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The Holy Ghost and the *Missions*

Bernard Wuellner, S.J.

THE Holy Spirit is sometimes called the most forgotten Person in the world. Yet He should be particularly near and dear to all interested in the cause of the missions. His work in the world is not only to preserve the Church and to sanctify the Church, but also to guarantee her progress; and in this last office He is the great Missionary of the Catholic Church without whom no mission enterprise wins success.

"Holy, holy, holy, the Lord God of hosts: All the earth is full of his glory." (*Is.* vi, 3.)

A missionary is one who is sent, a person who goes forth with the blessing of God to win souls to the knowledge and love of Jesus Christ. Now, our Lord, after ascending into Heaven, sent the Holy Ghost to protect and guide the fortunes of His Church, to pour energy and holiness into it, to develop it until it should compass the world. Once the Master had advised the disciples to pray the Lord of the harvest that He send laborers to reap the whitening fields. He fulfilled His own advice, when He came home to the Father, by sending the Holy Spirit as that great Laborer in the world-wide field of souls.

EAGERLY the Apostles awaited the coming of the Holy Ghost, for our Lord had founded their confidence of success in the abiding presence of the Third Person in God. Then, in the roaring of the wind on Pentecost morning, He came and rested on the expectant group in the shape of fiery tongues. This symbol of tongues and of fire is most significant. The tongue indicates the teaching role of the Holy Spirit, for His tongue is the tongue that speaks in the wisdom and doctrine of the Church; and it is the fire of a Divine energy that quickens all the Church's activities for men.

He came, the true Tongue of God, to teach the infant Church, and through her, to teach the world until the end of time. That has ever remained the single objective of the Church's efforts, namely, to spread the surpassing knowledge of Jesus Christ, crucified and risen, true God and true Man. Into the corners of the earth the Church pushes her way, not out of any mere philanthropic motive, not because she believes white or western civilization superior, but because she is bent on her divine duty of dispensing the good news of God's goodness to all human kind.

Because the Fire of God, the Holy Spirit, urges her on, she never forgets and seldom lags in her missionary striving. The Church's missionary character shall endure till the end of time because the Holy Ghost shall be with her till the great finale. He is that uncreated Fire which will enkindle the world. He is that transforming Fire which fuses even the hard ore of human nature into its own likeness. He is that eager Fire which lights up the flames of Catholic enthusiasm for the interests of God.

A SHORT glance at the history of the Catholic Church evidences how well the Holy Spirit has done His missionary work. In apostolic times He leaps the barriers of lands and inland seas; His flame is heard crackling in the very strongholds of paganism; the red onrush of Divine Love levels the (*Turn to page* 121)

"They would pull the roosters apart every so often and stroke them all over to see how the war was progressing."

Earth's Purgatory

Joseph J. McGowan, S.J.

I SPENT last Christmas in the land of the living dead, or in earth's Purgatory, in Culion, in the Philippine Islands, among the lepers. Two nights rich in stars, and two days tailor-made, brought me from Manila into the rock guarded harbor and under the hill where the lepers' houses are hanging just like birds' nests, in a bird's eye view of things. The chaplain, a fellow Jesuit, came down the hill to meet me,—introduced me to the doctors who were at the dock, and then we ascended to this earthly Purgatory.

It is a regular town of about 5,000 people, some slightly affected, others just falling apart:—old men and women, boys and girls, wee-wee boys and wee-wee girls, the *angelitos* these are called, or the angels, a very good name for them. The blind lepers are large in numbers, and there are many deaf, but strange to say, I saw not one dumb. They come from all parts of the Islands. How they understand each other, I do not know, as there are as many as ten different languages among them. The old women are like all old women,—women and old. Some were cooking, some washing and some just waiting for supper. Of course, the exterior of these poor creatures is no attraction, that is shown up clearly to be the mere shell which it is of the soul.

Going through the men's ward, the priest who was showing me around was called to one whose bark was wrecked completely and soon must sink. His feet were outside of the covers, and where the toes had been was just a smooth surface. His shin bones were covered with old cracked leather,—that is what the skin looked like. This poor man was deaf, and the only way he could confess was to put his stumps of fingers together, clasp what was left of his hands and turn his half-blind white eye-balls towards Heaven as an indication that he was pleading for God's mercy. As we walked out towards the door, a most afflicted leper came and seated himself on the edge of the dying man's bed. Several other lepers were sitting around on the floor. The one on the edge of the bed began the rosary for the passing soul, and just to hear that "In the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost" was enough to impress upon one that the body is a very inferior part of the man. It is his soul that speaks to God.

A group of Culion's lepers with Father Francis X. Rella, S.J., one of the chaplains of the Colony, and a Filipina Sister of Charity.

Not far from this particular ward is the ward reserved for the blind. You know, this blindness must be a godsend to these horribly maimed creatures. To see how ugly they are is a real affliction, for pride is deep rooted in all of us. It was evening time, and some of these unfortunates were enjoying the breeze from the sea, but not the beautiful panorama, the hills, the great body of water, clouds and the sunset. Some were washing their clothes, and, bless your heart, two of them, blind as bats, were staging a cock fight. They would pull the roosters apart every so often and stroke them all over to find out how the war was progressing.

COMING down from the top of the hill where we have just been, to the middle side, and over on the line of the shore are the cottages and dormitories for the girls and young women. Some evening when you, who read this, are sitting in your comfortable home, in a cushion chair, with familiar voices ringing in your ears, the latest best seller on your knees, remember that everybody is not like that. Imagine yourself living within plain wooden walls, and jammed in, one of a crowd four and five times larger than the capacity of the house. It would not be so bad if you were not sick, but your poor leper sisters are sick. As they said to me in an address of welcome, their sickness is not only an annoyance to them, but even to those near and dear to them, so that they feel abandoned by all their fellow men and this abandonment makes them appreciate so much the visit of the Vicar of Jesus Christ. Thank God, God does not forget them.

All lepers, and all Sodalists,—on a picnic with the Superior at Culion, Father M. Juan, S.J., and Brother M. Busque, S.J.

