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The Missions among the Arabs of Arabia and Egypt must take their character from the restless and wandering nature of these picturesque people.

DOWN *by* the BAYOU

Samuel H. Ray, S. J.

SAID an aggressive enemy to a devout Acadian farmer down by the bayous of Louisiana:

"You can't prove to me that the Catholic Church is mentioned anywhere in the Bible."

The conclusion was, of course, that the Catholic Church is a huge mistake.

After a few days the Acadian farmer triumphantly returned to his assailant.

"Here it is," he answered as he pointed to the word "Catholic Church" in a beautiful Preface in the Douay Version. He won.

Here is another relatively profound argument: "You must not use tobacco. Why? Because the Scriptures say that nothing defiled can enter Heaven. Now, when you smoke or chew, the tobacco may soil your sleeve. That is defilement, eh?"

Such are some of the arguments hurled victoriously through the country missions "Down by the Bayou."

One day when I was leaving a home where I had enjoyed a short friendly chat with a family that should be Catholic, I was timidly asked if I would take a cup of coffee.

"If I can get it," I answered.

"Well, we were afraid to offer it to you because the preachers say that we can't drink coffee and go to Heaven."

"Well, I am going to drink coffee and still hope to go to Heaven if I do nothing worse."

I WON the hearts of those "Cajens" that time, for coffee is one of the three strong weaknesses that all good Cajens possess. The other two are gumbo and dancing.

That you may know better the conditions in this State along the Gulf of Mexico, here is a personal experience.

At the request of the Right Reverend Bishop of Lafayette, I set out for Roberts' Cove in Acadia Parish to do a little mission work. I was practically in No Man's Land, as the territory to which I was sent was not well known or definitely claimed by any of the three pastors of the neighboring parishes. Most of the people are Acadians. Their homes are generally quite poor, scattered about through the woods at an average distance of five miles from the nearest church. Immediately this question arises: "Why do they not go to church if it is only five miles away?" The answer brings a difficulty which the people present as an excuse and which will keep them from going to Mass for many years to come. "We have no clothes, and we won't go to church and be laughed at by the town folks who have fine clothes." Whether you accept this as an excuse or not, it is theirs and they cling to it.

DURING my stay of three weeks, I lived in a home of a devout German Catholic family. I cannot praise them too highly.

Each morning the older boy of the family drove me off two miles to the home of an Acadian lady and there I said Mass on my portable altar.

On the first morning that I celebrated Mass in this house there were fifteen present and five went to Holy Communion. One week later there were thirty-six present and fifteen received Holy Communion.

The news of my presence spread rapidly, and yet it took some time for the people to realize that I could administer the sacraments to them. First, one, then another, came asking for Baptism for their children. Then still others came for the sacrament of Matrimony. I saw to it right from the start that instructions began for First Holy Communion. (Turn to page 121)



Father William M. McDonough, S.J.

Bravest in the EAST

William Gleason, S.J.

Catholics scattered throughout this wild land and was soon to become "the Apostle of the Moros."

A DAY or two after his arrival at Jolo, he got his first lesson concerning his Moros when he met with a *juramentado*. A *juramentado* is a fanatic Mohammedan who has vowed to kill and to die killing Christians. Father McDonough wrote:

"A Moro prisoner broke away from and attacked his guard in the market place. He was thought to be a *juramentado*. Men, women and children rushed into the sea to escape him. He was killed before he did much damage. . . . You see what some of my neighbors are."

Their fanaticism was rivaled only by their repulsive habits and gross immorality.

The Catholics he attended were native Filipinos and also Americans, the soldiers in Mindanao during the military occupation. Twice a year he crossed the treacherous Sulu sea and traveled "the Mindanao trail" dotted with military posts along the northeastern coast of Mindanao. This "trail" is journeyed now by Fathers Daly, Lucas, Sullivan, Kienle, Henfling, Hofmann, McGowan and the rest of that valiant band of American Jesuits laboring in this island, the missionary successors of Father McDonough.

THE missionary life of Father William M. McDonough, S.J., was cast in a soldier's land and in war times. In 1910, General Pershing, then Military-Governor in Mindanao, Philippine Islands, asked that an American Jesuit be sent to Mindanao and the Sulu Archipelago, and Father McDonough was chosen. He had already been in the Philippine Islands three years, coming in 1907 from the United States and the class room and pulpit which had been his "mission" since his ordination at Woodstock, Maryland. The three years that followed were crowded with work in Manila. There were instructions in the Faith to be given in the Normal School, sermons to be preached in the Cathedral, and the regular round of visits to five city hospitals.

But at last he had his heart's desire—he was missionary at Jolo, the smallest walled town in the world, on the tiny island of Sulu just off the southern tip of Mindanao and north of Borneo. The island is part of the Sulu Archipelago and the home of the Mohammedan Moros whom an historian has called the pirates of the Philippines and the implacable foes of the Christians. No one knows how many Christians of the Islands they killed or enslaved before Spain's soldiers finally broke the Moro power. Now Father McDonough was to shepherd the

THE care of his Catholic flock, scattered as it was, crowded the lone missionary's days with work. Still, his heart was intent on the conversion of the obstinate Moros. His Bishop said of him:

"His soul yearned for the conversion of the thousands of Moros who inhabit these islands. His conversation was always full of schemes for their conversion."

It was this zeal that gave him that courage which the American soldiers marveled at. Army officers who knew him

(Turn to p. 122)



A Moro worker in brass and silver, Sulu Island.

Painless Dentists

Francis B. Prange, S.J.



"They decided that since something ought to be done about it, something could be done."

soon, for everyone concerned demanded it. Unfortunately, no one could produce a dentist.

Though the following article recounts no missionary experiences, it does throw light on the type of people among whom the Alaskan missionaries are laboring. Readers will enjoy Father Prange's sense of humor as he draws a true "sketch from real life" in Eskimo land.—*Editor.*



JEREMIAH TIN-CAN-CHEESE had a toothache. For six whole days and as many nights had he walked the floor of his small cabin, plus the full 300 feet of crazy boardwalk lining the only side of his one-street village. But the combined results of these incessant ambulations brought Jeremiah no relief. Even the medicines he had used during the first four days of his agony proved unavailing. As a final experiment he had combined them all into one grand concoction, and applied them *en masse*. Certainly had there been any virtue in them, the combination would have brought it out. There was oil of cloves, a little pine pitch, a speck of tar, some HHH horse liniment equally useful for man and beast, and a few drops of camphor. With tongue, cheek and the burnt end of a Diamond match, this poultice had been generously applied and faithfully kept in place, until all but the tooth itself was thoroughly blistered.

Then it was that Jeremiah vigorously severed all connections with medicines, both approved and doubtful, and kept up only the solitary pacing of floor and boardwalk. Still that toothache persisted. In fact, by the morning of the sixth day, it gave every sign of fast becoming a community ache. By noon of the same day there could no longer be any doubt about it; the whole town was affected by that one bad tooth. And while Jeremiah was alternately cursing and nursing it, the rest of the villagers were heartily wishing it and him, too, in Halifax. Clearly, such a state of affairs had to end

which says that victory goes to the strong, and that strength is found in union, a small group of natural philosophers took courage. They decided that since something ought to be done about it, something really could be done and the conclusion was promptly put to the test. As the lone sufferer passed a certain closed door for the hundredth time that very afternoon, he could have seen, had he looked, that, though the latch of the door stood lifted, the door itself kept tightly in its frame; and though there was no wind abroad, it had moved slightly as he approached it, and creaked cautiously when he had just passed it. But being naturally unobservant, he walked on in blissful ignorance of what lay behind, and therefore before him. Hence he halted very much startled as a hand was laid on his shoulder. He turned as on a pivot, only to gaze stupidly at four of the mildest young bucks of the tribe, all his personal friends.

"How's the toothache?,"—queried the foremost of these, sympathetically.

"Worse," growled Jeremiah.

"S'at so," responds the former, already a little less sympathetically. "Let's have a look."

WHEREUPON our Jeremiah opened his mouth as wide as the swollen jaws would permit, and striking an attitude best suited to the occasion, with head thrown back, knees sagging and a twist in his middle to insure equilibrium, he awaited with half closed eyes the results of the four square inspection. The spokesman of the quartet reopened the conversation.

"Why, man, the hole in that tooth looks like a bear's nest. It's certainly too big to fill,—there's not enough solder in town for it,—and what's left of the top isn't strong enough to stand the hammering in of anything else. So let's yank 'er out." (Turn to page 122)

Mary Sin Chi Man

Louis de Garcia S.J.



KNEW her some six years ago. She was always frail and delicate, even as from her youth she was gentle and modest. It was a special consolation for the missionary to

see the earnestness with which she spoke about things Catholic, of our Lord and of our Lady.

She had learned of them from the good Franciscan Missionaries of Mary.

Sin Chi Man had now grown to be a young girl of sixteen years. There was a sparkle of young life in her Oriental eyes. But her pinched features and pale color made me suspect that the poor child had not very long to live.

I had always wished to see her enjoy to the full the happiness of the true religion and I could see from her devoutness at the great Catholic celebrations in honor of the Blessed Sacrament that the spark of Faith was burning in her. Now, spontaneously, the question broke from me:

"Chi Man, do you want to become a Catholic?"

"Yes, Father," she replied. "I am very anxious to become a Catholic, but my family will not let me. Father, ask our Lord often to grant me this favor."

SIN CHI MAN liked flowers very much, and whenever she could she came to see our garden. It was a pleasure for her to pass along the paths, in the midst of which there is a statue of our Lady which, with its pure and beautiful glance, seemed to invite Chi Man to come and be one of her own children.

Three months passed and Sin Chi Man came no more for her walk in the garden of our Lady of Lourdes. A continuous fever accompanied by a persistent cough had attacked her. It was the symptom of the dread tuberculosis which was claiming her as a victim.

Her mother consulted doctors, superstitious cure mongers even, but the disease became rapidly worse and worse. When other hope had been lost, she decided to call our own infirmarian, Brother Kwan. He hurried to see her, but it was at once apparent that she was beyond medical aid, and, as he knew she wished to

"At the great Catholic celebrations in honor of the Blessed Sacrament."



become a Catholic, he suggested that the time had come to think about the salvation of her soul. Then, strange to say, though before she had so often shown a desire for Baptism, she began to hesitate.

