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A summer of heat and drought has put a blight upon the crops of our fertile country. As a result the reapers will have less to garner in the harvest time. The harvesters are many but the harvest is not as bountiful as in other years.

In other climes conditions are reversed. In mission lands the harvest is indeed great but the laborers are few. Souls who would be garnered for the Master Harvester must remain rooted in pagan soil because there are not enough workers to be sent into the harvest.



"Pray ye therefore the Lord of the Harvest that He send laborers into His Harvest."

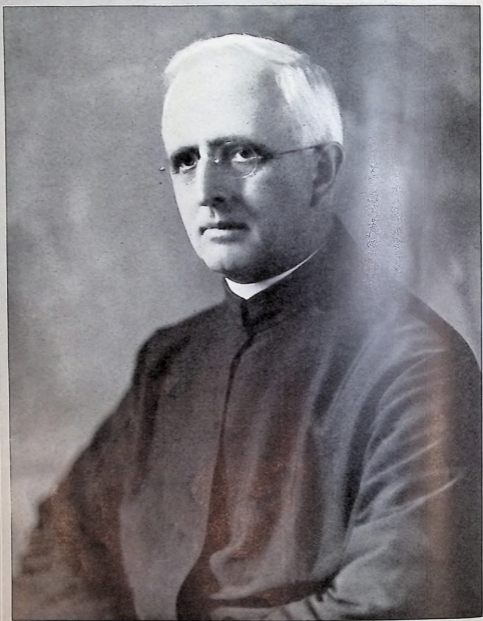


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257 FOURTH AVENUE

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RT. REV. THOMAS A. EMMET, S.J., VICAR APOSTOLIC OF JAMAICA, B.W.I.

New Bishop of Jamaica



Vincent I.
Kennally, S.J.

Tropical scene along Jamaica's shore.

ON September 21, in the historic old Jesuit church of St. Mary's, North End, Boston, the Rt. Rev. Thomas A. Emmet, S.J., was consecrated Titular Bishop of Tuscamia, by His Eminence, William Cardinal O'Connell, Archbishop of Boston. His Eminence was assisted by the Rt. Rev. Joseph B. Peterson, Auxiliary Bishop of Boston, and the Rt. Rev. John M. McNamara, Auxiliary Bishop of Baltimore.

Bishop Emmet succeeds the Rt. Rev. Joseph N. Dinand, S.J., who was appointed Vicar Apostolic of Jamaica, and consecrated Titular Bishop of Selinus at Holy Cross College, October 30, 1927. After laboring less than a year in Jamaica, Bishop Dinand's health failed and despite every effort to regain it in order that he might return to his Flock, it became clear that he would have to lay down the burden of office. Accordingly his resignation was accepted by the Holy See in June of this year. It is the hope and prayer of the many friends of Bishop Dinand, both in the States and in Jamaica, that he may soon be restored to health.

WITH the appointment of Father Emmet as Vicar Apostolic on July 3, Jamaica again received one who had formerly labored there as a priest and whose name is still cherished by all who knew him. For five years, from 1916 to 1921, Bishop Emmet was stationed

in Kingston, Jamaica, and during that time he visited practically every mission station throughout the Island so that he is thoroughly conversant with the conditions of the mission. His power and excellence as a preacher won him a host of friends who welcome his return.

The Rt. Rev. Thomas Addis Emmet, S.J., was born in South Boston, Mass., August 23, 1873. After completing his studies at Boston College High School, he entered the Society of Jesus, and made his novitiate and classical studies at Frederick, Md. He then studied philosophy for three years at Woodstock, Md. His five years of teaching as a scholastic which followed were spent at St. Francis Xavier's, New York, and Georgetown University, Washington, D.C. The usual four years of theology in preparation for the priesthood again brought him to Woodstock where he was ordained July 30, 1909, by Cardinal Gibbons.

After a year at Georgetown as prefect of discipline, he was sent to Tullamore, Ireland, for the year of Tertianship which completes the course of Jesuit training. Then he returned to his former position as prefect of discipline and director of athletics at Georgetown, where he remained until his assignment to the Jamaica Mission in 1916. His reputation as an eloquent, forceful preacher undoubtedly influenced the decision which brought him back from Jamaica in 1921 to the

post of the first Superior of the Mission Band in the New England district. He remained at this position until appointed Superior and Head Master of the Georgetown Preparatory School at Garrett Park, Md., a post which he filled with great administrative ability for six years. For the past two years he has been engaged in parish work and preaching retreats at St. Mary's Church, Boston.

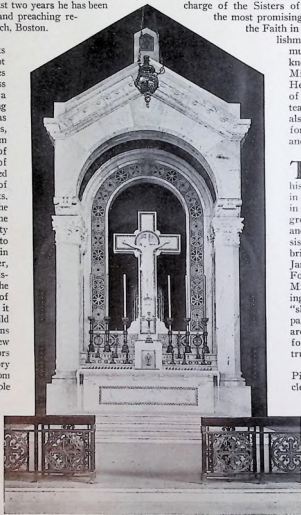
THE task which awaits Bishop Emmet is not an easy one, yet he faces it with great cheerfulness and strong hope. In a population numbering 950,000, Jamaica has about 45,000 Catholics, more than half of whom are in the cathedral city of Kingston. The work of conversion has progressed slowly, chiefly because of the scarcity of priests, since the efforts of the twenty-one Jesuits in the Island have of necessity been directed chiefly to caring for those already in the Fold. Now, however, with an increase of missionaries coming from the New England Province of the Society of Jesus, it will be possible to build up the outlying missions and perhaps establish new ones with resident pastors in charge. It is the story of every missionary from Jamaica that the people are very docile and easily won for the Church, but they are so poor that they can do little in the way of helping to bring additional priests or to support them when they are once there. Indeed, here is work for a careful administrator, one who can make one dollar do the work of two; if Bishop Emmet has not acquired that art yet, he will soon—in Jamaica.

Besides the twenty-one Jesuit Fathers under the jurisdiction of Bishop Emmet, there are also four scholastics, two of whom are native Jamaicans, teaching at St. George's College, Winchester Park, and three lay-Brothers. Splendid work is also done in the Mission by the heroic self-sacrificing Sisters. A community of

Franciscan Nuns conduct schools for children in Kingston and in some of the outlying missions as well. The Sisters of Mercy have an academy, two industrial schools, an orphanage and a House of Mercy for girls. St. Joseph's Sanatorium just outside Kingston is in charge of the Sisters of St. Dominic. Perhaps the most promising sign of the advance of the Faith in late years was the establishment last year of a community of native nuns known as the Franciscan Missionaries of Perpetual Help. The principal work of these Sisters will be teaching, but they will also visit the sick and perform other works of zeal and charity.

THUS Bishop Emmet, when he returns to his former field of labor in late October, will find in his Vicariate a devoted group of Religious—men and women—ready to assist him in the work of bringing the people of Jamaica into the one True Fold. Readers of *JESUIT MISSIONS*, besides following the progress of that "shepherding" in these pages, will share in it, we are sure, by their prayers for him and the souls entrusted to his care.

Already the hope of Pius XI for a native clergy is on its way to fulfillment with four Jamaicans studying for the priesthood. This is the goal towards which all the missionaries are working. From the "tumble down shack" of the farthest, most poverty stricken mission outpost, to the magnificent cathedral



Main altar of the Cathedral in Kingston, Jamaica.

which is one of the architectural beauties of the capital, the search goes on for chosen souls who, under the inspiration of God's grace, may be prepared to take their places as pastors of their own people. The soil must be prepared, the seed sown, but God will surely give the increase. Under the kindly, zealous care of Bishop Emmet we can look forward confidently to the day when the small beginnings will fructify into a rich harvest.

UP Nipigon Way

A. Rolland, S.J.



WAS sitting in the train when in came a gentleman wearing a Roman collar. Priest or Protestant minister? I asked myself. The wearer of the intriguing collar settled down and I immediately paraded past his seat.

There, in his hands was the answer to my question, the Roman breviary! We became acquainted at once.

"You want to know who I am, Father? I'll tell you that in one breath. I am a Jesuit scholastic on my way to the Indian Boarding School at Spanish, Ontario. I'm going to help in the work of perfecting. . . What! You are a Jesuit missionary! What luck! Now I shall hear something at first hand about these mysterious lands of silent people."

"Well," said Father Porcheron, "I'll tell you first about a very eventful excursion I made up Nipigon way. Leaving Sudbury, I went to Gogama, whither the Indians had called me. There I was obliged to busy myself with the conversion of a Greek schismatic, who received conditional Baptism, made his First Communion, and married a squaw."

"From there I went to Chapleau River where I gave a mission. I revalidated four marriages, and converted and baptized four Protestants. Then I went to Nipigon. In this village, where the missionary frequently resides, daily Communion is in high repute. During the absence of Father Belanger, who had gone to the missions further north, the Indians yearningly cherished their desire and need of the sacraments for a month and a half. The piety and the spirit of Faith in these Indians is admirable. Upon my arrival at Nipigon a fierce dog

rushed out at me, and left on my leg the impression of his teeth. You should have seen how troubled were these poor children of the forest, and with what touching charity they took care of me. Several times a day, they would come inquiring about my wound.

"From Nipigon, I went to Heron Bay. I arrived there in time to bury a young man who had died suddenly in his sailboat while mending his nets. His wife and young child were with him and the boat had threatened to upset and to drown them all.

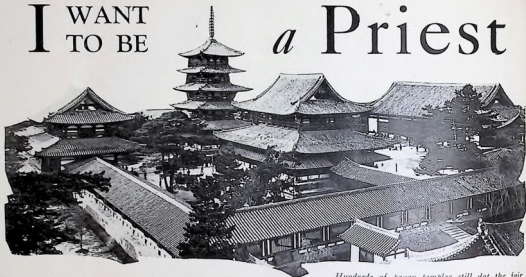
It so happened that the mother of the deceased was also dying. 'I suffer,' said the old father, who was exhausted with caring for his wife, 'but I accept the suffering. God will reward me. And since you have arrived, Blackrobe, I feel myself stronger and more ready to suffer.' I endeavored to console the young widow, but not a word of complaint escaped her lips, although afterwards while giving my sermon, on 'Helping the Holy Souls,' I saw her crying in the audience. As long as I was at Heron Bay she went to Holy Communion every day.