AFTER you have seen the girls' homes and the Catholic boys', then go to the tumbled down shacks of Culion. Ave Maria! When the whole family gets into those match boxes, the wonder of Mrs. Hubbard's sons and daughters who lived in a shoe just ceases to be funny. It is really a condition that for many reasons must be remedied. If it is not, then we must lose a large number, as we already have, more than four hundred, to the sects which have the money and the means to brighten up what are in truth very gloomy existences.

The kiddies, little boys and little girls, just at the door of life, struck and afflicted! It is to them that your heart goes out. Those of the boys who are well enough, are Boy Scouts. You can be sure that all are not Boy Scouts. That poor little lad, not more than ten years old, sitting in the sun, hardly moving his eyes, burning with fever, and no mother to cool his forehead, Ramonito is not a Scout, but soon he may be an angel. Then there is Perfecto, up in what looks like a loft, who can't come down because of the "wounds" in his little feet. The boys are outside blowing their bugles, or in the children's playground, while Perfecto lies up there, all full of pain, and no joy,—so strange a condition for twelve years of age. Very often you can see a small boy leading another small boy up the steps of the church, another takes him to the confessional, some others bring him back to the house and sit him near the door,—just a pair of pants, a torn red sweater, his hands between his knees and head bending forward. They lead this boy around because he is blind. Jesús is his name. I sang several Christmas hymns for Jesús, and I enjoyed it more than he did, though he was most thankful for the treat. A very good boy is Jesús and always happy and pleasant.

THE little girls have a wonderful mother in the French Sister of Charity who has been with them twenty-five years. Sickness is a time when children learn to love their parents, and this good Sister is mother to them all. She just loves them, and that is what a little girl wants, a mother who will love her. I watched this good Sister and blessed her for the great affection, kindness and deep love and charity she shows to all of the little ones. Their disease and its dangers cannot overcome her Christian tenderness for (*Turn to page* 121)

Jamaica Nocturne

Joseph G. Doherty, S. J.

One of the "little black lambs" of Alpha, with the only "mummer" he knows—one of the Sisters of Mercy who also care for hundreds of others just like him.

THE golden minutes of the dying day slowly yield to the beauty-laden hours of the tropic night. Sweet strains of melodie prayer, echoes of an Old World cloister, from the Cathedral. Childish voices, happy in play. The sounds of a city's toil subsiding to the hush that speaks of home. Soon the yellow eye of Plum Point Light will peer out over the Caribbean just as in days gone by those who now sleep beneath the waters that shroud the old Port Royal of the buccaneers, once peered with eyes that were yellow with the greed of gold. Would that I could prolong the golden minutes of evening,—could temporarily do away with the necessity for that winking yellow eye, for the music of childish voices is pleasant, and it must die with the death of the day.

Our football field is bordered with gaunt white frames that in a week's time will become the fairy booths of the Garden Party. Little black hands have erected those frames. Little black hands and feet from Alpha! Little black lambs of the Good Shepherd, whose loud, happy voices, strange to say, do not shatter the stillness of evening, but enhance it, as they play football with a ball made of rags.

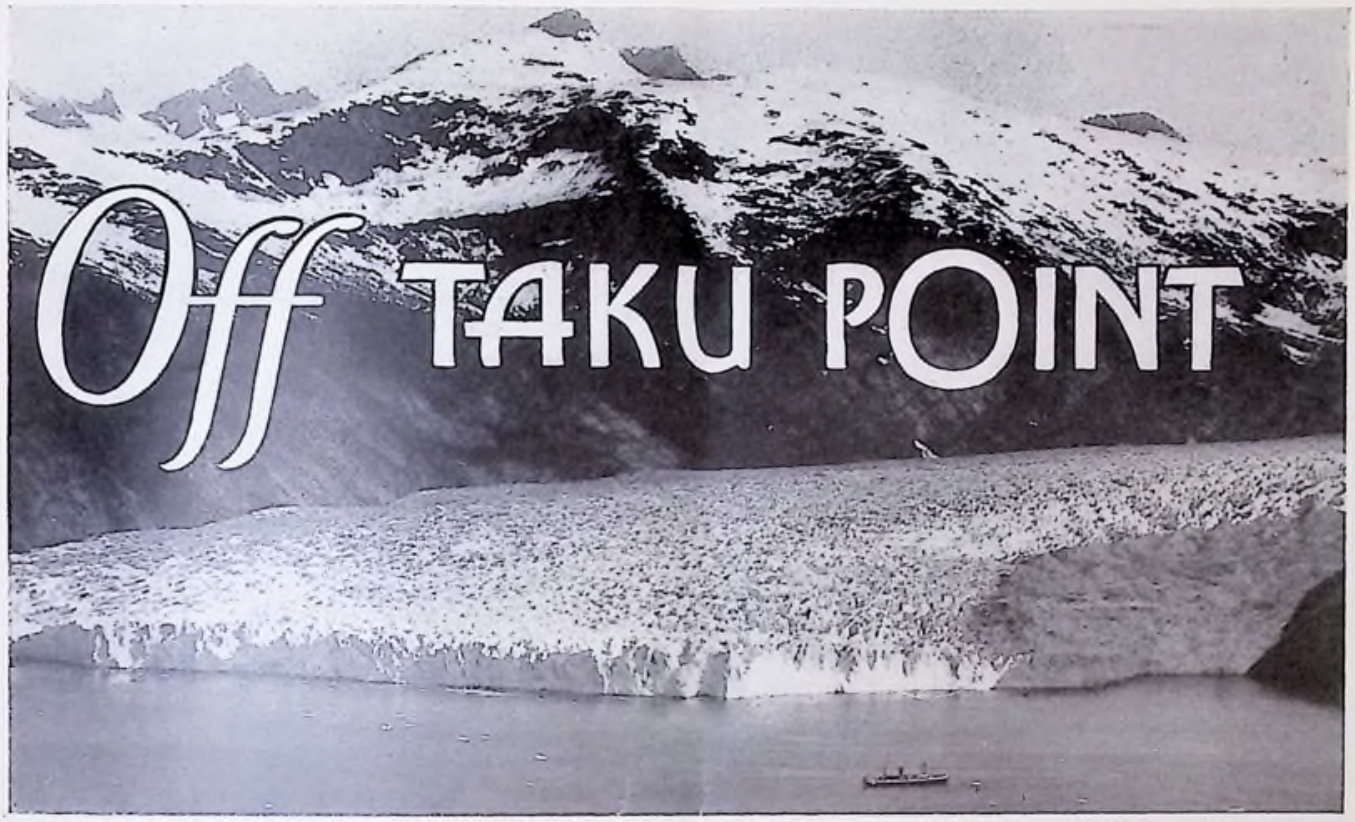
LET us leave these midget warriors of a tropic gridiron, and peep into the place that they call home. We walk through the Cathedral grounds to Emerald Road, along Emerald Road to South Camp Road, and turning north for but a short distance we enter the grounds of Alpha Cottage. Right on by the Elementary School and Academy buildings, past the chapel, the old and the new that is building, past the convent, and through the garden, past Saint Joseph's Workshop, its name telling its story, and up the long, straight road to the shrine of the Little Flower and the home of the little black hands and feet that we left playing with an old ball of rags.