One evening I decided to pay her a visit. The mother of the sick girl was a pagan, and in addition very superstitious and very antagonistic to the Catholics. Judge then of my surprise when she said to me:

"Father, my daughter is very sick. Please beg of God to cure her."

I hastened to make good use of my opportunity, and spoke to her of the Faith which her daughter had had for a long time in that same God in whom she, her mother, now seemed to believe, praying to Him, and hoping that He might cure her daughter. She replied:

"Yes, Father, the Catholic religion must be the religion of the true and almighty God."

I CALLED aside the eldest sister of the sick girl and asked her to request the relatives and friends of the invalid to retire, as I wished to speak to her alone about a very urgent matter. They agreed readily, and in the presence of this eldest sister and of the mother, both of whom were most willing that I should speak to the sick girl of religion, I commenced:

"Chi Man, for a long time you have loved the Catholic religion, the one true religion of the one God. Many

times you have spoken to me of your desire to become a Catholic, and the only thing that prevented you was that your family did not wish it. That difficulty has now, thank God, been removed. Answer sincerely these questions:

"Do you believe in one God in three Divine Persons?"

"Yes, Father, I believe."

"Do you believe in Jesus Christ, our Saviour, and our Judge?"

"Yes, Father, I believe."

"Do you believe in the Holy Ghost, the Third Person of the Blessed Trinity? Do you believe in the Communion of Saints, in the Catholic Church?"

"Yes, Father, I believe all these truths of the Catholic Church."

"Do you love the Blessed Virgin?"

"Oh, yes, Father, I love her very, very much."

"Now, do you want to become a Christian?"

"Most certainly, Father."

"When do you want to be baptized? Today? Now?"

"Yes, Father, immediately if possible."

CHI MAN'S mother and sister had been listening with emotion to this dialogue. They now asked her several times did she really wish to become a Catholic. Receiving always the same affirmative answer, they turned to me and said:

"Father, she has our full consent. You may baptize her."

"Very well," I replied, "God is giving her a great blessing."

Turning to the dying girl, I asked:

"Chi Man, what Christian name would you like?"

She considered for a moment, and I continued:

"Would you like to be called Mary?"

"Oh, yes, Father, very much."

"Well, then. If you like I shall call you Mary in honor of the Mother of Heaven who has so often seen you pass by her beautiful statue at the Stella Maris College."

This remembrance won from her a smile, which she accompanied by a glance which convinced me at once of her gratitude and of the happiness of soul she felt. Then while on one side her pagan mother supported the



Father Garcia at the college of Shishing.

head of the dying girl, and on the other side her sister, a pagan also, held the bowl to catch the water, I poured over the pale forehead of the neophyte the life-giving waters of Baptism.

THE awe and the quiet of the presence of God entered the room. No one spoke. The face of the newly-baptized girl seemed to send forth rays of a mystic light. I felt overcome by the holy beauty of the scene.

"Mary," I said, "I want to call you always now by your Christian name—are you happy?"

"Perfectly happy, Father."

"Very good then. Now rest yourself. You are now a Catholic, a child of God and of His Church. Sleep in peace tonight, and tomorrow I shall come again to visit you."

Amid the thanks of the family, who were astonished to see at once the simplicity and dignity of the Catholic religion, I left to return to the college. My heart was very glad with the realization that the cloak of grace had fallen upon this pagan soul that was soon to meet the Bridegroom.

ON the following day the sick girl's eldest brother came to me to say that she asked for a crucifix, a medal and a holy picture. I hastened to bring her myself these holy consolations. She clasped the crucifix and the medal to her breast, and after that never parted from them. She asked me to put the picture of the "Little Flower" in front of her, and gazed at it with delight.

She had already entered on the death agony, which was long and painful. I asked her did she wish to receive the sacrament of Extreme Unction. She replied that she did. I hastened to the Convent of the Sisters near by to get one of the Chinese school mistresses to assist her at the prayers. Three catechists came back with me. While I was administering the sacrament, the dying girl's sister instinctively fell on her knees, and reverently watched the ceremony. (Turn to page 122)



"She had learned of them from the good Franciscan Missionaries of Mary at Shishing."

The Sea was Wild



Eugene Bork, S.J.

*Father Eugene Bork, S.J.,
visiting a Carib family at
Stann Creek, British Hoo-
duras.*

PUNTA GORDA in British Honduras, Central America, has been my home for some months now, and I have grown accustomed to the mission work for which I had been aching. Perhaps an account of my trip here may prove of interest, as it pictures some of the difficulties of travel in "bush" mission work.

I had spent the vacation months among the Caribs at Stann Creek, and then finally moved south to Punta Gorda. The devil tried his best to keep me away, but with the "Little Flower" on my side I was sure I would win. Father H. Tenk, S.J., sent his little motor boat, which he built himself, to Stann Creek to get me,—a distance of about eighty miles. We delayed our departure from Stann Creek on account of stormy weather. Finally about two o'clock in the afternoon we ventured forth. At sunset we were nearly half way. Just then a storm began brewing over the sea. The captain, a worthy old Carib seaman, looked suspiciously at the blackening sky.

I KNEW then that we might look for trouble, for those Caribs understand the moods of the sea better than any scientist. Soon the lightning flashed and the rain began to come down, forcing me to take refuge in the cabin. Hardly had I tucked myself in there when there was a crash,—and behold: the whole rear top of our boat was gone. The rain fell more heavily, the winds blew harder, and the darkness grew more and more dense. Quickly the captain turned towards shore to seek the shelter of a cay. By this time it was impossible to see ahead, and I feared that at any minute we might dash upon a rock. But fortunately old Pablo knew every turn of the shore like a book, and, telling the engineers to turn off the engine, he threw out the anchor. When the rain stopped I looked out and was able to see that we were lying right in the shelter of a

little cay, near a sailboat that had fled to shelter before us.

We were then just north of Monkey River and it was fortunate that the storm caught us there for a little further down there would have been no cays to shelter us. Finally the weather cleared up a little and the captain decided to make a dash across the unsheltered front of Monkey River. Here the waves have a free sweep from the sea. What an experience that was! The sea was wild, and just lunged and tossed over one mighty billow after another. For an hour and a half we tore terrifically in the darkness over the seething billows. The captain fixed his eye steadily on the sea before him; the engineer kept watch for the dim outline of the shore until he got sick and rolled into the cabin. I stood in the rear of the boat, holding myself firmly to the side rail, praying to the "Little Patroness of the Missions." I could not help feeling secure. "Nobody said nothin' to nobody," as the colored gentleman would say, but each silently waited for every new lunge as we tossed over the crest of each successive billow. Talk about a thrill! It was better than any roller coaster. Finally we reached security in the shelter of some cays. I returned to the cabin and fell asleep. At 11:30, Sammy, the engineer, called "Punta Gorda!" and blew the bugle. Here we were on a nice calm sea at the finest mission of the colony.

The picturesque little town is prettily situated on the Bay of Honduras, and skirts the water's edge for about three-quarters of a mile. After the monotonously low coastline of the Colony, it is with a sense of relief that the eye rests on an exceptional elevation of ten to twelve feet fringed with the coconut palm, making up one of those distinctively tropical scenes so much admired by visitors. The town of Punta Gorda was first settled by Carib immigrants from Spanish Honduras. In 1845 the Jesuits established a mission there and helped largely in making the town what it is today. The Caribs are a fine people and I have many plans for work among them.

Japanese in Brazil

Guido del Toro, S.J.



OME twenty years ago a stream of immigrant Japanese began to come to Brazil. That stream has continued until today there are in Brazil 100,000 Japanese. In those early days not much was accomplished by way of converting the people to the Catholic Faith, but in 1926 began a series of conversions which has resulted to date in the entrance of hundreds of Japanese into the Catholic Church. It began in this wise.

In April of the year 1926, a Brazilian girl who had been most faithful in attending

the catechism instructions conducted by Father Guido del Toro, S.J., in the Church of St. Gonzalo, asked the Father's permission to bring to the catechism classes some friends of hers, Japanese boys and girls, who were not yet Christians. The permission was gladly given and on April 18 of that year, fourteen boys and girls came to the church. It was a memorable day, for it was the beginning of a great stream of conversions, since the chil-



Father Guido del Toro, S.J.

dren proved most faithful to the instruction classes, and manifested a great desire to receive Baptism. The numbers grew and the instruction went on for some months, until November, when Father del Toro thought that the children were ready to be baptized. He secured permission from the parents, and on November 15, 1926, forty-eight Japanese were admitted to the Catholic Church through the sacrament of Baptism.

ONE young man who was baptized was given the name Paul Miki, and he became after his conversion a zealous apostle for the spread of the Catholic Faith among the Japanese.

Following the day upon which the forty-eight were



"Instruction classes for the children are conducted in the church and there is much enthusiasm."

received into the Church, all attended Mass and received their First Holy Communion. When after Mass they came to greet their Father in Christ, all promised to work with the greatest zeal for the conversion of their parents. So successful was their apostolate that not only were the parents brought to the Church, but numbers of others since that time have through the influence of the first converts entered the Fold. Following the conversion of the first forty-eight in 1926, there were admitted to the Church, on three different dates in 1927, a total of 312. Then in the course of the year 1928, 201 additional conversions were made, and in 1929, 256 more Japanese were added to the number of the Faithful.

THE spirit manifested by the Japanese converts proves that they are quite firm in their new religion. The men do not even try to enter the Church until they are thoroughly prepared and until they feel that their families are well instructed. In cases where individual members of families have been converted there have at times been difficulties which called for heroic sacrifices. One example, the story of a young Japanese girl, is especially interesting.

This young girl of eighteen, after a thorough course of instruction, was very anxious to receive Baptism. The opposition of her father was manifest and strong. He absolutely refused to allow the girl to become a Catholic. In the meantime she continued her instruction. One day while she was in the Church of St. Gonzalo, some catechumens were baptized and the young Japanese girl was so moved at the sight that she felt that she could wait no longer for her own reception into the Church. So insistent was her plea that finally the Father in charge was persuaded to admit her to Baptism.

Upon returning home the girl told her father that she was now a Christian. Filled with rage he said to her: "A Christian you are indeed, but I shall never allow you to get near a Christian (Turn to page 123)

Those Heroic Nuns

Alexander
Rolland, S.J.



