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## To His Holiness, Pius XI,

on the occasion of his Golden Jubilee in the holy priesthood, this issue of JESUIT MISSIONS is respectfully dedicated with a sincere prayer that the fond hopes of this Apostolic Father in regard to the growth and spread of zeal and of co-operation with the missionaries may be universally fulfilled.



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THE POPE OF THE MISSIONS  
HIS HOLINESS, PIUS XI

*"After pondering on the fact that the pagans still number almost a billion, We have no peace  
in our spirit."*



*The Pope, Pius XI, inaugurating the Vatican Mission Exhibition, 1925.*

# The GOLDEN Harvester

*Wilfrid Parsons, S.J.*  
*Editor of "America"*



WHEN the Reverend Achilles Ratti was ordained priest in the Church of St. John Lateran, the cathedral church of the diocese of Rome, he was only twenty-two years old. It was on December 20, 1879.

Now Father Ratti has become Pope, and this year he is celebrating the Golden Jubilee of his ordination. He is seventy-two years old, for he was born on May 31, 1857.

When the pastor of our parish church grows old enough to celebrate his Golden Jubilee of priesthood, we will buy him a new armchair, make up a purse for him, give him a big dinner, and the parish notables will make speeches to him and tell him how much we love him. He is our father, and though we grumble at him now and then, we do love him as a father, and admire him.

The Pope is our father, too, but we share him with the whole world. For he is the successor of St. Peter, and to

St. Peter our Lord gave the keys of the kingdom of Heaven, made him head of all those who are called by his name Christians, appointed him His own Vicar, which means one who takes His place on earth. To that awful dignity has risen the boy of twenty-two, who in 1879 heard the solemn words, "Thou art a Priest forever," and looked with awe on his own hands, still moist with the dew of anointment.

ACHILLES RATTI has truly had a strange career. Those who are destined to be the great ones of the earth usually show it when they are young. Their superiors give them places of responsibility. They grow used to crowds, they acquire the habit of giving orders, they rise step by step and widen bit by bit their powers and their responsibilities. Achilles Ratti had no other am-

#### THE COVER PICTURE

Two Kekchi altar boys from Aguzcate, a town in the Jesuit mission in British Honduras.

dition when he was a young priest than to be a learned priest, to be able to decipher illegible manuscripts, and to push back ever so little the frontiers of the darkness of our ignorance. The chief librarianship of some college was the highest post he aspired to, or maybe a professorship in some university. Without ever having been pastor of a church, though he did very active pastoral work, he ended up by being made an Archbishop, sent by the Pope on diplomatic missions, created a Cardinal and eight months later Pope himself.

His career shapes itself into three periods, each one as different from the other as well might be. For thirty-eight years after his ordination he was merely another learned man, in a country where learned men are as thick as blackberries. Each of those years he grew a little more learned, and his fame grew, too, but only in the world of the learned. He was, to be blunt, a bookworm, and perfectly satisfied to be one. The Papacy was very far away during all those years. Promotion marked him out in his chosen field, but not until he had reached the age of fifty. In 1907 he was made head librarian of the famous Ambrosian Library in Milan, with its thousands of ancient manuscripts and printed treasures, housed in the great pile which was once the college of the Jesuit Fathers. He seemed to have reached the height of his desires.

ONE yearly interlude in these scholarly years has touched the imagination of the world. For besides being a bookworm for ten months of the year, for the other two, during his vacation, he was an athlete, and proficient at a sport which taxes human muscles, courage and endurance to the utmost, mountain climbing. One of his reports to his own club, on the ascent of Monte

Rosa from the Italian side, the first time that was ever achieved, has found its way into the classic literature of the subject.

This first period of his life lasted until he was sixty-one years old. Five years after he was named to his post at Milan he had attracted the attention of the authorities at Rome, whither he had often gone to work in the archives of the Vatican, and he was called to be head librarian of the greatest library in the world, the Popes' library of the Vatican. It was just at the outset of the Great War, which was to work such a strange reversal in his own career.

One of the historic upheavals of that terrible conflict was to restore once more to freedom the ancient Catholic country of Poland, which had a century before been divided up between the three countries of Russia, Germany and Austria. Once its liberty was recognized, it was most important that a capable and intelligent representative of the Pope be sent there to guide the religious destinies of the republic in its first halting steps. The Pope, Benedict XV, looked around for the man, and found him—in his library. Monsignor Achilles Ratti was consecrated Archbishop, violently wrenched from among his bookshelves and sent as Apostolic Visitor and then Papal Nuncio to Warsaw in 1918. It was a stirring time; the Bolsheviki were on their terrible raid against Poland, and with a mighty army marched to the gates of the capital, where they were repulsed by an army of men, boys and women with fearful losses. Archbishop Ratti won undying admiration from the Poles because he refused to leave the city at the worst of the crisis. Without any diplomatic training or experience, he later carried off his duties with extraordinary ability and courage. (Turn to page 165)



Cardinal Gasparri and Premier Mussolini at the signing of the peace pact re-creating the Papal State. The table on which this pact was signed was made from a single piece of timber grown in the Philippine Islands, and was one of Manila's contributions to the Vatican Mission Exhibition. The chairs were sent by the Hong Kong vicariate.

# Wondrous FAITH

## in Jamaica

Joseph B.  
Morning, S.J.

Missionary at  
Port Maria,  
Jamaica, B. W. I.



Sunday school group at Preston Hill, Jamaica. The author is pastor here.



OR nearly two hundred years after the English conquest of the island, Jamaica was entirely deprived of Catholic ministrations. During that time no priest was allowed in the land. In spite of this total absence of priest and chapel, we have distinct evidence that a number of the Maroons in the northern hills handed down from generation to generation the Catholic Faith which they had learned from their Spanish masters of long ago.

It was in 1657 that the last Spaniards were driven from the island, and not until 1839 that the first Catholic missionary was able to make a systematic tour of outlying parts. It is easy to imagine the joy and surprise of Father Dupeyron, the pioneer Jesuit missionary of Jamaica, when he visited the people and discovered such strong traces of Catholic tradition among these descendants of the original Maroons that they welcomed him as one returned from a long exile, and were only too glad to practice fully the Faith which they cherished.

TO explain how it was possible for these poor unlettered people to preserve this tradition for such a length of time uncorrupted by the entirely Protestant influences that prevailed in Jamaica, it will be sufficient to remember the origin of the Maroons and something of their history. They were the slaves left behind by the Spaniards when they were driven from the island in 1657.

These slaves preferred a life of freedom in the wilds of the Jamaica mountains to a continued slavery in the more civilized parts. The English invaders found it more convenient to import their own slaves than to attempt the very difficult undertaking of subjugating the Maroons. As a result, the descendants of the Maroons have continued, down to the present day, unmolested and officially ignored.

As time went on, their number was increased by various runaway slaves from the English. On a few occasions, some of the more reckless of the Maroons would invade the plantations. The local military would appear in force and the Maroons would beat a hasty retreat back to the mountains, to resume their usual lives undisturbed and ignored. Slavery was abolished in Jamaica in 1834. Since that time many of the Maroons (Turn to page 166)

The bare essentials at the church of St. Francis Xavier, Preston Hill, Jamaica.



# ISLE of SONG and Sanctity

Joseph J. McGowan, S.J.

Missionary at Sumilao, Mindanao, P. I.

**Q**UENE with the soul and sense of a poet would find many things in the Philippine island of Mindanao to stir his genius to ardent life. Often it will be the song of a bird, or a sunset, or the stately palm, or blossoms of the garden; and there are flowers in the rice fields, and the flowers are the comely little children with their parents, bundling the stalks, singing the while, as they say Ruth did amidst the golden corn.

And the beauty of life and pure living is not lost upon these wonderful Filipinos. Last night we had Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament. It was over just as the day closed. The Ave was sung, and all rose up in the church to welcome the night with the Angelical Salutation.

When services were over and the congregation filed out of the church, I thought I heard someone singing; singing, "Mother dear, remember me." I listened; it was not in the church. I went to a window of the convento, which looks down on a very broad, shallow river. I was looking right into the eye of the west. Venus was following close in the path of the sinking sun. There was just sufficient light to see the procession of about a dozen girls who had been at Benediction. Unhurried, with rhythmic

*"The beauty of life and pure living is not lost on these wonderful Filipinos."*



*"The Hearts of Jesus and Mary are the sanctuaries of the real Filipino family."*

steps, they were passing over the bridge beneath which the waters mirrored the silver path of Venus. And in that setting, rose the chanted prayer, "Mother dear, O pray for me!" full-throated, fervorous. It sounded like a strain escaping through an open window of Heaven. I listened, enchanted; and from the depths of my soul, a prayer of praise and thanksgiving and love came to my lips.



IT passed away, and the silver planet in the wake of the sun, sank into the west, and the tropic moon was left without rival. Fortunately for us that night, an act of charity had to be done. We got into a Ford and started out to perform the kindness. We rolled along where the sea was breaking in long white lines and where the coconut palms wore that fascinating green color of a painted evening scene. On the road were many bands of string instruments, knots of young men here and there picking the right string to harmonize with their singing. They were on the bridges, singing to the stars reflected in the river; they were in front of the houses with songs of love and beauty; they were on the shore, making more rich and living the great silvered sea.

Then on returning, even after retiring, I could hear strains of singing coming out from a palm-grove, far on the other side of the river. Not a joyous song, though very sweet. In that section someone had died only recently and this was part of the novena—a strain which would remind you of some of the Irish songs, of "Kathleen Mavourneen," sombre and solemn and very grave. For me it was a lullaby. They sang and I listened with ever increasing love for these dear people. But slumber was climbing; my limbs were tired—for the day had been a hard one. The song came into my ears, but my eyes turned out the light, and darkness and silence settling on me everywhere, my

ears perforce had to follow. So there was I sleeping; there was the moon shining, and guitars playing and voices mingling their notes to thank the moon, and in the moon to pay thanks to God, in music and song.