(Turn to page 217)



I WANT TO BE

a Priest



Hundreds of jagan temples still dot the fair land of Japan.

Rt. Rev. John Ross, S.J.

Vicar Apostolic of Hiroshima, Japan



HUFFLING steps were heard on the stairs and then in the small passage leading to my room.

Ah! a Japanese! Who may it be?

I go on with my work—as usual, begging letters. Perhaps it is only our man servant, who may have something to do up here.

But no, there's a knock at the door! Slowly the door opens and in comes a tall boy, tall for a Japanese. I know him; it is one of the Mass servers of the Cathedral.

"Oh, it is you, Saito San; please come in."

In Japan even the smallest child is addressed *San*, familiarly *Chan*, meaning Mr. or Mrs., Master or Miss, as the case may be.

There he stands, clad in the customary school-boy's dress or rather uniform, in European style. His face is pale, his black hair cropped close after the Japanese schoolboys' fashion, his eyes slit more than usual and armed with spectacles, the whole countenance more oval than round, with somewhat protruding cheekbones. His hands are fidgeting with his cap which he keeps turning around and around, evident proof of his embarrassment and indecision.

I HALF guessed what it was that had driven him to seek this interview, but I only said, "Come, take a seat," pointing to the visitor's chair beside my desk.

But instead of following the invitation he only bowed stiffly and abruptly, with a hoarse "Thank you," and remained standing where he was.

Had it been an English or Australian or German boy, I could at once have put him at his ease. But any expression of familiarity or endearment, any sign of heart-

felt kindness and fatherly affection would be out of place with a Japanese boy. It is simply taboo. Correctness is the word, let the heart yearn ever so much for a token of affection.

Knowing this I tried to bridge over the painful situation by merely asking, "Anything I can do for you?"

That brought matters to a climax.

"My Lord," he blurted out, "I want to be a priest; can that be done or not?"—all in one breath and like a shot.

The very thing I had anticipated.

"Oh, that's it, is it? Well, let's see. You want to be a priest, do you? What is your age?"

"Eighteen."

"And how long is it, since you got the idea of priesthood?"

"I have been thinking of it for some time now."

"But don't you see that you would probably make a good deal more money if you joined a firm and worked your way up? What a priest gets is after all only a small pittance."

"That doesn't matter. The priest works for God and for a heavenly reward."

"Yes, but see what a dreary life it must be for him. Alone, without the joys and comforts of family life. Have you thought of that, too?"

"Yes, I know that. I don't want to marry."

"Well, well, that's all very fine. But what about the long and hard studies?"

"That will be a bit of a job," scratching his ear, a typical Japanese gesture, "I am afraid. Studying is not my strong point. However, keeping at it and working hard I hope to manage. I'll try my level best."

"By the way, not to forget, have you also prayed for light in this matter?—And what . . . (Turn to page 217)

A Master BUILDER

W. J. Birmingham, S.J.

ANY missionary who has been forced to take "time out" from the regular round of his mission duties to turn carpenter and repair a leaking roof, a broken door or window, or patch up the flooring of hut or chapel, can well appreciate the value which the Superiors of St. Francis Mission in South Dakota place on the services of one of the veteran lay-Brothers of the Mission, Brother Andrew Hartmann, S.J. If expenses were seriously involved in the work of repair, as they usually are, the missionary would thank God sincerely for the providential presence of this efficient and economical Brother. Throughout the twenty-six years during which he has been at St. Francis, Brother Hartmann has built much. Better still, in his building he has saved much of the Mission's ever meager resources of finances. Father William Flynn, the zealous and generous Treasurer of the Marquette League of New York City, who has aided substantially in the building of numerous chapels for the many Indian Missions throughout the United States, and who appreciates keen-

ly the merit of economic building, has paid Brother Hartmann the well-deserved compliment of "A Master Builder." The completed structure of St. Agnes Church in Parmalee, South Dakota, was the splendid piece of work which evoked the admiration of Father Flynn and called forth the whole-hearted compliment to this Brother-missioner.

BUT the pretty concrete church of St. Agnes, built by the Brother at the cost of three thousand dollars, is only one of the many buildings erected by him to the service of God and of the Indian Missions. To Brother Hartmann's credit go also the school or church buildings standing at such varying geographical spots as Nenzil, Nebraska; Pine Ridge, South Dakota; St. Stephen's, Wyoming; Portland, Oregon, and many other locations. The Brother and his Indian co-laborers have likewise served the neighboring Jesuit Indian Missions of Holy Rosary at Pine Ridge and St. Stephen's in Wyoming. Red Cloud Hall at Holy Rosary is a fine instance of his labors, while the new school building at St. Stephen's is his latest contribution to the cause of housing Catholic Indian pupils.

At St. Francis itself, visitors gaze upon a surprisingly large and beautiful church as well as upon a group of concrete residence, class and dormitory buildings which give them a prac-

(Turn to page 218)

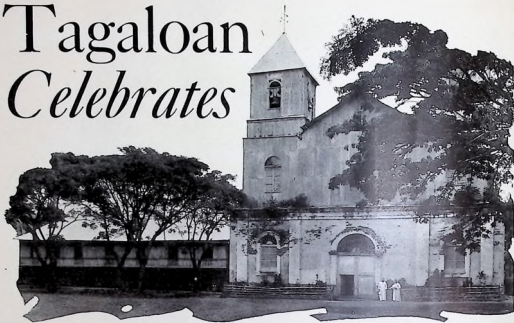
St. Agnes' Church at
Parmalee, S. Dakota, on
the Sioux Indian Res-
ervation



"When the Indian mothers bring their boys into the school, one of their first requests is that their little Johnnies may play in Brother Hartmann's band."



Tagaloan Celebrates



Daniel H. Sullivan, S.J.

The principal church of the Tagaloan Mission,—the repair of this together with the building of three other churches and a school keeps the pastor busy.



HE reader's imagination must supply the background,—the parish organization, the schools, the weeks and months of training, all those elements so necessary before an event such as is described

here can take place. Yet it is chiefly upon that "background" that the energy and zeal of the American Jesuits in the Philippine Islands is expended.

"A Catholic religious fiesta begins by giving the soul a bath (confession) and feeding the soul first (Holy Communion)." This was the slogan with which I set to work to prepare for our fiesta in Tagaloan this year. The fiesta—the feast day of the Patron of the town—has too often degenerated into a mere occasion for a kind of civic celebration and social gathering for the people of the town and from all the outlying barrios with a mere perfunctory recognition of its religious origin and motive. To keep the civic and social elements, and at the

same time to restore to the first place the religious was the problem which confronted me here.

OF course, I looked first of all to the children. I had the Boy Scouts from the entire district, from Cagayan to Balingasag—360 in all. It was to be a three day celebration for the town itself, so we arranged to have our little guests come on Saturday morning and stay until Sunday evening. We quartered them in the houses of the townspeople and saw to it that they were well fed. From Cagayan we brought the Girl Scouts, uniformed, sixty-two in number, as well as the girls from the Academy, also uniformed, who numbered thirty. From Jaasan came 180 girls of the upper grades of the Parochial School, in native and school costumes, to do folk dances. These folk dances are so popular among the people that as a suitable setting for them we had a gigantic stage, Greek in motif, erected in the Plaza.

On Saturday morning, and in the early afternoon, the Boy Scouts drilled, played volley ball basketball, indoor baseball, and prepared for the Scout Games and Con-



ests. At 2 P.M., confessions began, and Fathers Pollock, Kienle and I went right through the afternoon. All the Scouts went to confession, as did the children from St. Mary's School here in Tagaloan. By 6:00 P.M., we had heard 470, mostly boys! And then they advertised. In the houses where they stayed they talked. "A Catholic religious fiesta begins by giving the soul a bath (confession) and feeding the soul first (Holy Communion), etc."

THE next morning, Sunday, confessions began again with the sunrise, and I was kept busy until I went to assist Father Kienle distribute Communion at the 6:10 Mass. A great part of the congregation was made up of good souls who had come from great distances to join in the town fiesta. Some of them had not been to the sacraments in years. Humbly many of them told me that they had never thought of fiestas as "General Communion Days." The children had been the means of introducing that idea.

The Boy Scouts, of course, spread the word that the

fringe; they are a necessary part of any kind of celebration that is to be any way successful.

AT 2:00 P.M., the folk dances began. The people pressed in on all sides of the large square the Boy Scouts made with their staves. First the Jaasan children danced. Their costumes and graceful movements elicited continued and strenuous applause. Then the Tagaloan—St. Mary's School children did their daily calisthenic exercises. The crowd was filled with wonderment and admiration at the sight of the girls in blue skirts, white blouses and blue shoulder-straps, and of the boys in khaki. Folk dances by the girls of St. Mary's School came next, and perfect execution showed how well they had been trained. Without a break came the contests between the Boy Scout troops. First the bugle and drum corps contested; then came the pitching and taking down tents; then lighting a fire with wet wood

"I had the Boy Scouts from the entire district—360 in all." Father Sullivan is shown here with a few of them.



High Mass would be a Military Mass, with the result that the church was jammed tight with men. Each Boy Scout troop has its own bugle and drum corps. We assembled them all together to make up one unit of sixty pieces. Down the middle aisle the Boy and Girl Scouts formed a guard of honor, and they presented staves as the procession made up of the drum and bugle corps, seventeen acolytes, altar boys and four priests marched into the crowded church. I was thrilled as we went down that middle aisle. The Boy Scout band blared martial music so that the old church rafters rang. In the sanctuary the members of the Boy Scout band took their positions and performed as arranged. At the end of the Mass we marched out as we had entered, but were delayed at the entrance for some time. There were 3,500 men and women packed up against the front and north side of the church, and it took much time to effect a passage through the crowd. All were most pleased with the sight. These externals are more important here than in the States. They are not merely a decorative

and without matches; then races in which every ten paces the Boy Scouts removed first hat, then belt, then shirt, then shoes, then stockings, and back again re-clothing themselves, etc., etc. I had offered some small prizes to spur them on, but the applause and excitement among the huge crowd of onlookers would have been sufficient incentive for the boys to put forth their best efforts. However, the prizes made it a one hundred per cent effort on their part.