W E often recount the great sacrifices of our Jesuit Martyrs of North America. They were the enthusiasts who came

over from their beautiful French homes to toil and die for love of Christ's uncultured children, the Red Men. Up the river, paddling to exhaustion; through the forest, plodding and bitten; out on the frozen lakes in winter, chilled by the winds; into the stench and the smoke of the cabin of the Indian with his dogs and his family; in face of opposition, dislike, ingratitude, and bitter hate and envy; and finally to torture, burning, and the tearing of their flesh;—our noble missionaries went courageously in the spirit of Christian Apostles.

Some say that the days of such feats of heroism have gone. Not so! We have with us yet, martyrs of parallel heroism and toil, and of life-holocaust. At Shishigwaning, on the Manitoulin Island in Lake Huron, there live two lonely missionary Sisters conducting a school among the Odjibway Indians. At present they are snow-bound in a school house on a country road. Dark forests, the home of wolves and bears, close in right to their door. In the crackling cold of a breathless winter night, they hear the long-drawn howl of the great grey timber wolf. Here the dark winter is passed without novelty or refreshment of spirit. There is no going forth from this prison. In the first place, duty holds the Sisters, and then, too, they would not think of abandoning the Blessed Sacrament, which is reserved in their school chapel.

FURTHERMORE there is no place to go, as the next town is miles away through the forest. There are not such conveniences as electric light and telephone; there are no movies, no stores of any description, and no white neighbor, except the Protestant minister, and he is only half-white and runs an opposition camp. Their



"They visit the Indians in their homes where they see to the Baptism of the infants in cases of emergency."

work is done among the poor Indians whom they try to help in every possible way. They visit them in their homes where they see to the Baptism of the infants in

cases of emergency, and try to instruct the children and their parents in the Faith. Their presence is invaluable in preserving the Catholics against the prospect of being better amused with the more modern and more costly musical attractions which the Protestant minister is able to supply at his church.

The cruiser from Spanish, Ontario, takes the Sisters to this lonely mission for the opening of school in September. Everything, from overcoats to canned milk, from newspapers to a crate of hens, must be loaded on the *Garnier* for this forty mile water trip. Should materials be forgotten or should the Sisters run short before the next year, when they return for their vacations to Spanish, Ontario, they must almost necessarily do without.

ERHAPS the hardest trial of all is the long sojourn without Mass and Holy Communion. The priest endeavors to reach them once a month, but often snow-drifts, storms, and sickcalls to other missions prevent him. He realizes, however, their dire want, as is evident from the fact that last year he rushed eighty miles on horseback when one of the Sisters took ill. This Christmas, Father Eugene Papineau, S.J., said his midnight Mass at Little Current, his second Mass in the early Christmas morning at a little mission six miles away. For his third Mass, Father Papineau rode forty miles on horseback along a heavy road hardly yet traversed and beaten, to be present at this mission. But he felt that his labors were well spent as he was so joyously received at Shishigwaning, where he could bring to the Sisters and the Indians the Christ Child for whom they so ardently longed. When the annals of heroic missionaries are written, our brave nuns will hold a high place.

The ARMY of the King

James E. Haggerty, S.J.



Boy Scouts of Zamboanga, P. I., on parade.

THE First National Eucharistic Congress of the Philippine Islands, held in Manila, December 12-15, 1929, made a great impression on Filipino youth, and upon no group more than upon the Catholic Boy Scouts who took part in it. Catholic representatives of the Boy Scout organization gathered from the extremes of the Islands, from Misamis to Aparri. There were Scouts from Pangasinan, Rizal, Aparri, Ilocos Sur, Misamis, Bulacan, La Union, Cavite, Camarines Sur and Manila. From the mountains of La Union came the famed Scout band of Tubao; Scouts from Aparri traveled down the historical old Santa Fe road; Scouts came by autobus from the ends of Bulacan, by train from Camarines, by boat from Mindanao, by ferry from Cavite. In addition, those

that attended from the different schools of Manila, especially from La Salle, from the National University and from the Jesuit Ateneo, represented practically every section in the Islands.

For all these Boy Scouts that came from the Provinces special arrangements were made for lodging in Manila during the Congress. In Santa Ana, a big house was put at their disposal; the Ateneo de Manila opened its dining room to them, besides lodging fifty Scouts for a week. In this Jesuit High School, too, the Scouts enjoyed basketball, volleyball, handball; while at their camp in Santa Ana they were given royal treatment, chiefly through the efforts of La Salle College.

ON Saturday morning, December 14, the Boy Scouts furnished one of the most colorful scenes of the Congress when they attended a special Boy Scout Mass at San Agustin Church. This (Turn to page 123)

Boy Scouts of the Ateneo de Manila at Baguio, P. I.





CERTAIN Indian Catholic lived in a pagan village near Ghyree in Patna Mission, India. This man was strong, very strong, and all the pagans of the neighborhood knew it. Father Miller has seen him lift one end of a huge piece of timber that several men together could scarcely budge. He and his Catholic wife were tolerated in this pagan village simply because he was so strong.

One bright day his little wife presented the proud father with a bouncing boy, and straightway preparations were made to have the child baptized. The pagan neighbors heard about this. Impossible! It was disgrace enough to have two Catholics in their village; a third,—out of the question! If that

A Green to G

Visitors arrive by taxi at Ghyree's Dom quarters. Fathers R. Mullen, S.J., F. Stoy, S.J., and R. Conway, S.J.

John A. M.



I HAD bumped along the ruts and hollows of an Indian road that afternoon, my blanket tied to the handle bars and one of the Apostolic School boys seated on the cross bar of my bicycle, to Ghyree, the Christian village fourteen miles from Bettiah, a little oasis in the pagan desert, the place I had heard and read about for almost three years. I was a regular greenhorn in Ghyree, but I enjoyed the experience tremendously.

Father Miller talked, and I listened long, but finally the eyes refused to stay open and we both went out on the verandah, crawled under our mosquito nets and slept peacefully with Kutuwa, the padri saheb's bull dog, curled up on a chair near our beds to keep friendly jackals at a distance.

boy were baptized, they intimated it might not be so easy for the family to use the village well; it was even very doubtful whether tradespeople would sell them food; in fact, it would be much better if father, mother and child simply cleared out.

This good Catholic man heard these rumors.

"Oh, ho!" said he, and stout bamboo in hand, made straightway for the village green, expanded his broad chest and said loudly:

"My wife and I are both Catholics, and good ones, too."

"Correct!" said the pagan villagers.

"And my boy is going to be just as good a Catholic as I am."

"Fine!" said the pagans.

"And we are going to drink all the water we want from this village well, and you are mighty lucky to have us do it."

"Right!" said the villagers.

The boy was baptized.

THIS same Catholic man, strong in faith and good works, —likes his liquor. Now and then, when the rice crop is good and he has the cash, he takes a cup too many. Then, down comes the trusty bamboo from its place of honor over the family rice jug and forth goes the strong man to the neighboring villages where he stands in their crooked streets and says:

"What's wrong with the Catholics?"

Comes the heathen chorus: "They're all right!"

"Louder, or I'll crack your pagan skulls!"

These and many other amusing stories Father Miller told me as the two of us sat around his fireplace one evening playing with the bull pups; but space does not permit more.

THE next morning I was called early and followed Father Miller down to the church for Mass. There are no pews, but the people squat Indian fashion on mats on the floor, the women with some of their children on the Gospel side and the men with more children on the Epistle side. The youngsters are quite at home in church, running around a little and playing with dad's ears while dad is doing his best to say his prayers. I was amused to see bare-footed altar boys, but they serve well, know their Latin and seem to realize what they are doing. The people, too, are very devout and make a full oriental prostration at the solemn time of consecration. There was a sermon in

Father Leon Foster, S.J., (left), who is now Patna Mission's promoter in the United States, visits Father Charles Miller, S.J., (right), zealous missionary in charge of Ghyree.



Ghyree Goes Ghyree

erison, S.J.

Distributing silk worms at Ghyree's "Our Lady of Victory Mission," the Catholic industrial center of Patna Mission.



Hindi, but being an Indian veteran of only one month, I caught only an occasional word.

After Mass and a breakfast topped off with luscious papitas from the padri's garden, we went over to a Dhangar village about half a mile from Ghyree. The people here are of aboriginal stock, but having lived among Hindus for so long a time, are gradually adopting their religion and customs.

When we reached the village, one of the head men and most of the people came out of their thatch houses

and crowded around us, but when the children saw us coming they ran into their houses or hid behind their mother's skirts peering out with frightened eyes. I later found out why they were so frightened. They were born out there in the wilds and had never seen a white man until a few months before

when Father Miller started visiting their village. Our white faces were so strange that they did not know whether or not we were human, and ran from us as American youngsters run from rag men. The padri succeeded in giving some clothes to the children, but that did not quiet them and at the first chance they slipped away again.

ON the way back I asked: "Father, what are the chances of bringing that entire village over to the Church?"

"I have been visiting that place now for the last five months and the people are becoming more and more friendly. Just the other day

I asked that head man about Baptism. He is willing, and once I get him others will surely follow."

"And how about the Arya Samaj (a kind of Hindu Ku Klux Klan)," I asked, "aren't they around these villages, and won't they try to hinder your work?"

"Yes, I'm pretty sure they will. I think I saw one of their men in that village before we left. He is sure to tell them lies about me even when I give them clothes and help them."

Coming back to Ghyree along the road and through rice fields I was reminded more than a little of a similar scene and a Person who went about doing good some two thousand years ago. He, too, though He dispensed the bounty of Heaven, was maligned and lied about and rejected.

THAT evening some of the Doms were to be baptized, and we went to their quarters to call them. As we approached the tola (village) we heard some piercing squealing.

"A feast tonight," said Father.

We soon saw the cause of the commotion. The Doms, one of the lowest Indian castes, are allowed to keep pigs, and they glory in their privilege, keeping them in their little one room thatch houses along with their wife, children and pots and pans. They were killing one of their pigs for supper with a none too sharp knife, and the porker was objecting loudly.

The Doms who were to be baptized were found, and then all proceeded down to the church with the children and their sponsors. It was dark inside, and I lit a candle so we could see. Fortunately, I held that candle near or one of those Doms would not have been baptized.

