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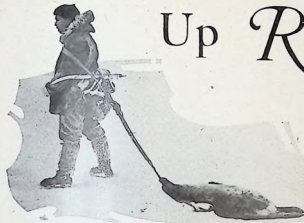


A YOUNG INDIAN CHIEF IN THE CANADIAN JESUIT MISSIONS

Among the tribes of Canada, the Jesuits began their great career of apostolic ministrations to the Indians of America. It won for them the lasting title of the "Blackrobe," and for some it gained the martyr's crown and glory.

Up Rocky Slopes

Bellarmino Lafortune, S.J.



"Kill one or two seals which are pulled back to the island."

one of the causes of the small increase in population is that these good people, both

IF you were to find time enough to visit King Island, out in the Bering Sea, where I am stationed, you would see what is perhaps the wildest country in the world. It is nature undisturbed, unrefined, superb, majestic in its roughness. Steep, abrupt and craggy, the island rises 900 feet above the sea level to a top which is bristling with huge peaks like the steeples of some fairy temple. For a month now I have been at the task of building a church to Christ the King, and the amount of work accomplished has surprised me. The seven natives who are working with me are sterling men, every one of them, whose efficiency and accuracy is nothing short of wonderful. They have muscles of steel and they work without counting the hours.

A 700-foot slant reaches from the sea to the location of the church, and that incline is composed of huge boulders covered by a luxurious growth of wormwood. To take 20,000 feet of lumber and about twelve tons of other material up that grade would have been beyond human endeavor had I not erected a small iron cable from the sea to the top of the village. By means of that cable we hauled up everything easily and in a comparatively short time. Now the outside of the church is practically finished. It is built on three rows of posts, the upper row protruding about one foot above the rocks, the center row about five feet and the front row sixteen feet. That will give you an idea of the steepness of the place. Well, that church is as solid as the island itself, and the natives are proud of it because it dominates the whole village and puts the public school in the shade.

A GREAT many serious problems have to be solved here and they are of a nature that involve the very continuance of the race itself. For many years I wondered what might be the cause of the small increase of the population, especially considering that the natives are all Catholics, and not addicted to immorality or to drunkenness. Since I took up a permanent station I have been trying to make careful observations. It seems to me that

men and women, work entirely too hard. Now, work is good, of course, but it is not well to go beyond one's strength, and that is what these people do here. If, for example, I had not bought that cable, the men would have tackled the inhuman task of carrying all the lumber and supplies on their backs up those huge cliffs, where one never has a sure footing. It would have taken two months to do the task, but still it would have been done by the willing workers who live here.

Then, take the case of the women. Every morning I see groups of them, carrying large rawhide bags on their backs, crawling up the flanks of the mountain slowly, carefully, halting now and then to take their breath. They climb up 600 feet, cross the island and go down 700 feet on the northern slopes to gather vegetables for their winter provisions. Any white woman would succumb under the strain of these trying journeys. After the women have gone about this task, the young men soon follow the same path, but they go farther, five or six miles on the ice, to kill one or two seals, which are pulled back to the island and then loaded on the shoulders of the Eskimos (and do not forget that a seal weighs between 100 and 200 pounds). On they climb up the 700-foot slant, across the island, and descend 600 feet to the village. Such tasks often repeated are a heavy drain on our men and not only shorten their lives, but even make them prematurely old.

FACE to face with this situation, I studied the problem to see what should be done. I think I have a scheme which will lighten the work of the men, and it is this. I will follow on the northern slope a plan similar to the one that I used on the southeastern slope, namely, install a system which will relieve the heavy pulling and dragging up the rocky slopes, but instead of a cable I shall use an ordinary rope and shall erect a windlass. If my plan works out well the men will be able to carry on the work of their hunt with only half the fatigue, and their vitality will not be sapped as it is under the present circumstances. (Turn to page 97)

Lunch WITH A Brahman

Richard A. Welfle, S.J.

BANKIPORE to Bettiah is an considerable run of only a hundred miles or so. But, unfortunately, it takes the better part of a day to get from one to the other. To board the train at Bankipore, one must cross the murky waters of the Ganges. So, at six-thirty in the morning I found myself down at the ferry-landing, the only white man in the midst of a throng of dark-skinned, quaintly-clad Hindus and Mohammedans, who squatted on their ample luggage, and chattered away in language meaningless to me. For want of something more entrancing I engaged myself in a study of head-gear. The range was from a closely-shaven pate with a tuft of hair drooping down in the back or oiled and twisted so as to appear not too unlike a pig's tail, to highly-colored turbans and the Mohammedan's red fez.

Soon there was a general commotion. Speech became more animated; men and women jumped up from their baggage to have it placed on the heads of coolies; and mothers gathered up their slightly-clad babies, all of which informed me that the ferry would soon be here.

AS WE moved out into the Ganges, the sun, just well up above the horizon, was fast dissipating the veil of mist that hung over the water, and bespangled with gold the mangoes and palms that fringed the shores, while monkeys made merry in the branches and parrots went screeching by overhead. Here and there were small, quaint crafts with square-cut sails, aided in their struggle up stream by half-naked coolies who ran along the bank pulling them with ropes. Everywhere up and down the water's edge were groups of Hindus who had come down for their morning bath in the sacred river. As they splashed about, I could not help thinking of that saving water which they knew not of. I was aroused from this bit of reverie by another general commotion; we were at the landing.

I summoned a coolie, who deftly hoisted my trunk up on his head and went trotting off with it up the bank to the train. The coolies are marvels to foreigners. It is not uncommon to see them balance a trunk on their heads, the weight of which makes them fairly totter, and



"The coolies are marvels to foreigners."

go walking off with smaller pieces of luggage in each hand. And all this for a couple of annas—about five cents. No one carries even his own hand baggage in India; it just isn't the accepted thing.

ONCE seated in the railway carriage, I found myself surrounded on all sides by nondescript luggage, and three Hindus sharing the same compartment. While they chatted away I pulled out my "Hindi in Thirty Days"—fallacious title—and busied myself with the study of vocabiles. This went on until we came to the next station.

Here, as soon as the train had come to a halt, a troop of coolies came dashing up with luggage, and began unloading it in our compartment, which was already generously filled. And what a collection of luggage that was! There were brass pots, earthen vessels, small chests, tin boxes, clothes tied up in carpets, and a basket full of trinkets. This shipment was so extraordinary that

the natives in my compartment were anxious to see the owners.

They presently put in their appearance. A young Hindu, soberly but neatly dressed, came to the door of the carriage and waited for a maiden with a veil closely drawn and escorted by an elderly lady. The young man assisted the veiled miss into the compartment and led her over to the remotest corner, then seated himself with his Hindu brethren and engaged in conversation. This young couple alighted at a station about two hours later. During all this time the miss in the corner sat motionless, her face carefully concealed, and received attention from no one. She was handsomely attired. The loose flowing garment which reached to the floor was of a rich red, bespangled with silver, and numerous bracelets graced her arms and ankles. Of course, I had soon guessed that this must be a newly married couple; but



"Mothers gathered up their babies."

ment opened and a servant from the station lunch room entered bearing a tray which he placed before my friend across the way. I was just getting things well started when I was surprised to see the other occupant of the compartment approaching with a dish in each hand. He informed me in perfectly good English that, being a Brahman, he ate neither fish nor flesh, and "would I be pleased to dispose of the fish and flesh that he offered?" I assured him that I was fond of fish and flesh, and that I was pleased to accept both. He returned to his seat, on which he squatted cross-legged; and having mixed his curry and rice, began tossing it into his mouth with his hands, all in strict keeping with Indian etiquette. Between mouthfuls, we engaged in conversation. I learned that my new acquaintance was a graduate of St. Xavier's, a Jesuit college in Calcutta. By and by I did some questioning concerning the newlyweds we had encountered on the other train.

"Why didn't they speak to each other?" I asked.

"Oh, newly married couples seldom do," he said. "Perhaps she won't speak to him for a month or more. Now, in my own case my wife didn't talk to me for a whole year."

"But why is this?" I inquired.

"Isn't a bride allowed to talk to her husband?"

Father Raymond Conway, S.J., Superior at Bettiah, welcomed Mr. Welfe, S.J., in this native taxi.

it was all so incomprehensible. Why all this mystery? Why did not the young groom manifest some affection for his bride?

AT THE next station I had to change trains. When I got settled again I found that a Hindu and myself were the sole occupants of the compartment, and that the Hindu happened to be one of the gentlemen who shared the compartment I had just left.

It was now well past twelve, and the pangs of hunger having seized me, I began to undo my lunch. Presently the door of the compart-

"Yes, she is allowed to, but you see they don't understand each other very well at first. I suppose this is rather difficult for you to understand, but you know our manner of procedure is quite different from American customs. In America you have, I believe, what is called a period of courtship, and during that time the couple get to know each other before marriage. But that isn't true here; it is only after we are married that we come to know one another."

"Must a young bride keep her face veiled?" I asked.

"Oh, yes," he assured me. "Not only young brides, but all our maidens are supposed to keep their faces concealed. It is only after they begin to get on in years that they can become free in this regard."

"But isn't that a rather rigid restriction?"

"Yes, it is. However, it is intended as a safeguard, and while I don't think it is altogether desirable, still it is a convention which must not be abolished abruptly. Our people have been educated to this for centuries, and it would be disastrous to do away with it at once. Advances in this direction are gradually being made by the more educated classes, as you will notice, for instance, if you visit Calcutta. We have schools for girls now, and in general the female social sphere is gradually expanding."

WE THEN touched upon the caste system. I ventured to ask if he did not think that the caste system is an evil in that it kills initiative and checks progress.

"Yes, I believe you are quite right," he agreed. "But here again you are dealing with something that is almost essentially woven into the warp and woof of our social fabric, so that even though there are many of us who see its evils and would be glad to be rid of it, still how is this to be accomplished? I really think the caste system will be broken down in time, but it will require years and years to do so. However, there are already indications that it is weakening, especially among the more educated classes. Take my

(Turn to page 97)



Camp De Smet

George L. Warth, S.J.

IAD you toured through South Dakota last summer over Highway 18 you might have met a cavalcade of horsemen that looked like a picture from one of Zane Grey's novels. You even might have felt some fear as you approached the prancing ponies with their cowboy riders. But had you looked closely through the cloud of dust, you would have seen smiling eyes and boyish faces coated with grime perhaps, but registering happiness for all that. For these riders were city lads enjoying western life at Camp De Smet.