At 5:00 P.M., we assembled for the procession in which everyone carries a candle. I gave out five hundred candles to the Boy and Girl Scouts, and to the women and older girls as well. If I do say it, it was the most colorful pageant the town ever saw. In uniform were the Boy and Girl Scouts, the Tagaloan and Jaasan school children and members of the parish sodalities. There were three bands, many banners, little tots dressed as angels, a new throne on wheels on which was carried the big statue of our Blessed Mother. Men fought for the privilege of pulling or push- (Turn to page 218)



IN *British Guiana*

James P. Goodwin, S.J.

of Brazil, do pioneer work among tribes of Indians who are called Arawaks, Makushis and Warrai-Warrahs. The Anglican church has its station and the Seventh-Day-Adventists, financed and recruited from the United States, are also in the field. This fact rather adds to the work of the Catholic missionary.

Father Wm. Keary, S.J., ready to take the pony express to his scattered missions.

To return to the more populated coast lands. A priest's district may stretch over fifty miles. He has to make use of both ancient and modern means of travel. Margretou, where I am stationed, is a typical country mission. It bears

a French name. The original owners of the sugar estate once flourishing here induced many French colored settlers to come from Cape Verde Island. This occasioned the demand for a Catholic church in the district. So it is explained how the church land and burial ground are on the old estate. One hundred and fifty-three estates have dwindled down to about a score. Those remaining are threatened with extinction, so that the country can only look forward to bankruptcy and destitution.

The view from the church precincts is one of hundreds of tall coconut palms, fifty or sixty feet high, a single road of burnt earth colored red, flanked by green

THE spiritual care of the peoples of British Guiana is entrusted to the care of the English Province of the Society of Jesus. At present there are sixteen Jesuit Fathers doing mission work in a country as large as England and

Wales among a scattered population of three hundred thousand. They are helped by four secular priests trained at *Propaganda*. Out of the aforementioned sixteen Religious, five with University degrees must carry on the vitally important work of Catholic secondary education in Georgetown, the capital, where the population is densest.

In these southern countries the people are not one of a kind. In Guiana especially there is a mixture of races which do not readily blend. All of these live for the most part on the marginal strip of coast line chiefly because the sugar estates are dotted about at intervals there, and secondly because the great interior is as yet undeveloped. It consists of forest, bush and savannahs which can only be reached along rapid rivers exceedingly difficult to navigate by reason of hidden and dangerous rocks and frequent and perilous waterfalls. The toll of the Mazaruni River in human life is a by-word in the country. Our Fathers and our Bishop, too, have survived such accidents as the capsizing of their boats with the loss of all their stores, church appliances, vestments, breviaries and grain to feed themselves and the Indians. From this it will be seen that some penetrate right into the interior to the wild borders



Convent of the Sisters of Mercy among the Arawak Indians of British Guiana

grass and the inevitable collateral trench almost as broad as the canals in Holland, by means of which the sewage and irrigation problems are solved with callous disregard of sanitation as we know it under more modern conditions.

Although we are six degrees (Turn to page 218)

Not Enough TAIL

Francis B. Prange, S.J.

The following sketch from real life will give some insight into the character of some of the Alaskan Indians among whom the missionaries labor to spread the Gospel.—Editor.



T was a Thursday afternoon in late September, just eighteen minutes after twelve o'clock by the best dollar watch in the Alaskan town. Whether it was the extraordinary balminess of the air, or the very silken rustle of falling willow leaves that told, no living mortal could say. But somehow it had become known that the conscript fathers of the village were to hold a conclave on the sunny side of the medicine man's cabin. Nay more, even the subject matter to be discussed seemed apprehended in the same mysterious manner. The village fathers met, and the thesis that united them thus was, "Zacheus is blind from bad hootch, and something ought to be done about it."

"Somehow it had become known that the conscript fathers of the village were to hold a conclave on the sunny side of the medicine man's cabin."



An Indian family at Nulato, Alaska.

When the assembly had gathered, there could be seen all the gray and hardened heads of the village, and therefore, by implication all the tested wisdom of the tribe. This body politic constituted the conclave fathers, numbering a baker's dozen. There sat the old chief, solid and immovable both to argument and eloquence. Next to him on the sidewalk sat Bony Legs, looking for all the world like a bankrupt but hopeful small town lawyer. Next to him again, was Cross Eyes, watching two different things at the same time, while diligently thinking of a third. Then there was Humpback, and Chewing Tobacco, Fall-in-the-Mud, and just plain Sylvester, all and each bearing every mark of being a past master in the art of conducting such a conclave.

THE rest differed little from the preceding, save in name, and what's in a name? Only two of these latter were outstanding, and each in his own peculiar way. The first talked too much, because he thought he knew it all; the second seldom spoke because he knew that he knew nothing. And hence it was that the former was known as the "orator," the latter as the "half-wit." By a firmly estab. (Turn to page 218)



VALIANT

John A. M.

"Of course, I paid a visit to Bettiah's Hospital. There I met Sister Ludolpha who has spent twenty-five years in India and was recently awarded the Kaiser-I-Hind medal by the British Government in recognition of her services."

UNSHACKLED by shoes, socks, or a superfluity of clothes, caps and stiff collars, Indian youngsters really live as you and I always wanted to live,—and got spanked when we tried to realize our ambitions.

After the morning oil bath and rub down by mother, two-year-old Patna, toddling along on bare feet or securely straddling eight-year-old sister's hip, goes forth in search of adventure. To crawl in the dust under a friendly bullock's legs; to make mud pies galore; to partake of occasional sweets;—this is sheer delight!

Eight-year-old Patna, after the morning handful of rice and with three or four leeches knotted up in its dhotie, skips out to the water buffaloes to ride all day on the leader's broad back, keeping him and the others out of the neighbor's rice fields. Basking in the sun and getting a dip when the buffaloes go down to lie in the river, talking gaily with the birds, young Patna revels in childhood's delights.

THIS is life,—but later on? To do puja before hideous idols to the beating of tom-toms and the clanging of the temple gong; to propitiate *Kali Ma*, the Black Mother, goddess of small-pox and all things terrible; never to know the God of love, but only the devil of hate and fear; to suffer long days of burning fever and never-ending nights of trembling chills, unable to understand why the chickens and goats sacrificed to the gods have failed to bring relief,—this is different.

But to a certain small,

all too small percentage of young Patna, this last lot does not befall. Two thousand years ago when the God-Man went about Galilee doing good, certain women followed Him and ministered to Him. Noble women have continued to follow Him down through the centuries. Some have gone out with Him at night to the mountain top to pray, or climbed with Him the steep slopes of Calvary, spending their lives in prayer and sacrifice. Others have gone with Him about the sun-baked plains and villages, healing the sick, bringing the glad tidings to the ignorant and winning for Him those little ones He loved so tenderly. In this last category belong the Sisters of Mercy of the Holy Cross who work with the Jesuits of the Missouri and Chicago Provinces in Patna, India.

BEFORE coming to India I had the opportunity of visiting their American novitiate at Merrill, Wisconsin. From north and south, from east and west, unselfish young hearts come to this spiritual training school, situated on a bluff overlooking the city of Merrill and the clear headwaters of the Wisconsin River. Here for two or more years the novice learns what the religious life is; learns how to pray; comes to see the value of sacrifice; studies more deeply what it means to follow closely in the Master's footsteps.

After this period the novice takes her first vows and then begins the training to fit her for her life work. Its length depends upon her qualifications before entering the Order. Some are trained in their modern hospital adjacent to the novitiate and receive certificates as registered nurses. Others are fitted as teachers. Their course over, and now well prepared, those young women who entered the Order with the intention of spending their lives in Patna, leave for their chosen field.

Holy Cross Sisters with natives on Lake Ghyree.



ONE day shortly after my arrival in Patna, I got on my bicycle and bumped along the dusty Indian road to Ghyree, fourteen miles from Bettiah. I had followed the fortune of Ghyree for two years before coming to India and the ride out there through the pagan villages whose people had joined together to burn

WOMEN

arrison, S.J.

the mission and kill the priest had just a little thrill. After meeting Father Miller, the Jesuit missionary now stationed there, and paying a visit to Ghyree's little church, we went to see the tiny mud-walled, three room "convent." Two Sisters of Mercy of the Holy Cross are stationed there, and for the last two years they have passed anything but a monotonous existence, teaching young Patna to read and write, to know and love God,—and when the pig at the last Dom feast had died of natural causes, or was perhaps a trifle too rare,—curing young Patna's aching "tummy."

They were there when the first trouble started about the pipul tree, when the neighboring pagans were determined to drive away the priest, and Father John Kilian, S.J., was just as determined that the priest was going to stay. They spent two or three sleepless nights when pagans armed with clubs and spears were prowling about their compound, trying to summon enough courage to set the first firebrand. Perhaps it was their prayers that saved the mission when two thousand pagans swarmed around the priest's bungalow with cries of, "Take him down!" "Kill him!" and Father Kilian held them at bay. These troubled times have passed, and now these nuns can go about doing good undisturbed.

I paid a visit also to Fakirana where our nuns take care of homeless young Patna. The youngsters' smiles and thorough "at homeness" let us know that they felt it was good to be there. It was a pleasure to see their happy faces.

OF course, I paid a visit to Bettiah's hospital. There I met Sister Ludolphia who has spent twenty-five years in India and was recently awarded the Kaiser-I-Hind medal by the British Government in recognition of her services. What good our nuns do at that hospital perhaps God alone knows. It may be difficult to approach young Patna when small limbs are strong and active, especially if the village possesses its own Hindu guru to teach them to read and write. But when fever comes and bloody sacrifices to *Kali* do not relieve, and even the Brahman's prayers and magic have no effect, the kindness and skillful attention of our Sisters make an impression on young Patna's mind that is not

Bahin (Sister) Rita, first of the native Sisters of the Sacred Heart in Patna to be called to pray for the others from her home in Heaven. "She was always smiling, ever charitable and ready to help others; her life was truly 'All for Jesus.'"



soon lost. Here as elsewhere, kindness wins the human heart.