"Wait a minute," said Father Miller just before pouring the holy water, "better wash that youngster off a little, or I am afraid the water will not touch his head."

I cleaned off a thick layer of good Bihar mud, and soon the Catholic Church had five new members.

Two more days were spent at Ghyree which will not be soon forgotten. The weaving shops were visited where cloth and carpets are made; I was really surprised at the fine quality of the work. I saw the widows' quarters, the new thatch "convent" for the Indian Sisters and the Dom tola.

Those evenings around the fireplace with Father Miller will be remembered. He is mayor of Ghyree village, and doctor, lawyer, judge, priest and father, all in one, and his stories made me wish that I were a priest, ready to begin work. But I'm only a greenhorn and Hindi and more philosophy must be learned before real missionary work can be begun.

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Easter Message to Missionaries

"Fear not you . . . He is not here, but is risen . . ." *The empty sepulchre, with the linen cloths lying, the napkin apart in one place, the glad tidings that the Lord is risen—these are to all Christians the fountain-head of joy in the Lord—they are the confirmation of their Faith, the foundation of their hopes. But for you especially, toiling missionaries, Easter morning and its risen Lord have a deep significance; to you especially Easter brings a comfort that surpasses all comfort. "If Christ be not risen from the dead, then is our preaching vain." But a great exultant happiness floods our hearts as we cry out to you, "But Christ is risen from the dead!" And with the angel at the sepulchre we send our voices echoing over leagues of ocean and miles of desert sand to every distant apostle, "Fear not you!" Your Christ Jesus, Who was crucified, has risen again, to encourage, comfort, and console His own. He was the Author—now He is the Finisher of our Faith. Lay to heart the joyful lesson of Easter, priests and preachers of Christ; stoop down and look into the sepulchre, and then, thrilled to your being's depths by the realization that this risen, glorious Christ, Conqueror of death and the grave, is with you, fear not, but press on bravely with the word of God, that word of heavenly wisdom and eternal truth!*

All Honor to the Queen

IN lowly mission stations and in wayside shrines, in convent chapels and beneath majestic cathedral arches,—everywhere, in fact, where there is a Catholic place of worship, a simple statue or a richly ornamented altar will be set up during the month of May to the

honor of Heaven's Queen, the Blessed Virgin Mary. And it is most fitting that this should be done, for the Catholic heart is proud to honor her who was honored above all members of the human race by God Himself. Chosen to be the Virgin Mother of the Son of God, endowed with superabundant graces even unto the fullness of grace, freed from the slightest stain of original sin, Mary stands out as the noblest of the human race, the most favored child of God.

And her exalted position in Heaven has been manifested times unnumbered by the innumerable favors bestowed upon mankind through her intercession, not only at our great shrines, as at Lourdes, but in the shrine of every human heart. Filial devotion, coupled with deepest confidence have characterized Catholic devotion to Mary. Well has she merited this confidence, for even as she was the source of encouragement to the Apostles and Disciples in the early Church, so has she, down through the centuries, been the soul support of those who prayed to her, whether for help in their spiritual strivings towards a nobler, more thoroughly Catholic living, or for assistance in meeting the problems of material life.

Well to the front of the army of those who have found inspiration and help in our Blessed Mother have stood the missionary priests, Brothers and Sisters. Seeking her strength and guidance at every move they made and are making in her Son's cause, they have not only had our Blessed Lady enshrined in their own hearts next after Christ Himself, but through Mary they have brought love for God and joy and enlightenment to many pagan hearts. May confidence in Mary grow even more deeply in the hearts of all members of the human family, and may Mary's inspiration and help hearten to greater deeds the men and women who are spending themselves tirelessly for the glory of her Divine Son!

Contradiction Only Apparent

THERE is deep spiritual wisdom behind the words of the Archbishop of Birmingham's stirring call to work for the foreign missions. "If you want to make England Catholic," he says, "just put all your energies into foreign missions. That may sound like a contradiction, but you will always find that when you devote yourself unstintingly to God's work, God blesses you. It comes back to you in many forms which you will never suspect."

Someone has well said: "This holds for America as well." In fact, we may safely say in general that wherever there is a deep interest in and generous, prayerful support of home and foreign missions, there Catholic life is more nearly apt to be what it should be—strong and healthy. And where there is thorough Catholic living, good example will abound and that, in addition to clear presentation of the Church's doctrine, will do much to win non-Catholics to the Faith.

The sacrifice of time and money, too, made in the cause of the missions has even its material return, for God finds many ways of rewarding those who make sacrifices for Him. It has often been said, but is worth saying again, that God never allows Himself to be outdone in generosity.

Jesuit Mission Vignettes

No. 29. Egypt



Panorama of Cairo, Egypt.

EGYPT, the land of the Pharaohs of old, and later the land of early Christian glory, is today the field of missionary labor for various groups of Catholic missionaries. Among these the French Jesuits of the Lyons Province occupy an important place. To them the Coptic Seminary was entrusted by Pope Leo XIII in 1879. Owing to various obstacles, the seminary was closed in 1882. Later two colleges were established in Cairo and Alexandria, and other residences with more than 40 schools. The work among the Copts was not abandoned. In 1879 there were but 4,000 who had given up their heresy, whereas by 1905 the number had risen to 20,000. The World War brought on the closing of the school at Alexandria and the concentration of educational missionary efforts on Cairo. There are 42 Jesuits at work in the missions of Egypt, and working with them are 4 native priests, 4 Brothers, 18 Sisters, and 52 catechists. In the 27 schools in the mission, there are at present some 2,686 pupils. The Fathers care for 7 churches and chapels.

THE mission intention for May raises the question: What can our educated Catholics do for the cause of the missions? How can authors, professors, lecturers, doctors and the other groups of our intellectually trained men and women do their share to promote mission interest?

Some few of our professional men—doctors, lawyers and social workers—have already given generously of their time and energy by going to the mission countries, there to take up the task of lecturing in mission universities, as for example, at Beyrouth in Syria and Shanghai in China, while others have been of no small assistance in the mission field work itself.

Others among our educated men and women have taken up the missionary apostolate of the press, contributing articles on the missions to various periodicals or writing books on mission topics, or on famous missionaries. In this connection we may instance—to name only two—Agnes Repplier's "Pere Marquette" and Rene Bazin's

THE MISSION INTENTION for MAY

Mission Interest Among the Educated

"Charles Foucaud." Other writers have composed interesting mission stories or have given us well-written accounts of various mission activities.

Universities have established courses in which the professors have an opportunity to give future missionaries helpful training. Thus, for example, Georgetown University at Washington, D. C., and St. Louis University at St. Louis, Mo., give future missionaries training in first aid work and in general medicine, while the Medical Schools of Creighton University, Omaha, Nebraska, and Georgetown University offer scholarships for young men who promise to serve the foreign missions for a period of five years.

Prayers are asked during the month of May that our educated classes may have a growing consciousness of their power to aid the apostolic work of the missions by utilizing in the cause the wonderful talents God has given them, and that this mission-mindedness may stir them to action in a field which is distinctively theirs.

AFIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUITS



PATNA, INDIA

Very Reverend PETER J. SONTAG, S.J., Superior of the mission, writes:

"The new high school at Bettiah, the handsome gift of an American benefactress, is not yet completed. However, its need was so urgent that by forced effort a number of rooms have been sufficiently prepared to enable us to hold classes in them. The teaching staff, with the exception of FATHER R. CONWAY, S.J., is still in its old quarters, and must go to and from school by bike,—about a two-mile ride. Father Conway, the head master, has taken temporary living quarters and office space in a thatch hut located on the premises. The hut also serves to house the Apostolic Students.

"The new high school is witness to the fact that, though very special attention is at present given to the aboriginal Santals, work among the Hindus and Mohammedans is by no means being neglected. It is hoped that it will serve to create a friendly attitude, and furnish contact and an avenue of approach in preparation for the propitious day for conversions which we pray is not too far distant. At present all non-Christians are subject to a compulsory course of religious and moral instruction. Although we do not exactly expect this to bear fruit in immediate conversions, still we do feel that this is the obvious means of preparing the field."

* * *

While on his way back from Patna to America, where he becomes the mission promoter for Patna Mission, FATHER LEON FOSTER, S.J., wrote to describe a visit he made to the promising Santal field in Patna Mission.

"With FATHER JAMES CREANE, S.J., at the wheel we started out in the new mission 'lizzie' for the Santal country. The machine has a specially built body which acts as a storage van, bed room, spare place for passengers, etc. With us was Takur, the cook, and two Santal boys from the boarding school at Bhagalpur. After driving eighty miles and fording five streams, we arrived in the evening twilight at the Santal village of Bhindara, where there were twenty typical Santal mud houses. When we had eaten a little supper, we amused the natives with a phonograph, and also gave them a little instruction in the Catholic Faith.

"Our bed that night was the mud ledge of a Santal house and the same was used

as an altar in the morning when Holy Mass was offered twice for the conversion of these delightfully simple aboriginal people of Patna Mission. We spent the next day in walking through the different villages, giving holy pictures here and there and saying a word about the Catholic Faith to the people whom we met. In the evening of that day, after



The "top o' the mornin'," says Father R. Conway, S.J., as he greets you at the front door of his temporary home at Bettiah.

watching the Santal maidens dance their rustic and modest dances in the moonlight, we retired to our hard couch again. About midnight we were awakened by a woman and three men who had come from a village some eight miles away to solicit Father Creane's help. It was none too pleasant to be awakened at that time of night and to try to understand what four people who were talking at the same time were trying to say in Santali, a language that is somewhat strange to Father Creane and very strange to me. Finally, after Father had understood something of the case, he told them to

go to sleep and he would see what could be done in the morning. It turned out next morning that the woman's husband had been arrested and beaten by one of the country policemen, and what the woman wanted was that Father Creane should free the husband from jail. That day we rode on our bicycles to the village and Father Creane sat in judgment on the case and decreed that the man was to be freed. The policeman was unwilling to free the culprit but consented when Father Creane threatened to bring the matter to higher authorities. When we got back to the Santal village in Bhindara that evening after riding our bicycles through many villages, we found the grateful culprit awaiting us. To show his appreciation he got down on the ground, made a profound bow, and then told Father to cut off his *teek*—a tuft of hair that the Hindus allow to grow even though the rest of the head may be shaved. This *teek* is regarded by some to be a sign of paganism. The man said he was through with devil worship and willing to become a Christian. I still have the *teek* as a souvenir of our eventful trip to the Santal country."