YESTERDAY was the feast of our Lady, and in this town it was celebrated in a way to teach a saint the love of our Blessed Mother. The girls and the women have a soft, strong passion for our Blessed Lady, and the Hearts of Jesus and Mary are the sanctuaries of the real Filipino family. What a holy and joyous evening we, our Blessed Mother and her devoted sons and daughters, spent,

taking a processional walk through the town. Candles and lanterns were at all the windows, and showers of roses fell to cover the beautiful rich blue garment our Queen was wearing. As we marched along, rose after rose, too, was made in the hearts of the people and placed at the feet of our Lady, an uninterrupted recital of the rosary. That morning some five or six hundreds had received Holy Communion. For that I had lived all day in the confessional. So I was thinking, as we went along, of the many spotless virgins that called back: "*Madre de Dios, ruega por nosotros.*"



"Passing over the bridge beneath which the waters mirrored the silver path of Venus."

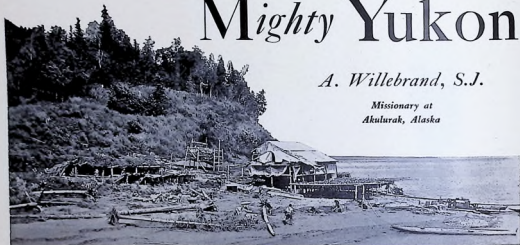
When we came again to the church, I could not but ask their indulgence while I spoke the thought that had been in my mind there during our walk with this Mother who has made us all sisters and brothers. I told them, too, of an event of another day not long ago. Just as the vesper bell was heralding the oncoming night, I was called to assist a girl who was dying. She had often knelt before our Lady, as she appeared to us all that night. Rosario's last prayer was the one she loved, our Lady's litany; her last words: "Sacred Heart, have mercy on me!" Then she turned on her side and put her head on her arm, and the angels came for her as she looked on the image of the Sacred Heart that had been placed near her pillow. At the Mass they played Gounod's *Ave Maria*, and for me that *Ave Maria* has a new richness, not put there by its composer.

So I told them of Rosario, whom they all knew and whom they shall see rise from the dead in her dress of our Lady of Lourdes. People may say hard things of the East, but they should never forget that Nazareth was hiding a saint, if it itself lay hidden in ignorance. And I will say that I have never known our Blessed Mother so well as since I came here, and never knew what a beautiful creation of the Most Blessed Trinity she is, and all those come to be, who love and follow her. May she help her missionaries to keep aglow and even to increase the ardor of love in the heart of the Filipinos, and to bring the warmth of the Heart of Christ to all the East.

# The DELTA of the Mighty Yukon

A. Willebrand, S.J.

Missionary at  
Akulurak, Alaska



Fishing camps along the Yukon River, Alaska. Mosquitoes and smell of fish are everywhere.

**T**O tourists first visiting Alaska come vivid impressions of its desolation. Of course, they go into ecstasies over the marvels of natural scenery. The numerous islands of the southwest; the rugged and wooded mountain ranges; the gorgeous, fairylike beauty of the great glaciers, far surpassing those of the Alps; the prosperous little towns nestled at the mountains' very foot, and washed by the waves of the ocean; the magnitude of the salmon canning industry; these evoke exclamations of delight and great interest. But amid all this, you hear the remark, "This is a wonderful trip. Alaska is a delightful place to spend the summer. But to come up here to live always! Deliver me!"

As one travels north from Seward the desolation begins. The Alaska railroad runs along marvelous glaciers and impressive mountain scenery, including Mt. McKinley, the monarch of North American mountains. But after Mt. McKinley is passed, the country undergoes a marked change, and not for the better.

But as yet, "real Alaska" has not begun. To see this you must board one of the two stern-wheeled, flat-bottomed steamers which make weekly journeys on the Tanana and the Yukon rivers. You will put off from the dock at Nenana, and very soon you will seem to be beyond all civilization. No railroads, no autos, no roads. All the little towns squat by the banks of the river. Almost the entire population turns out when the steamer makes a brief stop. It is their only connection with civilization and so-called civilized conveniences.

**S**OON you will reach Nulato, the most "up river" of our native missions. "You have reached real Alaska" was the greeting of one of the missionary Sisters during our short stop there. Another day will bring you to Holy Cross, the largest of our mission schools. The neat little church, the large but unpretentious wooden buildings, and the extensive gardens make it an oasis in the desert. Here are well trained boys and girls under the care of the Sisters of St. Ann. The little village boasts a wireless station. But its surroundings are virgin forests, wild and desolate, and without appeal to human longings.

You have yet to see the "realest part of real Alaska." From Holy Cross you may take either a steamer for a hundred miles or so and then transfer to a gas boat, or go all the way on a gas boat. My own trip was on the mission boat, *St. Anthony*. When you go beyond Marshall, you will have passed your last telegraph station, and seen your last steamboat. Time was when this part of the river was crowded with boats, carrying freight and passengers to towns far up the river. Now the government railroad has diverted the traffic.

A gas boat, run by the Northern Commercial Company, and a few private boats which belong to traders, afford the inhabitants of these parts the sole means of communication with the outside world. "Surely," you will say, "this region is as desolate as one could wish." Wait! there is more to come. Thus far you have admired beautiful mountain scenery. Now even this will vanish. The

river widens, mountains and forests recede. Along the banks are willows; beyond, all is level tundra as far as eye can see. You are on one of the world's largest deltas. For miles and miles all is a spongy mass of vegetation, intersected by the many branches and sloughs, into which the Yukon divides before it reaches the Bering Sea. Only the Kusilvak Mountains break the monotony. They are treeless hills which rise starkly into the heavens.

**I**n this desolate waste lies Akulurak, where I passed the first six months of my career as a missionary. To reach it you turn into a long narrow slough and after innumerable bends descry a wooden church steeple in the distance. Later the group of wooden buildings comprising the Akulurak mission come into view. How desolate the surroundings! Where are the people? Yes, there are some people here. If you visit the house

*Mass servers in Kashumak, Alaska. Cassocks and surplices would really add dignity.*



*Holy Cross Mission in summer. This is the largest mission in Alaska. The gardens produce all the vegetables which are grown in milder climates.*

of the Fathers you will see some very many boys, large and small, under the care of the Brother prefect. Besides learning the fundamentals of reading and writing and religion, they form habits of useful work.

If you visit the girls' building you will see a group of seventy girls, as fine as can be found in any American academy. They may be sewing Eskimo wearing apparel or learning how to cook. They are taught many practical accomplishments in addition to book knowledge. In the summer they prepare to cut and dry the abundant catch of salmon which the Yukon furnishes us each year.

Why the uniformity of dress among boys and girls? It is because every stitch of clothing which they have is furnished by the mission. Most of the girls' clothing is made by themselves. The mission also supplies them their food. The mission is maintained entirely by gifts from friends and by missionary organizations. After six months of living here, it is still a source of wonder how in a place so far from civilization, so much can be done with the little help we receive.

**W**OULD you like now to walk and explore our vast meadow-like tundra? Woe betide you if you have no rubber boots. You will be over your knees in water. The entire delta is almost one vast swamp. In summer one can travel only by boat. In winter things are different,—one great expanse of snow and ice.

During the six months which I have spent here I have made several missionary journeys with a small sled laden with bedding, provisions, and a supply of medicine and catechetical books. My way lay over frozen rivers, lakes and swamps more than over land. Most of our people live in small villages of one, two, three, or four cabins. In places where wood is scarce the houses are partly underground. You enter a low door, pass through a small shed, then enter the main room. It serves all purposes. Here the natives cook their food; here they stretch out to sleep; here they lie when they are sick; and here they die when their fatefully expected hour arrives. It is here that the missionary, after a hard day's travel by sled, must spread his bed and rest for the night on whatever floor space is not taken up by the (Turn to page 166)



Many Sisters are needed in India for just such work as described in this article.

# MOTHER INDIA'S Helper

Charles P. Miller, S.J.

Missionary at

Victoria Mission, Patna, India

THE baby had a chill, a severe chill. How were we going to keep that little body warm? I hit on an expedient. There was an old bedstead in the corner. On this we placed the baby. Underneath the bed we put an earthen vessel full of hot coals. Next we called for some rags. They produced an old *dhoti*, a shapeless garment worn by men and women in India. It is about six yards long and a yard wide. We were not allowed to tear it, so Father Joachim took one end of (*Turn to page 166*)



HAVE you ever tried to save the life of a baby six days old? I did. It was my first of many experiences with that apparently insignificant yet all important item in God's creation, a little child. I was new at medical mission work in those days. In fact, I was just starting out and was gathering experience as I went. I was not equipped with hot water and ice bags, liniments, etc., as I am now.

"My baby is sick; will you come?" asked an anxious father. The patient was in a nearby village. Father Joachim, an Indian priest, who was staying with me at the time, accompanied me.

According to the ancient and approved custom, the grandmother had washed the baby that day, rubbed it down with mustard oil, and then put his little lordship, clothed in his birthday suit, in the sun to bake. More than one baby has failed to pass that ordeal. This child caught a chill. When I arrived its face was flushed and it was puffing its little lungs to utmost capacity, trying to get enough oxygen to keep going.

The mother, grandmother and a half dozen other women were sitting around the child in a little room about eight feet by eight. I say they were "sitting." That describes the sum total of their activities as far as helping the child was concerned. Indian parents are exceedingly fond of their children. But despite their love, Indian mothers know very little about the proper care of them.