Just six miles off the highway where it climbs out of the Rosebud Agency, lies the large Indian Mission School of St. Francis, among the Sioux Indians of South Dakota. Here Camp De Smet is located.

From September until June about 425 Indian boys and girls make the Mission their home. The large concrete, fireproof buildings are scarcely able to hold them all. The class rooms are crowded and odd rooms here and there have been fitted out to serve the increasing numbers. Spacious dormitories are filled with row after row of immaculately white beds. Immense play halls and a gymnasium scarcely suffice during the long winter for all the demands made upon them by the boys and girls. During the school year the Mission is ringing with the happy shouts of lively girls and boys. There is a spirit of youthful activity in the air, and all, young and old,



"Each boy has his own horse."

get more or less of it in their blood. When vacation comes the children are piled into wagons or ride horseback and with their parents begin their happy ride homewards. Soon all are gone. A stillness falls upon St. Francis like a pall. The halls and dining rooms and playgrounds impress one as lonely for the laughter and cries of children. But not for long. What follows tells you why.

IN distant St. Louis a zealous young Jesuit, eager to save souls for Christ, viewed with dismay the numbers of Catholic boys in his own school who spent the summer in camps where attendance at Mass was an impossibility. He meditated over the problem, planned

and the result is Camp De Smet, a western camp for boys under the supervision of Jesuit Fathers from St. Louis University.

"These trips are experiences that become pleasant memories."

Now the vacation period at St. Francis Mission is no longer a time of gloom. Fifty to sixty young voices fill the air. There are splashing and shouting at the large concrete pool, cheers from the ball field, from the tennis court, from the gym, and, above all, is heard the Indian war cry and

(Turn to page 97)



Echoes ^{of} the *Canadian* *Huron Missions*

Julien Paquin, S.J.



"The French Jesuit missionaries had been four years at work in Huronia."

THE French Jesuit missionaries had, by 1638, been four years at work in Huronia, endeavoring to spread the Kingdom of God among its savage inhabitants. Their staff numbered seven apostolic laborers: Francois le Mercier, Charles Garnier, Paul Raguenu, Pierre Pijart, Isaac Jogues and Pierre Chastelain, with the pioneer Jean de Brébeuf as leader. They had extended their field of labor all over that part of Huronia called Lapointe, lying between Georgian Bay and the Bay of Penetanguishene. The last *Relation* claimed one hundred *bona fide* Christians, that is, men and women who had embraced Christianity, not under fear of approaching death, but of their own free will, and who conformed their lives to Christian ideals.

But the devil would not relinquish his prey without resistance. A contagious disease had been ravaging the Hurons and the other Indian tribes of Canada for almost a year, and it was at its worst in midsummer. The medicine men were powerless to check the epidemic, and they held the missionaries responsible for the calamity.

IT was an accepted truth among the Hurons that death was the work of a sorcerer, and such an individual, whoever he might be, if once discovered, was put to death without any further procedure. "Now," they argued, "since the whole nation is sick and dying, there must be some great sorcerers poisoning and killing all our people. Who are they?" Naturally enough, the blame was laid upon the missionaries, those *andokis*, those superior men in close touch with the *okis*, the demons. The accusation spread among the people until at last it became the general opinion that the missionaries were great sorcerers sent from across the sea to kill all the Indians.

Everything in the missionaries' possession, every move they made, became an object of suspicion. It was said they kept a corpse in their cabin as the medium through which they procured the death of the adults; and the body of a child, killed by the pricking of an awl, was said to be the cause of the death of the children. The Superior invited the chiefs to visit the Fathers' cabin and see for themselves, but they answered: "Echon (Brébeuf), we do not believe those tales; but some people say it and others believe it. The elders cannot hold the young men; they have gone crazy. No one can tell what may happen to you."

THE situation was approaching a crisis. A general council was called for the fourth of August, to deliberate upon the Iroquois menace and to devise proper means for checking the ravages of the contagion. As usual, Echon was invited to attend, for he had become a power in the country; his opinion was sought for and weighed. To follow the custom, in spite of his poverty, he presented the assembly with a string of four hundred beads of porcelain as a token of his sympathy with the nation in its calamity.

Ontarac, an old blind captain, by right of age, acted as chairman. The pipes were lit and passed around the assembly. In a tremulous voice, the old chairman opened the meeting with a few words of exhortation to consider bravely the miserable condition of the people and apply fearlessly the remedy that would be thought effective. The Master of the "Feast of the Dead" then drew a very vivid picture of the ravages of the disease, and ended with a direct accusation against the missionaries, of being in league with the demons of the contagion, and cooperating with them in the ruin of the country.

It was then the turn of the chief speaker to enlarge upon the accusation pronounced against the missionaries and stir up the hatred of his hearers. All they had to do was to come to one conclusion with him: "The Black-robbers must go, for the salvation of the nation."

HERE Father Brébeuf asked leave to address the meeting. He took the last speaker to task, and refuted all his calumnies so effectively that not a word was said again in their defense. Then, as usual, he began a short exposition of Christian doctrine which many present had never heard before; but the council was not in a mood to listen to a sermon, and interrupted him repeatedly. However, they came to no conclusion that night. But an old captain said to Echon, when leaving the council meeting: "If I hear that some one has split your head, I will not protest." (Turn to page 98)

Villages *that are* Christian

THE Vicar of Christ on earth in his famous Mission Encyclical insisted that no native Christianity could flourish without native clergy. Native priests, knowing their own people, their habits, their temptations, their superstitions, their language, their culture, would seem to be the natural channels through which God would pour His supernatural graces and gifts. Where Christianity has been flourishing for centuries, as in China and India, the problem of discovering promising material for native clergy is more easily solved than in darkest Africa, where the light of the Gospel is only just beginning to penetrate. Before you grow the fruit of a native clergy, you must plant the trees of sound, solid Christian families, and to do this a thoroughly Christian atmosphere is essential. Now, the only way to establish such an atmosphere in Africa seems to be in the establishment of Christian villages.

One of the most distressing problems of a missionary's life in Africa is to see his Christian men wander off to towns and mines to earn money, leaving their wives and children to grow up without the paternal hand to guide them. Away from home the native has to live in surroundings that are most detrimental to his morals and where he is a prey to temptations of every kind, and this sometimes for years. Is it a wonder if both husband and

A Christian in darkest Africa, and glad of it, as you can see.



wife fall back into immorality and gross superstition and paganism?

EQUALLY bad for the Christian neophyte is the contact with his former native friends and acquaintances. If it is a tremendous struggle for a European Catholic with solid Catholic traditions and with a basis of a sound Catholic training in home and school to resist the undermining influences of non-Catholic customs when he goes to a colony—and many Catholic missionaries know of numbers that fall—how can one expect a poor native, yesterday a savage, a Christian of a day, with no Catholic traditions but much that opposes them, how can one expect him to withstand the temptation of his former easy-going life? Barring a miracle of grace, he will likely succumb and it is simply throwing him into the danger of relapse to allow him to mingle freely with his former pagan associates.

Before the coming of the white man these natives, though sunk in superstition and worse, still lived a very simple life. If the missionary can help them to keep their simplicity while giving them the "good news" of the Gospel, he is doing what every true apostle wishes to accomplish. He has not entered their country to make them rich, save in spiritual and eternal things. Their previous simple habits, their poverty, their easily contented life is all to the good, and should be preserved

"The light of the Gospel is just beginning to penetrate."



as far as possible. The best way of doing so is to establish them under the wing of their Father in Christ, in a Christian village, around the Ark of the Covenant, the Blessed Sacrament of the Tabernacle, surrounded by their fields which they cultivate within the sound of the Angelus bell. This may appear primitive; I prefer to call it the simplicity which Christ was always inculcating—"of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

THE method is slow, but the wheels of God grind exceedingly sure. In thoroughly Christian villages such as the missionaries are trying to build up, one may naturally expect some rich blossoms of virtue and of sanctity, and those who have tried before have not been disappointed. In the case of a Christian in pagan surroundings there could hardly be found a Christian atmosphere such as the following story describes.

It is the story of a little African girl who, it would seem, was consoled on her sick bed by a visit from her Patron Saint. "Take me with you," she cried, as her heavenly visitor prepared to depart. But her hour had not yet come. A little later, those who were watching at her side saw her face light up with a smile, and when they heard the child cry out, "Have you come to take me home to Heaven, Mother?" instinctively they fell on their knees, feeling that they were in a presence not of this world. The innocent child told them that our Lady was coming for her at noon, and as a matter of fact, when the sun mounted to its zenith in the heavens the little girl smiled and died. You will scarcely find such flowers cultivated in any but strictly Christian centers.

DID it not take the Catholic Church three hundred years of seclusion in the catacombs, before, under God's Providence, she had the necessary strength to face the world? Again, the history of Catholic emancipation in England during the last hundred years shows how slow and chary the bishops were in allowing Catholic students to frequent the old Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, owing to the dangers to their Faith; and when it was allowed, it was only under special conditions and safeguards. The battle-cry of the hierarchy in England and other countries today, "Catholic atmosphere in Catholic schools under Catholic teachers," seems to imply how necessary it is even for countries with solidly established Catholic traditions to safeguard the Faith of their young children.

The African native is often not more developed than a child, and his surroundings have given him a bent towards pagan darkness and superstition. The only cure seems to be to uproot him absolutely from the midst of such surroundings and to put him in a thoroughly Christian center, a Christian village, where he can continue his agricultural and pastoral work under the very eyes of Catholic priests and at the foot of Christ Crucified.

IT IS easy enough to run through a country tying the labels of a new religion on multitudes of natives, but the African missionaries have not gone to their missions to do that. Their sole purpose is to make Christian centers, and that cannot be done in a day, nor a week, nor a year; it takes generations. Our present Holy Father insists that they should build up a Christianity that can stand by itself with native clergy, native catechists, native Sisters. In Africa that is best accomplished by taking the very first step by building up Christian villages. And in such villages there should be a central training school for catechists who should later be able to form a nucleus of Christianity in various other districts. From such Christian centers, too, we may hope, as the years go on, to develop vocations for the native priesthood. Our Holy Father, in his Encyclical Letter *Rerum Ecclesiae*, emphasizes the matter of native clergy:

"First of all, let us recall to your attention how important it is that you build up a native clergy. If you



"From such Christian centers we may hope to develop vocations for the native priesthood."

do not work with all your might to accomplish this, We maintain that your apostolate will be not only crippled, but it will prove to be an obstacle and an impediment for the establishment and organization of the Church in those countries. . . . Why should the native clergy be prevented from cultivating their own field, that is, from governing their own people? In order that you may be able to make more progress in winning over to Christ new converts from heathenism, shall it not help you greatly to be able to leave to the native clergy the parts already converted for them to guard and cultivate? Nay, even the native clergy will prove to be most useful, more useful in fact than it was ever imagined in extending more widely the Kingdom of Christ. . . . He knows, in fact, better than anyone else, the best methods to follow; and so it frequently happens that he will often gain access where a foreign priest could never gain entrance."