* * *

Mr. F. LOESCH, S.J., left Chuhari in January for Kurseong where he is studying theology in preparation for the priesthood. Brother Pais, S.J., arrived to continue the work of building which Mr. Loesch had been carrying on so energetically. MESSRS. KEVIN ANGELO, S.J., and JOSEPH MANN, S.J., also arrived at Chuhari to take up the work of teaching left by Mr. MICHAEL LYONS, S.J., who has been transferred to the Santal Mission at Bhagalpur where he is assisting FATHER A. PETTIT, S.J., in the work of the Middle English School which has been established there.

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

Friends of the Jesuit missionaries in Mindanao, P.I., will rejoice to know that a new station has been assigned to FATHER HENRY L. IRWIN, S.J., who went down into the missions only last summer. He is Rector of Holy Rosary Church at Oroquieta, Misamis, Mindanao, P.I. Father Irwin writes:

"I have been appointed to a new mission station where the parish has been abandoned for about fifteen years. There is a church here but it is almost a complete wreck and the house is just about as bad. I have to start from the very beginning and build up.

"The Aglipayanos, members of the heretical church of the Philippine Islands, are in control of this place and I am entirely alone. Oroquieta has just been made the capitol of a new province. It will become of importance. A school and dormitories are needed right away. I am sure some good friends will become as enthusiastic about this field as I am.



A veteran American missionary, Father Denis Lynch, S.J., Father Lynch has done years of active and fruitful missionary work in Jamaica, B. W. I., in India and in the Philippine Islands. He is now stationed at Manila, P. I.

"Do you know how it feels to be alone in a strange land, amidst a strange people without priestly help, without even the help of a Brother to cook your meals? I am depending upon my neighbors to supply food and my daily bread.

"I will certainly include in my prayers and labors all friends of Oroquieta. May God bless them and inspire many to aid my cause."

Through the generosity of friends JESUIT MISSIONS was able to send a check to FATHER ALFRED KENLE, S.J., at Talisayan, Misamis. He acknowledged it as follows:

"Many thanks for your gift which was all the more welcome since we were resigned to receiving scarcely anything at all from the States after we heard about the gambling of the Bulls and Bears up and down Wall Street. The Lord takes care of His own I suppose and with His help we are able to keep going.

"We are in the middle of our rainy season, which means we have rain in all shapes and forms, daily and hourly. When it is at its best my thoughts go back to Niagara Falls. If we could only have the roof of our church trained to keep the water on the outside, we would be much happier and drier; but

you cannot teach an old roof new tricks. From one viewpoint, that of antiques, this roof is becoming more valuable every day. From a recent collection in the church which amounted to \$4.03, it looks like more rain. I once heard a song entitled, 'It takes a little rain with the sunshine to make the world go round.' The rain is here but who'll send the sunshine?"

FATHER CLEMENT R. RISACHER, S.J., is still residing at the Seminary of San Carlos, Box 140, Cebu, P. I., but has hopes of getting into his new home at the leper colony at Cebu very shortly. He writes the following letter to tell his friends about it:

"I can only say that I have not been remiss in remembering my benefactors at holy Mass and in my prayers, such as they are. Even their particular intentions have been kept constantly in my prayers for I do wish our Lord to bless our helpers and to grant them their petitions if it be His Holy Will. Depending as I do directly on benefactors for the support of all that I am trying to accomplish here, I am brought to realize how grateful I must be to the Lord and to them. Everything seems to indicate that I ought to be ready and established in the new leper colony when it opens in April. The hurry of preparations has been an extra burden."

AMERICAN INDIANS

FATHER PLACIDUS SIALM, S.J., veteran missionary at Holy Rosary Mission, Pine Ridge, South Dakota, tells of a coming great event among the Sioux:

"We are preparing for the next Indian Sioux Congress to be held at Holy Rosary Mission. The Indians wish to

at home. But these things are merely incidents.

"The solemnity of the meetings passes anything you see among meetings of white people. The old customs are just as regular as the introduction to the Sunday Gospels. Every speech starts and ends with the formula, 'I shake hands with you all,' and the answer—not Amen—but with a grunt: 'How, how, how.' Praying and singing, of course, go together with the many pieces of advice that are handed around at these meetings.

"In many respects the meetings are a congenial school for the old people who listen attentively. Smoking is often not permitted until the main speakers are through and then if a man pays five cents he will be permitted to roll his cigarette. Whoever leaves the meeting house without shaking hands with the doorkeeper is charged ten cents. The meeting may be prolonged to any length of time.

"Any white man who wishes to take in all these meetings must have a great amount of patience. He must have more than that if he wishes to partake of the meals which include dog stew."

"The trails have been terrible this winter," writes FATHER A. C. RIESTER, S.J., Superior at Holy Rosary Mission. "FATHER SIALM went in a wagon last week to Manderson. It is almost impossible for machines to make the hills in the deep mud. FATHER JOSEPH MELCHIOS, S.J., came out to help us during Lent. Just at present he is stranded at Porcupine with a broken car. FATHER MCNAMARA turned over in a car and wrecked it. He was not hurt, but lost his hat and came out of the wreck smiling and smoking his pipe. The smash-up of



Ursuline Sisters at an Indian camp near St. Paul's Mission, Montana.

have meetings and more meetings where the talkers enjoy good days of plenty to eat, plenty of talk and plenty to smoke,—with the final resolution to meet again. And so the vicious circle has become congenial to their nature. It develops talkers and voters and not seldom paupers. One man had a sick wife at home, yet he thought himself to be indispensable at the meeting and left the poor sick woman

our mission cars has been an item of heavy expense for us during this winter."

FATHER LEO CUNNINGHAM, S.J., adds his tale of mishaps to the others of Holy Rosary Mission:

"By March 1, the snow storms had stopped leaving heavy drifts across the trails. I had packed my car on Friday and so I was able to get an early start

tor St. Mary Magdalen's Chapel at Rockyford, which is fifty-nine miles from Holy Rosary. I stopped at Our Lady of Lourdes Chapel at Porcupine long enough to make inquiries about my people thereabouts. The Indians before me had traveled the ten mile trail to St. Paul's and so the deep snow was packed down somewhat and did not check my progress. All went well until after I left St. Paul's and headed northward for the fifteen miles of travel that lay between me and the Bad Lands surrounding St. Mary Magdalen's. Snow two or more feet deep was packed into the road. A wagon had passed through and I tried to follow, but my car stuck. I tried to back out. There was a sudden snap. My engine speeded but there was no power. I knew I was in serious difficulties. As a matter of fact, the drive shaft broke. I plodded back to St. Paul's and soon Tom Little Boy and my Indian catechist, John Boyer, had a team ready to pull my car back to the church yard. And now what to do! My people of the Bad Lands would be waiting for me. Some would be at the meeting house for the night watching the trail for me. I stood in a bit of shelter from the wind and thought and prayed. Three efforts to hire a team to take me to Rockyford failed. It would not be long before darkness, and none of the Indians cared to face the bitter cold wind. They said their horses were tired and they feared snowdrifts farther on. There was no one traveling north by whom to send word. After consultation with my catechist I decided to remain at St. Paul's and have my regular Sunday Masses there on the first Sunday of the month. My plan would be to go to St. Mary Magdalen's next Sunday. I must disappoint my people down there, but really it could not be helped. Tom Little Boy took me in his wagon to the homes of some of my St. Paul people. We notified all that there would be Mass at eight and at ten in the morning. The wind was cold and sharp and I realized what it would have meant to face that wind for a drive of fifteen miles."

BROTHER JEROME GALDOS, S.J., sixty-five year old, white-bearded veteran of forty years on the eastern Montana Missions, was brought to Spokane, February 25, by FATHER DUMBECK for a serious operation at Sacred Heart Hospital. In Spokane for the first time in his life he saw a skyscraper, rode on a street car, rose in an elevator. His operation has been quite successful and he is convalescing rapidly. Since he has been in the hospital the Indian children of Holy Family Mission have deluged him with letters.

SOUTHERN STATES MISSIONS

FATHER P. A. RYAN, S.J., continues his apostolic work in the Rock Hill district of South Carolina. His work began with small numbers in each district and

RENOVED JESUIT MISSIONARIES



BLESSED ISAAC JOGUES, S.J.

A CENTRAL figure of New York's first martyrs done to death at the present site of Auriesville, New York, Blessed Isaac Jogues was but thirty-nine years old when he laid down his life for the Faith. He was born at Orléans in France in 1607, and entered the Society of Jesus in 1624. Twelve years later he obtained his cherished wish of being sent to the arduous Canadian missions. For six years he labored in the lake regions, visited the Petun Indians in the company of Father Garnier, S.J., and journeyed as far as Sault St. Marie.

While returning to Quebec, Father Jogues fell into the hands of the savage Iroquois by whom he was cruelly tortured. For thirteen months he lived as a slave among the Red Men until he was rescued by the Dutch and finally brought to France.

Eager to return to Canada, Father Jogues received the necessary permission from his superiors, and the year 1646 found him visiting Auriesville to negotiate peace between the Canadians and the Iroquois. This mission over, he came back again to the village, this time with the hope of converting the Indians. The Iroquois, however, determined to kill him. As he entered one of their cabins by invitation, he was tomahawked and beheaded. Pope Pius XI beatified him with the other North American Martyrs.

is rapidly bearing fruit. He writes: "I blessed the ashes and said Mass in Rock Hill at 7:30 on Ash Wednesday morning and then started at nine o'clock for Great Falls, a town thirty miles away, where I distributed the ashes to the twelve Catholics residing there and taught catechism to three children. I left Great Falls around noon for Winnsboro, twenty miles further down the road, to distribute ashes to the fifteen Catholics there and to teach catechism to four children whom I am preparing for Holy Communion and Confirmation. In Winnsboro, Mrs. Darby, a very pious and intelligent Catholic, a convert to the Church, helps me greatly in instructing the little ones and strengthening the Faith of the grown-ups. From Winnsboro I journeyed north twenty-seven miles to Chester to distribute the ashes there. Rock Hill is twenty miles north of Chester, and accordingly when I arrived home at seven o'clock that evening, my speedometer registered ninety-seven miles for the day. The importance of frequent visits to the scattered Catholics of our rural districts cannot be exaggerated, and hence I strive to visit them once every two weeks and often once a week."