It is very hard to reach Patna's older folks, brought up and living all their lives in pagan practices and a pagan atmosphere. But when sickness lays its dread hand on tottering frames and old men and women find themselves within the cool walls of Bettiah's hospital, kindness and attention, and an occasional well directed remark make them realize that an almost never ending series of rebirths and a final absorption in Brahma is false. Then they come to realize that the good God represented by that crucifix on the wall really died for them and wants them to be happy with Himself for all eternity.

I went also to the Sisters' convent in Bettiah. Mud walls here too, but there was an indescribable something about

the house and tiny courtyard that made one feel instantly that this was a real convent. Here we met Mother Lucille, Superior of the Holy Cross nuns in Patna and novice mistress for the Indian Sisters. Part of this convent is fitted out as a novitiate for these *Bahins*. This Congregation of the Sacred Heart was founded a few years ago by Bishop Van Hoeck, then of Patna and now bishop of the Belgian Mission of Ranchi. These nuns live Indian fashion, eat their rice squatting on the floor, sleep on mats spread out on the ground, keep their few possessions on shelves in one room and—what was something novel for me the first time I saw it—go barefooted.

The *Bahins* of the
(Turn to page 219)

When the rajah loans his elephant for a missionary journey.



JESUIT MISSIONS

A MAGAZINE OF APOSTOLIC ENDEAVOR

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JOSEPH GICHWEIND, S.J.
Editor

VINCENT KENNALLY, S.J.	JOSEPH REITH, S.J.
G. A. FITZGIBBONS, S.J.	PATRICK J. O'REILLY, S.J.
CORNELIUS PINBAU, S.J.	PATRICK A. RYAN, S.J.
THOMAS WALSH, S.J.	
Associate Editors	

E. PAUL AMY, S.J.—Business Editor

Editorial and Publication Offices

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The Editors and many Readers of JESUIT MISSIONS extend heartiest congratulations to Jamaica's new Bishop, Rt. Rev. Thomas A. Emmet, S.J., and wish him God's choicest blessings for himself and his Flock in Jamaica, B. W. I.

At the Martyrs' Shrine

AUGUST the seventeenth witnessed a stirring celebration at the Martyrs' Shrine, Auriesville, New York. Thousands of autos brought tens of thousands of people to take part in the solemn ceremony commemorative of the recent canonization at Rome of the Jesuit Martyrs of North America. Purple-robed prelates of the Church joined priests and people to do homage to North America's first sainted Martyrs. The spirit of St. Isaac Jogues and the other Martyrs hovered over the shrine to stir the faith and fire the zeal of the vast crowds which utilized almost every available spot on the spacious grounds. What a consolation it must have been for the sainted Martyrs to see the changed aspect of the old Mohawk village where bitter hate had brought death to them! The hundreds of pilgrims wending their way in prayerful meditation along the Way of the Cross and down into the historic ravine, the pomp and ceremony of Pontifical High Mass, the apostolic zeal of the eloquent orators of the day,—these were elements of consolation indeed when one recalls the utter paganism that once reigned supreme in the Mohawk Valley.

But the magnificence of the celebration of August seventeenth should not become but a pleasant memory; the recollection of the Martyrs' Shrine at Auriesville and all that it stands for should have its practical bearing upon Catholic life in America. "Remember the Martyrs' Shrine!" should be a call to stir us to a more thorough Catholic living. The Faith bedewed by the blood of Martyrs must grow stronger in us. The pioneer missionaries died that America might have the Faith. The Red Men of our country have to a large extent embraced

Catholicism, but what of the millions of whites and colored peoples who have taken possession where the Indian once dwelt?

Catholics of America, remember the Martyrs' Shrine and all it stands for and arouse yourselves to a more thorough living according to principles that alone can save you! A so-called cultured paganism parading in silks and finery, giving expression to its unbelief in fine phrases and liquid sentences—sugar-coated poison and diabolical trickery, unprincipled and immoral—is eating at the very vitals of modern society. Catholic America must stem the onrushing tide; and the only thing that can do it is a thorough living according to Catholic principles and a preaching of those principles to the millions of America's people who are groping about in the darkness of irreligion and refined paganism. Catholics of America, remember the Martyrs' Shrine and let the memory of it stir you to action!

Mission Sunday—October 19, 1930

SINCE 1927, the second last Sunday of October, with the approval and sanction of His Holiness, Pius XI, has been set aside as Mission Sunday throughout the Catholic World. On this date the thoughts and prayers of the Faithful are to be directed in a special way towards the missionary activity of the Church.

With the growing interest in the Missions manifest in the United States today, this Sunday should be a day on which to review the work of the parish or school or society on behalf of the Missions for the past year, and to lay plans for the future. It should be a day on which new interest is aroused in the work of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith. A day on which the splendid accomplishments of our own American missionaries among the Indians and Negroes of this country as well as among the peoples of foreign lands are recounted with a justifiable glow of pride, and a new incentive given to make those of the coming year even greater.

Yet it should be a day of reckoning, also, of soul searching for each individual Catholic, as to what he or she personally has done in spreading the light of God's truth among those who "sit in the darkness and shadow of death." The unrest of our Holy Father, expressed in his own words: "After pondering on the fact that the pagans still number almost a billion, We have no peace in our spirit," should be shared by every one who truly appreciates the gift of Faith that is his by God's grace, and should excite a practical desire to communicate that gift to others.

The means are at hand,—first, prayer, earnest prayer made potent by sacrifice,—for the missionaries, priests, Brothers and Sisters, laboring in the Vineyard, that God may bless their labors and give the promised increase,—that their numbers may grow,—that the minds and hearts of those for whose salvation they have consecrated their lives may be opened to the Truth. Prayer, yes, and then according to each one's means, material assistance.

Practical Americans need no argument to point the need of money in missionary work. They need a reminder of the greatness of the Cause and of their position as colaborers with Christ.

Jesuit Mission Vignettes

No. 33. Tientsin, China



A group of native seminarians at Tientsin, with their professor, a Jesuit scholastic.

THE cause of higher education in China received a new impetus in 1923 with the opening of the University of Tientsin by the Jesuits of the Champagne Province of France. Tientsin is the center of industrial and commercial activity in Northern China. In keeping with this atmosphere the two most important schools in the University are those of Industry and Commerce. Attached to the University is the famous Museum, Laboratory of Hoangho Paiho established by the well known paleontologists, Father Licent, S.J., and Father Teilhard de Chardin, S.J. On the faculty there are eleven Jesuits, and twenty laymen. One American scholastic, Mr. Louis G. Soniat, S.J., was engaged in teaching English for the past two years. The students number 132. The city of Tientsin has a population of over 1,000,000, of whom perhaps 20,000 are Catholics.

WHEN we read of the Catholic natives of the Fiji Islands freely contributing from their slender resources over \$40,000 during the past fourteen years towards the work of the Propagation of the Faith, we cannot but reflect on what it would mean for the Missions if Catholics the world over should give in like proportion. What a burden would be lifted from the shoulders of the missionaries if they were assured of a regular source of income on which they could rely!

It is the life story of more than one missionary that was compelled to expend so much energy writing "begging" letters to personal friends that not only was his apostolic work hampered but his health was shattered. Then, forced to give up his personal appeals, he stands aside helpless with the realization that, from an earthly standpoint at least, his life has been spent in vain, while the fields he was to have harvested for Christ are lying wasted and neglected.

THE MISSION INTENTION

for OCTOBER

Alms for the Missions

It is a harrowing thought for a zealous soul, priest, Brother or Sister, and so unnecessary! American Catholics are generous to a fault. They give readily enough when they realize there is need. The difficulty up to late years has been that they have not realized the needs of the Missions. Now the awakening is at hand, and the Holy Father asks us to pray this month that there may follow a more generous contribution to mission work.

For the many Sodalties of Our Lady throughout the land, no more practical means could be suggested for the fulfillment of the second end of the sodality—the sanctification of one's neighbor—than participation in some definite mission activity. For a parish or school sodality this might consist in the adopting of a mission or missionary; alms for the missions might take the form of the support of a native student for the priesthood, the provision for catechists, the supplying of altar linens, medicines, hospital equipment.



AFIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUITS

BRITISH HONDURAS

The Rt. Rev. JOSEPH MURPHY, S.J., is at present in the United States on business connected with the mission territory entrusted to his care. He speaks enthusiastically about the work being done by the Jesuit Fathers in British Honduras and also of the prominence being to the new parish buildings in Belize. Bishop Murphy will remain in the States long enough to be present at the consecration of the Rt. Rev. THOMAS EMMET, S.J., at Boston on September 21.

* * *

LEO P. BURNS, S.J., and ALFRED A. BAUMEISTER, S.J., have gone to British Honduras to take up the work of teaching in St. John's College. ROBERT MCCORMACK, S.J., and GERALD FITZGIBBON, S.J., have returned to St. Louis, Missouri to begin their theological studies in final preparation for the priesthood.

* * *

FATHER ROBERT HARDER, S.J., of St. John's College, Belize, British Honduras, has returned to the United States owing to continued ill health. Father Harder has spent twelve strenuous years of work on the Belize Mission, four years as a scholastic and eight years as a priest. He ever endeared himself to the people in the parishes and to the students in the college and he will be sorely missed by a host of friends he leaves behind.

* * *

The Superior of the British Honduras Mission, VERY REVEREND ANTHONY H. COREY, S.J., returned at the end of July from a four months trip to the United States and Jamaica. While in the States he made a number of friends for the mission. On his return journey he stopped to visit Jamaica, B. W. I., and was able, through the kindness of VERY REVEREND FRANCIS KELLY, S.J., Superior of the Jamaica Mission, to visit many of the stations and to make a study of the various activities so successfully undertaken by the American Jesuit Fathers in Jamaica.