THE PASSING OF

Wamblee Ska

Rev. A. M. Rickert

WAMBLEE SKA is not a big man—in size. He is a big man in every other way.

His heart is big. He is inflamed with a spirit of true Christ-like zeal, which has led him undaunted through the greatest difficulties imaginable, because his heart is in God and in the people who have been entrusted to his pastoral care and solicitude. When you meet Wamblee Ska there is a spark that glistens in his eyes that seems to tell you immediately that here is a man of energetic action; a man who does not fear to meet unflinchingly the heats and burdens of the day; a man whose heart is flaming with true missionary spirit and zeal.

Wamblee Ska is a Sioux name. It means White Eagle. The Sioux Indians of the Pine Ridge Reservation in South Dakota gave this name to Father Otto J. Moorman, S.J., who went to work among them in September, 1920. He was to them *sina sapa*, the Blackrobe, a successor of the great unbroken line of the heroic and intrepid Jesuit missionary Fathers who have labored among the Indians of the West since the days of the saintly Father De Smet.

UNTIL May, 1921, Father Moorman remained at Holy Rosary Mission School, acting in the capacity of teacher and disciplinarian. Then came the day when he was "sent out on the road." Father Moorman was given a territory of about 3,000 square miles in which there were ten chapels, usually located along one of the many creeks that wind lazily through the prairies and the Bad Lands. These chapels radiate from the North to the Southeast in a fan-like fashion. The nearest chapel is thirty-two miles from the mission center, while the one at the extreme limit of his mission field is a little more than a hundred miles distant. These distances seem very slight to those of us accustomed to macadam and concrete roads, but "way out West" a hundred miles means labor, and lots of it. One must go through it to understand. To travel over the prairie roads and trails



"The Sioux Indians . . . gave this name (Wamblee Ska) to Father Otto J. Moorman, S.J."

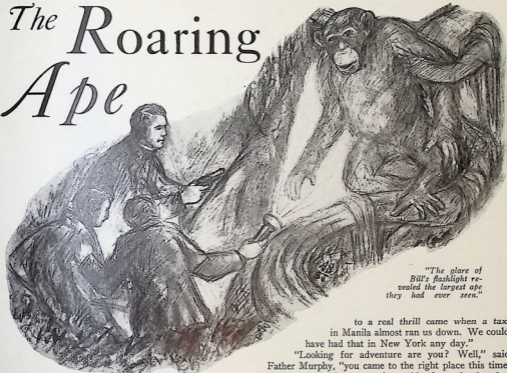
for many miles, without any signposts, depending only on a lone tree, or a hillock, or a casual mailbox as a guide, is no easy matter. To go through the Bad Lands with their deceptive buttes and draws continually tempting one out of the right road is by far a less easy task. It is hard enough in the summer, but infinitely harder in the winter, with the snow in drifts over the top of a wagon or auto, and with the temperature as low as thirty-six degrees below zero.

THAT was Wamblee Ska's work for nine years. He was known to everyone on the Reservation. At first his team—Silver and Fatty—was always the signal of the approach of the *wicasha wakan*, the Sioux term for priest. Then came the auto in the shape of a struggling "Lizzie" finding her way to the chapels and huts of the Indians. There would be the gathering of the Indians to hear the word of *Wakan Tonka* (God). In their *tipi wakan* (the holy house) Wamblee Ska would hear their confessions, and give to them *Yutapi Wakan*, the Holy Food, the Bread of Life. The Indians endearingly termed him *Até un-yanpi* (our Father), who loved them, sorrowed with them, shared their joys, and served them well.

Now that is no more, for Wamblee Ska has passed along. No, he has not been claimed by death. He has been taken from his beloved Indian people and given to another people equally loved by God. Wamblee Ska is now a missionary in a new field. His lot is cast among the colored people who are to be found in the towns of South Kinlock and Anglum, near the city of St. Louis. In each of these towns there is a chapel built for the colored people through the energetic efforts of Father A. J. Garvy, S.J. Perhaps it will be of greater interest to hear Father Moorman's description of his new work.

"Without any inkling of it, I was taken away from Holy Rosary, and I have been placed as pastor of the colored people at Holy Angels Church, South Kinlock, and at St. Peter Claver's Church (Turn to page 98)

The Roaring Ape



"The glare of Bill's flashlight revealed the largest ape they had ever seen."

Joseph S. Brusher, S.J.

IN his ramshackle convento in Caigan, near the great jungle of Zamboanga, Father Murphy was spending an unwontedly pleasant afternoon. Bill McMurrugh and Jack Tremaine, young American college graduates who were touring the Philippine Islands in the interests of a big rubber concern, were accepting the missionary's surprised hospitality.

"It's not much of a palace, I know," laughed the good Father surveying the rather dilapidated ceiling; "but it keeps out the rain."

"Your mansion mightn't be spacious, though it certainly is a pleasure to run across an old Fordham teacher out here in the jungles.—You know, Father taught me at college before he was ordained," Bill explained to his friend Jack.

"I have heard of the ubiquitous Jesuit," laughed Jack.

They talked for hours about the days in the classroom and these newer days as a missionary in the Philippines. Jack wasn't much impressed by the spiritual side of it.

"Does anything exciting ever happen out here?" he wanted to know. "We are roughing it through the islands hoping for adventure, and the nearest approach

to a real thrill came when a taxi in Manila almost ran us down. We could have had that in New York any day."

"Looking for adventure are you? Well," said Father Murphy, "you came to the right place this time. You can do this community a big favor by hunting our celebrated roaring ape."

"Roaring ape!" exclaimed both in delighted unison. "Tell us about him." It was evidently a more popular subject than missionary activities.

FATHER MURPHY told the story while he opened a can of baked beans and prepared a pot of coffee.

"During the past year the natives in these parts have been terrified by a kind of howling and weird roaring in the jungles. And they have other good reasons to be terrified, for near Wallo, a barrio about two miles from here, two Moros were found dead and horribly mutilated. During the past six months that ape has claimed a victim almost every month. Several hunting expeditions went after him but all were unsuccessful. The natives who are not Christians are positive by now that the ape is a demon; and, in spite of my efforts, the Christians are beginning to think so too."

"Did you ever hear the ape?" asked Bill.

"Twice," replied Father Murphy; "once on the way to visit an outlying barrio and again only a mile from here. I tell you it is a most ugly sound."

"Here's the adventure we have been looking for," laughed Bill as he drew two revolvers from his luggage. "Let's get that roaring ape!"

"Speaking of apes," said Bill when the enthusiasm had died down a little, "the brutes have already caused Jack here a good deal of trouble. (Turn to page 99)



Sad

Clement R. F.

"The sign over the entrance tells you that it is the Cebu Leper Detention Camp."

THE island of Cebu, one of the medium-sized islands of the Philippine group, lies north of the western section of Mindanao. About midway along its eastern coast is the city of Cebu, the largest city in the island. Going north from the city by the Provincial Road, you soon pass an open rectangular plot of ground enclosed by a barbed-wire fence. On its some ten acres are about twenty bamboo and nipa cottages, facing the road and parallel to the seashore. The people often speak of the place as the Carreta Hospital, Carreta being the name of this outer section of Cebu; but the sign over the entrance tells you that it is the Cebu Leper Detention Camp. Quite recently this name has been officially changed to the Eastern Visayas Treatment Station. For about eighty years, and perhaps much longer, this locality has offered shelter to the leper.

We enter the gate and come to the Treatment Station. It is small, about thirty by forty feet. One half forms a sheltered pavilion; the rest provides dressing room, doctor's office and storeroom. There are two large maps in the pavilion. The first one is of the Philippine Islands, and on it the islands of Cebu and Mactan are in black which means that they of all the Philippine group furnish the largest quota of lepers. The other map indicates the divisions of Cebu in various colors according to the percentage of lepers coming from them. On this map the city of Cebu is marked as the most pronounced centre of leprosy in this leprous island.

LEAVING the Treatment Station we come to the mess kitchen. For twenty years, they say, a non-leper has been its faithful cook. Here, too, rations are served to those who prefer to do their own cooking in the common kitchen, a shelter for large concrete slabs on which small fires are built to suit individual wants.

The camp has to care for three or four hundred patients, the male patients keeping closely to the average of two-thirds; the female, one-third. As the original name indicates, it is the place where the lepers of Cebu and the neighboring islands are detained. Each week brings a few new patients. When the number reaches four hundred, a hundred or more, generally advanced cases needing more care and treatment than local facilities offer, are sent to the leper colony at Culion. Since March, 1929, there have been two such expeditions. Naturally, they are sad events. Not much preliminary notice is given, doubtless to lessen as much as possible the sad scenes that would occur. The expedition on the thirtieth of last November included a large number of volunteers in good physical condition who were glad to go in order to take advantage of the opportunities of earning money that exist in the large colony of Culion. But it also included a few patients in such condition that one had to regret the necessity of forcing them on such a voyage.

In recent years all religious exercises have been conducted in a small chapel built of bamboo and nipa, about fifty feet

long by twenty-two wide. In 1927, a Filipino priest, Father Augustin Atop, contracted the dread leprosy and was detained in the camp. The lepers themselves, nearly all Catholics, built this chapel. The Father was cured and paroled. He died last August of tuberculosis. Before he came and after he left no one was appointed to care for the spiritual needs of the lepers regularly, but each year during Paschal time some Fathers came to give the lepers an opportunity to make their Easter duty. This was in striking contrast to the

A group of new leprous patients being brought to Culion, the largest leper colony in the Philippine Islands.



Few patients die of leprosy or tuberculosis



Cebu

...sacher, S.J.

"All religious exercises have been conducted in a small chapel, built of bamboo."



very good spiritual care the lepers received in former times. Under the circumstances, it is easy to understand that the practices of our holy Faith are not now in the flourishing condition that prevails at the Culion colony. Great work has been done there for years by the zealous pastors, Spanish Jesuits, and by the self-sacrificing Sisters of St. Paul of Chartres.