Writing from Selma, Alabama, FATHER THOMAS STITCH, S.J., says:

"There is much to be done on the Selma Missions, in a territory 180 miles long and 50 to 70 miles wide. There are twenty-two places to attend. Father Staggs did great work among the 250 Catholics scattered through these missions. The people are good and by far the greater number go to the sacraments when I visit them. One difficulty I find is the matter of instructing the children, since I get to see them only once in two or three months."

BELIZE, BRITISH HONDURAS

FATHER ALLAN STEVENSON, S.J., veteran apostle of Punta Gorda, British Honduras, in acknowledging the receipt of a donation, writes:

"The money came handy as just of late my mission fund has been drawn up by various stations of my circuit. I could write a very interesting article right now of my latest experiences on my mission trips—real adventures. The last of these resulted in a sprained ankle. The accident happened on Ash Wednesday morning when I was riding to one of my stations and my horse slipped on a slippery bridge and I was thrown from my mount. Now I am on my back most of the time though I am able to say Mass again, but with difficulty."

As the school year at St. John's College, Belize, British Honduras, draws to a close in late April, MESSRS. ROBERT L. MCCORMACK, S.J., and GERALD H. FITZGERSON, S.J., will complete their terms of teaching and will return to the United States to take up the study of Theology in preparation for the priesthood.

ALASKA

From the far North word came that FATHER DELON, S.J., Superior of northern Alaska, would set out by airplane March 1 to make his visitation of the missions in the west and northwest section of northern Alaska. This visitation, it was said, would take about two weeks and cover more territory than could be made by dog team in ten weeks.

Speaking of FATHER WILLIAM WALSH, missionary at Kotzebue above the Arctic Circle, the only secular priest in northern Alaska, Father Delon writes:

"Father Walsh is a gem, a truly good and zealous priest, very happy in his surroundings and doing very good work. From everywhere and from varied sources the same word reaches me. Everyone praises his successful endeavors and his self-sacrifice."

At Christmas the Akulurak Mission, where FATHERS J. B. SIFTON, S.J., and A. WILLEBRAND, S.J., are stationed, entertained about 150 Eskimos from the surrounding country. It is customary for the mission to hold a sort of open house at Christmas and Easter, to feed and accommodate all those who come to attend the services. The conditions and customs of the country make this almost a necessity. Eskimos never carry provisions when they travel. They take it as a matter of course that they will be fed and accommodated wherever they stop.

The boys' playroom at Akulurak was crowded with men last Christmas. BROTHER KEOGH, S.J., and the boys who assisted him, had all they could do to cope with the visitors. The school was crowded with women and girls who were cared for by the Ursulines.



The Indians on Manitoulin Island in Lake Huron and the Sisters who work with them are cared for by Father Eugene Papineau, S.J.

There are five Ursuline Sisters at Akulurak. One of them, a lay-Sister, is in the seventies; Mother Laurentia, though well advanced in years, is still full of energy. One of the missionaries writes: "They have their hands full with their seventy-five girls, not counting the work entailed by the cooking and mending and washing and baking for them. They are a brave and devoted community."

The winter at Pilgrim Springs has been the stormiest that FATHER HUBERT POST, S.J., has ever seen. The superabundance of snow from the continual storms so filled every valley and draw that the mission's hot creek was backed up and chilled the hot baths. It was the first time such a thing had happened since the mission was opened. It was not till February 7 that the creek opened again and the springs became hot.

Early in February, Father Post was trying to set out for Nome to relieve FATHER PATRICK SAVAGE, S.J., while the latter made his retreat, but travel both by dog team and by airplane was still practically impossible owing to the fierce storms.

JAMAICA

The Chinese of Jamaica, B. W. I., as noted in a recent issue of JESUIT MISSIONS, are well taken care of by FATHER LEO T. BUTLER, S.J. He has their interest constantly at heart, and watches for their betterment in every respect. He sends the following notes:

"Many of the poorer Chinese live in the 'Jamaica Yards' as described a short time ago in your pages. These yards are at times only twelve feet wide and the people live in contiguous shacks, a door for each family, with as many as five or more families in a single yard. Living conditions are consequently not what they should be.

"The Superiress of the Mercy convent returned last month from Europe. While there she brought together nineteen postulants for the religious life at the Mercy convent. They came from Ireland, England and some from Malia.

"We saw a baseball game recently, the first since a year ago when some boats of the United States Navy were here for a week's relaxation."

At Seaford Town FATHER FRANCIS G. KEMPEL, S.J., is busy erecting a new school. Construction on the building itself is only one of the minor problems. He has had to attend to the matter of getting good teachers, is earnestly working to get the Sisters to come and teach, is making arrangements for the school with the Board of Education and all the while trying to get the funds together to pay for the construction. In a recent letter he says:

"We took down half of the old school that has outgrown its usefulness in order to make room for the new building; the remaining half serves as a store room for material. A portion of the hill in



Three energetic missionaries in Jamaica, B. W. I. Fathers Joseph B. Morning, S.J., Joseph S. Knight, S.J., and James J. Becker, S.J.

back of the school has been filled in and will make a fine playground for the children when it is completed. Before this the children had to play on the side of the hill. Most of the work is being done by the men of the town who turn out on Thursdays and go to the work with a will. They are quite enthusiastic and I have nothing but the highest praise for them.

"Of course, the work of the school keeps me very busy. I am the contractor so I must be on hand to provide the necessary material to keep the work moving. By taking personal care I shall save about seventy-five pounds at least. Last week I had to interrupt the work here to make a sick call at Rock Stone, another at Springfield, another at Lacovia and another at Black River."

FATHER FRANCIS X. DELANY, S.J., who was at one time Superior in the Mission of Jamaica, has written a history of the island mission which describes the development of the Catholic Church since the time of the coming of Columbus. Father Delany's *History of the Catholic Church in Jamaica, B. W. I.*, is the first complete account of the establishment of all the mission fields in the Island and gives many a glimpse of local conditions and of local missionary work. The friends of Jamaica, especially those who have been taking an active interest in the welfare of the mission there, will be eager to read this volume which is produced by the Jesuit Mission Press.

FATHER J. D. WHEELER, S.J., reports on the mission activities at Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass. He says:

"We have just completed five years of mission activity and interest in this college ending March 1, 1930, and the results have been gratifying and satisfactory. In that time we collected and distributed to the missions \$34,525.00."



SOUTH AFRICAN NOVI-TIATE FOR COLORED BROTHERS

A novitiate for the training of colored lay-Brothers will be established at Onseepkans, Orange Free State, South Africa, by the Oblates of St. Francis de Sales. The object of establishing a novitiate of this kind is to give the colored people the opportunity to enter a congregation of their own and is believed to represent the spirit of the missions and of the encyclicals of the Holy Father. (F. S.)

INDIAN CHILD MARRIAGE

The Supreme Legislative Assembly at Simla has passed a law doing away with child-marriage in India, and has fixed as the minimum the ages adopted by the Catholic Code of Canon Law, fourteen years for the woman and sixteen for the man. The law goes against one of the most deeply rooted customs of India, and those who know the country say that it will be almost impossible to carry it into effect. But the same was said of the law putting an end to *suttee*, and yet that law was ultimately effective, and the burning of widows on the pyre of their dead husbands has become a matter merely of historical interest.

INDIAN LAYMAN CONVERTS 5,000 SOULS

Mr. Dairiam Pillai, veteran lay apostle of Tuticorin India, has gone to his heavenly reward. For fifty years he had labored among non-Catholics, and because of his ardent Faith coupled with a rich knowledge of the Tamil literature, he won 5,000 souls to Christ in the course of fifty years of labor. During that time his monthly salary as a catechist was the equivalent of an English pound, barely sufficient to provide a living for him. However, it was not money but a love of Christ that was the inspiration of his half century of labor. (F. S.)

CHINESE GOVERNMENT BUYS PRIEST'S BOOK

The Chinese Government has ordered 5,000 copies of *Le Triple D membre de Suen Wen* by Father Pasquale d'Elia, S.J. The book is a critical translation into French of the famous work of Sun Yat Sen, the "Father of the Chinese Republic," in which he sets forth his three principles. The book is extremely important for Chinese Catholics in so far

as it makes clear the position of Church members on many delicate and debated questions regarding Sun Yat Sen's doctrines. The work was published by the Sinological Bureau of Zi-ka-wei, the great Jesuit center outside of the city of Shanghai.



Queen of May, pray for the missions.

BELGIAN JESUITS SEVENTY YEARS AT CALCUTTA

In 1859, seven Belgian Jesuits embarked at Calcutta to begin their apostolic work in that section of India. Today the Belgian Province of the Society of Jesus has in the Calcutta region some 400 members engaged in an apostolate that has already built up a Catholic body of 225,000 souls. Perhaps the greatest triumph of the Belgian Fathers has been the famous mission of Chota Nagpur, the mission among the humble aborigines whom the Jesuits first saved from money lenders who were leading the people into slavery. It was in this mission that Father Constantine Lievens carried on his stupendous missionary work in the latter half of the last century.

NEW OFFICIAL MISSION STATISTICS

A new official world survey of the foreign missions of the Church has just been published by the Sacred Congre-

gation of *Propaganda Fide*. Even a summary cannot well be given here, but we quote a few interesting statistics.

The mission personnel in June, 1927, (the date of the various statistics) totaled 46,174, including 12,952 priests, foreign and native born, secular and religious, 5,110 Brothers and 28,112 Sisters. At the date given these were distributed in 374 ecclesiastical divisions in 81 countries, and they represented 51 different nations.

Among the lay workers there are 51,507 catechists, 38,679 teachers, 25,684 baptizers. In some fields all of these do not give their entire time to the Church. For the first time the statistics mention medical workers, listing 226 doctors laboring in mission medical institutions and 855 trained nurses. The grand total of the workers in the mission fields is 163,615, the equal of the population of the City of Grand Rapids, Michigan.

It is interesting and encouraging to note that of the priests, 4,305 are listed as natives and of the Brothers, 1,314 are native born. Among the Sisters, 11,399 are natives. (F. S.)