All Jamaicans—under the Union Jack. (Left to right) Collins, O'Hare, McCormick, Kenedy.

Now stop a moment, while I take from my pocket a copy of the "Rules and Regulations for the Industrial Schools (Boys and Girls) at Alpha Cottage, Made by the Managers under Section 15 of Law 34 of 1881," and listen while I read Rule 10:

"There shall be a constant effort to make the Institution a true home for the boys and girls, to the life and activities of which they may have become attached. While insisting on habits of cleanliness, neatness, diligence and obedience, such a measure of freedom as may consort with a well ordered and happy home shall be allowed. It shall be the aim of the staff to maintain a bright, clean, cheerful home atmosphere and good discipline by love, example, and encouragement rather than by penalties."

Do you hear? Well ordered and happy home. Bright, clean, cheerful. Love, example. And here is where a good bit of all this comes from, right here before the Little Flower, where every day little black knees leave their imprint on the white marl, while little lips tell the beads. There to the left is the open-air schoolroom where on afternoons, Sousa's little rivals hold forth, and where one little tyke boastfully championed his sex when he explained why Mother Eve was tempted, and not Adam, by saying that, (*Turn to page* 122)



Off TAKU POINT

Bernard Hubbard, S.J.

The author, known as the "Glacier Priest," is at present on a missionary expedition in Alaska. His article here deals with scientific explorations made on a previous Alaskan expedition.—Editor.

THE Taku River in Alaska has scenic attractions that should make it a Mecca for the scientists and mountain climbers of the world. In the summer of 1929, a Geodetic Survey Party under the leadership of Lieutenant William F. Scaife of Washington, D. C., came to Juneau, commissioned to put in a first line triangulation along the Taku River. When I found that they lacked ice picks and glacier climbing experience, I was glad to accept the invitation to join the Survey as guide into the region I had already studied for two years.

The first climb we attempted was off Taku Point. Other than the ordinary difficulties experienced in reaching the timber line on any Alaska mountain, we had no particular trouble, and by nightfall the station had been put up, and wet and hungry, we returned to the comfort of a fire and a cup of coffee.

At daybreak the party separated, the Survey trio returning to their base camp, and our Santa Clara trio setting out to discover the hanging valleys and tarns that I felt sure contained valuable scientific information regarding the last ice age.

We descended a cliff for several hours, struggling across the snows of a huge horseshoe-like cirque. Overhangs of snow impended threateningly above us, but as it was early in the morning, all danger of avalanches was practically absent. We were rewarded when we came to the knife-like separation of the cirque and the mountain ridge. There lay a hanging valley, shaped very much like an elliptical vegetable dish whose end had been broken off. Cupped in the rock depression was a lake left by the glacier that once had scoured out the basin.

CLIMBING to the top of the long half-moon shaped ridge extending from Taku Point to a position opposite Twin Glacier, we trekked a few more weary miles, and arrived late in the day at the drop-off place we were aiming for. There a sight greeted our eyes that beggars description. Falling some 2,000 feet from snow overhangs, perpendicular cliffs dipped down into another tarn similar to the first we had found, but over 1,000 feet lower in elevation. Cupped in the scoured bottom was another still lake. Not a vestige of animal or plant life was present, but only the snow and rock and water just as the receding glacier had left it ages ago. Falling from the open end of this hanging valley, and about 600 feet lower, was a third circular depression larger than the others and indicating a longer period of glacier action than its neighbors. A few secondary depressions also at different levels led me to the following conclusions, as based on the geological evidence found.

The disappearance of the huge ice mass that covered this part of Alaska a few thousand years ago, according to some scientists, was punctuated (*Turn to page* 122)

The First *Americans* Go to *Church*

J. J. McCarthy, S.J.

EARLY mornings are sharply cold in the mile-high city of Albuquerque, N. M., and the Sunday morning in late November of which I write was no exception. I paced up and down, camera in hand, with teeth chattering, waiting for the coming of the Indians to the Immaculate Conception Church. Soon a big truck roared up and stopped, and another, and a third, each emptying its burden of twenty-five to thirty Indian girls. With quiet precision they formed ranks, and when all were ready, marched into church, filling the transept at the gospel side. At the same time, groups of Indian boys in natty military uniforms, took their places on the epistle side. As the priest entered the sanctuary he could see, if he chose, side by side with the children of the later Americans, the descendants of the "First Americans," equally reverent, equally attentive, equally alive to the sense and sublimity of the worship they had come to participate in.

"Soon a big truck roared up and stopped, and another, and a third, each emptying its burden of twenty-five to thirty Indian girls."

The secret of the training imparted by the Jesuit Fathers, aided by the Sisters of Charity, to the young Indians, is simply this: that they are led to practice their religion after the American manner, and shoulder to shoulder with their fellow Americans. No isolated, hothouse treatment this. The Indians are encouraged to imbibe the essential democracy of the Catholic Church and to feel that they are part of its essential unity and universality. The hope of their instructors is that when they will have returned to their reservations and pueblos, they may have deeply implanted the good habit of going to Sunday Mass and the sacraments, whether at the nearest city church or on their own territory.