"I mounted my motorcycle and spurred it into Patna."  
Father Miller is driving.



# Just OVER *the* BORDER

Manuel M. Aguirre, S.J.

Missionary among the  
Tarahumara Indians, Mexico

NOT far below the Texas border to the southwest of El Paso, in the Mexican State of Chihuahua, stretches the Sierra Madre Occidental mountain range. Amidst the rockiest wilds of these mountains, Juan Font, a very early Jesuit missionary, discovered in 1614 the singular tribe of the Tarahumara Indians. He began among them a mission that called for all the zeal of his young missionary company. The Jesuits worked the field successfully till 1773 when their success of a century was cut short by the suppression of their Order, and the mission was left forsaken and ruined.

For over another century, the Tarahumaras remained without spiritual shepherds, so that they gradually fell back into their primitive savagery. Not till 1900 could the Mexican Jesuits turn their missionary labors to the old field among these Indians. But the red hand of an unfriendly government is now pressing, but not crushing, the spirit of these zealous missionaries.



LIFE among the Tarahumara Indians seems bereft of social bonds. He is a rare Indian who would build even a moderately comfortable dwelling. Naturally lazy, his needs are few and simple and he is content even if not all the essential needs are supplied. Besides, he is a nomad, so why tie himself down when the tall sierra and stretching vistas call to freedom? So for the Tarahumara, a house is a simple matter of rough posts, untrimmed stones and mortar of mud, with a roof of branches covered with muddy



"The singular tribe of the Tarahumara Indians."

soil. More simple and practical and surely more sheltered are the cave homes.

The interior of a native house repels more than the exterior. Let us enter—but remember the entrance is low and mind your head. Your eyes will grow used to the darkness presently. A roughly built hood or stack leads up to a hole in the roof and beneath it lie a few burning embers. To one side are pots of various sizes but of identical shape, some of them quite large, in which they cook their *tonari*, or boil their fermented corn mash to make the favorite intoxicant, *shuguiqui*. Shallow earthenware dishes are about, which serve as plate, cup, glass and even spoon. On the opposite side of the fire lies the crude stone mill for grinding corn; and that completes the furniture. No table, no bed—and why a chair, when the numerous rough ledges of the inner uncut stone wall offer inviting seats, and the mud floor is roomy and solid?

THE Tarahumaras have a language all their own. It has no fixed rules of grammar, a fact which makes it difficult to learn. The pronunciation, construction, and even the words are so frequently altered, that in many instances people of one village do not understand those of a neighboring town. There are very few words expressing abstract ideas.

Though poorly fed, and irregular in their living habits, the Indians possess remarkable (Turn to page 168)

# CATHOLIC Prospects

## in the Southland



HE late Bishop Glass of Salt Lake City once met a Mormon bishop named Murphy.

"How did a man with a name like that ever become a Mormon bishop?" Bishop Glass inquired.

"Oh," said the Rt. Rev. Murphy, "you can't keep the Irish down."

There are no Mormon bishops in the South. There are no Mormons to speak of, unless that class which practices successive rather than simultaneous polygamy be included in the term, and they are fewer here than in most other parts of the country. But there are Irish here who are conspicuous in rather strange places for them.

Clippings from Georgia newspapers picked at random in a short space of time about six years ago recorded, for instance, that Rev. J. E. O'Quinn was to conduct a revival at Woodlawn Methodist Church, Augusta, a city where Rev. S. L. McCarty is pastor of a leading Presbyterian church and Rev. E. C. Sheridan, pastor of a Baptist church. Rev. Dr. C. L. McGinty was scheduled to speak at the Rose Hill Baptist Church, Macon. Rev. W. J. Callaghan's home was destroyed by fire, and Augusta friends of this Methodist missionary to Japan extended him their sympathy.

William B. Burke, Jr., was married before a Justice of the Peace in Macon; Mr. Burke will be recalled, the story said, as the son of Rev. W. B. Burke, a Methodist missionary to China. T. E. Sullivan was married at Ludowici, Ga., Rev. J. R. Kelly, pastor of the Elm Baptist Church, officiating. Mrs. M. L. Murphy was buried after services in the East Highlands Methodist Church, Columbus. Rev. R. O. Flinn was the pastor of a Presbyterian church in Atlanta. Recently services for J. J. Dooley were



Monument to Father Abram Ryan, poet-priest of the South, in Ryan Park, Mobile, Alabama.

*Richard Reid*

Editor, "The Bulletin,"  
Augusta, Georgia

held from a Protestant church at Dalton. And so on.

IN nearly every case these Baptists and Methodists and Presbyterians with Irish names are descendants of Irish Catholics; in practically every case they are no more responsible for their religious affiliations than for the color of their eyes. Their grandfathers were as Irish as the shamrock and as Catholic as the Bishop of Cork. But after the railroads were built times were hard and work was scarce. Many Irish left the cities and settled in the smaller towns. The few overworked priests labored feverishly to bring them the Sacraments and to save them for the Church. As far as the old folks were concerned, they were successful. But the children, reared in a Protestant atmosphere and in communi-

ties where the church was the social center and the minister the oracle, had no memories of a childhood with continued contact with saintly, scholarly priests, or of the glories of Catholic ritual or of the tenderness of Catholic devotion to strengthen them in their Faith. Catholic families were few and Catholic marriages fewer, and the second generation of these exiles was as likely as not to be found at the weekly prayer meeting instead of at the occasional Mass offered up in some private home by an overworked, traveling missionary priest.

The saddest part of this unfortunate story is the fact that such leakage could have been prevented. Given a sufficient supply of priests, the bishops of those days could not only have saved them to the Church, but could have



*Underwood or Unsettled*

*A typical country scene in Georgia. Amid the hills and mountains are the flocks of the missionary pastor.*

started a stream of converts that would gather momentum as the years went on; they could have changed the whole complexion of the Catholic Church in the South. But the Catholics in the South then as today were few in number, and it would have been as impossible for them to provide the priests necessary for such a scattered population as it would have been for the Catholics of the North under similar circumstances. And the support for them if the priests were available would have been a no less difficult matter in view of the adverse economic conditions spread over a period of generations.

**T**HE people of the South are a friendly people. Had they been unfriendly, had they been more hostile to Catholics and their Church a few generations ago, the Irish might have clung to their Faith as they did in Ireland. Whatever hostility there may be is a product of another generation, two decades ago, when self-seeking demagogues, having run out of issues, real and artificial, set about to foment a wave of religious prejudice which they hoped would sweep them into office.

The leader of this movement in Georgia, a brilliant man who prostituted his talents, succeeded in securing a following which made him a factor in state politics because it was assumed that he held the balance of power. His success led him to malicious extremes; nothing was too vicious or vile for him to say about the Catholic Church, its priests, religious and members. His example was followed by other self-seekers; Catholics of the State seemed about to be engulfed in the wave of bigotry and hatred.

**A**NTI-CATHOLIC laws were passed. The lot of Catholics was rapidly becoming unbearable. They decided that something must be done to stay the angry, threatening tide. With the sanction of their good Bishop, a meeting of laymen from all parts of the sixty thousand square miles of Georgia territory, larger than all New

England, was held in a central city. They formed the Catholic Laymen's Association of Georgia. They agreed that the bigotry afflicting the State was in most cases due to ignorance. They decided to conduct a campaign of education. They set up a publicity bureau which through advertisements in the newspapers offered to answer questions about Catholic belief and practice as they affected citizenship. They answered every misrepresentation of Catholic doctrine or history in the press of the State. They found out the subjects on which misunderstanding was greatest, published pamphlets on them and distributed hundreds of thousands throughout the State. Through the press, through their pamphlets and through their other publications, they continually emphasized the point that Catholics and non-Catholics must live together in Georgia as neighbors, and it should be, in the future as in the past, as friends.

Today Georgia, formerly reputed to be perhaps the most anti-Catholic State in the Union, has a press as fair to Catholics as anywhere in the country. The last few politicians who sought public office on an anti-Catholic platform were buried so deep in a deluge of ballots that they have not been heard from since. Last November, despite frenzied efforts of anti-Catholics, the State cast its vote for a Catholic candidate for the presidency.

**T**HE conclusion to be drawn from all this is that the people of the South are honest and fair when they know the facts. They are deeply religious. In most of the smaller communities an agnostic or an atheist is regarded with suspicion or sympathy. There are numerous Catholics in the by-ways of the South longing for the ministrations of the priest. There are descendants of Catholics who need only an opportunity to return to the Faith of their fathers. There are (*Turn to page 168*)

# JESUIT MISSIONS

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## Keeping Close to the Holy Father

AMERICANS, they say, are notorious in Rome for the lengths they will go to see the Holy Father, and that as closely and intimately as possible. But many Catholics in America will never go to Rome nor view His Holiness with bodily eyes, though their loyal hearts and fervent prayers are never far from him.

For such as these we suggest the mission point of contact. Oneness of warm, high interests brings hearts and souls closer than local presence. Like thoughts make like characters and mould at times even bodily features to likeness.

He, or she, will very often be intimately united with the present glorious head of the Church, whose mind and prayerful heart are with the missions. Let eyelids drop restfully over seeing eyes and imagination roam sweepingly across the wide Atlantic and come to rest at last within a stately chamber on a figure white-robed to symbolize inner shining immaculacy. And now, let ears be wide with attention: "Old friends, ardent joy is always Ours to see you!"

The words were spoken personally to the National Directors of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, gathered in Rome last April. But they were meant, surely, for a wider circle. All the familiar, friendly warmth of them goes out to the loyal children of Pius XI, who are joined close to him in the common affectionate bond of mission interest.

"Old friends," His Holiness' gaze sweeps round the world and up to Christ, whose humble, royal throne he sits upon, "ardent joy is always Ours to see you."