MY present labors as chaplain at Cebu are divided between the spiritual care of the patients, the building of a suitable chapel in the new colony which is now being erected to supersede the old, and the obtaining of means to do this and to support the work that has been undertaken. No fund or regular support has been provided beyond the offerings the Faithful may send for the purpose. The spiritual care of the patients involves very much instruction; isolation has helped to make many more illiterate and uninstructed than would ordinarily be the case. The children, and they are of all ages, number about one fourth of the patients. There is also room for much charity work, sometimes not for the patients themselves but for those who have been forced to leave without means of support. It is hard for able-bodied men to be detained so they cannot work and earn, though physically fit to do so, and know that their families are in want.

As there are no accommodations for non-lepers at the Camp,

Mass is said but twice a week, on Fridays and Sundays. There are devotions Wednesday and Friday evening, and catechism is taught to boys and girls once each week. Nearly fifty children have made their first Holy Communion since last March. With the aid of the Redemptorist Fathers Brennan and Kilbride, a little three-day mission was held within the octave of the Immaculate Conception. It had been planned as a triduum for the feast, but the tail of a typhoon interfered. The results of the mission were gratifying. Two hun-

dred and seventy received Holy Communion; for quite a few adults it was the second of their lifetime. The mission closed with a procession in honor of Mary Immaculate. Practically all assisted.

THE chapel in the new colony has been made possible by the quick and generous response from America. Its completion seems assured, but up to the present it is not possible to arrange for the furnishings. The buildings of the new colony are substantial, neat and sanitary. They are the gift of Mr. Eversley Childs of New York, who donated one hundred and eighty thousand dollars for this purpose. The colony site, an ideal one, was presented by the Bishop of Cebu, the Rt. Rev. John B. Gorordo, D.D. When the new colony is opened, probably in April, it will be possible to have daily Mass and all the usual devotions, as the chaplain will reside on the grounds. As there will be no Catholic school, a hall for religious instruction and other activities that are out of place in the church, ought to be provided. We trust that God will send the funds for this and for the support of the work that has been undertaken. It is much to be regretted that the children, all Catholics, who are deprived of parental care for the common good of the State and public, cannot have the loving care of Catholic Sisters. The position of the Government is that it cannot do anything of this nature. There is, therefore, special need of prayers that all may be preserved and protected in their holy Faith.

"Usually nephritis meets them off."



"Generally, advanced cases needing more care are sent to the leper colony at Culion."

JESUIT MISSIONS

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Editor

JOSEPH GUCHWEND, S.J.

Business Editor

JOSEPH REITH, S.J.

Associate Editors

THOMAS WALSH, S.J.

1855 Rachel St., East
Montreal, Canada

G. A. FITZGERIBONS, S.J.

3115 S. Grand Blvd.
St. Louis, Missouri

CORNELIUS PINNEAU, S.J.

Collège Jean de Brébeuf, Montreal, Canada

PATRICK J. O'REILLY, S.J.

1220 Forty-third St., S. E.
Portland, Oregon

PATRICK A. RYAN, S.J.

1106 Ellis Street
Augusta, Ga.

Editorial and Publication Offices

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American Sisters

EVER greater mission enthusiasm is being manifested by young Americans. Surely, no small part of the credit for this is due to the mission enthusiasm of the teaching Sisterhoods. With the spread of keener mission spirit there has come a call for more American Sisters to work in fields afar. Before now, Sisters from our American Congregations have been at work among the Indians and the Negroes; others have gone to Alaska, China and India and to regions in the islands south of our country. Perhaps the latest developments are those which will bring American Sisters into the missions in the Philippine Islands and in Patna, India, where the American Jesuits are at work. Knowing the efficiency of the American Sisters and their spirit of work, the Fathers on these two great missions have repeatedly sent the call to the American Sisters to come to the aid of the peoples among whom they work. The fact that the Sisters are equipped with a knowledge of English will make them more useful in these missions where English is the official language, even though other languages are spoken. May the number of vocations to the missions grow by leaps and bounds among our young energetic American girls!

The Coin of Forgetfulness

MR. X. leaned over and dropped a dollar bill into the collection basket. The preacher had been eloquent with his appeal for help for the missions, so Mr. X. had felt that he ought to spare a dollar for the cause. True, a dollar more or less in his well-filled purse mattered little. He could give his help to the mission and then forget about any further duty towards missions for months or for another year. And he did.

But did the gentleman act generously towards the missions? You will tell me that a gift of a dollar from one person is not something to be ignored. True enough

and I would gladly admit that the gentleman was generous. What he did was fine, but he stopped too soon. Perhaps you expect me to give you a statistical dissertation and quote you income and expenses of any given mission to show you how constant and pressing are the needs of missions and how very much is needed to keep them all afloat and in a position to carry on their work with at least some hope of not being smothered by debt. Perhaps you expect me to show you the expense of sending missionaries to the fields, of keeping them in food and clothing, of enabling them to build small village schools and chapels, of—well, of really and efficiently running a mission. All this would be quite legitimate, for the missions do need constant support far more than most people realize. But the point I wish to make is precisely in the fact of Mr. X's forgetting the missions for an indefinite time. Missions are simply not in the category of things that are merely seasonal,—to be used in summer and stored in winter; no, mission interest is a thing so vital that it is right down at the foundation of our appreciation of what Christ Himself did for souls.

What Are They Worth?

TRUE mission spirit is had only when we get down to a study of values. The man or woman who gives a donation once a year or so and then forgets about missions simply has not caught the true concept of the mission question. That question is one of understanding the value of a soul. Once we understand that missions have to do with souls; that souls were bought with the Precious Blood of Christ; that our love for Christ can be measured by our eagerness to see His conquest of souls proceed with greater and greater strides, then we are catching something of an appreciation of mission work. Once we forget that true mission work is a matter of zeal, a matter of souls, a matter of deeper love of God, we are very apt to treat mission as we would a seasonal charity to which we are accustomed to give a donation,—only to forget for another year.

If We Have Caught Christ's Spirit

IF, however, we have caught something of the apostolic spirit which makes us mission-minded, we shall make the thought of the missions and the missionary priests and Sisters a familiar one. True, we may not be in a position to give more than one generous donation a year. But the inability to give money does not lessen our possibility of becoming mission-minded. If we have caught Christ's appreciation of the value of souls we shall be on the lookout for opportunities to help the missions by our little mortifications and penances, our sacrifices, but most of all, and that daily or at least frequently, by our prayers for the missions and the missionaries. The missionaries need courage and spiritual strength; the people among whom they work need the grace of conversion and the courage to follow the light shown them. Surely these things are worthy objects for which we should offer our prayers, storming Heaven for the success of missions and missionaries in whatever phase of the work they need God's special help.

Jesuit Mission Vignettes

No. 28. Trincomalee, Ceylon



A missionary and his flock in Trincomalee, Ceylon.

SOUTHWARD off the mainland of India is the island of Ceylon whose inhabitants number about three and a half million. Nature has made of this island a veritable paradise in appearance, but the weather is exceedingly hot and oppressive, and the rain at certain seasons is excessive. The northeastern section of the island forms the diocese of Trincomalee, erected in 1893 and entrusted to the Jesuit Fathers of the Champagne Province. The total population of the diocese is approximately 203,000, of whom some 10,600 are Catholics. The rest are mostly pagans and Mohammedans. There are 29 Jesuits working in the mission, and they are ably assisted by 2 native secular priests, 33 Sisters and 165 catechists. Some 60 primary schools are conducted for 2,907 pupils, and 4 orphanages care for 170 little ones. The Fathers in the mission attend some 49 chapels and churches in different parts of the diocese. The latest statistics available show that in 1928 there were 161 adult and 363 infant Baptisms.

MISSIONS that are called by the Holy Father "most difficult missions" surely deserve the prayers of all sympathetic mission lovers. Such are the arctic missions of Alaska and the missions of northern Canada. The Vicariate Apostolic of Alaska has for some years been entrusted to the Jesuit Fathers of the California Province, while the northern missions of Canada are cared for by the Oblates of Mary Immaculate who have the Vicariate of Yukon and Mackenzie and the Prefecture Apostolic of Hudson Bay.

Naturally enough, in these missions, the cold of winter presents one of the greatest obstacles and at times the greatest danger. When the thermometer registers from twenty to seventy degrees below zero, even life in the small huts is hard, but travel is beset with danger. Before this, missionaries have frozen to death on the trail, and others have run the danger of freezing ears or hands or feet. Only one who has faced a blinding northern blizzard blowing for hours and perhaps days can realize the perilous travel that an Alaskan or Canadian missionary must undertake in his missionary work.

THE MISSION INTENTION for APRIL

The Missions of the Northern Regions

In summer time mosquitoes and vermin of every description attack both man and beast and are a positive menace to life and health. Add to this the fact that the people of Alaska are not noted for their hygiene and cleanliness, and one has a set of circumstances that calls for heroism on the part of the missionaries and noble self-sacrificing Sisters who are working for the salvation of the scattered people of the regions of Alaska and northern Canada. During the summer, too, much strenuous work has to be done to store up sufficient provisions for a long winter of eight and nine months. Thousands of fish must be caught and stored, firewood must be piled high, while at the same time all necessary outdoor repairs must be made on schools and churches.

The territories are vast in extent; Alaska alone is larger than France, Germany, Holland and Belgium put together; northern Canada is wider than two thirds of Europe. Yet in all these vast expanses there is only a scattered population of some 85,000 souls, Indian and Eskimo. The fact that the people live so far apart keeps the missionaries on the road a great deal of the time.



AFIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUITS

PATNA, INDIA

From Our Lady of Victory Mission
FATHER CHARLES P. MILLER, S. J.,
writes:

"I have a lame shoulder today after one of the worst rides I have had in my motorcycle experience. Late yesterday afternoon I went to Bettiah and expected to come home very shortly after attending to my business there. It was eight o'clock when I started on my return journey with my servant.

"Ten of the fourteen miles that separate Bettiah from my mission have roads that are rotten mud. The clay is fine for making bricks and mud houses, but it is also efficient in stalling cars. Of those ten miles I do not think I traveled more than a half mile in high gear. The mud clogged up under the mud-guard and locked the side car and front wheels. The hind wheels simply spun round and churned mud and water. While my servant got in back and pushed I put my feet on the ground and thus took my weight off the machine. We pushed and pulled and tugged along mile after mile. All the while a torrential downpour was falling, the rain being driven by a cold wind. The rainfall was so heavy that at times I could hardly see twenty feet ahead of me and the flashes of lightning were blinding. My companion and I were drenched to the skin and so cold that our clothing felt like ice. In all the distance we traveled we did not meet a person or cart that could have helped us along."