ALBUQUERQUE Indian School is a government institution, caring for 921 young Indians of whom 495 are boys and 426 are girls. This school, first conducted by the Presbyterians, has been under government control since 1880. Today it consists of forty-eight buildings, and spreads over a campus of sixty-six acres. The students are given a full grammar and high school course, with special emphasis on home economics, nursing and native crafts for the girls, and on trades, agriculture and stock-raising for boys.

Practically every tribe and pueblo in the Southwest is represented. The Navajos, 344 in number, are far in the majority, hailing from the San Juan country in New Mexico and from Fort Defiance in Arizona. There are seventy Apaches from the Mescalero, Jicarillo and Fort Apache Reservations; and fifteen Utes from the Ute country in southwestern Colorado. Small groups make up the remaining numbers: Pintes from Rainbow Mountain and Papagos from Table Top Mountains and Zunis from the desert south of Gallup; Cochans, Chippewas and Cherokees; Supai, Sioux and Mission; Comanches, Mojaves and Pimas. Added to these are the 474 Indians from the pueblos that dot the Rio Grande Valley, a list of names that sounds greatly like a litany of saints: Santa Ana and Santa Clara; San Juan, San Felipe, Santo Domingo and San Ildefonso; while all the rest have their special patron saints: Jemez and Zia; Acoma the Impregnable, Cochiti the Mystic, Taos the Changeless; Laguna, Tesuque, Sandia and Isleta. The pueblo Indians are predominantly Catholic; the center of each pueblo and the center of interest is the quaint mission church.

The liberty permitted the Fathers in ministering to the Indians of the Catholic Faith is most gratifying. None of the officials in charge of the school is a Catholic, yet if all were Catholics, they could not do more to cooperate. Mr. Perry, the Superintendent, a Mason, believes in religion for the Indian, and has often gone out of his way to aid the Fathers in their work.

Each Sunday morning Father (Turn to page 122)

Lava Flows in Java

Gerard Aben, S.J.

Photo: Zindler, Jr., Djocjo, Java.

"It was the lava! On it came . . . blistering everything with its tremendous heat. People turned to fly amid groans and prayers and sudden shrieks."

THE town of Moentilan in central Java is practically deserted except for the Sisters, and the Fathers of the Society of Jesus and their pupils, our future native teachers. Merapi has erupted and threatens to fulfill the old legend that the people of the country, those who still cling to their animistic beliefs, like to tell.

Once upon a time a Jesuit Father found a gold spoon on the slope of Merapi—so the story runs—which belonged to the spirit of the mountain. That spirit is now about to marry, so he wants his entire dinner set for the wedding day. He cannot do without his golden spoon, so now he boils over with rage, and he will go on spitting fire till his spoon has been restored. So the people wait patiently till the "cloister" of Moentilan will be destroyed by lava; then the eruption will end.

Certainly the rage of Merapi is a violent one, all the more startling as it was unexpected. Java is a volcanic island, in fact it is traversed by a range of volcanoes over a hundred in number, thirteen of which are still active. Yet their activity has not been regarded as very disturbing, and a serious eruption was looked upon only as a far-off possibility. Why should it happen in our lifetime? It may not happen in a thousand years. . .

Then it happened all of a sudden!

EARLY in January of this year, vapor was seen shooting forth from the summit of Merapi. Fire enveloped the mountain-side, making it now fiercely luminous, now of a dull and dying red that blazed forth again and again with a terrible glare. Men stared at each other, speechless with fright.

"Students at our seminary at Djocja, twenty miles away, gathered the ashes on their slates."

The vapor grew denser and denser. Showers of ashes were cast forth with such force that students at our seminary at Djocja, twenty miles away, gathered them on their slates. A hollow rumbling within the earth was heard, and then, all at once, the mountain cloud seemed to roll downward. It was the lava! On it came, through the ravine of the Blongkeng, blistering everything with its tremendous heat. People

(*Turn to page* 122)

THE Little Town OF Arenal

J. B. Kammerer, S.J.

A happy contented group of Kechchi Indians gathered outside their church.

ARENAL is a little town on the border line between Guatamala and British Honduras. It lies within the territory entrusted to my spiritual care, but I cannot often get to visit it from the headquarters at Benque Viejo. Late last November I finally saw an opportunity of visiting the place, and so promised the *Alcalde* (Mayor) that I would be on hand by one o'clock in the afternoon of November twenty-fourth.