## Blessed Don Bosco, Missioner

WHEN Blessed John Melchior Bosco lost his heart to the Italian street urchins of Turin he likely never dreamed of becoming a foreign missioner. All he wanted was that the little ragamuffins be cared for. They were too many for himself. So he founded a congregation. His

followers had expansive hearts, like their holy Father, and sought for needy urchins in pagan lands as well as Catholic. Blessed Don Bosco must have been surprised on the second of last June, supposing that feeling possible to Heaven's denizens, to see nearly a dozen of his sons gathering from far mission lands in which over 30,000,000 souls are in their care, to see their Father made the next thing to a canonized saint.

## Cardinal Van Rossum Writes

COMMENTING on the death of the three young American missionaries of the Congregation of the Passion, Cardinal Van Rossum, Prefect of the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda Fide, said: "Most surely the event is a glory to the nation that sent these priests forth. The shedding of this blood is a seal and a crown on the entry of the Church in America into foreign mission work. . . . The sacrifice will bring Grace to the Church both at home and abroad."

## Cardinal Laurenti Speaks

CARDINAL LAURENTI, loved in Rome and abroad for his charming simplicity and apostolic fervor, was sitting with the General of the Passionists on the feast of St. Paul of the Cross when the first telegram announcing the murders of Fathers Coveyou, Seybold and Holbein arrived. "Father General," he said, as he handed back the telegram to the silent Superior, "I don't know whether to offer you condolences or to congratulate you."

In a later interview given to Father Considine, A.F.M., of the *Fides Service*, Cardinal Laurenti spoke at greater length, and his words, it seems, are God's message to Americans, especially to young and generous American men and women:

"Whether calm comes or not the missioner must keep the tradition of the Catholic apostolate and stand his ground; it is the history of the great fighting machine to which he belongs. It is one of the glories of the Church that *her splendidly disciplined mission army never retreats*.

"This is not the hour to halt, therefore, this is the hour to die. Let . . . every American missioner in China take this as his battle cry, 'This is the hour to die,' . . . it is the hour to fling ALL that one has into the struggle, that from the chaos the Cross may reap glory."

## Heroically Faithful Jesuit Brothers

ONE cannot always afford to be too specific; nor need one. There is a place at the present moment where a little band of Jesuit lay-Brothers are "holding the fort" and keeping a certain mission, which a certain province of Jesuits glory in, from ruin. The Fathers of the mission are "on the run." They come back to central stations only at odd times and always in the darkness and always worn out. But whenever they come there's a good Brother always waiting for them, ready to give care and comfort as like a mother's as a clumsy man's care can ever be. The Brothers keep up their own courage by receiving the "Food of the strong" each day and guarding the tabernacle supply of it with unwearied vigilance. There is a mission career with few thrills but with fidelity that is priceless.

# Jesuit Mission Vignettes

No. 20. Mindanao, Philippine Islands



First grade girls, Mt. Carmel School, Talisayan, Mindanao, P. I.

*THE American Jesuits in Mindanao say that, more than anything else, this island mission needs parochial schools. The majority of the people are Catholic, brought to the Faith through their ancestors long years ago. But wars and politics have deprived the island of the Spanish Fathers who converted them, and the American Jesuits are laboring to repair the damage done by the long absence of priests. The Catholic Directory for the year 1929 shows the following statistics of the island: Bishop, 1; priests (mainly Jesuits), 75; parishes, 87; lay-Brothers (Jesuits), 38; Sisters, 54; convents, 16; schools, 40; Mohammedans and pagans, 322,000, Catholic population, 510,000.*

JULY

## THE MISSION INTENTION

AUGUST

### Preservation of the Missions from Bolshevism

THE spirit of Bolshevism is the spirit of a new shaping of the world. In the reconstruction Christianity and Christian culture are to be uprooted. On their ruins the structure of complete atheism is to rise. Europe stands as Christianity's bulwark against the atheistic tide of Bolshevism. Bolshevism shall fail so long as Europe stands firm.

And how shall Europe fall? Two ways are regarded as likely; the sharp, swift engulfing of Europe by Russia's red armies or, more slowly, the winning of lands called missionary in Asia and Africa, then a more appalling and irresistible inrush into Europe. Lenin laid down the policy: "Let us betake ourselves to Asia, and by means of the East gain our ends in the West." Their plans happily have not yet met with success.

But these eastern lands are far from freed of the danger. Beneath external calm ill-concealed discontent seethes fed by Bolshevik propaganda. Do we wonder why the Holy Father asks the associates of the Apostleship of Prayer to pray that mission lands be preserved from Bolshevism?

### Seminaries for Native Clergy

THE development of a native clergy in mission lands has been an object of deep concern both to Pope Pius XI and to his predecessor, Pope Benedict XV.

But the development of a native clergy quite obviously demands the founding of native seminaries. It is His Holiness' settled plan, if we may judge from his letter, to build the Church in mission lands as the Apostles built, on the foundation of souls won to Christ in the mission lands themselves, and so to rid Catholicity everywhere of the unwelcome and untrue implication of being a foreign and an alien institution. The plan is to have the seminaries produce a native clergy, trained thoroughly in mind and even more thoroughly in heart, and send them as friendly, understanding priests into every hut and corner of the mission lands; to have these priests prove their competency and their holiness, and then take over at the earliest feasible moment the rule of churches, schools, vicariates and dioceses,—thus finally to make Christ and His Church as much at home in deepest Africa and the farthest island of the South as He is in Rome itself.

# FROM MISSION FIELDS OF NORTH AMERICAN JESUITS

## PATNA, INDIA

The new American Bishop of Patna, the **Rev. Bernard J. Sullivan, S.J.**, living at Bishop's House, Bankipore, Patna District, India, sends a message to the American friends of his mission, through the pages of the *Patna Mission Letter*:



*Bishop Sullivan's secretary, Father E. J. O'Leary, S.J.*

"The commission given the American Jesuits of the Missouri and Chicago Provinces to preach the Gospel to the 25,000,000 in Patna Mission and baptize them, coming as it does from the Vicar of Christ, is Christ's own injunction. It is no less real than gigantic. It finds its source in the great Heart of Christ that was big enough to love the whole world and to deliver Himself to death for every human soul. Far from being crushed or even alarmed at this overwhelming responsibility, the missionaries of Patna have made every effort to catch up the fire of Christ's charity; they have tried to make His zeal for souls their own. Aware that Christ is with them 'all days,' they are striving not only to preach to the millions, but actually to subdue them by the charity of Christ to the sweet rule of Christ King.

"Left alone, the missionaries feel their utter helplessness to fulfil Christ's wishes.

But with God's Grace, true apostolic love for souls, prayer (your prayers), alms, and more priests and Brothers and Sisters—from America, too—the Patna missionaries feel that they can put Christ King in every heart in Patna that is 'of good will.'

"To pile up the mountain of mountain-moving prayer till it touches the very Heart of Christ and wins Patna those extraordinary Graces of God, without which all is useless, but with which we can annex all of beautiful though difficult Patna to the Kingdom of Christ."

Bishop Sullivan's secretary, **FATHER E. J. O'LEARY, S.J.**, writes from Bishop's House, Patna, India:

"The Bishop is on tour of the mission. He left here on the fifth of April, and will not be back before the sixth of May. It is a hurry-up trip to all the stations of the mission. I accompanied him on the first part, and got in on the big celebration at Bettiah. The people are all happy over the appointment and are giving the new Bishop a glorious celebration in all the stations."

A missionary name seldom seen in these columns is that of **FATHER H. P. MILEY, S.J.** At last he writes from Jamalpur, E. I. Rys., India:

"We always look forward to **JESUIT MISSIONS**, although I am sorry to say that I am not furnishing much copy. My 'line,' a railway chaplaincy, does not make such an appeal; I am always glad, however, to do what I can for the native.

"Last Sunday, for instance, although I was saying Mass for the Ry. colony of Jha Jha, sixty miles from here on the main line, I was glad to see present four Ourazons, who all went to Holy Communion, asked for medals, rosaries, etc. You see I can thus do my bit, even for the Indian, while not neglecting the whites."

Your aversions, it is to be devoutly wished, will coincide with those of **FATHER W. E. MAQUARD, S.J.**, at Manresa House, Ranchi, India:

"I don't want to go to hell. I have gone to Gaya, and it was hot enough for me. When I left, about one in the afternoon, for Patna, it was plus 107 degrees Fahrenheit in Gaya. Inside my compartment on the train it must have been 120 degrees. I doubted for a while whether I would get to Patna alive, or whether they would just have to sweep out the ashes. The heat was like a high fever. Even the

fan just shot the hot air from the top of the car down on me. Finally, I soaked my handkerchief with water, which was warm enough, and wrapped it around my head and neck. That helped some. Fortunately, the trip took only about three hours and a half, and I survived. I was able to go to the Christian Brothers' school for Easter dinner."

**FATHER C. P. MILLER, S.J.**, who humorously recounts some baby saving experience in this issue, has been changed from Digha Ghat, Patna District, to Our Lady of Victory Mission, Victoria, Champaran District, India.



*Father James R. Gibbons, S.J., who recently said his first Mass in Patna, India.*

**FATHER PETER J. SONTAG, S.J.**, was installed as the new superior of the American Jesuit Mission of Patna on the feast of the Sacred Heart, June 7, 1929. Father Sontag replaces **FATHER WILLIAM J. ELING, S.J.**, who had been superior of the mission from 1921 when American Jesuits first assumed control of Patna. The new superior began his mission career as a scholastic in British Honduras. He is the author of the two inspiring mission pamphlets "America's Answer" and "America Must."