* * *

"The city of Belize," writes FATHER COREY, "is given credit for a scant twelve thousand people, and of all the towns or districts in the Colony it is credited with a smaller percentage of Catholics than any of the others. However, when we review the total Catholic school enrollment we are confident that we have, with God's grace, stopped any leaks that there

might be. The Cathedral Parochial School has a total of a little over 700 children; St. Ignatius Parochial School has over 300, there are 150 girls at St. Catherine's Academy, St. John's High School Department has 70 day scholars and private Catholic schools account for 60 more; a total of about 1,300 children attending the Catholic schools. Besides these, St. John's has 102 boarding students and St. Catherine's Academy some 60."

AMERICAN INDIANS

New recruits have gone to work among the American Indians in Dakota and Wyoming.

FATHER JOSEPH MELCHIOS, S.J., and two scholastics, GEORGE PRIENBERGAST, S.J., and WILLIAM F. COLLINS, S.J., have gone to Holy Rosary Mission in South Dakota to work among the Oglala Sioux Indians.

Two scholastics, GERALD J. HANLEY, S.J. and GEORGE M. STROIE, S.J., are teaching at St. Francis Mission, South Dakota among the Teton Sioux Indians.

BROTHER TIMOTHY HOLLAND, S.J., has gone to work among the Shoshones and Arapahoes at St. Stephen's Mission, Wyoming.

News of the new appointments of Jesuits to labor among the Indians of the far Northwest is not forthcoming at the present time.

CHINA

Word has been received that three new missionaries have left the California Province en route to Shanghai to join the American Jesuits there. The new departures are FATHER J. F. KEARNY, S.J., and two scholastics, J. F. MAGNER, S.J., and GERALD OSWALD, S.J.

* * *

MR. LOUIS SONIAT, S.J., an American Jesuit scholastic just returned to the United States after working in China for two years, describes a visit that he paid to Peking some time ago:

"While in Peking, I stayed with the American Benedictines, who are in charge of the Catholic University. They treated me in grand style, and I certainly appreciated what they did for me. I was not disappointed in Peking; rather my wonder and admiration increased at every step. The saddest part of all is that the Chinese are allowing nearly all of the monuments to fall into ruins, and are making no attempt to repair them—monuments, which testify more than words, that, at one time, Peking was the center of all that is cultural, historical and religious in China. Many of the things that I saw were intimately connected with the work of the first Jesuit missionaries to China, Fathers Ricci, Verbiest, Schall, Buglio, and a score of others.

"One of the monuments which made the deepest impression upon me was the 'Temple of Heaven' with its still more famous 'Altar of Heaven'. There is not a trace of an idol in the whole Temple, which led me (as it once led the early Jesuits) to the conclusion that the ancient religion of the Chinese was monotheistic. The still more famous 'Altar of Heaven' is circular in form and it was there that the 'Son of Heaven' (the Emperor) prayed to T'ien (Heaven) for blessings upon his people. While kneeling on the central stone, the view of the earth was completely shut out from the



Father Joseph Fenoughty, S.J., formerly missionary in British Honduras, now working zealously among the Sioux Indians of South Dakota.



Albert C. Corcoran, S.J. (left), Francis A. Rouleau, S.J. (right),—two scholastics from the California Province now in Southern China, "snapped" while visiting the mountain monastery of Chin Kiang.

eyes of the Emperor, and all that he could see was the blue dome of heaven above."

Another New Orleans Jesuit, GERARD V. HERRBACH, S.J., has gone to China to replace Mr. Soniat at Tientsin University.

PATNA, INDIA

FATHER JAMES CREANE, S.J., the apostle among the Santals of Patna Mission, sends his usual cheerful message:

"Busy, did you say? Well, so I am. A few days ago I returned from a trip through the villages in the northern section of my mission including the portion which was being looked after by FATHER FRANCIS STOV, S.J., before his temporary transfer to Bankipore. I had the privilege and pleasure of reaping the fruit of some of Father Stov's hard labor in these parts. We had thirty-five Baptisms in all during the week, an average of five a day. Wouldn't it be grand if we could keep up that pace? We could, if only we had a sufficient number of capable catechists.

"Since my return to my mud hut head quarters on Thursday last, I have had some eight Baptisms here at Baccha. Tomorrow I leave again on another walking tour through the villages to the west. There, too, I hope to garner in a few souls. The rains are upon us now and so I have parked the good old Ford at Bhalpur for the six months of the

monsoon season. Even the bicycle will be of little service in many places during the monsoon. I shall therefore, be a veritable tramp, going from village to village,—a real beggar in more senses than one."

"FATHER JOHN KILLAN, S.J., who is working some forty miles to the south of me, has just been the recipient of a brand new Ford with a special body built for missionary work. He was wearing himself out, going like a whirlwind in his quest for souls. Now that he has a Ford to help him over stretches where there is road, he will multiply his activities and will become a regular tornado. What a terror he will strike in the *bongas*,—the demons worshipped by the pagans in these parts!

"FATHER P. L. FRANK, S.J., is already beginning to launch out into the deep. His kindly, genial disposition and his great love of children are bound to make a hit with the Santals."

The Patna personnel this year will be increased by the arrival of three new recruits. FATHER EDWARD SCOTT, S.J., who has been known in the mid-west of the United States as an apostolic laborer, will sail in October for Patna Mission. He will be accompanied by two zealous Jesuit scholastics who are looking forward eagerly to missionary work in Patna. They are EDMUND V. GALLAGHER, S.J., and PAUL JOEHL, S.J.

FATHER GEORGE A. DERTINGER, S.J., who went to Patna Mission from the United States last year, gives an interesting account of a sick call at Chuhari:

"The villages around Chuhari are infested with cholera. A recent night sick call to one of them makes a story familiar and ordinary in the work of the missionaries here, one that has been in fact

almost of daily occurrence at Chuhari during the present epidemic.

"About nine at night some messengers came to the mission saying that in their village nine persons were dying and wished to be baptized. Mr. JOSEPH MANN, S.J., and I went with them, taking along a lantern and an emergency box of medicines. Along the few miles of oxcart trail we two inexperienced missionaries rehearsed the Hindi expressions which might serve to convey the minimum instruction to adults before Baptism.

"With a dim smoky lantern the men of the village led us among the jumbled straw huts, through a low entrance into an ante-room in which a cow reclined for the night, then back into a small stall-like corner where a sick woman lay on the ground. She was still dressed in the grimy sweated garments of the field, and for bedding had only the damp earth, the room being devoid of any furniture or fixture. On her husband's urging, she swallowed the medicine, and then, also under his persuasion and encouragement, assented to the simple truths of Faith necessary for Baptism. The men of the village looked on with curiosity and approval, if not with understanding, while Baptism was administered.

"In another hut a similar performance was repeated for a dying man. In this case the wife was the nurse and assistant. Outside the sick man's door lay the ancient shrivelled body of an old woman dying of age. Mr. Mann would return in the morning to baptize her.

"Then finally two little children, who lay in another hut, were given medicine and Baptism, while their helpless parents, themselves becoming ill, looked on.

"The arithmetic of the messenger who had come to Chuhari was defective; there were not nine to be baptized, but only six, and one of these had died before we



Faculty of the Jesuit High School in Bettiah in Patna Mission. Seated: Father George Dertinger, S.J. (left), Father Raymond Conway, S.J. (right). Standing (left to right): Charles Saldanha, S.J., August Wildermuth, S.J., Brother Stanislaus, S.J., Felix Farrell, S.J., and Richard Wolfe, S.J.

arrived. But otherwise his performance had been most worthy, and there is happiness in the thought that at least one of these numerous villages knew where to go for spiritual assistance in the face of death. These people are Mohammedans of a sort.

"Across the road lay another village. There, as midnight neared, the people were gathered in a dimly lighted hall making noisy worship to the devil, with drums and endless chanting trying to propitiate the evil god who had sent the disease. Native *saddhus*, fakirs, brought in at great expense, led the orgy.

"BROTHER PAIS, S.J., solicitous for the members of his community, came with a lantern to meet us on the home journey.

"Such sick calls, generally with less poetry and more prose, have been of almost daily occurrence at Chuhari, and also at Bettiah, with FATHER W. MARQUARD, S.J., MESSRS. KEVIN ANGELO, S.J. and FELIX FARRELL, S.J., as participants in this primitive missionary work."

ALASKA

FATHER JOHN P. FOX, S.J., of Kashuanak, Alaska, describes a somewhat unique but edifying experience he had with one of his parishioners:

"In visiting my immense district it sometimes happens that I do not find all my parishioners at home when I come. In this way I missed one of them, George, an old pupil of our mission school of Holy Cross, for two successive years. He had no chance during all this time to see a priest, though he was very anxious to go to the sacraments. The morning of the day when I passed through his village he went out to hunt as usual. He knew that I was somewhere in his neighborhood visiting my people, but he did not know just when I would pass through his village. So when he went out in the morning he left word with his wife that in case the Father should pass through while he was hunting, she should ask for a pair of scapulars for him.

"I reached his place at about two o'clock in the afternoon. As it was quite a distance to the village that I intended to reach for the night, I could not wait too long for George's return home. Besides, the weather looked threatening and I might be caught out and have to sleep on the snow, as happened to me so many times already. So I did what I could in the village, and leaving a few pictures, a scapular, and some medals for George, I started off again. After driving about one hour I saw a hunter coming towards me. Immediately I knew it was George, and turned my dogs towards him. 'Sorry I missed you, Father; I have not been to confession for two years, and was very anxious to go.' 'Why, George, that's just why I faced my dog-team in your direction now. It's not too late yet. Sit down a bit on my sled. I will wait till you are ready to make your confession.' With a hearty 'Thank you, Father,' he sat down

RENOWNED JESUIT MISSIONARIES



MATTHEW RICCI, S.J.

IN the history of the Catholic Church in China the name of Father Matthew Ricci, S.J., commands a prominence second to none. He was born at Macerata in the Papal States on October 6, 1552. Before he had completed his nineteenth year he entered the Society of Jesus, and made his novitiate at the Roman College. There, too, he completed his philosophical and theological studies. His request to be sent to the missions in farthest Asia was granted in 1578.