FATHER LEON FOSTER, S. J., has arrived in St. Louis from Patna Mission. He will take up his work in the middle West as promoter of the Patna Mission in America.

SOUTHERN STATES MISSIONS

In December, upon invitation, FATHER THOMAS BORTHELL, S. J., gave a talk on old San Felipe Church at the monthly luncheon of the Lions' Club in the Franciscan Hotel. The first three of the old church records greatly interested the assembled Lions. The first entry, June, 1705, is the Baptism of a Spanish girl and the second of an Indian child, both being in the quaint Spanish script of the time. The story of two cherished

relics of colonial days, the old stage-coach post-office attached to the rear of the church, and the room alongside, in which Ebenezer Pike, of Pike's Peak fame, was a virtual prisoner under the Franciscan Padres for twelve days by order of the Mexican authorities, was news to most of the hearers. As usual, visitors are more interested in local history than the natives, and tourists are frequently seen at the venerable shrine. They tread more reverentially in the church when told that the modern floor covers hundreds of graves in the ancient adobe space and that the rectory patio is the roof of hundreds of other graves.

the Bering Sea across the lowland. The mission became an island completely cut off from the village and surrounding country. The water rose all day through the deep snow until two o'clock in the afternoon just before the tide rose.

Father Fox had promised a Mass in honor of St. John Berchmans if God would avert the destruction of his mission. He kept candles burning on the altars throughout the day. Before the water rose too high, he had put on his high boots and plunged through the icy waves to the village to tell the terrified Eskimos to gather in the *kasga*, the native community house, and say



Some of Patna's missionaries gathered at Bettiah. Left to right: Felix Farrell, S. J., V. Rev. P. J. Sontag, S. J. (Superior of Patna Mission), Father Alban, Father Wm. Eline, S. J., Marion Batson, S. J., Rt. Rev. B. J. Sullivan, S. J. (Bishop of Patna), Brother Stanislaus, S. J., Father A. Pettit, S. J., Father Joachim, Father E. J. O'Leary, S. J., and Michael Lyons, S. J.

ALASKA

FATHER JOHN FOX, S. J., at Kashumak, has gone through a trying period in his mission. In the late Fall a violent wind and flood swept over the village, destroying the few earthly belongings of the poor Eskimos and threatening the mission building with ruin.

The terrific gale from the East tore part of the roof from Father's cabin and blew it half way to the village. He himself ventured on the roof to make necessary hurried repairs. Meanwhile, the storm never carried him through the air, "but my big bones," he writes, "once more came to the rescue."

Soon the wind changed and started a vast flood as it drove the icy waters of

their beads. The village chief, a former medicine man, afterwards told Father Fox that the natives were frightened until he came to tell them to pray. "After this," said the chief, "we were no longer afraid."

Fox hunting, the natives' chief occupation and means of support, was spoiled by the flood for the rest of the winter.

From Nulato, Alaska, FATHER FRANCIS E. PRANGE, S. J., writes that he is literally living on the trail this winter.

"I have just returned from a hard trip and am resting up my dogs before starting on another 500 mile round-trip journey, on which I expect to be away

until about March 1. Christmas weather this year was excessive—for seventy-two degrees below zero greeted us on that day, and it was followed by a week of sixty-five and sixty-eight degrees below zero. Three days ago we had a blizzard; and yesterday came a thaw with twenty-eight degrees above zero and today we are again in the throes of a snow-storm with the mercury down to twenty-two degrees below zero. Such sudden changes raise havoc with heart and lungs out here, and I fear my Indians are going to have a hard pull of it before the breakup in May."

JAMAICA, B. W. I.

The Franciscan Sisters and the Sisters of Mercy have been working for many years in the Island of Jamaica. Under their direction are some of the best schools and charitable institutions. Sister M. Theresa from the Convent of Mercy at Gordon Town, Jamaica, B. W. I., sends the following letter:

"Like so many other missionaries we run against problems in our little mountain mission. One of our greatest is not being able to get a drop of water except what is carried up a steep, rough pathway. This means a very limited supply both for our convent and for our children in the school. We cannot even indulge in the pleasure, or rather, necessity, of a bath in this hot climate, as we have neither the bath nor the water.

"We hear and see gallons of water running down the river. To get a few gallons of this pumped up into a tank and conveyed by pipe into the convent and school wouldn't mean a very large expenditure; but it does look big to us.

"We are three Sisters with a school and general mission work to keep us going. Our people are all very poor and were it not for the generosity of our American friends we could not live here at all."

* * *

The pastor of St. Anne's Church in Kingston, Jamaica, B. W. I., is FATHER JOSEPH S. KMEJNY, S.J. His parish is one of the important parishes of the Island, and his sick calls bring him far out into the country. He describes the dangers of one of these:

"Old Becky appeared at the presbytery just after lunch with another 'chance' sick call. I had been out all morning and was not keen on going off again, especially since Becky does not always get things straight. She makes up in zeal what she lacks in intelligence. Nevertheless, she said that the woman was dying; therefore, I went because to discount her story might have meant the loss of a soul. It was raining as I started out.

"Along one of the muddy roads out of Kingston, I came by 'Aque Walk,' a settlement of thatched roof huts and truck gardens. It is inhabited mostly by East Indians but Blacks and half-breeds also dwell there. Suddenly I was accosted by a violent exclamation, 'White man! White man! Chop him! Chop



At Gordon Town, Jamaica, B.W.I., water for the school is a serious problem.

him down!" It was a slum rat, a mean looking fellow. I looked at him and I realized that he was only having his little joke at the white 'parson's' expense. I had been there before. It may have been that the accoster was a newcomer and did not recognize me.

"It occurred to me that this fellow might have been smoking 'ganja.' That would put another light on the matter. Ganja is a weed cultivated secretly and sold at a good price because it has powers. A devotee of the weed becomes elated, feels inspired to daring deeds, feels convinced that immunity from punishment is his benighted lot. He may select his best friend as the object upon whom the wrath of the guiding spirit is to be wreaked, or he may run amuck with a machete and chop down anyone he meets, child or aged man. Sometimes a pocket knife is his only weapon but it has been known to do the work.

"This is a danger along the muddy roads that lead out from Kingston. However, it has been the tradition of Catholic priests that no danger could stop his errand when there are sick calls to be made, when, perhaps, a soul is about to start along another path that also has its dangers."

AMERICAN INDIANS

Bishop Kelly of Boise, Idaho, and Bishop McGrath of Baker City, Oregon, and a number of visiting clergy were present at the golden jubilee celebration of FATHER THOMAS NEATE, S.J., at St. Joseph's Mission, Slickpoo, Idaho, January 7.

The jubilarian was celebrant at the solemn mass. He was assisted by Father James J. Walsh, chaplain of St. Anthony's Hospital, Pendleton, Oregon, and Father E. Boll, S. J., of Lewiston, Idaho. Father Baerlocher of Green Creek, Idaho, presided at the organ. The choir consisted of some members of the clergy, assisted by a quartette from Green Creek.

The venerable jubilarian was quite overcome when Bishop McGrath told of the many acts of zeal and charity towards the Indians performed by Father Neate during his years at St. Andrew's Mission among the Umatillas of Oregon.

After Bishop McGrath's talk, Bishop Kelly gave the occasional sermon to the large congregation that had gathered from many miles around to honor their old friend and missionary.

Talks were also given by Father Loeffler of Uniontown, Washington, and Father Baerlocher.

The Indian children of St. Joseph's Mission School, under the direction of the Sisters of St. Joseph, gave an entertainment in honor of Father Neate. Hymns were sung and recitations well suited to the occasion were given.

* * *

Writing from St. Francis Mission in South Dakota, FATHER GEORGE WARTH, S.J., gives an idea of the severity of the winter which he and other missionaries in South Dakota, both at Holy Rosary and at St. Francis Mission, experienced. He writes:

"To awaken in the early morning and hear it whisper outside your door that it is forty degrees below zero is not a



Father Leo D. Rooney, S.J., of St. John's College, Belize, British Honduras, who has given ten years of zealous apostolic service to the Honduras missions.

pleasant experience. That was the record in South Dakota this winter.

"Meanwhile the supply of coal was fast dwindling. Fires had to be kept at full blast to keep the 425 school children comfortable. And the neighbors, improvident as usual, looked to the mission to supply them with sufficient fuel to keep them from freezing. Finally, word was received that a car of coal was at Kilgore, fifteen miles away. For days a strong wind had blown the snow in drifts and blocked all the roads. The truck backed and men shoveled, and after hours of labor the coal came through. At least the children could be warm.

"Men and beasts are suffering from the severity of the winter. The cattle are pawing the snow to obtain whatever grass they can find. Where no feed has been stored for them, they are growing thin and many will die of starvation before Spring brings relief."

At St. Paul's Mission in Montana, FATHER EDWARD M. GRIVA, S. J., sixty-five year old veteran missionary, was nearly frozen to death this winter owing to a breakdown in the auto which was bringing him back to the mission headquarters from one of his trips. The machine was stuck in two feet of snow far out on the dark and wild prairie. The driver, a young man, walked through the snow from 7:30 to 2:30 A. M. before he reached the first house along the road. Father Griva and the other passenger spent the whole night and all the following morning till noon in the driver's compartment of the truck. Only about noon did a young man arrive with a sleigh to bring them to the nearest house, a drive of three hours. Father Griva had been more than twenty-four hours without food in the bitter cold, and when finally he arrived at the house he could hardly get out of the sleigh. "Such," he writes, "is the kind of picnics we have in Montana during winter. I would surely have been frozen to death if somebody had not come to rescue me that day."

CHINA

FATHER PIUS MOORE, S.J., had invited the Shanghai American Jesuits to Nanking for their first Christmas together in China. Another revolution, however, broke out about three weeks before Christmas, with Nanking as its objective, and hence the family reunion of American Jesuits in China had to be postponed. The Fathers and scholastics have hopes now of getting together in Nanking at Easter time.