## SHANGHAI, CHINA

MR. CHARLES D. SIMONS, S.J., tells us of his Chinese teacher at St. Joseph's Orphanage, Zikawei, Shanghai:

"*Lette*, soldier, bonze, finally Catholic and teacher of Jesuit missionaries, such may sum up the life of an interesting old Chinese.

"Highly educated in Peking, he became an important personage in political and military affairs, until an untoward turn of



*Sien-sheng, the teacher.*

events forced him into hiding, into disguise as a Buddhist bonze, which life, however, he lived in its real oriental strictness. About four years ago he came to Shanghai, to the suburb at Zikawei, where tower the graceful Gothic steeples of St. Ignatius. Struck with their beauty, he was led by curiosity to enter the portals beneath them, to see what it was all about. Grace was not slow in working in a soul that had remained upright despite the surrounding vices of paganism.

"*Sien-sheng* is what we call him, the approved title for teachers. 'Before born' is conferred on all teachers, whether older or younger than their pupils, who, by the way, according to one classical Chinese expression, are termed 'peaches and prunes.'

"Nearly three score and ten, Tcheng *Sien-sheng*, daily goes to early Mass and receives Holy Communion, then fills out the day exercising individually his Jesuit 'peaches and prunes' in the tones and aspirations and diphthongs of his mother tongue. An awful job, no less for him than for the pupils. Scarcely knowing a word of English, he has a happy day and carries a twinkle in his eye and a broad-ivored smile beneath his sparse moustache, when the first few ideas take form

in Chinese monosyllables and leap over the huge gap that separates us."

## JAMAICA, B. W. I.

All Jamaica, B. W. I., was saddened by the death of the illustrious leader of the Allies, Marshal Foch.

On Friday morning, April 26, not only Catholic Jamaica, but official and non-Catholic Jamaica, joined in a tribute of praise and prayer in the manner most profitable to the world-hero, and the one which he himself would most have desired—the sacrifice of the Holy Mass.

The Solemn Requiem High Mass was celebrated at Holy Trinity Cathedral, Kingston. Sombre black was the dressing of the church. Over the entrance drooped in the still morning air the flags which the great soldier had carried forward to victory, the flags of Britain and France, and covered with the Tricolor was the catafalque at the head of the main aisle.

Many dignitaries of Church and State, and representatives of many official positions were present, together with the Jesuit members of the Faculty of St. George's College, and priests from the mission stations.

The celebrant of the Mass was VERY REV. FATHER FRANCIS J. KELLY, S.J. FATHER C. A. MURPHY, S.J., and FATHER D. C. CROED, S.J., were deacon and sub-deacon respectively.

At the conclusion of the Mass the eulogy was delivered by FATHER LEO T. BUTLER, S.J. It was a most inspiring address, bringing into bold relief the greatness of the soldier, and the simplicity of the Catholic which made up the man.

The sermon was ended, and the last absolution over the catafalque was given. The congregation rose to its feet and from twelve hundred throats rose: "God Save the King." As the echoes of the hymn died away the organ broke forth anew, and

to the strains of the "Marseillaise" the clergy and altar boys filed out of the sanctuary.

The troops then marched over to Winchester Park. Here they took up a position in the centre of the grounds, facing the Cathedral. To the north stood His Excellency, the Governor, and party. Soon a solemn plaint broke forth as the pipers of the Highland Regiment played a lament for the dead Commander, who had once led them to glorious victory.

## ALASKA MISSIONS

How many mail deliveries a day would you look for if your nearest post office were 200 miles away? That is the situation of FATHER JOHN FOX, S.J., at Kashunak, Alaska. He writes on March 1, 1929:

"You had a right to hope that I would get your kind letter and generous gift by Christmas, seeing that your letter was dated October 23, 1928. Nevertheless I received it only ten days ago. And as the man who brought it took me away from home for ten days to the southern part of my district, I could not thank you till now.

"May God bless your kind heart! I have no mail service here and it is very hard for me to get my mail in and out, so I depend entirely on friends or chance travelers between here and my post office, over 200 miles away. And that is quite a drive by dog-mobile, especially when one of these Alaskan zephyrs begins to fan one's face."

\*\*\*

An important postscript was added to a letter of thanks which FATHER FRANCIS MÉNAGER, S.J., sent last January from Hooper's Bay, Alaska, to the beneficiaries of his little mission:

"If you are thinking of sending anything, send it before July 31 or I shall not get it before 1930."



*The solemn Mass of Requiem for Marshal Foch in Jamaica, B. W. I.*

## INDIAN MISSIONS

The new church at St. Stephen's Mission, St. Stephens, Wyoming, built to replace the old structure destroyed by the disastrous fire of January 20, 1928, was dedicated Sunday, May 5, 1929. Right Reverend P. A. McGovern, Bishop of Cheyenne, officiated at the dedication, assisted by FATHERS A. J. KEEL, S.J., and J. T. LANSON, S.J., missionaries at St. Stephens, and Fathers Mullen and de Kennedy, secular priests from neighboring towns.

The servers at the ceremony, and members of the choir which sang the Pontifical Mass, were Indian boys and girls, under the direction of the Fathers and Sisters. That Mass, according to reports from the mission, was the first Solemn High Mass celebrated in Fremont County, Wyoming.

The new church is ninety-six feet long and forty feet wide, and is adorned with a tower seventy-six feet high. In this tower will be placed a new bell, purchased by donations of the Arapahoe and Shoshone Indians. The Indians themselves begged for the privilege of furnishing the bell from their own scanty means. The new structure was planned by BROTHIER HARTMANN, S.J., and entirely constructed under his direction, and that of BROTHIER STURM, S.J., by Indian carpenters and builders. It has a seating capacity of about two hundred and fifty.



The new church at St. Stephen's Mission, St. Stephen's, Wyoming.

The new Chevrolet car which FATHER LEO CUNNINGHAM, S.J., of Holy Rosary Mission, Pine Ridge, S. D., was using on his Holy Week and Easter trip among the Sioux failed in the testing. Here's the story:

"I returned from my Easter excursion in a truck. Next morning our mechanic and I were on our way to rescue my new Chevrolet, which was resting quietly a few miles from Porcupine Butte. It had been there undisturbed since Monday morning at nine o'clock.

"I was at St. Mary Magdalen's chapel for Easter. Bright and early I woke up and found it snowing hard. After two Masses, followed by a simple entertainment

## RENOWNED JESUIT MISSIONARIES



WILLIAM H. JUDGE, S.J.

"A SAINTLY self-forgetting American missionary." "The best known, best loved man in the Klondike." "The single gentle recollection of the struggle of the army of Klondikers." "God's martyr of charity"; all were said of Father Wm. H. Judge, S.J.

Father Judge was a native of Baltimore, Maryland. In 1875, at the age of twenty-five, after ten years spent as a clerk in a planing mill, he became a Jesuit. He was ordained in 1886, and sailed for Alaska in 1890. Six years he spent in mission journeying out from Holy Cross Mission, used his planing mill experience in building a dozen new chapels, converted at times entire villages of natives.

In 1896 came the gold rush to the Klondike, and Father Judge began a new apostolate, more heroic, breaking, more replete with hardships than his six years among the aborigines. To Forty Mile Post, to Circle City, finally to Dawson he went, moving with the tide of gold seekers, hauling by hand a load of medicines. He built the Sacred Heart Church at Dawson. Sickness broke out; he built a hospital beside the church, nursed the sick, cooked, doctored, washed, scrubbed, all in addition to his constant spiritual ministrations, and all in a single day. "Saved more'n a thousand lives this winter. Doctors all mining," was the comment of an early miner. His death at Dawson on January 16, 1899, brought general desolation to that city.

for the Indians gathered from distant settlements, I hurried to get started. The water in the Porcupine Creek was rising and the banks were slippery. By going in low I was able to keep to the trail and got over the narrow bridges. I finally reached St. Paul's Chapel, and was glad to have this place to stay for the night.

"By eight o'clock Monday morning I was on my way. By nine I was having trouble with my car; another mile of traveling and it refused to pull. I realized that there was something seriously wrong. An Indian passed by in a Ford car, and through him I sent word to the storekeeper of the next town to telephone to the mission that I needed a truck to haul my car home. I waited from nine o'clock in the morning until late afternoon for the truck. I had the Blessed Sacrament with me and had plenty of time to commune with our Sacramental Lord and to do some reading. The truck was unable to pull say car over the slippery roads. I loaded my baggage on the truck and returned to the mission."

## SOUTHERN STATES MISSIONS

FATHER PATRICK A. RYAN, S.J., is one of the Jesuit missionaries priests working in the Home Missions of the South. He wrote shortly after beginning his new apostolic ministry.

"I arrived at Rock Hill, South Carolina, a few days ago, with nothing in the world but a check for a hundred dollars from Bishop Walsh, of Charleston, to help me towards the purchase of a cheap auto.

"The day after my arrival I went down town to an automobile agency and told the agent of the little I had in the way of ready money. I added that I had a few good friends who would see me through. He took my word for my friends, and I drove home from the office in a new auto.

"The first use I made of it was to respond to the following appeal which came to me in my mail the same day: 'Father,' Mr. B— wrote, 'please come to see me. I and all my family want to join the Catholic Church. The Roman Catholic Church is the only true Church on earth.'

"The same day I received a call from a dying Irishman, eighty-one years of age. As I opened the door to his bedroom he raised his hands and said: 'Father, God bless you. I have been in the Carolinas since 1893, and for years I had no priest within thirty miles of me. But I never failed to kneel down on Sundays to read the Mass prayers and to ask God to send me a priest when my last hour should come. Now my prayer is answered.'