He was summoned to China in 1582 and soon was engaged in building up the mission, at which task many before him had failed. His prudence, patience, piety and thorough knowledge of the sciences won for him great esteem, and ultimately in 1601, a summons from the Emperor to go to Peking, the capital of the Empire, which theretofore had been closed to foreigners.

For nine years Father Ricci labored in the capital city and amongst other apologetic writings in Chinese produced "The True Doctrine of God." The perusal of this book nearly a hundred years after its author's death induced the Emperor to issue an edict granting liberty to preach the Gospel. Father Ricci died on May 11, 1610, having fulfilled Xavier's ambition to plant the Cross in China.

to prepare. Then he came to the back of the sled, and though I told him it would be all right to make his confession standing, he insisted on kneeling down in the snow. After confession and a few words of encouragement from me, he went on hunting, and I continued on my way, both of us pleased at the fortunate meeting."

Word has come that FATHER JOSEPH F. McEALMEEL, S.J., has returned to the missions of Alaska. Surely the natives of the icy regions will welcome this zealous missionary back to the work which he was forced to leave due to ill health a year or two ago. Two other Fathers have also gone to Alaska. They are Fathers PAUL C. DESCOUT, S.J., and PAUL C. O'CONNOR, S.J.

JAMAICA, B. W. I.

AMONG the new assignments from members of the New England Province to the Jamaica Mission are FATHER FREDERICK DONOVAN, S.J., who has just completed his tertianship at Port Townsend, Washington, FATHER THOMAS McLAUGHLIN, S.J., and FATHER THOMAS SHORTELL, S.J., who finished their theological studies at Weston College, Weston, Mass., last June, and JOSEPH LEROY, S.J., a scholastic, also from Weston College, who will replace JOHN WILLIAMS, S.J., at St. George's College, Winchester Park, Kingston.

FATHER JOHN J. KEEGAN, S.J., who has been stationed at St. George's College, Kingston, Jamaica, B.W.I., for the past year records a few changes in the Mission:

"FATHER JAMES BECKER, S.J., and JOHN WILLIAMS, S.J., sailed for the States the last part of July. FATHER KNIGHT is taking Father Becker's place at Montego Bay. A Negro priest from Canada who just finished his studies at the Propaganda, Rome, is to come to Jamaica soon. We had the pleasure of a visit recently from FATHER COREY, S.J., the Superior of the British Honduras, Mission. FATHER JOHN WHEELER, S.J., who did so much for the missions while Prefect of Discipline at Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass., is in Jamaica now getting first hand information on conditions here."

The following anecdote is related by FATHER FRANCIS KEMPEL, S.J., as having taken place at Revival, one of his mission stations, in Jamaica, B. W. I.:

"This occurred at a marriage here recently. The bride and groom walked to the church carrying their shoes and stockings in their hands as is the custom in the bush. When the couple and party reached the church door, they put on shoes and stockings and walked into the church. I beckoned them to come to the altar. While the couple was kneeling at the altar step, I noticed the groom was growing pale and was evidently in an agony. A heavy perspiration covered his brow. I thought he was going to faint. I had

seen a bride cry and a groom laugh, but now I thought I would have the experience of having the groom faint. I was deciding what I would do, when the groom leaned over and took off his shoes and placed them on the altar steps beside him. The color came back to the face and the perspiration disappeared from the brow and the ceremony went on without a hitch."

* * *

At Moseague, one of the missions attended by FATHER JOSEPH F. FORD, S.J., the new church of St. Anthony was dedicated on Sunday, August 3. VERY REV. FRANCIS KELLEY, S.J., Superior of the Jamaica Mission, presided at the ceremony which was attended by hundreds of people of every denomination. The sermon was preached by FATHER VINCENT GOOKIN, S.J.

* * *

The work of renovating the interior of Holy Trinity Cathedral is progressing very slowly, due to lack of funds. It is not expected that it will be finished before the arrival of Bishop Emmet to take up his duties as Vicar Apostolic, much to the disappointment of the people of Kingston.

* * *

The Kingston *Gleaner* has the following in regard to FATHER WALTER KENNEDY, S.J., and FATHER VINCENT GOOKIN, S.J., who were in Jamaica on temporary assignments since last May:

"Both these priests endeared themselves to the people of the Catholic community in this city during the short time they have been here, and will be greatly missed. Forceful speakers, and very good teachers, there have always been large congregations to hear them during the novenas or other services in which they took part."



"The Pastor and his dog." Father Henry P. Wennerberg, S.J., in charge of Above Rocks, Jamaica, B. W. I. and its outlying stations.

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

FATHER HENRY L. IRWIN, S.J., writes from his Church of Our Lady of the Holy Rosary, Oroquieta, Misamis, P. I.:

"Sometimes the missionary, amidst the humdrum duties of his life, experiences a bit of consolation when he discovers that God is using him as an instrument of grace for souls. Here is what I mean. I was traveling home from a distant station and looking forward to a good night's sleep in my own house after a three days' visit to a barrio. When I arrived at the shore to take ship across the sea to Oroquieta, I found that passage was out of the question. The waves were dangerous. My little boat would be overturned in five minutes, and it was getting on towards evening.

"Feeling disheartened at my enforced halt I retraced my steps to the center of the little town through which I had just passed, and put up for the night in one of the village houses. Before I went to bed I met a youth of eighteen years on the road and asked him, as is usual with me, how long since he had been to the sacraments. Upon his reply I told him to come into my house and make his confession then and there. He did so and something prompted me to tell him that God had delayed me on my journey just for him. And it seems to have been true. One month later I was visiting that town again. At eleven o'clock at night a call came to visit a dying man. I hurriedly dressed and hastened to the little house and climbed up the ladder, which served as stairs. The dying man was none other than the youth who had previously made his confession to me. He was at the point of death. I had just time for a hasty absolution and the brief form of Extreme Unction. He died three minutes after my arrival. That boy had once made the nine first Fridays in honor of the Sacred Heart. See what pains our Lord took to keep His promises."

* * *

FATHER ANDREW HOPMANN, S.J., who has just completed the building of a school at his headquarters, Iligan, Lanao, Mindanao, P. I., gives a pencil sketch of the conditions which he is now facing:

"The natives here are poor, poorer than you will ever imagine. Only today an odd job worker around the house told me that he and his wife live on seven and one-half cents per day. He earns or receives three dollars a week when he is working and believes in saving for harder times. Food is not cheap over here. Bananas, which you might think are given away, cost from five to ten cents per dozen. Canned meat from America is cheaper than fresh fish, etc. So if we did not trust to outside gifts we would never push forward in our work."

* * *

FATHER ALFRED F. KIEBLE, S.J., the genial missionary stationed at Mount Carmel, Talisayan, Misamis, Mindanao, P. I., writes:

"At a recent fiesta in a small village, I broke several canons by conducting



Father Henry L. Irwin, S.J., a frequent contributor to JESUIT MISSIONS, now pastor of the mission of the Holy Rosary, Oroquieta, Misamis, Mindanao, P. I.

Vespers while seated in a fine porch rocker. For a confessional I used a small table after having removed the drawer for the penitents to kneel upon. Later on, I almost broke my neck by crawling under a hut to rescue a few coins that fell from my pocket right through the bamboo floor to the ground below. During the procession, St. Aloysius broke his aureole, on account of the terrible shaking he received while riding on the shoulders of four devotees, strong and true. I hope he will not be angry with me for allowing him to appear in public with his aureole hanging like a horse collar around his neck, but after all, I was never taught anything about haberdashery for Saints.

"FATHER WALTER HAMILTON, S.J., came over from Tagnipa to help FATHER DAVID DALY, S.J., and myself to celebrate our festa, 'Our Lady of Mount Carmel.' The three Masses were packed, and so was the procession around the town in the afternoon. Our Boy Scouts won second prize for taking part in the town parade and for the stunts they performed afterwards. About two hundred men and women were enrolled in the Scapular of Mt. Carmel.

"A Spanish Father in Zamboanga is returning to Spain soon, and we understand that one of us will go down to take his place. That will be good news for FATHER THOMAS MURRAY, S.J., who is certainly stranded down there."



CHINESE PATRIARCH

Zeng Tsao Ming is one of China's sterling Catholic patriarchs. He is in his sixty-fifth year, and if his countenance has something of the modesty of a saint it indicates to some extent the nature of the life he has led. In forty-four years he has converted over 300 souls. He endowed the mission in which he resides with a large piece of land for the erection of a church and other buildings. His Lordship, Bishop Simon Tsu, S.J., was on hand to bless the new church.

JESUIT BISHOP

FOR ANKING

The Rt. Rev. Frideric Melendro, S.J., has been made the first Vicar Apostolic of Anking, capital of the Anhwei Province, China, and Titular Bishop of Remesia. The Vicariate of Anking is one of the three recently created by the division of the Anhwei Province. The new Vicariate of Anking has a population of 7,078,871 inhabitants of whom 24,361 are Catholics. The mission is in charge of the Jesuit Fathers of Leon Province of Spain.

MISS LO CHRISTENS NEW VESSEL

Miss Catherine Lo, daughter of the prominent Chinese Catholic philanthropist, Mr. Lo Pa Hong, christened the new motor ship *Yung-On* before its launching at Shanghai. The *Yung-On* and its sister ship, the *Yung-Ping*, are the most beautiful and most modern two vessels in Chinese water. Ecclesiastical as well as commercial and political representatives were present at the ceremony. The two boats are the property of the Dah-Zung Company, of which Mr. Lo Pa Hong is president.

Mr. Lo Pa Hong holds interest in several other Chinese corporations. A great part of his wealth is distributed in Catholic philanthropy, Mr. Lo himself being an ardent lay apostle. (F.S.)

CARMELITES IN INDIA

The Mother General of St. Teresa's Latin Convent, Ernakulam, Cochin State, South India, writes of the work her Community of Carmelite Sisters is

doing under great difficulties for the young of that district. The Sisters maintain an orphanage for over one hundred and fifty children as well as a founding home. They also care for the Catholic education of the girls and thus furnish the surest foundation for the maintenance and growth of the Faith in this district once evangelized by St. Francis Xavier.