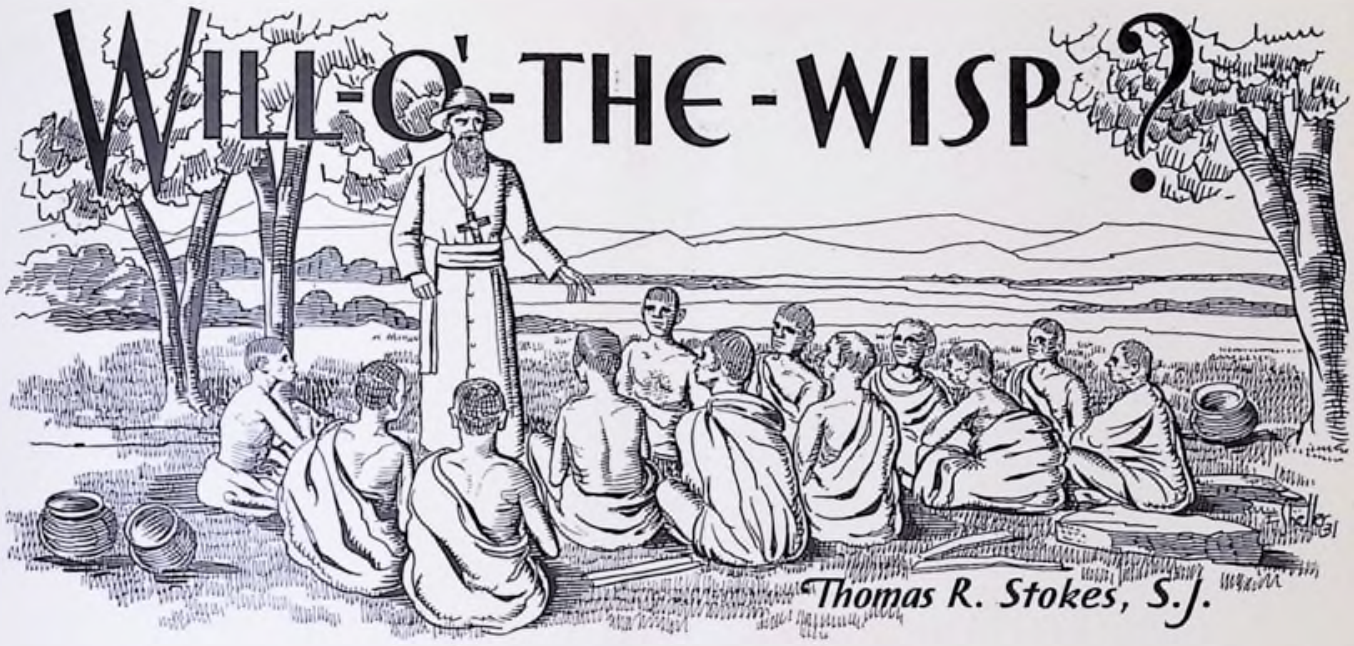
The first lap of my journey was made on horseback to Fallabon. Mrs. Nuila, the little German wife of the Receptor at Fallabon, had begged me to go that way, as the road from there to Arenal had just been cleared and cleaned, and was easier and shorter. To Fallabon I therefore went, crossing the river on the pontoon; and, soon after, in the company of the kindhearted Mrs. Nuila and a soldier guide, climbed up and over and down the three high and long hills covered with enormous trees and scented with exquisite perfume and combed with most beautifully designed ferns. There was shade all the way and the ride was indeed enjoyable. My little chestnut-colored horse was well named. "Gavilon," small as he is, strode up and over and down, snorting occasionally, but apparently not worrying much over the live two hundred pounds he was bearing through the wilderness. Down, down, down,—and there we were on the river bank opposite Arenal. The dory men on the other side spied us, and quickly and dexterously paddled their craft through the rapids, and in a short time were on our side of the river, greeting us with a handshake and hearty smile of welcome.

Mrs. Nuila and the guide accompanied me in the dory, saw me domiciled in the *Alcalde's* court, and after purchasing some eggs, returned to their home. Arenal nestles in a hollow high above the Mopan River; it is rich in its abundance of oranges, grape-fruits, guavas, native plums, sapodillas, palms and all sorts of trees. The line dividing Guatamala from British Honduras runs through the village. Each side has its own *Alcalde*. Isidoro Balona is the present authority on our side of the border, and Juan Cocom runs the other end. The people seem to be a happy lot. There are about 150, counting both sides. They have few wants, no property taxes nor animal taxes; wood and thatch

(*Turn to page* 123)

School children in British Honduras "using their heads" to deliver parcel post mail for their school.

WILL-O'-THE-WISP?



Thomas R. Stokes, S.J.

MY companion glanced at me with an inquisitive, almost impudent smile.

"So you believe that they are for this 'convert-the-pagan' stuff simply out of religious zeal?" he chuckled.

A cynical smile overspread his features. "Do you really believe that these priests are laboring for the native and not looking out for their own pockets? I've heard missionaries talk. Their only cry was for money. You must admit . . ."

"Nothing," I retorted rather testily, "I must admit nothing; *you* must admit. Let me put this proposition before you. Would you be willing to go thousands of miles from family and country to labor among pagans, people who were suspicious of every act, no matter how kind, not knowing when they might rise up and murder you for all your charity? Could you live like that, buoyed up by the vague hope of a still vaguer material remuneration? I'm inclined to doubt."

I STOPPED and looked at him challengingly. He returned my look with a stubborn, defiant stare. My companion, I might explain here, was a young man with whom I had struck up an acquaintance on the Liverpool Express. He, like myself, was an American, a student of one of the Continental Universities. A newspaper article dealing with the death of an aged and influential missioner brought on the discussion, which was becoming animated and obstinate. He returned to the attack.

"My friend," he began in a conciliatory tone, "have you ever stopped to think that men will do anything for money and distinction?"

"Some men," I countered, "yes. Men such as our missioners are, no. Money is necessary for their upkeep and the work of the mission, of course. I'd be foolish to think otherwise. That they work for gain, neither I nor any appreciative-minded man will admit. Distinction? I'm afraid they would be disappointed. There have been many examples of unselfish lives in the Church. I know of one in our day, one I am sure, which would prove you mistaken. For our purpose his name will be Father X. If you want his real name I can give it to you."

I glanced his way. He nodded his consent and I began the story.

"Well—X. was a professor in Belgium in one of the colleges, a gifted youth, ambitious, pious; a strong, attractive character. Soon after he commenced his career, his name became linked with a professorship in the University, the appointment was a matter of time. Well, one day there came to the little village where Mr. X. resided a missionary priest. The story the good man told of the countless pagan souls who were living and dying without ever a thought of God made a profound impression on him. He became dissatisfied with his state in life. The thought that he might be of some aid to those thousands of (blundering) souls recurred constantly to him. From a mere consideration the thought became a desire, a yearning.

"Now just consider—his position as professor was a lucrative one; the possibility of his obtaining the University appointment was imminent, while the life he contemplated was fraught with dangers and difficulties, and, don't forget, dire need. As for honor; he held the key to fame by his intellectual achievements. Yet when he but mentioned the desire of his heart, he was laughed to scorn as a fool." Here I glanced at my companion—the shot had gone true, how vital a spot it touched, I could not say. He was interested, so I went on. "After some months of thought, he came to a decision. Position, honor, chances of advancement, even the friendship of some, paled in the light of what was guiding him. Will-o'-the-wisp? Perhaps, only time would tell. He left his small fortune, his career, and joined a missionary order. Within three years he was in the land of his desires."

I paused to light a cigar. My erstwhile opponent sat motionless, intent upon my every word. I felt that much depended on this telling of a (*Turn to page* 123)

Young Santal up a tree.

Three Weeks Santal

Michael Lyons, S.J.