FATHER MCGREAL and MESSRS. LYNCH and ROULEAU spent an afternoon in mid-January at the Bell mansion in Shanghai. It was a little sendoff for the three oldest boys, who sailed January 18 for Gonzaga University in Spokane. Two of them spent a year at Gonzaga in 1925-26. The Bells are whites, not Chinese; the father is an American. They are a great Catholic family, a regular "insti-

RENOWNED JESUIT MISSIONARIES



MAXIMILIAN RYLLO, S.J.

FATHER RYLLO earned his missionary fame because of his work in Syria, and later in Africa. He was born in Poland on December 31, 1802, and entered the Roman Province of the Society of Jesus in his early manhood. His studies completed, Father Ryllo spent many years in missionary work in Syria, Malta and Sicily. On July 4, 1844, he was installed as Rector of the Urban College in Rome, a position he held until he was entrusted with the dangerous task of investigating the possibilities of mission work in Africa.

With three companions he was to ascend the Nile as far as possible, and then to report on conditions there. The missionaries found the journey dangerous and trying, for they were under the equator, and had scant provisions and no means of protection from the terrible heat. In addition to this, there was the constant peril of the crocodiles which infested the shores of the river. Once they had reached the hillside caves, they found the Negroes liberal and kind, and saw the possibilities of spreading the Catholic Faith among them. The journey completed, the Fathers returned to Khartoum and in due time reported back to Propaganda in Rome. Later on, as a result of these explorations of Father Ryllo and his companions, Fathers of the Congregation of the Missionaries of Verona were entrusted with the task of evangelization.

tution," as one of the missionaries called them, for they have thirteen children, eleven of whom are boys. The oldest, Edmund, is eighteen. They all learn Chinese as babies from their Chinese governesses; and the little tots can speak it as well, if not better, than English. The family holds open house all the time for visiting priests and Sisters. They are wondrously kind and devoted to our American missionaries.

CANADIAN INDIANS

There is a beauty spot along the St. Mary River, some nine miles east of Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario. It is a real park, the work of nature, planted with clumps of stately pine trees which would make a lumberman's mouth water. There stands the church and rectory of the Mission of Garden River, for the service of a couple of bands of Ojibways. The registers go back as far as the year 1856, when a Jesuit missionary, Father Kohler, first took up residence there; but these Indians had been visited at intervals from Wikwemikong, on the Manitoulin Island, as early as 1844, and earlier still by Father Baraga, before he was consecrated Bishop of Marquette. They now number five hundred souls, of whom nearly four hundred are Catholics. For the past nine years they have been looked after by FATHER S. DUFRESNE, S.J., who has this year celebrated his golden jubilee of religious life.

This particular group would serve as an interesting object lesson for an ethnological student. While other bands of the same Indian tribe are still Indians to all intents and purposes, these two bands differ but little from any community of white people. Nearly all speak three languages fluently, English, French and Ojibway. Their names are borrowed from the same languages. While their features betray the presence of Indian blood in their veins, their manners and dress are in line with modern fashions. In short, the problem of their civilization, as far as the meaning of the word goes now-a-days, has been solved, not altogether to the liking of the missionaries, but by the force of circumstances. They live under the influence of city life, and have intermarried with men and women of French and English descent. Had not Protestant ministers forestalled the Catholic priests in this missionary field, there would not be a single Protestant among them. They are provided with a good school, under the tuition of pious ladies, and the roll call includes all the children of school age. For their living, some cultivate small farms, others hire their services to tourists, hunters, surveyors and bush rangers, and a good number are engaged in the harvest of pulpwood.

The last few weeks have witnessed a deep revival of their Faith, through a mission preached by FATHER JOHN KNOX, S.J. FATHER KNOX preached in English and FATHER EUGENE PAPINEAU, S.J., one of the zealous missionaries of the Manitoulin Island, assisted him in the Indian language, for the benefit of



Jesuit Brothers at Indian Residential School, Spanish, Ontario. Left to right: Brothers Gauthier, Massieu, Laflamme, Elard, Vandermeer, Gagnon and Reichmann.

a few stragglers, who still love to be taught in the tongue of their ancestors. The little congregation responded admirably to the zeal and eloquence of the preachers, filling the church to its capacity, morning and evening. Not used to a so-called Indian congregation, Father Knox was agreeably surprised to find in his hearers so much candid docility to all his teachings, and even to mere suggestions. A striking feature of the service was the presence and the music of many babies in their mothers' arms, for the women no longer pack the children on their back, in papoose fashion. These youthful auditors sought shelter under the gallery, where they gave free vent to their childish mirth and sorrow.

The Jesuit mission at Spanish, Ontario, mourns the loss of BROTHER B. REICSMANN, S.J., who has been transferred to another station. While at Spanish, the good Brother proved himself to be a staunch Religious and in addition a very effective workman. It was he who installed the entire system of electric equipment at the mission which has made so many other improvements possible. Another improvement was the installation of a new water system with pumping alternating between windmill and an automatic electric pump. After these necessary improvements were made, Brother Reichsmann bricked the large three-story building and then began his greatest work, the construction of the new commodious chapel, every brick of which was made by hand from material on the mission property. Every board, plank, scaffolding and strip was cut and planed at the mission sawmill from rough river logs. Brother had become almost indispensable at the mission, but Superiors felt there was other great work for him to do in one of the other stations and he has been transferred thither.

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

Around Christmas time FATHER WALTER J. HAMILTON, S.J., was making occasional trips to Bukidnon to help out FATHER FREDERICK HENFLENG, S.J., in his apostolic work there. He has this to say:

"Work in Bukidnon Province looks bright and promising despite the fact that these people are not long removed from the darkness and shadows of death. The grandparents of the present children of the missions were pagans."

The Jesuit Superior in Mindanao, FATHER JAMES G. HAYES, S.J., writes from Cagayan, Misamis, his headquarters, and gives the following encouraging news:

"Everything is going well here and God seems to be blessing our work in a special manner. The schools are in full swing and the Catholic Boy Scouts are doing much to advertise and further our work. My latest venture is the Catholic Girl Scouts and so far it gives great promise. To offset our success, the Protestants have organized the Camp Fire Girls, a distinct Protestant association, at least looked upon as such here in the Islands. We know that they will fail as they have failed miserably with the Boy Scouts."

"With a school for the young children and such organizations as the Boy Scouts and the Girl Scouts for the older ones, we feel confident we can hold the Faith here in Mindanao. Such enterprises require that we must continually beg. Our good benefactors would feel amply rewarded if they could witness the monthly Communion in a body of the Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts in any of our large parishes. So we ask again prayers for our success and encouragement to carry on the work."

"It is true," writes FATHER ANDREW HOPMANN, S.J., from Iligan, Lanao, Mindanao, P. I., "that there are 110,000 Moros here in Lanao and only 35,000 Christians, yet these Christians keep me busy protecting them from native schismatics, heretics, Sabbatists and American Evangelicals. I have had many invitations to go among the Moros but unfortunately have had to decline. I am a busy country Pastor in a parish sixty kilometers square containing twelve shack chapels, five of which have been stuck together since my arrival in Iligan, two hospitals, four dispensaries, a leper colony and a constabulary camp. Take time out for cleaning house, cooking meals, directing the school and you see that my day is well taken up. To reach the Christians spread over Lanao, I travel in log canoes, two feet in width, over rough seas, going even as much as eight hours at a sitting under a broiling sun. To vary the travel I sometimes go by carabao mud sled, on foot and even occasionally in a Chevrolet truck, Dodge touring car or Ford sedan. The work is prospering, however, and God is blessing the generosity of my benefactors."

"I have just returned from visiting FATHER PATRICK RAFFERTY, S.J., at Tagbipa, Mindanao, P. I.," writes FATHER JAMES G. DALY, S.J., the busy apostle at Jimenez, Misamis, P. I. "He has nearly finished the manuscript of his Visayan Grammar and Exercise Book. Father Rafferty's book will be very useful to solve the language difficulties for the Americans in the Visayan Islands. Future missionaries will consider Father Rafferty the greatest benefactor for his Visayan grammar."



At Sumilao, P. I. Father Walter J. Hamilton, S.J., presides at a festa procession in honor of our Lady.



HOLY FATHER WARNS

Again emphasizing his title of "Pope of the Missions," His Holiness, Pope Pius XI, at a special Jubilee audience, received the Procurators General of all Religious Orders having missions. The Holy Father termed the gathering as "the most beautiful audience of the entire Jubilee Year, because it was composed of the representatives of the apostolate of the Catholic Church in its widest and most effective form."

In his address the Pope enlivened the missionary apostolate and took the opportunity of the gathering to express his views on points of vital interest for the well-being of the missions. Before proceeding to the actual deliberations, His Holiness pointed out that they were to be expressed, not so much because they were a true and proper necessity, but rather because they eternalized the thought of the Pope whenever he considered the missions or read the reports of their developments.

The first recommendation was that missions should in no way have anything to do with nationalism, but should confine their entire attention to Catholicism, to the apostolate, to the care of souls, and exclusively to the care of souls. Nationalism, he continued, has ever been a scourge to the missions. It always results in loss.

The second recommendation was that missions and missionaries must occupy themselves primarily and exclusively for the things of God, for in the words of the Apostle, "any one who fights for God should not be immersed in secular affairs."

The third recommendation dealt with unity in missions, missionary works, and among the missionaries themselves. His Holiness declared that missionaries should have ever present that which was the final thought, the final recommendation, the final prayer of Christ Himself on earth, namely, unity. (F. S.)

INDIA'S GREATEST NEED IS PRIESTS

"Truly the hour of India has struck. Thousands are literally begging for Baptism and waiting for priests to be given them," declared His Grace, the Archbishop of Verapoly, India, who journeyed to Rome to take part in the Golden Jubilee celebration of His Holiness, Pope Pius XI. His Grace rules a territory of 8,000 square miles with a

total of 2,350,000 inhabitants. Great development has been made in his territory in the matter of native clergy. Besides the fourteen native born Carmelites, there are fifty native secular priests with fifty-four more in preparation. (F. S.)



Rt. Rev. Compton T. Galton, S.J.,
Vicar-Apostolic of British Guiana
and Barbados. The mission is in care
of the English Jesuits.

FILIPINO MISSION IN HAWAIIAN ISLANDS

A splendid example of a native born priest of a mission country leaving his home to become a foreign missionary is found in the arrival at Honolulu of the Reverend Fermín Bigornia, a native born Filipino. He is to work among his countrymen who live in the Hawaiian Islands. There are approximately 70,000 Filipinos in these islands. (F. S.)