"I am planning to give a course of lectures on the Church. The problem of the Church in the South is the problem of the small town. The Church can make no progress in the South until the priest resides in the small towns and makes pleasant contacts daily with the people."



American missionaries in Mindanao, P. I. Fathers Lewis O'Neill, S.J., Thomas Gallagher, S.J., Alfred Kienle, S.J., Thomas Murray, S.J., and Martin O'Shaughnessy, S.J.

## PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

If the missionaries in Mindanao seem to stress schools and education in their missions, it is because they know where the greatest need of their flocks is. FATHER THOMAS J. MURRAY, S.J., writes from Zamboanga, Mindanao, P. I.:

"At present we have a seven grade school in Zamboanga and a four grade school at Tetuan, a suburb of this city. Many Chinese and Moros live here. There are about one hundred Americans. Practically all the others are Catholic Filipinos. Among these at present there is a leak. Many boys and girls go to the public high school and for some reason or other drift away from their duties. And this, too, in spite of the fact that most of the teachers there are Catholics. The superintendent of public schools is a Catholic and the au-

other requirements set down by the Commissioner of Private Education. This means an outlay of 5,000 pesos (twenty-five hundred dollars) the first year and about an equal amount for the two succeeding years." \* \* \*

The spirit of young America is in the veins of the Filipino boy. FATHER JAMES G. DALY, S.J., at Jimenez, Mindanao, utilizes it to hold them nearer to Christ.

"My purpose in listing athletic equipment among mission needs, was that you might note same for directing some such articles if some friends should ask for a list of our needs. To get in touch with the youth along this Western Front, I have ordered twenty-five dollars worth of athletic goods from Cebu, a worth while and necessary investment. The bat and ball,

Visayan dictionary and is now engaged in this new product:

"I want to print and bind a grammar and exercise book of Visayan, that I have translated from the Spanish. It will be a big help for our men, we think, in spite of its deficiencies, and prepare the way for something better. I am still working on the rough first copy, trying to make a second good one; that's why I did not write sooner. Maybe it will be printed; maybe mimeographed." \* \* \*

Here is the problem that is perplexing FATHER ALFRED F. KIENLE, S.J., at Talisayan, Misamis, Mindanao:

"It is such pleasant surprises like your check that help to make life a little less troublesome for a struggling missionary, and convince us that many others might be imitating your good example. Nobody has any complaint about the climate, work, natives, diet, language or separation from country and friends. But sometimes we are puzzled by the non-arrival of assistance from those who could help us to carry on the noble work of making Christ our Lord better known, loved and served.

"Parting with money, even in large sums, should not be mentioned in the same breath with the partings so generously, and in some cases, heroically made by missionaries. Our previous education and membership in a missionary Order is a help, to be sure; but really without financial backing we are nothing but a high powered car, without gasoline and batteries. We can't even get started, except down hill, and there are plenty of hills over here." \* \* \*

New forces have sailed away to augment the number of missionaries in the Philippine Islands. On June 7, the following priests and scholastics left San Francisco on the steamship *President Jackson* bound for Manila, FATHERS EMILY V. AZARRAGA, S.J.; JOHN E. HURLEY, S.J.; and the Messrs. JAMES F. DALY, S.J.; FRANKLIN J. EWING, S.J.; ANTHONY V. KEANE, S.J.; WILLIAM J. MULCAHY, S.J.; WALLACE J. PANGBORN, S.J.; DAVID J. FITZGERALD, S.J.; LEO M. KINN, S.J.; RAYMOND A. LUTZ, S.J.; ALOYSIUS PACQUING, S.J. FATHER HENRY B. McCULLOUGH, S. J., sailed later in June. Four additional Fathers will leave in August. The date is not yet settled.



Father James T. Hayes, S.J., Superior of Mindanao, P. I., and Father Francis W. O'Hara, S.J., in a coconut grove.

thorities are very friendly. I was asked to give the Christmas address there and was accorded a very cordial reception.

"In an effort to stop the boys we intend to start a high school for boys this coming June. Naturally the expenses will be heavy. To obtain Government recognition, without which it is useless to open, we must install a library containing certain specified books or their equivalent, and a full set of scientific instruments, and meet

undoubtedly, would be the Tinkling Bell of Xavier, if Providence has destined him for the Mindanao Mission of more modern times." \* \* \*

It would seem that FATHER PATRICK RAFFERTY, S.J., at Cagayan de Misamis, Mindanao, is doing work of lasting value for all the missionaries who will come to Mindanao. He has already produced a



## ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION OF MISSIONERS

Two Jesuits of the Calcutta Mission, Fathers Demonceau and Andries, narrowly escaped death at the hands of a *Zemindar* or landlord at Ambakona, Jashpur region, N. India. Father Andries received eleven major and thirty minor wounds, occasioning such loss of blood as kept his condition critical for some time. Father Demonceau was so badly mutilated about the hands and arms that he will likely lose the use of several fingers.

The *Zemindar*, a local ruler, who made the attack, has for long showed an implacable hatred to the Church and was using his power to force the Christians to work on Sunday to keep them from Mass. The crisis came on Easter Sunday, when Father Demonceau, the regular missionary at Ambakona, wrote to beg a holiday for his flock for that day. His answer was a request to appear before the ruler. Since on the preceding day the landlord had sworn to kill the Father, the latter politely refused the personal interview.

Two hours after midnight of Easter Sunday the *Zemindar* came to the priest's house, armed with a sabre and accompanied by a servant with an axe. Father Demonceau, ignorant of the identity of his visitors, opened the door and received a smashing blow on the head with the native axe, followed by a murderous attack from both his visitors.

Father Andries, who had come to assist Father Demonceau for Holy Week was roused from his sleep by the noise of the attack and rushed to the aid of his confrere. His presence saved Father Demonceau from certain death. Father Andries quickly disposed of the servant, flinging him out of the house and down an adjoining embankment. Then, unarmed, he faced the *Zemindar* and his sabre. His right arm with which he warded off the sabre's blows, was terribly slashed. Finally, after a struggle of three minutes, he was able to grasp the weapon by the blade and twist it to uselessness. At this point the landlord fled.

The two priests were too badly injured

to dress one another's wounds. Father Demonceau was able, however, to piece his shotgun together and by firing it to summon his Christians to their aid. In the interval of waiting both missionaries stopped to look at one another, and broke into laughter at their sorry plight. The Christians temporarily bandaged the Fathers' wounds and bore them on improvised litters to the nearest hospital at Jashpur.



Father Andries, S.J., the victim of a murderous attack in his Indian mission.

nagar. The journey took from four in the morning till late afternoon and proved a severe hardship to the heroic Fathers in their weakened condition.

## MASS CONVERSIONS IN JESUIT VICARIATE

Mass conversions are the continuous experience of the Belgian Jesuit vicariate of Kwango, Belgian Congo, Central Africa. There were 12,883 converts last year, an average of more than thirty-five a day.

Catholics in the vicariate number 62,898, catechumens under instruction 62,652. In 1907 Kwango had but 3,500 Catholics. (F. S.)

## ENTIRE CLASS ENTERS CONVENT

Twenty-one native Indian girls graduated from the Secondary School of Panjampatti, Trichinopoly. Then *en masse* they applied to enter the convent. The suspicious pastor called each girl separately and questioned each searchingly, and satisfied himself fully of the genuineness of her vocation. What could he do? Only the obvious,—let them follow God's Grace. The Secondary School of Panjampatti is in no sense an Apostolic School for developing vocations; it is open, in fact, to Hindus and Protestants. The Bishop of Trichinopoly is Right Reverend Augustine Faisandier, S.J. (F. S.)

## WHITE FATHERS WORK IN AFRICA

The following figures tell a glad story of missionary zeal and plenteous Grace. They show the spiritual fruits of the White Fathers in their African missions during the years from 1903 to 1928: Mission Centers, 1903, 82; 1928, 172.

Missionaries (priests and Brothers), 1903, 309; 1928, 613.  
Native priests, 1928, 67.  
Missionary Sisters, 1903, 168; 1928, 398.  
Native Sisters, 1928, 187.  
Catechists, 1903, 1,255; 1928,

5,100.  
Catholics, 1903, 93,275; 1928, 515,878.  
Children in schools, 1903, 20,478; 1928, 197,935.

## JAPANESE AIR-PLANE SALUTES CATHOLIC CHURCH

A Japanese airplane dipped salutes over the buildings and throngs that gathered to witness the blessing of the new Catholic church at historic Gifu, Japan. The cele-

bration began on the evening of February 27, with a meeting addressed by Rear-Admiral Yamamoto, who recently resigned from the post of personal French interpreter of the Emperor to assume leadership of the Japanese Catholic Youth Association. His address was a refutation of the charge that a Catholic could not be a good citizen and loyal subject of the Emperor.

On the following day the church was blessed and Pontifical Mass was celebrated by the Right Reverend John Ross, S.J., vicar-apostolic of Hiroshima. Baron Tokugawa, commander of the Air Forces and a prominent Catholic, arranged for the aerial salute. (F. S.)

## INDIA'S JUBILEE GIFT TO THE POPE

On the occasion of the priestly Golden Jubilee of Pope Pius XI, the Catholics of India, Burma and Ceylon, will present as their jubilee gift a suitable residence for the Apostolic Delegate, the personal representative of His Holiness in India. The Most Reverend Edward Mooney, D.D., an American and the Apostolic Delegate in India, is now living in a rented building in Bangalore. The estimated cost of the new residence is 100,000 rupees (approximately \$35,000). It will be erected in Bangalore. (F. S.)