THE boys of the Bhagalpur school were at Mass before five o'clock. After that there were hurried preparations, for all were going home, except seventeen boys who were chosen to accompany Father Creane (The Santal Tramp) and myself for a week or two to sing in the villages we visited. At half past six we were on the road to the station, two miles away. With Father Creane and myself were the seventeen singers and about one hundred boys and girls from the primary and grammar grade schools for Santals at Bhagalpur, among the Santals of Patna Mission in India. The rest of the boys and girls, since they were going in a different direction, left later, about nine o'clock, with Fathers Pettit and Kilian. The Hindus on the way had many "illuminating" remarks to make. "See how the Christian religion increases! These foreigners catch orphans and entice the other children with promises of money; and so the children have all sold their respectability and have become Christian outcastes. Isn't it terrible?" Still, everything went on smoothly at the station and on the train, and by and by we were nearing the Santal country to begin our three weeks' intensive tour.

Father James A. Creane, S.J., The Santal Tramp, who "tramps" through the Santal country of Patna Mission, India, preaching, baptizing, spreading Christ's Kingdom, is here shown with sixteen newly baptized Santal Christians. They seem to enjoy their new status.

At a village some five miles from the station we stopped and allowed those of the group who were not of our seventeen singers to go on. Here we found that the catechists had prepared food for the whole crowd of one hundred. They had been told by Father Creane to cook rice for the singers and for us two only, but they thought they would gain favor with all by cooking for the hundred, and, "wasn't it just as easy to cook for a hundred as for twenty?" The cost of the rice,—oh, that was Father's! Father Creane is the mildest of men, but on this occasion, and a dozen others like it during the three weeks, I had to smile at him. "Be patient!" is Father Creane's motto.

WE spent the night at this place. In the evening Father Creane gave a movie show. The same show was given in a different place almost every night of the three weeks. Messengers went to the surrounding villages to announce the event, and just before the opening, Father Creane or others went up and down the village streets carrying a lantern and ringing a bell. The average attendance at these shows was over two hundred each night. The program consisted of instructions on the Christian religion, singing by the boys, repetition of prayers (the Our Father, Hail Mary, Apostles Creed, Ten Commandments and Act of Contrition many times over), and finally a short movie reel. After the short reel the same numbers would be repeated until the audience or the management felt too weary to remain. Sometimes one or more items would be omitted between reels, but Father Creane did a good deal, indeed, for the soul each time he allowed any concession to the demands of pleasure.

The Fathers working among the Santals must live in the houses of the Santals, heavy mud affairs with cane and thatched roofs, dwellings that are, however, warm, simple and neat. The Santal is very clean as regards his dwellings and surroundings, much more so than the Hindu or Mohammedan. The children and the poorer adults wrap up in a cloth and sleep on the mud floors, even in the rather chilly weather of winter. There are plenty of crude beds to be seen in Santal villages. To sleep on them is a feat, for the beds are much too short. The original designer probably thought that since there was

with the Tramp

"At home" in Santal land when the missionary drops in.

no danger of a leg falling off, and so being lost, the beds need not be long enough to support the whole body. Father Creane and I spread out straw on the floor and slept on that. I always slept very well until Father Creane would call me for another day of traveling, talking and teaching. He was always up much earlier than I, praying for his people, and in this and other things proved to me that the day of true missionaries is not over by any means.

THE Santals are generally very hospitable. Among them, it is the woman of the house who must serve the guest with water upon arrival, and give him everything he needs; the man need only give the commands. Santal hospitality is so simple and matter of fact that one feels it to be most sincere. They have not got all the fine manners of France, but one does not expect them out in the villages of aboriginals in an Indian jungle. Keeping chickens in the house is a case in point. One morning I was awakened by a great amount of racket, the cackling and crowing of many roosters and hens. Our catechist discovered that the lantern was the cause, and placed it outside. I was awakened next by two chickens walking over my head, and I looked up to see a rooster peering down upon me in what seemed curiosity.

Food,—that too may be interesting. Boiled rice with a hot, very hot seasoning forms the major portion of every meal. Father Creane, however, condescends to buy a few pounds of a thin dry biscuit (about five cents a pound, I believe) every week or two, and has his catechist boil a bit of tea (without milk always, and usually without sugar!) for his two meals a day. Between these two meals he sometimes gets out a few biscuits and eats them with a dried prune or two. He goes to Bhagalpur once or twice a month and eats all that our cook there can make or bring in. He thought that I would not be able to get along on his diet, and searched his stores at Bhagalpur for some tinned food for me. And so we shared salmon and sardines that had been purchased when the Bishop went out to inspect his territory a year ago, and some beans and jam purchased before that time while Father Creane was still at Bhagalpur in charge of the then new Santal school. I often thought of what our Lord promised to those who believed in Him, that if they drank poison it should not hurt them.

AT several places the Santals gave us chicken. Sometimes, too, Father Creane became extravagant and spent the equivalent of an American dime for a small chicken, which we divided between us. He was really worried about his young assistant! When the people cooked the chickens, they added so much of secret organic (or inorganic) acids, or whatever it was, that the food was almost too hot to eat. On these occasions Father Creane would sweat on the coldest days. It is hard to explain, but let me just record my impression here, that those chickens were perhaps that way just so that we would leave them for the catechist or others who cooked them. But we left none.

On one of the first days we were out together, we heard some weird singing, and since I have been trying to learn all of the few Santal tunes, Father Creane consented to accompany me to the presence of the singer. What a sight! A boy of perhaps fourteen, holding a bent cane in his hands, was sitting by a small bonfire and singing a good deal of nonsense about the god of the sun. The tune has long since haunted me. Every few seconds the boy would shake all over and act as one possessed by the devil, and then would quickly recite *"Bul, bul, bul, bul, bul!"* No one present knew the meaning of these words.

Our boys were staring at the scene with frightened eyes.

"See here," interposed Father Creane, "don't be pretending. Who is this *Chando* you are talking about?"

The boy paid no attention to him.

"That takes some nerve for a mere boy to act that way," observed Father Creane to me. We told our boys to sing the story of creation, hoping that we could thus distract the "possessed" youngster.

All of our attentions only made the center of attraction more insistent on his singing, although once, amidst a

(*Turn to page* 124)

Not an ad for tooth paste! Just young Santal enjoying a joke.