JAPANESE COMMISSION ON SHINTOISM

Is Shinto a religion? This is the question that a Commission of the Japanese Government is trying to decide. Thirty distinguished scholars form the Commission and the purpose of the investigation is to make a thorough study with a view towards revision and unification of the administration of "Shinto shrines." The Government does not regard Shintoism as a religion, but the Commission, as a matter of course, will take up the question for thorough discussion. If the Commission should decide that Shintoism is a religion the situation will be very serious. As a consequence it will involve many important questions, such as freedom of faith guaranteed by the Japanese Constitution, financial appropriation for the maintenance and extension of shrines for educational and religious purposes.

Catholics would naturally be very glad to see the Government make all efforts to remove from "Shinto shrines" all that could be interpreted as religious ceremony, or if this should be impossible, to refrain from demanding that Christians take part in "Shinto shrine" services. Otherwise one could not say that "Japanese subjects . . . shall enjoy freedom of religious belief." (Japanese Constitution, Art. 28). (F. S.)

JESUIT BISHOP FOR

ANKING, CHINA

Reverend Frederick Melendro, S.J., a Spaniard, has been made the first Vicar Apostolic of Anking, Anhwei Province, China. By a decree of January 29, 1929, the Province of Anhwei was divided into three parts, Pengpu going to the Italian Jesuits and the central and southern sections, Anking and Wuhu, going to the Spanish Jesuits. The Vicariate of Anking in the center has a total population of six millions, of which 24,014 are Catholics and 10,580 are catechumens. (F. S.)

FIRST NORWEGIAN BISHOP IS CONVERT

The first native of Norway to become a bishop in his own country in four hundred years, the Right Reverend Olaf Offerdahl, is a convert from Lutheranism. Bishop Offerdahl was appointed Vicar Apostolic of Norway by His Holiness Pope Pius XI, March 12.

His Lordship was born in 1857. Following his entrance into the Catholic Church he became a student for the priesthood and studied at the Urban College of Propaganda Fide, Rome. On his return to Norway he held successively the offices of professor, parish priest, Provicer General, and finally Administrator Apostolic. The venerable prelate has translated the entire New Testament into Norwegian and has compiled a new catechism which is now in use throughout the country.

The appointment of Bishop Offerdahl bridges the gap of 400 years since the Reformation. Norway, evangelized in the ninth century by St. Ansgar, became Lutheran in the 16th century under Kings Christian II and III. The Catholic Church was persecuted and its nine bishops exiled. In the 19th century the anti-Catholic laws were rescinded and missionaries multiplied. The present Catholic population numbers a scant 3,200, of whom 1,000 are in Oslo, the capital. Catholic missionaries number 36 aided by 380 Sisters, 216 of whom are of the Congregation of St. Joseph of Chambert. (F.S.)

CHINESE SEMINARIANS INCREASE

Despite adverse conditions, students for the priesthood in China, have advanced to 678 in two years, according to the 1929 figures published from the Apostolic Delegation. There are now 11,462 Chinese boys in the preparatory schools, 2,465 in the Minor Seminaries, 838 in the Major Seminaries. Due to

the imperative need of a strong native clergy in China, Church authorities have drawn up a very clear program of development and are prosecuting it with vigor.

MORE CHINESE MISSIONARIES PUT TO DEATH

An Italian bishop and priest were added to the long list of dead in China that has been growing since 1923. Bishop Louis Versiglia of the Salesians of Don

fathers. It is said that he once stretched out upon a plank in the sight of a group of these simple people. Then he ordered that he be covered with a sheet. From beneath this pall he cried out asking God to take him from this life if he were not preaching the right Gospel. God did not take him. From frequent assistance at such religious affairs, the people gradually began to feel the habit; then they see the need; then they see no need for the Catholic Church; thereafter they oppose it. Such is the process. Yet they know that they should be Catholics since their whole tradition is Catholic and they have even suffered much for their Faith.

The more solid of these people still make great sacrifices for their Faith, as is proven by the instance that occurred the morning I distributed First Holy Communion. Three weeks of rain had washed away the bridges and washed out the three main highways to the neighboring towns. The country roads of dirt were

so muddy and cut up that not even a Ford could go through them, and swollen bayous and coulees had washed away everything.

As I could not reach the house where I had been saying Mass, I resorted to the country school house. Then through all the cold and rain, from as far as two miles and more, forty of these generous souls walked to Mass. Many waded knee-deep through chilly water. Picture them going to confession, assisting at Mass, and receiving Holy Communion in their wet, cold, poor clothes. How many children make their First Holy Communion under such painful circumstances? It seemed that as the early Church was founded on the blood of the martyrs, so our little mission would be founded on rain—I mean the sacrifices entailed in such conditions.

The Easter Dawning

William J. Healy, S.J.

*SHE prayed alone through all that night,
Waiting for the dawning light.*

*Soft fingers touch the crown of thorns,
(The crown that tore His Sacred Head),
And kisses wet the dark red stains
That whisper of a God Who bled,
When, lo! before her very eyes
The crown but bitter thornwood lies,
The blood-stains disappear . . .*

*Angels praising she can hear,
A sudden glory fills the room,
"Regina coeli, nunc lactare,
He is risen, He is come!
Death is conquered, life is won!"
Rising she beholds the Son!*

Bosco and the Salesian priest, Father Calixtus Caraverio, were killed by Communist bandits about February 28.

The roll of dead among the missionaries of China now includes citizens of eight nations, as follows: Belgians 8; Italians 4; Americans 3; French 3; Chinese 2; Germans 2; Spaniards 1; Irish 1.

But in spite of all the persecution that China has been facing during the last six years, it is consoling to note that during that period there have been 324,286 conversions.

DOWN BY THE BAYOU

(Continued from page 103)

In the cove in which I was working, stands a small Protestant chapel. Here an individual who had once been an excellent catechist for the Catholic Church began a work of apostasy, preaching the doctrine of the Christian Church. He has led many of the Acadian people away from the Faith of their

BRAVEST IN THE EAST

(Continued from page 104)

tell how he went fearlessly in his long cassock, with cane in hand, into places where they, soldiers though they were, would not dare to go unarmed. And they remembered how once, when the war of occupation was going on, he penetrated the Moro lines to help the wounded and dying American soldiers. Often he said Mass for his people while soldiers surrounded the altar and stood with fixed bayonets prepared for attack from warring Moros. What pleas did he not then make that the enemy might rather be conquered by the Galilean's arms!

HOPELESS was the immediate conversion of the Moros by the lone missionary. Then he would prepare the way for their future conversion. So he began the work of his Moro Catechism. Composed in the Moro dialect and written in Arabic as well as in phonetic Roman characters, it would prove a ready text-book for the catechist. The Catechism was a tremendous pioneer task. He had to force into the stubborn mold of a strange language ideas hitherto unexpressed in it. He had no books to consult. Early in the work he lost his best native helper when an enraged Moro beheaded him with the sweep of his bolo. But in the face of all he never lost heart. From 1914 until a few months before his death in 1920 he labored at the Catechism. And he finished it, though it cost him his life. It is his great legacy to his Jesuit brothers who succeeded him in Moro Land.

The end of his labors came on May 20, 1920. His spirit must have rejoiced that it was to two of his loved Moros that the sad privilege was entrusted of carrying the poor, worn body to its resting place in the cemetery of Zamboanga, P. I. Father McDonough's successors, not the apostle himself, are reaping the fruit. Xavier, we remember, was cheated by death in sight of China.

That Father McDonough brought fearlessness, courage, energy, enthusiasm and, enveloping all, fine human qualities into his modern missionary apostolate is testified to

by the American soldiers who unhesitatingly dubbed him "the bravest white man of the East." The secret source of it all is contained in a line he wrote to one of his brothers in Christ:

"This love for Christ the King,—(allow me to extend the pugilistic metaphor used by St. Paul)—will bring you up at every round smiling."

PAINLESS DENTISTS

(Continued from page 105)

At the word, Jeremiah was encircled by a pair of lusty arms around the shoulders, and another pair around the knees. As his mouth opened wide in the preliminaries of a yell, a handkerchief was stuffed in, rendering him voiceless. Quick as thought he was off his feet, lying face up on the boardwalk. One assailant, the spokesman of the four, was already straddled across his chest, holding down both arms; another was kneeling at his head, with a death grip on both his ears, while the third sat across his knees, trying the while to bend his feet in such a way that the soles would touch the boards. The fourth was merely standing by, looking wise.

WHEN the patient was declared under complete control, the fourth man took from his coat pocket a screw driver, a pair of flat jaw wire cutters, a sewing awl, a small pair of nippers and a rat-tail file. Placing these in a row beside the swollen face of the patient, he removed his coat, rolled up his sleeves and began the operation. First the handle of the screwdriver was inserted well back between the jaws, relieving Jeremiah of the necessity of expending his own energy in keeping his mouth open. Next, a well gauged squeeze with the wire cutters crushed the walls of the hollow crown, the pieces of which were removed by the thumb and forefinger of the dentist.

With the crown and its debris gone, work proceeded on the root. First as much pulp was removed from the center as the shank of the file could conveniently reach; after that the gum was loosened by means of the sewing awl. The small nip-

pers then broke off the root as thoroughly as could be quickly done, reducing the level of the stump to a little below the gum. Now the file was turned about and the ridged tip screwed down the middle of the root cavity, until it could be turned no more. A few rapid gyratory motions of the shank of the file, a pull and a sudden jerk outward, revealed to the satisfaction of all present,—Jeremiah possibly excepted,—that the toothache was no more. For as the file leaped out from between the distended jaws of poor Jeremiah, the last remains of that awful tooth were clinging to it with a tenacity which only a hammer could break. A precautionary probe into the gaping socket where the tooth had been, preceded the removal of the screw driver. The quartet of dentists retired hastily to allow Jeremiah to get up and betake himself home. As he did so, he was not quite sure whether it was a nightmare he had just come out of, or,—was it a cyclone? But to his great satisfaction the tooth ached no longer.

Since that memorable day, neither Jeremiah nor any other inhabitant of that little Yukon village has ever complained of a toothache. Nor is any one ever likely to complain; they all now lack the nerve.

MARY SIN CHI MAN

(Continued from page 107)

When I had given her the Apostolic Blessing after Extreme Unction, Mary Chi Man gathered all her remaining strength to thank me in a voice full of tenderness and emotion:

"Thanks, Father,—very,—many,—thanks! . . ."