## GOVERNOR IN AFRICA WRITES PRAISE OF CONVENT SCHOOLS

Bishop Zelger, the Vicar Apostolic of Dar-es-Salaam, Tanganyika Territory, East Africa, received the following letter recently from the Acting Governor of Tanganyika Territory:

"I feel I must write and tell you how pleased my wife and I were at all we saw at the Convent School yesterday evening. We were much impressed by the difficulty of the problem presented by so many different nationalities and by the able and efficient manner in which that problem is being solved by yourself and your staff. In particular we were delighted to see how very happy all the children seemed to be.

"I am enclosing a small donation from my wife and myself." (F. S.)

## CATHOLIC MISSION COURAGE CONVERTS CHINESE MINISTER

A native Chinese Protestant minister, Paul Hia, and his whole family, were received into the Catholic Church on February 21, 1929, in the Jesuit mission vacariate of Wuhu. The example of Catholic missionaries in his section of China who stayed at their dangerous posts during the civil war while, in Mr. Hia's opinion, Protestant missionaries left their flocks, was the beginning of his conversion. (F. S.)

## KING WAITS FOR MASS IN AFRICA

Ex-King Ferdinand of Bulgaria spent Easter Sunday in equatorial Africa and went to Mass in the church of the White Fathers at Kampala, Uganda.

On the Sunday following, King Ferdinand arrived at the little mission church in Nyeri, Kenya Colony, fifteen minutes early. "Fine," he said on hearing the fact, "I shall wait till the hour and use the interval in recollection and preparation." This, accordingly, he did. (F. S.)

### Our Next Issue

You can grow comfortably cool in imaginative prospect of reading how Father John Fox, S.J., lost the trail in an Alaskan blizzard, "mushed" till his dogs dropped from fatigue and then slept in the storm, "outside on the snow and under the open sky."

The administration of justice by ordeal in Zambesi, South Africa, and sorcerers and weird daily customs are the burden of a paper by Joseph Prince, S.J., now preparing at Heythrop College, England, to spend his priestly life in Zambesi.

What a lay-Brother can do in a mission country will be illustrated in a true account of paupers HELPED BY A BROTHER in the Philippines.

### PLEASE NOTE

The next issue of JESUIT MISSIONS will be out for the 1st of September. There is no August Number.

## THE GOLDEN HARVESTER

(Continued from page 148)

As a result, in 1921, he was made a Cardinal. Honors rushed to him with surprising rapidity. On September 8, 1921, he took office as Archbishop of his own city, Milan, and in the following January went down to Rome to take part in his first Conclave, for Benedict XV had just died. This was the opening of the final period in his life, the most glorious of all, for he was himself elected Pope and took the name of Pius XI.

But anyone who has talked with our Holy Father could see immediately that he did not gain his great qualities all at once. He must have always been the masterful man he now is, kind and strong, intelligent and pious, a true ruler and a true

priest. Hours of communion with God have left an otherworldly look in his eyes, which draws souls instinctively to confide in him. He has been one of the clearest of all the favorites of Divine Providence.

When I saw him last, in November, 1928, he had hardly changed at all from the Cardinal Ratti I had first seen in 1921, and again as Pope in 1925. Even without all the profoundly moving trappings of the Papacy around him (which made such a cool customer as Will Rogers, by his own confession, speechless!); even without the deeper feeling which our Faith lends us in the presence of the Vicar of Christ, I think everyone would be moved in meeting him. There is that grave humanity in his face and that pleasant undercurrent of strength in his voice which betoken the great.

PEOPLE have remarked that he does not "look like an Italian," whatever that means. It is true he is a northerner by birth and has Lombard blood in his veins. I think the truer remark would be that he has a universal look; any nation almost in the world would take him for one of its own. Is this some mystic result of his being the Father of all the Faithful? I know not. It is at least true that his wide experience of books and men, joined to the heavy responsibilities which he takes so seriously, have moulded a countenance which makes him stand out in all the gallery of great men of our day.

Now we cannot all gather round our Holy Father in Rome, as we may around our pastor when he celebrates his Golden Jubilee. Rome would not hold all who might wish to go there. Of course, many will make the pilgrimage, thousands of them. For those who cannot, the Pope, in his kindness, has made provision. In fact, he has turned around and made us the presents, and as befits Christ's Vicar, spiritual ones. For he has proclaimed a special Jubilee Year, so that all the members of the Church Militant and the Church Suffering may participate in God's special blessings for our Chief Pastor. This touching sign of his care for us will bind us closer to him than ever.

## WONDROUS FAITH IN JAMAICA

(Continued from page 149)

have returned to civilization and are engaged in peaceful cultivation, although several exclusively Maroon settlements still exist, self-ruled and independent.

WE can understand, therefore, how in 1839 and thereafter, Father Dupeyron and his successors found it an easy matter to deal freely with these Maroon descendants whom he found at Preston Hill. When he first went there, it was anything but flourishing. This we can easily judge from what his successor, Father J. Sidney Woollett, S.J., had to say of this mission station. In a letter, dated August 16, 1866, after describing other missions, he writes: "If I visit St. Mary's I find eighty-nine Catholics; most are Spanish *Emancipados*, and live in mountains at a place called Preston (Top) Hill. I have provided vestments, and left them in their keeping; but owing to there being no house near these *Emancipados* in which I can say Mass, it is difficult to collect them at a house ten miles from their places. Their own little hovels are too small. I promised them ten pounds (\$50) to assist them in erecting a wattle hut in which I can say Mass."

It was not until 1886, however, that a humble but substantial chapel was built at Preston. A change of location became necessary, and a second chapel was erected on the present site. This chapel was damaged by a hurricane some ten years ago and had to be almost entirely rebuilt, giving us the present chapel.

## THE DELTA OF THE MIGHTY YUKON

(Continued from page 153)

occupants. In these cabins, too, the sacrifice of Calvary is re-enacted, here the sole-begotten Son comes down and offers Himself to the Eternal Father in the Sacrifice of the Mass. The altar may be a table, sewing machine or, more frequently, a pile of gasoline boxes.

THE living conditions of the people are better than they were some years ago. There are stores where the Eskimos may exchange their furs for some of the commodities of civilization. These are in charge of white men, most of whom are married to native girls.

I have seen our land change from its summer appearance, when it was



Father Aloysius Willebrand, S.J., has written about Alaska for this issue.

one vast swamp, to its present glaring winter garb. At first I feared to be so far from civilization. To be miles from all railroads, telegraphs and the other blessings of modern civilization; to realize that in case of accident or sickness to myself or any of the thirty boys under my care, without infirmiry or dispensary, I would have to stake my chances on what we ourselves could do, without aid of doctors or hospitals.

Now these have become perfectly normal factors in my existence. Many of our ancestors of a generation or two ago got along without such conveniences. Why not we, for God's greater glory? Traders there are up here who do not wish to go "outside," and that merely for the sake of a few furs and for love of a wild, free life. Why not we, in order to help others on the way to heaven?

## MOTHER INDIA'S HELPER

(Continued from page 154)

it, held it against the earthen pot to heat the cloth and then applied it to the baby. In the meantime I was warming the other end of the *dhoti* and when I said, "ready," Father Joachim would remove his cloth and I would apply mine.

You will smile at this. I admit it was primitive and clumsy, but it worked wonders. After an hour and a half of this back-breaking work the baby was breathing more freely and showed such signs of improvement that the women stopped crying. I now went to the Brother Infirmary of the Christian Brothers' School and obtained some liniment with which to rub the baby.

When I returned, I found the women were "feeding" the baby. In a dirty aluminum dish was some milk. A small piece of rag was dipped in this and then inserted into the mouth of the baby. His lordship was imbibing greedily, to the great joy of his mother. The baby had refused her efforts to nurse it.

The sight of that dish and the rag washed clean in the milk was a new experience for me. It gave a severe jolt to my faith in what I have read about germs. I decided to get a feeding bottle. As the baby seemed out of danger, I hurried home, dispatched my dinner, mounted my motorcycle and spurred it into Patna.

UNLIKE the knights-errant of old, I was not in quest of a struggle with green dragons or horned monsters, breathing fire from their dilated nostrils. No, I was in search of a harmless feeding bottle.

The first chemist shop (drug store) I entered was in charge of a corpulent, oleaginous *babu*, who was sitting cross-legged on a broad bench whence he could survey the door and maintain vigilant guard over his army of bottles.

"What do you want?" he wheezed from the depth of his corpulency.

"I need a nursing bottle," said I.

"What do you want it for?" he wheezed back at me.

"To feed a baby," I answered.

"We are out of stock," was the interpretation of the third wheeze.



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

### Please Tell Me, Father —

Does any organization of priests work exclusively among the Negroes?

The St. Joseph's Society for Colored Missions has such a purpose. A report in the *Colored Harvest* gives the following statistics:

The Society has eighty-one priests working among the colored people in fifty-five parishes with resident priests and twenty-six missions. They have forty-one seminarians in St. Joseph's Seminary, Baltimore. Associated with the priests are 225 Sisters and seventy-five lay teachers conducting sixty-four schools, with an enrollment of 11,613 pupils.

Are the American Jesuits engaged among the Moros of the Philippine Islands?

All the American Jesuits in the Philippine Islands come into effective contact with Moros. Iligan, where Father Andrew Hofmann, S.J., is stationed, is largely inhabited by the Moros, and he is doing successful work among them.

What is the address of the new Bishop of Patna?

The address of Rt. Rev. Bernard J. Sullivan, S.J., is Bishop's House, Bankipore, Patna, India.

What kind of work is to be done by the American Sisters of the Holy Cross in the Patna Mission, India?

The chief works are teaching in the mission schools, caring for native children in orphanages, conducting fixed and traveling dispensaries, nursing in hospitals. It will be obvious that these works entail needed household and even clerical assistance.

How many Catholic mission territories are there in China?