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May is Mary's Month

THERE is a wealth of meaning in the fact that Mary's praise is on every tongue. God honors above all human beings the Mother whom He chose as His own when, in the fullness of time, He came to assume human nature. Not only during her life on earth was our Blessed Lady singularly privileged, but God has made manifest all through the history of the Church the extent of Mary's influence in Heaven. Such has been her power that we pray with perfect confidence the words of the *Memorare:* "Remember O most gracious Virgin Mary that never was it known that anyone who fled to thy protection, implored thy help or sought thy intercession was left unaided."

Since, then, God Himself exalts our Blessed Lady so highly, we may be assured that in honoring her and in praying to her to intercede for us we are pleasing God. Rightly is Mary's praise on every tongue, and justly is her memory enshrined in churches and chapels, and above all, in the hearts of men. At home in every parish church and convent chapel, shrines to Mary have been erected,—and not only there,—but in the mission countries as well. Every nation under the sun finds in Mary the same sweet Mother of God, the same spotless Virgin, the same powerful intercessor with God. It is most fitting, therefore, that, when we think of praying for the mission and missionaries, and for the spread of the Kingdom of God, we should send up our petitions to the throne of God through our Blessed Mother Mary. As she is interested in the advance of the cause of Her Son, so, too, she has a mother's affection for those who are doing the work as well as for those among whom the missionaries are working.

During the month of May, Mary's month, we ought to redouble our devotion to our Blessed Lady, and also redouble our pleading with her for the success of the work of the missions, so that the whole human family may soon come through her to know her own Divine Son.

Does It Refer to You?

YOU have heard so often the words about the harvest that is ripe, the laborers that are few. You have listened to the pleas of missionary bishops, priests and Sisters for more workers. Your attention has been called to the needs of more priests, Brothers and Sisters for the many spiritual works at home in our own country. You have heard and you have listened,—but have you? Or, have you really been deaf to Christ's pleading call, to the whisperings of the Holy Spirit, to the pleadings of Christ's workers? Haven't you perhaps told yourself that it was not meant for you? But wasn't it? Why not? If you have the health and talent; if you have had the education; if others are not depending upon you for financial support; if you have or can readily cultivate the spirit of sacrifice, isn't it quite possible that God's grace is knocking at your soul, calling you to a life of consecration as priest, Brother or Sister?

This month the Holy Father urges all mission-minded followers of Christ to pray for vocations for themselves or for others. Through His Vicar, the Master is extending His invitation to the higher life to you. In the silence and recollection of prayer this month, speak out your honest heart's sentiments to your Savior. Perhaps His words of vocation have been meant for you, and you haven't really been alert. Ask him generously to manifest His will; offer your services to Him. And as you pray, ask Mary, too, the "Mother of Vocations," to guide you in your choice and to help you follow it.

The Padre of the Press

ON May 8 of this year, Father John J. Monahan, S.J., will have been five years dead. It is most fitting that this anniversary should be marked by the publication, by the Jesuit Mission Press, of the gripping story of his life and brief but intensive apostolic career as an American Jesuit missionary in the Philippine Islands.

Keenly alert to the dangerous condition of religion in the Islands, due to a lack of priests when he arrived there in 1923, Father Monahan set himself to the task of covering as much territory as was in his power. What he could not do by his own personal presence, that he did by the spread of tons of Catholic literature which he obtained from many friends in the United States. His work in three short years was nothing short of marvelous, and soon won for him the title of "Spendthrift for Christ." It was in later years that he came also to be known—because of his extraordinary use of Catholic literature—as "The Padre of the Press."

Father Monahan is dead, but his power lives on in the influence of his name and example, in the sterling Catholic spirit he roused in the men and women of the Philippines, and above all, in the fellow Jesuits who have come in ever-increasing numbers to carry on the work in which Father Monahan was a noble pioneer. Yes, Father Monahan's voice is stilled, but the whole story of his life will speak to stir others to noble deeds for Christ.

Jesuit Mission Vignettes

No. 40. Albania.

A scene on Albanian hills, which recalls the days of the Turkish persecutions in Armenia.

ALBANIA is the small mountainous country situated in the southwestern part of the Balkan Peninsula, just across the Adriatic, opposite the "heel" of Italy. Christianity was preached there as early as the year 100. In the fourteenth century it was overrun by the Turks and became almost entirely Mohammedan. Today, of a population which numbers 1,003,077, one-tenth is Catholic, about one-fifth is Orthodox, and the remainder Mohammedan.

The city of Scutari, in the north, is the Catholic center, containing a Pontifical College directed by the Jesuits. The famous "Flying Mission," inaugurated by Father Dominic Pasi, S.J., operated from here as a base. It was a powerful means of preserving the faith of the scattered groups in the mountains, and of gaining new converts. American Protestant money has built and supports two or three schools in the country, those at Durrazo and at Korca and at Tirana, the capital, being most important. There are at present forty-five Jesuits from the Venetian Province laboring on this Mission: nineteen priests, four scholastics and twenty-two Brothers.

The Mission Intention for MAY

Vocations to the Missions

REPEATEDLY the Vicar of Christ has appealed to generous souls throughout the Catholic world to give heed to the words of our Divine Lord, "The harvest indeed is great, but the laborers are few. Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest that he send laborers into his harvest." Most fittingly the plea is repeated in the Mission Intention for May, the month of our Blessed Lady, Queen of Apostles.

The harvest is great, indeed, when we compare the eighteen hundred million or more people in the world with the slightly more than three hundred million within the True Fold of Christ. But the laborers are few. The total of missionaries is approximately 121,752, of whom 12,712 are priests, 4,456 Brothers, 30,759 Sisters, and 73,828 catechists and lay-helpers. At first sight this may seem to be a large number, but when we consider the proportion of missionaries to the population of their respective countries, we see how few they are.

To take one mission in pagan India for example. In Patna, there are but twenty-four priests in the midst of a population of 25,000,000 souls. Less than one priest to a million! And in the Philippines, the only Catholic nation of the Far East, where the missionary, conscious of his obligations of promoting the fulness of Catholic life, must endeavor to perform all the duties in connection with the administration of all the Sacraments, we find one priest for every ten thousand *Catholics*. Contrast that with the conditions in our country where there is an average of one priest for every 760 Catholics!

