as we begin the new year with such a large increase in numbers is that of feeding and clothing those already admitted. A hundred thousand Santals in Patna mission are hungering for the Bread of Life. Who will help us break it to them?

AMONG ARAPAHOS AND SHOSHONES

(Continued from page 101)

master builder. With his faithful assistant, Brother Stern, and a band of about twenty-five Indian laborers he accomplished the total work of construction from the drawing of the plans to the driving of the last nail. As in the days of the padres of California, the Indian talent was taken and trained in these useful arts, to be used to his own advantage in the erection of places of lodging, learning and worship. And now that the school buildings have been completed the construction of the new mission church is progressing with ever increasing rapidity.

HOW MAKE THEM SEE IT?

(Continued from page 102)

been achieved is only the crumbling off of bits here and there, but a breach—no, certainly not.

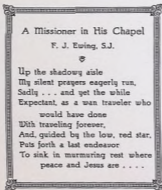
Will there ever be a breach? God helping, we confidently trust there will. Let it be delayed ever so long, let ever so many devoted, zeal-consumed missionaries sink into the grave over it, come it must and come it will. The crumbling process will go on until the walls collapse and Christianity holds its triumphant entry into what has been the impregnable stronghold of paganism. This

will happen, provided we in the siege, and the faithful in the home countries do their duty to a man and make the sacrifices required by such a gigantic, but at the same time noble and inspiring task as winning Japan for Christ.

AN AMERICAN GOVERNOR-GENERAL SPEAKS

(Continued from page 105)

a pure scientist. He gave to the movement of the typhoons in the vicinity of the Philippine Islands intensive and lifelong study, and the



accuracy of his deductions was little short of marvelous. It is told of him that in the early days he went to the Spanish government and asked for a modest appropriation to cover the cost of some observation stations to aid in the predicting of typhoons. He went away unheard, and it was not until the city of Manila had suffered a loss of millions of dollars that he finally opened the eyes of the Spanish authorities . . . The American officials were fortunate in being able to retain this superman, and he remained as head of the Weather Bureau . . . The accuracy with which Father Algué foretold the weather conditions was so well known that shipping men seldom put to sea without first ascertaining from Father Algué whether or not the way was clear." Higher praise than this it would be hard to imagine.

AND in the work that has occupied the Society of Jesus almost from her foundation, that of the ed-

ucation of youth, she gains her highest glory. It had always been the policy of the Society of Jesus "to spread education among the masses," and the training of native priests found a large place in her work. It is a noteworthy fact that in the year 1621 the College of St. Ignatius, with a full course in arts, sciences, philosophy and theology, was raised to the dignity of a Pontifical University. The Ateneo ranks so high that it can be said of it, "The instruction given at the Ateneo in Manila, under the Jesuits, fulfilled all the requirements of the law and in some cases exceeded them." The Monroe Commission reported: "The Commission on its visits received a very favorable impression of the work carried on at the Ateneo. It is one of the best staffed, equipped and instructed institutions in the Islands. A spirit of alertness characterizes its activities."

And so we might go on through these fine volumes. Scholars will appreciate the exhaustive character of the work; statesmen will trace in its pages a remarkable achievement in colonial government; and Catholics can rejoice in the broadness of vision that presents so fairly the labors of the Church of Christ to make all men of one flock, under one shepherd.

THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS, by W. Cameron Forbes. 2 vols. 1,255 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston. \$12.50.

A MISSIONARY IN HIP BOOTS

(Continued from page 106)

my breviary and work at my desk till four. Then I feed my dogs, cut my kindling for the next day and tend to needed carpentering. At five o'clock I have Rosary for the children. In the evening at seven, I am either teaching my altar boys or conducting night school for the men.

Every evening at half-past seven, we have common night prayers for the whole village, and everyone, as a rule, comes. After prayers we have a brief singing class and follow it with a catechetical instruction for forty-five minutes. Thank God we have no counter attractions at Kashi-unak. Christian, Catholic life is the important feature of each passing day.

Grateful Acknowledgments

JESUIT MISSIONS gladly transmits money gifts to Jesuit missionaries in any part of the world.

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