NEW YORK SAILOR SURPRISES MISSIONARY

A missionary priest on one of the Cook Islands in Oceania, received the surprise of his life some time ago when there landed on his island, a New Yorker, Mr. Robinson, lone sailor and adventurer, who had started out on his tour of the Pacific sixteen months previously. Commenting on the adventurous visitor, the missionary remarked, "If men of the world undergo such hardships in search of pleasure, which is quite legitimate in itself, how much more should the missionary strive for the conquest of souls." Then referring to Mr. Robinson, he said, "He's looking for savages. Well, he will find some if he continues his search; but one thing is sure. No matter what corner of the globe he glides into, he will always find a Catholic missionary spreading the Gospel."

EVEN PAGANS ARE SCANDALIZED

A Franco-Japanese Buddhist Association has planned to build a Buddhist Hall in Japan. A Japanese weekly, published at Kobe, suggests quite fittingly that a Catholic Cathedral would be more appropriate as coming from France. "It is reported," says *The Chronicle*, "that the French members of the Franco-Japanese Buddhist Association are preparing to build a grand Buddhist Hall in Kyoto at an expenditure of 750,000 Yen (approximately, \$375,000) and the Japanese members of the society are preparing to erect an imposing temple in Paris at the same cost. . . . This is described as a cultural exchange, but it is all on the side of Japan. A real cultural exchange would mean that the French built a Catholic Cathedral in Kyoto in return for the Buddhist temple in Paris. For France to supply a Buddhist Hall to Japan is quite a meaningless act in so far as the French Government is concerned, since Buddhism is purely an exotic in France." (F. S.)

SEVENTY YEARS OF RELIGIOUS LIFE

What is probably a record for religious life in India was attained by Sister Mary Gertrude of St. Joseph's Convent, Fuet, Quilon, India, who died after being seventy years a nun. She worked in a Carmelite Convent in Quilon for fifty-four years. (F. S.)

UP ROCKY SLOPES

(Continued from page 79)

To relieve the women of their dangerous and tiresome climbing, I shall put into execution another plan, which, however, will take more time and require the presence of a missionary here most of the year, with the exception of the summer time. The plan will be to cultivate right here at the village the vegetables and grasses that those women go so far to obtain. I believe this can be done as the soil is perfect, if only we can rid it of the weeds. If I am here next Spring I want also to plant a few potatoes and some onion sets in the hope that they will grow here. It may take some time until we can get away from the primitive methods of the natives, but the effort is worth while.

The Church has to do here what She has done for the barbarians in other countries, that is, improve the conditions under which the people make their living. And as the missionaries are carrying on this work of improving living conditions there is every hope that they will be able to strengthen the Faith of these poor people.

LUNCH WITH A BRAHMAN

(Continued from page 81)

own case, if you wish. I am a Brahman by caste, and originally the business of a Brahman was religion. But here I am in the service of the Government, and I confess there are many practices proper to my caste that I do not observe. In fact, I dare say I know more about your religion than I do about my own, because of my education at the hands of the Jesuits in Calcutta."

THIS last remark gave me a desired opening, and Christianity became the theme for the brief time that remained. Did he believe in Christ?

"Yes, of course," was the reply. "But do you believe that He was divine? That He was God, the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity?"

"No, not exactly. I think He was a very wise and holy man. He may even have been a great prophet, but He wasn't God."

"Ah, but look, you just admitted that He was a good and holy man. Now, unless Christ was also God, He was certainly not a good and holy man, but a liar and an impostor, for He Himself said He was God, and died a cruel death for saying it."

There was a brief silence during which my new acquaintance thought over this argument, and I, in the rashness of inexperience, entertained visions of winning a Brahman to the Faith.

He was the first to break the silence:

"Well, Father," he said, "very likely you could convince me of Christianity and your religion; but suppose you did, what could I do? I couldn't embrace Christianity. There are too many obstacles in the way. The moment I were to become a Christian I would be out-caste; what social standing I have would go; my friends and relatives would have no more to do with me; my own children would disown me; in a word, I would become a social derelict."

There was another lapse of silence; it was now my turn to think. And as we pulled into the station and bade each other good bye, I was still thinking.

CAMP DE SMET

(Continued from page 82)

the thunder of racing ponies as a string of riders dash into the Mission grounds.

For eight weeks these high school lads get the thrill of their young lives and in a way that helps them to be the better for it. The day is consecrated to God at a reasonably early Mass. Many boys go daily to Holy Communion. After breakfast there are sports of all kinds, the most popular of which is riding. Each boy has his own horse. Horse and rider soon become pals and are almost inseparable. A plunge in the cool deep waters of the pool and all are ready for a real dinner. The afternoon is spent much after one's own wishes in reading, riding, swimming, tennis or baseball. The evening is the time for a show or basketball game in the gym or for songs around a roaring camp fire.

THERE are many trips of interest, an education in themselves for any city-bred boy. For three days they mingle with the Sioux Indians at the great 4th of July encampment. Soon they are acquainted with old and young, with painted warrior and beaded squaw, and learn more about Indians in these days than from all the books they have read. The Indian dance and weird singing are accomplishments all strive to attain. They ride to the Indian Agency, to White River, to Kilgore and Valentine. All these are typical western towns. They visit historic country and are broadened by contact with western people and western viewpoints. At White River they see the West at play. The rodeo is the big attraction here. Roping, bronco riding, bulldogging are western stunts that live forever in the eastern memory.

Of greater interest are the trips to the Bad Lands and to Hot Springs and the Black Hills. The former must be seen to be appreciated. There on a great sunken, grassless plain, gashed with gullies, rise huge towers and castles and cathedrals of yellow clay, the unique work of nature. The latter were heralded as nature's beauty spot when Calvin Coolidge, then President, chose to summer there. But before that Camp De Smet had "discovered" the Hills. There a week is spent among the pine clad slopes, purring trout streams, and bald rocky summits. The Camp is pitched at an altitude of 6,200 feet on the shores of Sylvan Lake, which affords all plenty of sport. These trips are experiences that become cherished memories.

All this helps to build up strong bodies. The companionship of good Catholic boys, of Jesuit Directors, and, above all, the influence of daily Mass and frequent Communion strengthen the lads spiritually. Mothers and fathers need have no fear or worries when they entrust their sons for eight weeks to Camp De Smet.

But all good things have an end. The day comes when friends must part. Hard football players have tears in their eyes as they bid one another goodbye. The parting between rider and horse is sometimes

heart-rending and accompanied by wet kisses upon Bar K's or Circle J's nose. Then a long fleet of automobiles speed the boys to their awaiting Pullmans. The season is over and St. Francis Mission School once again becomes the home of Indian boys and girls.

ECHOES OF THE CANADIAN HURON MISSIONS

(Continued from page 83)

Official persecution was suspended for a time, but personal ill will continued to prevail. On the third of October, for instance, the missionaries found their cabin at Ossossane in flames. It was the work of a malicious hand; the threat of burning them alive in their cabin had often been made against them. One day Father Pijart was confronted by a band of young men, with their bows bent and their arrows pointed at him; but none of them dared let go his murderous shaft.

At last came the climax: a friend of the missionaries reported to them that a band of the Attigewongnagahac clan was on the way to massacre them while most of the men of Ossossane were out fishing. Father de Brébeuf, who was at Ihonatiria, was sent for; he came in haste and disposed of all things for the solemn sacrifice. The domestics prepared for death in the ordinary Christian way, but declared to the Superior that they would die with their arms in hand as befitted their profession of soldiers. The Fathers were to kneel by the altar and await the fatal blow in perfect submission to the will of God. After dark came a deputation summoning them before the council assembled for a final sentence. They obeyed the summons; and when Echon entered the council lodge he went straight to his judges and saluted them. But they only bent their heads, and uttered no word. It was the Huron way of pronouncing the death sentence. He understood, and pleaded no further for his life and that of his fellow priests. Leaving the council, he invited the village to his *atsataion*, his death-banquet. The

Fathers' cabin was crowded with guests: Echon delivered a fervent apostolic speech of farewell in true Indian style, which made a strong impression on his hearers.

The rest of the night was spent in earnest prayer and mutual exhortation to offer their lives generously for the salvation of their deluded murderers. Father Brébeuf drew up a document to inform the Superior of the Jesuits at Quebec of their impending fate, and of their apostolic dispositions; it was signed by all and entrusted to a faithful friend, together with the sacred vessels, a grammar and a dictionary of the Huron language. Finally they made a vow to offer a novena of Masses in honor of Saint Joseph, the patron of the Huron Missions, if their lives were spared. Sunrise found them still alive, and all was quiet in the village. The day passed and nothing untoward happened. They brought their novena of Masses to an end, and still no signs of death were in evidence. The old-time friendship of the villagers reappeared, and there were no further threats of death. Death when it came was not to be dealt by Hurons, but by their implacable foes, the Iroquois.

THE PASSING OF WAMBLEE SKA

(Continued from page 86)

at Anglum, towns between St. Louis and St. Charles. Father Grueter has succeeded me in my work at Holy Rosary Mission. He writes to me that he is having a hard time getting around to my old chapels. Snow and more snow! We had hoped to team together on that work. Father Grueter is a zealous, willing soul. May God protect him out on those long stretches this winter! I begged him to be careful this first winter. To one who does not know every trail and butte and creek and house, the prairies are terrible in the winter.

"Father Garvey, whom I have succeeded, seems to think that I am just the right man for this work. I have been made the pastor of all the colored people in this particular

district. At South Kinlock there are some 4,000, of whom *not fifty* are Catholic. At Anglum it is much the same. For the present I am staying at St. Charles with Father Erhard, the pastor there. The town of St. Charles is six miles from Anglum, and twenty miles from South Kinlock. You can readily understand the difficulties that face me. Fortunately, Father Garvey's friends have been very good to me, for they presented me with a car to make it easier for me to do my work.

"Just now I can see a great field opened to me. I have nothing but the two chapels standing on the lots at either place. But the souls are there—thousands of them—with only a mere handful actually Catholic. These must be brought into the true Fold. How can this be done? I know of only one answer: hard work, loyal friends, and the grace of God. In time that trinity will turn this wee bit of a mission, like the tiny mustard seed, into a great tree, in the spreading branches of which, thousands of souls of a neglected, religion-hungry race will find grace, peace and life everlasting. Lastly, as this is to be God's work, it needs the blessing of God. I earnestly ask for prayers, especially through the intercession of the Little Flower of Jesus, the Patroness of all Missions."