There are now eighty-eight Catholic mission territories in China. Three were recently added: the Prefecture Apostolic of Yungtien confided to native Chinese clergy; the Prefecture of Loyang confided to the Foreign Missionaries of Parma, Italy; the independent mission of Yih sien, the first mission Prefecture confided to the Stigmatine Fathers.

It is interesting to note that the Prefecture of Yungtien is thought to hold the largest Catholic population in Prefectures thus far entrusted to native

Chinese clergy. The faithful of Yungtien number 38,602. The Prefecture embraces a total population of about 1,500,000.

How many mission territories in China are entrusted to native Chinese clergy?

Nine territories, including Yungtien, are now entrusted to native Chinese clergy.

Who are the Stigmatine Fathers?

They are members of the Priests of the Holy Stigmata. Their Central House is at Verona, Italy. The Congregation has an American training school at Waltham, Massachusetts.

Compare the number of Catholics and pagans in foreign mission countries.

China: Catholics, 2,500,000; pagans, 400 millions.  
India: Catholics, 2,400,000; pagans, 300 millions.  
Africa: Catholics, 1,000,000; pagans, 200 millions.  
Japan: Catholics, 1,600,000; pagans, 70 millions.  
Other countries: Catholics, 1,200,000; pagans, 30 millions.

How many missionaries are there in foreign mission countries?

About 15,000 priests; 4,000 lay-Brothers, and 40,000 Sisters.

Are there any lay-Brothers in the foreign missions under the care of the American Jesuits?

There are nearly 100 Jesuit lay-Brothers in these missions. The shortage of lay-Brothers prevents a greater number from being sent. Brothers are sorely needed in the mission fields.

Who are the Santals?

The Santals are a simple aboriginal race of northern India, numbering over 600,000 souls. About one-sixth of this race dwells within the limits of the Patna mission, in charge of American Jesuits. Most encouraging progress in their conversion has been made. Fathers Ignatius Westropp, S.J., and James Creane, S.J., hold hopes of a mass movement of the Santals towards the true Faith.

Does the Jesuit missionaries need Mass kits?

Yes. They may be sent through the offices of JESUIT MISSIONS.

I MOVED on to the next shop. Again I placed my order for a "nursing bottle." This clerk was a thin, dried-up, sad looking specimen of humanity.

"A nursing bottle," he said. "Hm! A nursing bottle!" And his face became more sad than before. "What do you want it for?"

"To give milk to a baby."

"Hm! A bottle I can give you," said Sir Melancholy, "but the nurse you will have to get from the hospital."

In the third shop I was catechized in the same way.

"Sorry, but we are out of stock," was the final word.

"No, you are not out of stock," I shouted. "You do not know what I want." And then I explained in detail what it looked like and drew a picture of it.

A gleam of intelligence came into the eye of the clerk. "Oh!" he fairly yelled; "you want a *feeding* bottle."

"That's precisely what I am after," I said.

The all important "feeding bottle" was produced. I returned in triumph to the scene of my labors.

I WAS soon the center of a crowd of onlookers. No directions were enclosed as to how to operate this piece of artillery, and I, too excited to notice that full directions were printed on the side of the box, had to resort to my own ingenuity.

At last I succeeded. The exclamation, "Good! Fine!" revealed how intensely interested the spectators had been in the performance.

Now came the supreme moment. The old women had declared in unequivocal terms that either the bottle could not be made to work or the baby could not be induced to work the bottle. Of course, I could not read the directions to the baby, much less offer it any explanations as to how to proceed. Suffice it to say that the baby took to the bottle as if there had never been any prohibition law, nor ever was to be one.

As the child seemed to be out of danger I thought it safe to go home for some much needed rest. The baby slept soundly till one in the morning. Then it awoke, tried to turn on its side,—and died.

## JUST OVER THE BORDER

(Continued from page 155)

powers of endurance. Their favorite game, *rarajipari*, is a test of sheer brute strength. For twenty unremitting hours and more, no matter what the weather, they will run, kicking a wooden ball with bare feet, over a rough and tortuous path, howling wildly all the while. Exhaustion alone marks the end of the race and the last to fall is hailed as victor.

AS a rule, they believe in the existence of a Supreme Creator. They are not idolaters though it has been observed that in the regions where pagan Indians still remain, these have the moon, *mechaca*, as a goddess, and the evening star, *chiriso-pari*, as the daughter of the sun and the moon. The Indians we know seem to be naturally inclined to piety but their stupidity is so great, and their comprehension of abstract notions so slight, that heroic patience is needed to make them learn the most indispensable truths. Only zeal for the salvation of their souls, redeemed by the Blood of Our Lord, gives the strength and patience to spend year after year in that disagreeable labor, labor appreciated by no one but God who rewards unflinchingly.

## CATHOLIC PROSPECTS IN THE SOUTHLAND

(Continued from page 157)

hundreds of thousands of non-Catholics members of no church, but hungering for the truths of religion.

The secular clergy is doing valiant work in the South despite trying circumstances. The religious Orders are equally self-sacrificing; most of the better known ones, Benedictines, Marists, Dominicans, Paulists, Salesian Fathers, Passionists, Redemptorists, Lyons Fathers, Josephites, Franciscans, Fathers of the Divine Word, Holy Ghost Fathers and others, may be found doing pioneer work in the most unexpected places. The first Jesuit martyr in the Western hemisphere lost his life at the hands of the Indians on the coast of Georgia in 1566. From that time on their work *Ad Majorem Dei Gloriam* has been inextricably interwoven with the history of the Catholic

Church in the South; they have repeated there the heroic missionary work which has distinguished them all over the world.

BUT they are preparing to do more. About a year ago the Very Reverend Provincial of the Jesuit Fathers in the South organized a band of Jesuit missionaries to be placed at the disposal of the Bishops of the South. The members of this band include: Rev. M. J. Cronin, S.J., for the diocese of Mobile, Ala.; Rev. M. A. Grace, S.J., Rev. T. J. McGrath, S.J., and Rev. G. Whipple, S.J., for the diocese of Raleigh, N. C.; Rev. Alfred Latiolais, S.J., for the diocese of St. Augustine, Fla.; Rev. P. A. Ryan, S.J., for the dioceses of Charleston and Savannah; Rev. J. J. Wallace, S.J., for the diocese of Galveston, Texas. Rev. P. J. Philippe, S.J., was appointed for the diocese of Lafayette, La., but died shortly after the appointment.

What such a movement means to a section crying for priests may be gathered from the conditions before described. The good will of Southern people is apparent to all who know them. A Catholic paper wrapped around a shipment of books is responsible for a Catholic colony at Newton Grove, N. C. The example of an Irish bricklayer resulted in a whole parish of converts at Mine Creek, S. C. If so much could be done as it were by chance, what may we not expect from a movement like that of the Jesuit Missionary Band? We all wish it well.



Acta Pontificii Operis A Propagatione Fidei. Cura Consilii Superioris Generalis Edit. Romae, Typis Polyglottis Vaticanis.

One may echo the words of the preface of this important volume and say that it is a gladsome sight to view how the papal work of the Propagation of the Faith has pitched its tents and deeply set the poles of them throughout the whole Catholic world. With practical universality, national councils of the Society have been established or the way for them has been made through the less formal Delegations of the Society. With the growth of Cath-

olic population and the removal of peculiar local difficulties, as, for instance, the bloody religious persecution proceeding in Mexico, delegations will advance to the final status of national councils. It is pleasing to note that every section of the North American continent is fully and finally organized for the work of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith. But we can not yet indulge any feelings of vanity, for we have scarcely begun to realize the potentialities for missionary achievement that lie at our hands.

**Marry Your Own.** By Reverend Daniel A. Lord, S.J. St. Louis, Mo.: The Queen's Work Press. Ten cents.

Father Lord's latest pamphlet in The Queen's Work series is a discussion on mixed marriages. It has all the interest of a short story, yet there is hardly a reason in favor of mixed marriages which it does not meet and answer, not pugnaciously, but quietly and convincingly. The whole earnest chatty conversation goes on before the cosy, winter fireplace of the rectory at Lakeside. Principals in the discussion are Dick and Sue, the twins who figured in Father Lord's previous delightful pamphlet, "The Pure of Heart," and Father Hall. Father Hall formerly showed the twins the beauty and high purpose of human love. He shows them in "Marry Your Own" the circumstances under which this beauty is fairest and this purpose best achieved.

## In This Issue

	Page
Frontispiece	
The Pope of the Missions	145
The Golden Harvester	
Wilfrid Parsons, S.J. . . .	147
Wendrous Faith in Jamaica	
Joseph B. Morning, S.J. . . .	149
Isle of Song and Sanctity	
Joseph J. McGowan, S.J. . . .	150
The Delta of the Mighty Yukon	
A. Willebrand, S.J. . . . .	152
Mother India's Helper	
Charles P. Miller, S.J. . . .	154
Just Over the Border	
Manuel M. Aguirre, S.J. . . .	155
Catholic Prospects in the Southland	
Richard Reid . . . . .	156
Editorials . . . . .	158
Jesuit Mission Vignettes	
No. 20. Mindanao, Philippine Islands . . . . .	159
The Mission Intention . . . . .	159
From Mission Fields of North American Jesuits	160
Renowned Jesuit Missionaries	
William H. Judge, S.J. . . . .	162
From Many Climes . . . . .	164
The Tinkling Bell . . . . .	167
Book Reviews . . . . .	168
Grateful Acknowledgments	

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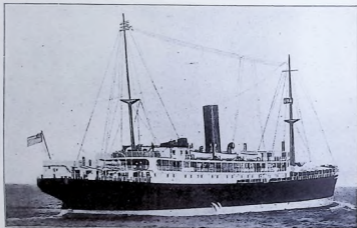
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