ANOTHER NATIVE CHINESE BISHOP

His Lordship Francis Lion, Chinese priest of the Vicariate Apostolic of Lusanfa, has been appointed bishop in the Vicariate of Fenyang, Shansi Province, succeeding His Lordship, Bishop Louis Chen, one of the six Chinese bishops consecrated by His Holiness, Pius XI in 1926. (F.S.)



"Zeng Tsao Ming is one of China's sterling Catholic patriarchs."

FILIPINO PRIEST ON PACIFIC COAST

Rev. Pio Martinez, S.J., a native Filipino, who recently completed his studies at the Jesuit theologate at Woodstock, Md., has been assigned to work among the thousands of Filipinos who labor in the cities of the Pacific Coast. His knowledge of their language and customs, and appreciation of their peculiar difficulties will go far towards solving the problem of the spiritual care of these Catholics, many of whom have fallen away from the Faith through lack of attention.

TWO AMERICAN MISSIONARY BISHOPS

The recent announcement of the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda contains the appointments of two Americans as Vicars Apostolic. In China, the Prefecture of Wuchang, under Franciscans of the Cincinnati Province, is raised to a Vicariate with Monsignor Espelage as its first bishop. He will be consecrated in Cincinnati.

The Rt. Rev. Thomas Wade, S.M., of Providence, R. I., has been appointed first bishop in the new Vicariate Apostolic of the North Solomon Islands.

MEETING OF FED- ERATED COLORED CATHOLICS

The Sixth Annual Convention of the organization was held at Detroit from August 31 to September 1. The Rt. Rev. Michael J. Gallagher, Bishop of Detroit, gave valuable assistance to the local branch in its efforts towards making the event the greatest in the history of Colored Catholic activities. Mr. H. M. Smith, secretary, expressed his pleasure in the preparations that were made in these words: "The entire Diocese of both white and colored Catholics of Detroit are interested in the event and neither pains nor expense will be spared in the entertainment of the many delegates and their friends who are expected from all sections of the United States."

Some of the papers discussed were: The Negro in Industry and Catholic Action; The Retreat Movement; The Rural Life Movement; The Inter-Racial Movement, and other subjects.

Reports on the various activities of Colored Catholics were offered by Rev.

Wm. M. Markoe, S.J., Professor Victor Daniel, Principal of the Cardinal Gibbons Institute, William A. Prater, Field Agent of the Federated Catholics and Secretary H. M. Smith.

SISTERS PENETRATE FRENCH GUINEA

A pioneer group of Sisters of St. Joseph of Cluny have penetrated the West African brush as far as Bronadon to establish the first convent of nuns in this region. The leader of the group, two of whom are French and two African, is Sister Maria Eustache who has passed thirty-five years in West Africa, coming out from France at the age of eighteen.

The reception by the natives was most colorful. The hammock procession entered the village by torchlight down a long avenue of many trees. As the nuns approached bells rang, rifles spoke, and a native orchestra played powerful tunes which spread the news of the arrival throughout the surrounding valley and hills.

PROGRAM OF LOUVAIN MISSION WEEK

The eighth annual Mission Week was held at Louvain from August 27 to 30. According to the program announced by its secretary, Father Pierre Charles, S.J., the discussions centered about the conversions in the various mission fields: the statistics of conversions, the means employed, the peculiar difficulties met with among Mohammedans, the approach through children and many other phases of this most important question.

CORNERSTONE OF CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY LAID IN TOKIO, JAPAN

The diplomatic representatives of five nations were present at the laying of the cornerstone of the new building of the Catholic University, the Belgian and Italian Ambassadors, the *Chargés d'Affaires* of the United States, Germany and Poland. His Excellency, Archbishop Mario Giardini, Apostolic Delegate to Japan, performed the ceremony. The institution, in charge of the German Jesuits, is developing as one of the series of great Catholic educational centers already constructed or under development in the Far East. (F.S.)

A MISSION POWER HOUSE

From the Jesuit novitiate and scholastic of the Sacred Heart at Shembagur in southern India, 573 priests have gone forth for the apostolate. Founded in 1877 by the French Province, it now serves all the Jesuit missions of the country and its enrollment is strongly international, over thirty languages being represented. At present seven American Jesuits from the Missouri Province are there preparing for their future labors in the Patna Mission.

UP NIPIGON WAY

(Continued from page 201)

and followed me to Mobert to continue her Communions.

"The Indians of this whole district have a strong devotion to the Blessed Sacrament. During the four missions which I preached I distributed nearly eight hundred Communions. The Odjibways at Mobert, two months after the departure of Father Belanger, having heard that Father Renaud was at Longlac, set out in a body and traveled a hundred miles in order to confess their sins and communicate. 'I have nothing left but sixty cents,' said one woman, 'it cost the family more than thirty dollars to go to Longlac. But it does not matter, we have received Holy Communion.'

"The missionary feels the consequences of the extraordinary fervor of these isolated Indians. He must rouse himself to respond to all their desires, and often finds barely time enough to recite his breviary. Visitors flow in, sometimes with a reason, more often without. An Indian comes in without knocking and says, very simply, 'I come to see you for nothing,' and he stays a long while, a very long while. The Indians asked me to perform every description of cure. 'My child is disobedient, bless him.' 'My baby has not eaten since yesterday, bless him.' 'My wife has a pain in her side, bless her.' Thus the days passed at Mobert.

"The day I left Mobert I said Mass at five-thirty. At five many of the Indians had already gathered. The whole town assisted at the early Mass. When I left for the station an old man, who could no longer walk, cried, 'Hey, don't let the priest go all alone! Go with him!' Thus it happened that I had a long procession trailing me to the station. I shook hands with the men, and as the train had arrived, I merely waved to the squaws.

"So you see," concluded Father Porcheron, "the Indian missions are sorely in want of more priests, as they can be only infrequently visited. Further north, especially north of Nipigon village, the Indians are still more removed from the ministry of the priest."

I WANT TO BE A PRIEST

(Continued from page 202)

do father and mother say to it?"

"Father and mother agree and are full of joy at the prospect. And as for praying, yes, I have done that, too."

"Well, then, go on praying, even more than up to now. I will help you pray and meanwhile I will think over the matter seriously. But before coming to a decision I should want to see your school report. It is only a couple of weeks now till the end of the term. Take your examination and then come back and show me the result. And meanwhile, behave in such a way as would become one who is preparing for the priesthood. And be of good cheer."

TO say more by way of positive encouragement, to hold out more definite hopes to the boy, I did not think wise. But to myself I thought how good God was again to the Mission by sending me such a thoroughly good boy—I knew that much of him—as a candidate for the priesthood. One more seminarian at the Central Seminary in Tokio! Another step forward on the road to native clergy, the life-blood of any mission and therefore, one of the chiefest anxieties of every missionary bishop.

Fancy, then, my surprise, when on the following day I learned from the local missionary that the boy had returned home quite crestfallen. He would probably be turned down, he had told his people, the bishop had made nothing but difficulties.

But some weeks later the situation was quite different. No need for encouragement now. He steps forward and hands me his school report. As he stands by my side, explaining to me the meaning of the Chinese characters denoting the various branches of knowledge, I can almost feel the tense excitement that surges through his breast and vibrates in his hoarse voice. He felt his fate was in the balance.

AS I glanced down the page, comparing the marks of the three last terms, I felt myself greatly relieved.

"Not so bad. It might do. So

I will write to Tokio to find out whether there is room at the Seminary for one more student from Hiroshima."

"What?" he burst forth, "you will accept me?"

His eyes riveted on me, his mouth open in expectation, and his hands clasped before his breast as if in prayer. A look from me and a nod told him enough. I am sure he would have liked best to fling his arms around my neck, but there's the rigid Japanese code of proper demeanor never to be lost sight of, and he must needs check himself. But his eyes told their tale clearly enough. His happiness was supreme. I do not remember another case where a decision of mine caused such joy and set a mind at rest so completely and so visibly as this one.

A MASTER BUILDER

(Continued from page 203)

tical appreciation of what the Brother has meant in the upbuilding of the Mission. In the sphere of architectural plans and buildings Brother Hartmann has twenty-two, if not more, wooden or concrete structures to his credit.

IN the routine of his work Brother Hartmann has a vision of the future. He trains young carpenters. The boys in the mission school are eager to have the chance to work under him in his shop. Eight to twelve lads are his customary yearly quota comprising youngsters from the fifth to the eighth grades. Simple wooden crosses for the Indian graves, picture frames, and minor repair work occupy the smaller boys. The larger and more experienced lads afford the Brother real help and turn out chairs, tables, dressers, desks, and varying types of furniture for school, church, and home use.

CARPENTERING and building are not the Brother's only occupations. He has a satisfying "hobby," we may call it, and the hobby is music. He has found an outlet for this talent by training a boy's band that has won recognition all about the Reservation.

When the Indian mothers bring their boys into the school, one of their first requests is that their little Johnnies may play in Brother Hartmann's band. Other mothers are just as hopeful that by the time their boys are old enough they may be chosen to work in Brother Hartmann's carpenter shop. Worthy compliments. But the Brother is not looking for compliments. He is hard at it doing the work of the Lord in his own vigorous way. From before the dawn when prayer gives strength to the spirit until tired and ageing legs carry him to a well-earned slumber this Brother-missioner goes on zealously accomplishing his God-given work in the admirable capacity of a "Master Builder."

TAGALOGAN CELEBRATES

(Continued from page 205)

ing this highly ornamented and decorated float. Sixteen arches adorned the streets through which the procession passed. Solemn Benediction with Fathers Hayes, Pollock, O'Neill, Hamilton, Lucas and myself on the altar, closed the procession. Thanks to Brother Bauerlein's foresight and hard work, the church was wonderfully decorated.

AFTER Benediction and a hasty supper we gave our share, or rather we supplied in its entirety, the entertainment for the townspeople and our assembled guests with a cine "Ramona." The night before I had shown "Over the Hills to the Poor House." For the Jaasan children, where Father Pollock has succeeded to the parish so splendidly begun by Father Lucas, these movies were especially thrilling. It was the first time they had seen one.