WHILE the Indian missions regret the loss to their work of such an apostolic laborer, we who are interested in the progress of the Catholic Church among the colored people cannot help but extend the warmest of welcomes to him among the all too few priests who are now working among them in the United States. Every priest, whether religious or secular, engaged in the colored work, has a constant prayer on his lips that God will send more laborers into his particular portion of the Vineyard. Souls, teeming millions of them, are crying for spiritual help, and there is no one to break the bread of God's eternal truths to them.

May God inspire many more priests to follow in the wake of Father Moorman and his zealous confreres, and help to bring to a happy fruition the infinite desires

of the Heart of Jesus! May the *W'oniya Wakan* (the Holy Spirit) guide Wamblee Ska, and give him the strength he needs so much in the beginnings of his work among the colored people. Under the divine guidance of that Holy Spirit, the passing of Wamblee Ska will mean eternal salvation for thousands of souls.

THE ROARING APE

(Continued from page 87)

He has been imbibing some foolish ideas on evolution and now has just about lost his Faith." Jack looked a trifle sheepish, as the Father gazed upon him with enlarging eyes.

"You know," Bill went on, "we went to the same parochial school; but while I went to Fordham he went to a non-Catholic university, and now he's convinced that Christianity is a big myth. We've had many an argument. Jack's good natured about it though, and insists that if I had real philosophy and the new psychology, I too would no longer believe. We agreed to look up a couple of points of history on which you might be able to inform us."

There ensued a brisk discussion over the fragrant coffee which the priest had made. An hour's talk availed naught. Jack merely shook his head. "You Jesuits are behind the times; you ought to study real philosophy and get into the intellectual swim. . . ."

AND all the while, Faustino the Moro was dashing madly down the Caigan trail with the cries of a tortured comrade in his ears. Along the road he shot, eyes bulging, never pausing for breath until he reached the nipa huts of Caigan. A frantic rapping brought the Americans to their feet and the Father to the door. As he flung it open, Faustino fell in.

"Filipo," he gasped,—"the ape attacked up about two miles from here.—We ran.—The ape caught him.—I flung my bolo; it missed.—I could do nothing!"

The priest ordered Bill to give the poor fellow a cup of coffee as he rushed from the convento to the

church. A few moments later he reappeared and asked the Moro where he left the victim. Faustino, refreshed by a cup of coffee and a breathing spell, was more coherent.

"The ape attacked us at the big grove of banyan trees about half way to Wailo."

Without a word Father Murphy seized his hat, strapped on an automatic and put a flash-light in his pocket.

"Filipo may yet be alive and I will give him the last sacraments in spite of all the apes in Zamboanga."

BILL and Jack were startled. It was already late and the tropical night would fall before they could reach the victim.

"Here is an adventure with a vengeance," laughed Bill. "Just what we were looking for."

Though their hearts were brave their feet felt a trifle frigid as they mounted their horses and galloped down the narrow trail. For a few minutes silence reigned, broken only

by the dull patter of the horses' hoofs and the scream of an occasional parakeet. Night falls fast in the tropics. The darkness was relieved only by the gleam of Father Murphy's flash-light playing on the trail ahead. Soon the great grove of banyans was revealed in its light, weird and spectral. All paused and listened intently. At first the hum of jungle insects alone greeted their ears. They dismounted.

From a spot about fifty feet off the trail came low groans. Into the brush they plunged. Father Murphy's lips were moving in prayer. Through the luxuriant growths they forced their way. A long weird howl directly in front sent their hair heavenwards and their hearts to the earth. The priest, automatic in hand, strode forward. As he did so, the bushes before him parted and the glare of Bill's flash-light revealed the largest ape they had ever seen grinning down upon them with indescribable ferocity. Father Murphy leaped aside and played his light on the brute.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

FATHER BELLARMINI LAFORTUNE, S.J., works and writes with the energy of youth even though he is already over sixty years old. He climbs *Up Rocky Slopes* of King Island to bring Christ's civilization to the people of that part of Alaska.

I am sure you never took *Lunch with a Brahmin*. If you did you would count it a memorable experience. MR. RICHARD A. WELFLE, a young American Jesuit who is working in the Catholic Mission at Bettiah, Patna, India, has had the experience and tells about it in a way that will please you.

If you have a son who is a real American boy, he will want to spend his summer vacation at *Camp De Smet*. The proceeds of the camp go towards the support of St. Francis Mission, St. Francis P. O., South Dakota, where FATHER GEORGE L. WARTH, S.J., teaches little Sioux Indians the love of the Christ who made no distinction of races.

FATHER JULIEN FAGUEN, S.J., of Garden River, Ontario, continues in this issue his *Echoes of the Canadian Huron Missions*. These accounts are especially interesting in the light of the possible panionization of some of these missionaries during the present year.

Even though the author of *Villages That Are Christian* does not care to sign his name to his article, he has thoroughly studied and analyzed the problems of missions in Africa and found them worthy of your prayers.

Readers of *JESUIT MISSIONS*, to whom FATHER MOORMAN, S.J., has become very dear, will read with eagerness *The Passing of Wamblee Ska*. Reverend A. M. RICKERT of St. Peter Claver's Church in the Brooklyn Diocese manifests his admiration of Wamblee Ska and his devotion to the cause he is serving.

There is a lot of Philippine color in the story of *A Roaring Ape* as told by MR. JOSEPH A. BRUSH, S.J., a budding missionary storyteller studying now at Mt. St. Michael's College, Spokane, Washington. You will enjoy this story.

FATHER CLEMENT R. RISACHER, S.J., is stationed at the Seminary of San Carlos, Cebu, P. I., until his new home is completed in the latest leper colony being erected in the Philippine Islands. Father Risacher is devoting his life to alleviating the spiritual gloom of *Sad Cebu*.

The missionaries who write for you would welcome your active interest in their missions.

"Give the beast your guns!" he cried.

Both revolvers shattered the silence. The ape was wary and escaped mortal injury by swinging up like a flash on the limbs of an overhanging banyan. Bill and Jack jumped to the shelter of a cocoon tree. Enraged by the sound of the first attack, the shrieking ape sprung at the priest. Father's "forty-five" spoke three times in rapid succession as the huge beast crashed upon him with a thud.

BILL and Jerry rushed in upon the heap in terror. To their relief the priest called out coolly, "I am alive, boys; the beast collapsed before he hit me. Get him off in a hurry."

Speedily they tore the convulsed carcass off the priest who clambered to his feet and rushed further into the jungle.

"He is after that Moro," muttered Bill, restraining Jack who would have followed. With awe they examined the great ape. His legs were covered with blood from the first discharges while two great wounds in his chest and a deadly hole on the forehead revealed the cool nerves of Father Murphy.

A few minutes later the brush opened and the priest, bloody and pale with Filipino on his shoulders entered the glare of their welcoming flash-lights.

"God be praised," he said, "I just arrived in time to give the poor fellow the sacraments before he expired. He was suffering dreadfully."

Suddenly the priest swayed and fell to the ground. Lifting the dead Filipino, Jack and Bill gave their attention to the priest. Their anxious search discovered an ugly wound in his head and another in the back where the last convulsive motions of the ape's claws had taken effect. Bill went for aid while Jack remained with Father Murphy who soon regained consciousness. The youth who had lost his Faith in a secular university talked long and earnestly with the injured priest under the banyan trees. In two senses, their conversation was over a roaring ape.

BOOK REVIEWS

Mother Mary of the Passion. By Rev. Thomas F. Cullen. Published by the Franciscan Missionaries of Mary, Providence, Rhode Island.

Those who read this life will admire the pre-eminent virtues of Mother Mary of the Passion, and further, will be astounded at the gigantic achievements of the Foundress and the daughters of the Institute of the Franciscan Missionaries of Mary. We can scarcely improve on the words of Cardinal Cerretti who writes the Introduction to the book. He says: "It is impossible to read without emotion the pages relating the hard trials, the indescribable sufferings, the difficulties of every kind which Mother Mary of the Passion had to encounter before she succeeded in the establishment of her institute. . . . The hard-won victory inexorably demanded her Breton courage, strong, generous, unflinching, but above all her burning love and unshakable confidence in God. . . . The Institute of the Franciscan Missionaries of Mary has been in existence for little more than half a century, nevertheless there are few institutes in the Church which have so soon acquired such vigor and vast development. The White Daughters of Mother Mary of the Passion are today scattered in every continent and form a real army. Their training for their missionary apostolate, their initiative, their many-sided work, their spirit of self-sacrifice, make them ideal missionaries."

The daughters of Mother Mary of the Passion have opened an American Novitiate in Providence, Rhode Island. It is planned, and the hope is expressed that the plan will soon materialize, that the Sisters will take up missionary work in the Philippine Islands in the territory entrusted to the American Jesuits.

The Leaflet Missal. Published at 244 Dayton Ave., St. Paul, Minn. \$1.00 per year.

Two priests of the Archdiocese of St. Paul have begun a splendid work in publishing the complete text of the Mass for every Sunday in pamphlet form in the English language. Those who subscribe receive the pamphlets for four Sundays at a time and by using the pamphlets are able to follow in English every word that the priest recites at the altar. We hope that the number of subscribers increases rapidly, for there is no more splendid way of attending Mass than to follow the liturgical prayers.

(1) **A Short Life in the Saddle.** By Alfred J. Barrett, S.J., Queen's Work, St. Louis, Mo.

10 cents per copy, \$7.00 per 100.

An open letter to Saint Stanislaus given in a most readable and pleasant manner the story of the youthful Saint who was in every sense a live boy such as would demand the admiration of our American youth.

(2) **A Traveler in Disguise.** By Daniel A. Lord, S.J. Queen's Work, St. Louis, Mo. 5 cents.

A story of the Blessed Sacrament written in Father Lord's usual interesting and gripping way, giving first a mediaeval story and then showing its application in parallel form to our devotion to the Blessed Sacrament and inviting men and women to become Knights and Handmaids of the Blessed Sacrament.

The Way of the Cross. Exercises for various occasions. By Rev. P. J. Buissink, San Rafael, Trinidad, B.W.I. \$1.00.

A very interesting and helpful collection of twenty-five exercises for various ways of making the Stations of the Cross. The booklet should prove very helpful to those who follow the praiseworthy practice of making the Stations of the Cross frequently.

The same author announces a compilation of passages derived from Holy Scripture, the Fathers and the Doctors of the Church, the Liturgy, the Inscriptions of the Catacombs, designed for the composing of Memorial Cards for the deceased.

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