NEXT day Father Simon Tang visited her, and found her dying. She had the full use of her faculties, and Father spoke to her of Heaven, of the saints who are there living in Eternal Life. He showed her a picture of the Chinese Martyrs and commenced to tell her of the martyrdom of each one of them. She opened her eyes, and looking at one of the martyrs, said: "This one, what is his name? Is he also with God?"

With these words on her lips she fell back in the arms of her mother and quietly passed away.

All that night the girls and teachers from the Sisters' college watched by the body. They covered it with a white veil and placed a crown of flowers on the head. Near the bed they placed the picture of the Chinese martyrs and four lighted candles.

NEXT morning I celebrated a Requiem Mass in the convent of the Sisters. At it the whole family of the dead girl assisted,—all pagans. At 10:30 the funeral commenced with all the ceremonies of the Catholic ritual. For the first time in its history, the band of our college supplied the music.

Some missionaries came from the college and took part in the funeral procession with many of the relatives and friends of Mary. She had always been popular for her pleasant manners, her goodness and her simplicity. While we crossed the river from Shüihing to Tsingwan hymns were sung and the Rosary recited.

The family was very much impressed by the charity and devotion of the Catholics. It would seem that the grace of God had touched them. Before they had been all very much opposed to the Catholic religion, whereas now several members of the family came to us, asking for books on the Catholic teaching that they might perhaps be converted. May God grant them this grace!

JAPANESE IN BRAZIL

(Continued from page 109)

church in order to receive Communion." And the father carried out his threat. Daily the girl was kept at home from early morning until two in the afternoon. At that hour she was allowed to go out, since the father felt that there was no longer any possibility of her receiving Communion then. But the girl visited a certain pious lady in the afternoons and was secretly prepared for First Holy Communion. That nothing might be lacking even in external things, the pious lady made a beautiful white dress and

a wreath so that the Japanese girl might receive her First Holy Communion with all the solemnity that is usual on such an occasion. When all was ready and the date set the girl made her first confession and then, having fasted from early morning until two in the afternoon, received her First Holy Communion in spite of the father's opposition. The sequel to the story is most consoling for the Japanese girl. Her father, who had been a Protestant and had at first manifested such extreme opposition to his daughter's becoming a Catholic, has since been deeply moved by her noble example and is now preparing to become a Catholic.

SO RAPID has been the advance of the Church in the ranks of the Japanese of Brazil that the Archbishop has established a Japanese Center and appointed Father del Toro as the head. The latter is now assisted by other priests whose services have been in demand because of the ever growing number of converts. Instruction classes for the

children are conducted in the church and there is much enthusiasm, while in the house of the Jesuit Fathers there is an advanced class for adults who have taken up the more profound discussions in apologetics and theology.

To care for the education of the growing generation the College of St. Francis Xavier has been established with modest beginnings though with a future that is bright in prospect of many conversions among the Japanese in Brazil.

THE ARMY OF THE KING

(Continued from page 111)

ancient church, the oldest in Manjia, has never, in all its three hundred years of existence, held so many youths, gathered from such widely scattered parts of the Philippines with the sole purpose of honoring Christ in the Eucharist—and they did it magnificently.

Looking down from the choir gallery, one saw the altar radiant with lights; officiating was the mitred prelate, his Lordship, Bishop

Our Contributors

Missions in the Southern States are rightly coming in for more interest and support of our Northern Catholics who must not forget that a great apostolic labor lies at their very doors. FATHER SAMUEL H. RAY, S.J., resides at St. Charles College, Grand Coteau, Louisiana, and makes frequent missionary excursions *Down by the Bayou*.

Our readers will be very grateful to WILLIAM GLEASON, S.J., of Woodstock College, Woodstock, Maryland, for his article intending to keep alive the memory of Father William M. McDonough, S.J., a missionary whom the American soldiers in the Philippine Islands called the *Bravest in the East*.

FATHER FRANCIS B. PRANGE, S.J., at the Catholic Church, Nulato, Alaska, is no stranger to these pages. His articles are extremely interesting and full of local color. He describes *Piousest Denists* in Alaska.

Many American friends of FATHER LOUIS DE GARCIA, S.J., at the Mission of Shüihing, China, will be glad to read of *Mary Sin Chi Mau*, one of the many converts made by Father Garcia.

Missionary dangers and hardships come from the sea as well as from the land. FATHER EUGENE BORE, S.J., of Punta Gorda, British Honduras, has met and overcome these dangers when *The Sea Was Wild*.

One does not have to go to Japan to be a missionary among the Japanese. FATHER GUIDO DEL TORO, S.J., at Sao Paulo, Brazil, has built up a great missionary enterprise among the *Japanese in Brazil*.

Those Heroic Nuns who stay during the winter months on the Island of Manitoulin in Lake Huron will deserve the title we give to them. ALEXANDER ROGLAND, S.J., who is studying at Immaculate Conception College, Montreal, Canada, rightfully admires their courage.

Catholic Boy Scout work in the Philippine Islands deserves strong approval. In Mindanao especially the missionaries are developing the younger generation of boys and girls into *The Army of the King*. JAMES E. HAGGERTY, S.J., of the Ateneo de Manila, Manila, P. I., tells of them.

When *A Greenhorn Goes to Ghyre* he sees many things of unusual interest especially for greenhorns who do not go to Ghyre. That is why you ought to read what JOHN A. MORRISON, S.J., of Sacred Heart College, Shembanigan, India, tells of his recent visit to this American Jesuit field.

A touch of Easter, the great confirmation feast of missionary activity, is given by WILLIAM J. HEALY, S.J., in his poem, *The Easter Dawning*. The missionaries who write for you would welcome your active interest in their missions.

William Finnemann. One saw Scout officials standing reverently at attention; then row after row of kneeling Scouts in their colorful neckerchiefs. One heard the blare of bugles and the roll of drums as the Sacred Host was lifted up on high. And the crowning point of the Mass came when troop followed troop to receive their Eucharistic King in Holy Communion.

AFTER the Mass, as the Scouts marched out in ranks, the Band of Troop 95 played the National Eucharistic Hymn. The Bugle Corps of Troop 19 sounded the salute, and the Bishop in his scarlet robes, preceded by the colors, marched between lines of Scouts drawn up at attention. As the Scouts marched past the age-old Cathedral and out through Plaza McKinley, one with an eye for contrasts would have seen in this enthusiastic group of Scouts a link between the past and the present—between the old order of the *Conquistadores* who built that magnificent Cathedral and the new order that gave the name "McKinley" to a public plaza.

Besides the Mass for the Scouts on Saturday, the Scouts attended many other exercises of the Congress. On Saturday evening they were present at a Holy Hour for Scouts in San Marcelino Church. And the next day, at the field Mass for students on the Luneta, the Scouts were given a prominent place. The Scout Band, placed on the very platform of the altar itself, led the fifteen thousand students in the singing of the Filipino Eucharistic Hymn, perhaps the only band in the Philippines that had the instrumentation of this hymn. For the grand procession at the end of the Congress the Catholic Scouts of Manila and vicinity turned out in full array, and again they were given a place close to the altar.

The devotion and loyalty to Christ the King eminently manifested by the Catholic Boy Scouts and the Filipino youth in general at the Eucharistic Congress indicate a consoling return on the part of the new generation to the fullness of Faith that once characterized the Filipino. May the blessings and

graces of this First National Eucharistic Congress of the Philippines abide in the Islands to strengthen, to fortify and to augment the love of Christ that put the lustre of Catholicism to the "Pearl of the Orient," the island nation of the Philippines.



En Alaska. By Joseph A. Desjardins, S.J. Messenger Press, 4260 rue de Bordeaux, Montreal, Canada. 75 cents per copy, \$6.00 a dozen.

This delightful work, well printed and well edited, gives the story of the arduous Alaskan Mission manned by the Jesuit Fathers of the California Province. The book is written in French, but it is hoped that it will soon be available in English for American mission enthusiasts.

The Catholic Doctrine of Matrimony. By Rev. Francis J. Connell, C.S.S.R., S.T.D. The America Press, New York, N. Y. 10 cents.

This pamphlet contains four lectures delivered at the Columbus Forum conducted by the Knights of Columbus at the Columbus Club, Brooklyn, New York. The talks present clearly and logically the fundamental principles of the Catholic doctrine of Matrimony. The booklet deserves to find its way into the hands of our young people contemplating marriage and also into the hands of older folks. It gives a clear statement of the Catholic doctrine on a subject which is poorly understood by many people in our country today.

America Press, New York, continues to supply the reading public with high class timely reading matter in pamphlet form. The latest booklets are apologetic and devotional.

At Noon on Calvary, by Bernard A. Fuller, S.J. (ten cents per copy). **The Death Watch of Our Saviour,** by John Conway, S.J. (ten cents per copy). **Why Apologize?** by Wm. I. Lonergan, S.J. (five cents per copy). **What is a Catholic Attitude?** by Francis P. LeBuffe, S.J. (five cents per copy). **The New Morality and the National Life,** by Jones I. Corrigan, S.J. (five cents per copy). **Christ and Mankind,** by Martin J. Scott, S.J. (five cents per copy).

The stream of well written and wholesome pamphlets continues to flow from the Queen's Work, St. Louis, Mo. Just out are:

Randon Shots—Brief Thoughts on Things That Count— by Daniel A. Lord, S.J. (ten cents per copy); **Truth's the Thing—A Catholic Viewpoint on Everyday Subjects—** by Daniel A. Lord, S.J. (ten cents per copy); **Be of Good Heart—A Eucharistic Reverie—** by Sister M. Eleanore, C.S.C. (five cents per copy).

Study Outlines on St. Mark's Gospel. By J. B. Tennyly, S.S., D.D. Published by The National Council of Catholic Women, 1312 Massachusetts Ave., N.W., Washington, D. C. 5 cents.

The aim of the study outlines in this pamphlet is to furnish some simple guidance to the layman to encourage him to read St. Mark's Gospel with appreciation of its great value. There are seven outlines covering the entire Gospel. Each outline is composed of four parts. Our Catholic lay people are invited to purchase copies of this pamphlet and spend a little time in the praiseworthy work of studying the sacred Gospel.

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