The beautiful ceremony of *Lacay-sayay*, the carrying of the statue of our Lady in a boat along the shore, and the blessing of the waters upon which so many of these people depend for their livelihood brought the fiesta to a close. It was a success, I am certain, especially in the way the whole celebration was "elevated" or "supernaturalized" by the revivifying of the spirit of Faith and devotion in which it was originally conceived.

IN BRITISH GUIANA

(Continued from page 206)

from the Equator, the heat is not overwhelming because the Trade Wind blows almost incessantly, often with such velocity as to sweep light articles off the table.

On Sunday the church bell clangs an hour before the time of Mass to remind the people in the outlying villages that they had better be hustling. At the time appointed, the priest, preceded by half a dozen black boys in red cassocks and white surplices, walks up the aisle where the motley congregation comprises pure whites and others with every shade of color down to the unmixed African Negro. The choir will sing the *Missa de Angelis* with an Offertory piece suited to the occasion. It is just a splendid illustration of the unity mark of the great Catholic Church. One might say much about the East Indians introduced years ago from the distant Orient. Very few embrace Catholicism. The fact that converts after Baptism lapse, emphasizes the need of lay catechists to move about among their settlements encouraging and exhorting them. One layman apostle with zeal, would find the field white for the harvest.

NOT ENOUGH TAIL

(Continued from page 207)

lished reputation, the "orator," was the longest speaker that the Yukon tribe had produced in a century. His hair, sparse and timeworn, stood out from his scalp like the quills of a hunted porcupine. Deep underneath his brow rested a pair of eyes that made one think of phosphorus rather than a glowing coal. The mouth when opened revealed two serried ranks of what had once been teeth.

He did not hold the eyes of his audience as much as he did its ears. And the solemn look of conviction on each face before him, save one, told plainly enough, if the grunted interjection *ho* did not suffice, that his logic was at least as good as he himself thought it. Hence when at the end of a fifty-five minute harangue he pointed dramatically to the subject of his theme, Zacheus himself, and concluded with the words, "Yes, fellow conclavers,

Zacheus is blind from bad hootch and something ought to be done about it," all the listening grayheads looked surprised at poor Zacheus, and nodded violent consent.

SPEAKER number two took up the same theme and developed it in the same fashion. Then number three took up the theme precisely at the point where it had been dropped by number two, and demonstrated beyond the shadow of a doubt, that if anything was ever true in this lying world of ours, it was the fact that "Zacheus is blind from bad hootch, and something ought to be done about it." Long before the twelfth conscript father had added his quota of enlightenment, the Indian Summer sun was sinking wearily into the turbid waters of the Yukon.

ONLY the thirteenth conscript father, the village "half-wit," had perseveringly held his peace. His mind had long since wandered from the present into the past; how far distant he himself had no means of conjecturing. When did these village conclaves originate, and where, and how? Over and over had he been turning these questions in his muddled brain, and nowhere could he find an answer. Just as he was on the point of making what he thought might be a discovery, he was distracted from further concentration by the ever-recurring words, "Yes, Zacheus is blind from bad hootch, and something ought to be done about it."

Just at this juncture of the proceedings, a curious little pup of Siberian parentage entered the solemn circle of the conclave, and following instinctively the traditions of his masters, promptly sat down. He yawned a healthy yawn, and looked ahead, around, behind him. There, just off to the side a little, an object did attract his attention. He studied it a moment, and on perceiving it move slightly, he determined to investigate. But as he moved, the object moved likewise, and he pursued it. Round and round, pursuer and pursued flew in maddening circles until it was impossible longer to determine whether the pup was chasing its tail, or the tail

chasing its pup. At this moment the face of the silent "half-wit" came to life, and a light as of full intelligence rested there for just a moment. Pointing a long crooked forefinger at the whirling pup, he unceremoniously interrupted the "orator" in the middle of his last sentence with the wise remark:

"This meeting all same like that. Too much pup, not enough tail." The conclave stood adjourned.

VALIANT WOMEN

(Continued from page 209)

Sacred Heart will fill a long standing need in Patna. Hindu women, according to Indian custom, rarely meet men and are practically out of the sphere of influence of our Fathers. European and American nuns more easily come in contact with them, but the *Bahins* with Indian customs and sympathies, and still living as Indians, will be invaluable.

One evening as I was saying good-bye to Father Miller after a short visit, Mother Lucille came walking up to the bungalow from the "convent" to see Father about some business. As I rode homeward on my bicycle the picture of

that white-robed nun and priest standing in front of that bungalow, in the heart of pagan India, miles from the nearest European civilization, made a deep impression on my mind. She had just ridden out from Bettiah in a bullock cart under a blazing Indian sun to pay a visit to her Sisters, a visit to advise and encourage them. Length of trip, fourteen miles; time required, five or six hours. He had spent a busy day visiting a pagan village, inspecting his schools taught by the *Bahins*, writing letters and attending to the thousand and one things that snatch a missionary's time. Night would find them in the little mud walled church, before One for whom they had come thousands of miles and given up who knows what career and success. For certainly that quiet, cheerful and highly cultured nun and energetic resourceful priest would have attained success in any vocation they might have chosen. Morning would find the priest at the altar and the nun would receive into her heart the King of kings. Fortified and with a great peace they would face another day of happy toil in the Master's cause for the salvation of old and young in Patna.

Our Contributors

FATHER VINCENT I. KENNALLY, S.J., new Associate Editor of *JESUIT MISSIONS*, pays a well deserved tribute to the *New Bishop of Jamaica*.

Sportsmen sometimes go *Up Nipigon Way* to cast for trout. A ROLLAND, S.J., now studying at Immaculate Conception College, Montreal, tells of Father Porcheron, S.J., journeying in quest of other fish.

I Want to Be a Priest is a petition to gladden the heart of any bishop, but especially, the Rt. Rev. JOHN ROSS, S.J., Vicar Apostolic of Hiroshima, Japan, where priests are so few.

Many a missionary is praying for the strong right arm of a *Master Builder* after the model of Brother Andrew Hartmann, S.J., whose deeds are narrated by WILLIAM J. BIRMINGHAM, S.J., now studying at Weston College, Weston, Mass.

Tagaloon Celebrates on fiesta days, yes, and on other days as well, rejoicing in the possession of such an energetic, resourceful pastor as FATHER DANIEL H. SULLIVAN, S.J., who writes from Tagaloon, Misamis, Mindanao, P. I.

The difficult task confronting the English Jesuits in *British Guiana* is briefly outlined for us by one of them, FATHER JAMES P. GOODWIN, S.J.

The solemn deliberations of some world famous diplomatists might be the better for the presence of FATHER FRANCIS B. PRANGE'S, S.J., Indian philosopher in *Not Enough Tail*.

To the many *Valiant Women* of India (whose courage and self-sacrifice are fully known to God alone), JOHN A. MORRISON, S.J., who is preparing for his missionary labors in Shembagaur, India, dedicates a short account of what a few of them are doing in the Patna Mission.

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

Grateful Acknowledgments

Jesuit Missions gladly transmits money gifts to any Jesuit Missionary.

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Gratitude is also expressed for four hundred eighteen Mass stipends.	



Catholic World Atlas—a geographical and statistical description, with maps, of the Catholic Church, with historical and ethnographical notes. Prepared by F. C. Streit, S.V.D. Second Edition. St. Boniface Press, Paderborn, Germany. American rights by Society for the Propagation of the Faith, 109 East 38th St., New York, N. Y. \$12.50.

The twofold object of the compiler, "to offer a survey of the entire hierarchy of the Catholic Church, both Oriental and Western, together with its territorial divisions, and to set down everything that would be likely to aid in the complete portrayal of the present status of the Church throughout the entire globe," has been gratifyingly fulfilled in this work.

The first section of explanatory text gives in brief outline the ecclesiastical history of the world according to its main geographical divisions. This comes down to a date subsequent to the settlement of the Roman Question, February 11, 1929.

The second section containing statistical tables was one of the most difficult to prepare, as the compiler notes the failure of many chanceries to answer his request for data. This is to be regretted, especially in a work authorized by the command of His Holiness, Pius XI, which will be consulted everywhere as a reliable source of information. This lack of definite data perhaps accounts for the failure to assign the year for the numbers given in the lists of statistics. This is an omission which we hope to see remedied in a future edition.

Over half of the large volume, measuring sixteen by ten inches, is given over to an excellent series of maps of uniform scale giving in carefully drawn detail the ecclesiastical divisions of the world. The uniform scale has only one defect which the compiler himself mentions in his preface. It necessitated the representation of certain important mission countries e.g., southern India, Alaska, Philippine Islands, in smaller compass than one would expect. The remedy again, which the compiler has forecast, lies in a number of new maps drawn to a proportionally larger scale which we hope will soon make their appearance.

The work, as it stands, is truly monumental and can hardly be omitted from any library which pretends to be equipped with up to the minute data in matters of worldwide interest. The enthusiastic reception it has already received indicates that its merit is appreciated.

Pudsy Kelly's Gang. By Nanky Poo. Society of St. Columban, St. Columbans, Nebraska. Illustrated. Price \$1.00.

Those who have followed Pudsy Kelly and his gang in the juvenile pages of *The Far East*, will be delighted to know that a number of the verses have been gathered together and given a more permanent setting in book form. For those not yet acquainted with Nanky Poo, this little book will be a new experience and a pleasant one.

Nanky Poo has the faculty of touching the heart, with a bit of laugh, it is true, but it is not all laughter, sometimes there's a catch in it that surprises strange moistening in the eyes, and sometimes it pricks some hidden weakness that startles a blush. But is not this the human test by which we like to measure things?

Nanky Poo, we are sure, has turned more than one youthful desire towards China and its pagans, and has won more than one "grown-up" by his—or her—whimsically expressed but eternally true philosophy of doing the thing worth while with a smile.

The clever pen sketches give an odd interest to this collection of verse that you will enjoy as well and perhaps more than the children.

The Months with Mary. Daniel A. Lord, S.J. Queen's Work Press, St. Louis, Mo. Price ten cents.

A timely pamphlet for October by an author who needs no introduction. A brief chapter for each month tells the beautiful story of Mary with her Divine Son in a year book that will inspire love, devotion and imitation.

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