The same disproportion holds in regard to Brothers and Sisters. Surely, then, there is reason to redouble our petitions to the Sacred Heart that the number of generous young men and women willing to offer themselves entirely to the apostolate of the Foreign Missions may be multiplied.

PATNA, INDIA

Writing from Our Lady of Victory Mission, Victoria Mission P. O., Champaran District, India, Father **Charles P. Miller, S.J.**, presents a picture of some of his converts.

"Many friends have asked me about the Doms. I thought it would be well to devote this letter to a brief description of them.

"You have often heard about the caste system in India. This is a religious and social classification of the people into what might be called grades or strata. Suffice it to say that all of them may be grouped into two great divisions, high castes and low castes. Among the low castes are the "Untouchables," so called because to come into contact with them is defilement for a high caste person. Among the lowest of the low castes are the Doms.

"Socially and religiously they are depressed by the upper castes. An Untouchable may not enter a Hindu temple to worship. A high caste shows more consideration for his bullocks, his goats, his buffaloes, than he does for a Dom. He feeds his animals, he cares for them; when they are sick he will buy medicine for them; from cold and rain he shelters them. But he will do none of these things for a Dom, since to come into contact with a Dom means defilement from which he would have to be purified. He may lie in the ditch and die, the Dom. What of it, he is only a Dom.

"Our Lady of Victory Mission has always shown a keen interest in this unfortunate class. In my own experience with them I have found them gentle, sympathetic, generous, loyal and intelligent. Their children are not inferior to the other children in their ability to learn. They are as human as you and I. Christ died for them as well as for you and for me. They offer relatively little objection to becoming Christians, and in general they make good Christians. Many of those now living in the Mission are daily communicants."

* * *

Father **John Kilian, S. J.**, is zealous as ever—and cheerful—as he brings a giant's energy to his work among the Santals.

"Allow me to thank you with all my heart for the money gift. I am nearly broke and have fourteen hungry catechists and three teachers to pay off every month. Many a time I was tempted to dismiss a few, but in reality I ought to increase my staff to twenty-four. Even then, each catechist would have more than enough territory to cover. I am living in a cow-stable which a pagan gave me a few months ago. Half an hour before I moved in, the pigs, goats and cows were driven out.

"Last Christmas was a memorable day. The day before, streams of 'brand new' Christians could be seen strolling in from all directions. Some had come from forty miles away to lay their hearts before their Infant God. It was the *first* Christmas for every one of them. A year ago my Christian population was a negative quantity. Today I have 583 Christians and over 300 more catechumens.

"By next Christmas I ought to herd a flock of several thousand if all goes well.

"And my church? Ah, that was a real sight,—spacious and glorious! God had built it the first day of creation. Its four walls extended to the farthest corners of the earth and the roof was the starry dome above. I celebrated High Mass there for the first time since the beginning of Christianity on Christmas night.

"The altar was the only man-made piece of furniture in my church. Its construction cost me the fabulous sum of thirty-one cents. You see it is only a mud-wall three and one-half feet high, four feet long and two feet wide."

Another member of the family for Patna Mission! This is Father Francis X. Scott, S.J., who has been on the faculty of St. Mary's College, Kansas, for four years. His brother, Father Edward A. Scott, S.J., left for India last October.

SOUTHERN STATES

St. Francis Xavier's mission center at Albuquerque, New Mexico, is a hospital that has been made over into a church, rectory and school. Father **Gregory Goñi, S.J.**, is pastor there and has also built a stately church further south at Abajo, known as San Jose. The total Catholic population served by these two churches is over 3,000. **Father Henry J. Swift, S. J.**, assists at St. Xavier's, while Father **Alexander J. Dreane, S. J.**, cares for a congregation of 2,000 at San Ignacio in the northeast end of the city; both

Father Rudolph W. Bohn, S.J., for the past three years in charge of temporalities at the Novitiates, Milford, Ohio, and Florissant, Mo., sailed for Patna Mission, India, March 26.

Father Alexander J. Dreane, S.J., beside the trusty steed which carries him on his apostolic spiritual "round-ups" in the vicinity of Albuquerque, New Mexico.

these Fathers are old-timers in the Spanish-American mission fields in New Mexico.

Recently Father Dreane found it necessary to build an addition of several rooms alongside the sacristy, so that he could live close to his flock, more easily counteract Protestant proselytizing, and be instantly available for sick calls at night. The first evening he spent in his new quarters, a worried parishioner brought him a Colt revolver and a brace of cartridges.

"You may need these some night," said the parishioner, "you never can tell." A nice, auspicious, encouraging start!

JAMAICA, B. W. I.

Father Leo T. Butler, S. J., zealous pastor of a thriving Chinese Catholic comunity in Kingston, Jamaica, B. W. I., sends the following items of news:

"**Father Joseph S. Knight, S. J.**, is returning to the States where he will continue his missionary career as Superior at Leonardtown in southern Maryland. **Father Joseph A. Dougherty, S. J.**, has been transferred from his mission at Brown's Town to take the place of pastor at St. Ann's Church, Kingston, left vacant by Father Knight's departure.

"**Father Daniel A. Creed, S. J.**, is leaving the post of Master of Third Form in St. George's College, and the office of Prefect of Discipline, in order to take up the duties of pastor of Brown's Town and its outlying missions. **Father Thomas E. Shortell, S. J.**, is going to take Father Creed's place in the school, and **Father Joseph B. Morning, S. J.**, is to take Father Shortell's place in the treasurer's office.

* * *

Together with a fine article for JESUIT MISSIONS, **Joseph G. Doherty, S. J.**, sends a few more news items which he has gathered in between the busy hours of teaching at St. George's College, Kingston:

"**Father James J. Becker, S. J.**, was slightly incapacitated by a dose of the 'flu,' and **Father John Shea**, went out to Montego Bay to help out for a time. **Father Thomas L. McLaughlin**, the pastor of Above Rocks, who is trying hard to keep his own head and the mission above the water (financially), is always busy, not only in tending to the spiritual needs of his many stations, but repairing a leaking roof here, and another there, taking off old roofs and putting on new ones, replacing three church bells that proved too heavy for their wormeaten belfries, and that must have made a merry clang up there in the hills when they all came down about the same time. How he is going to pay for it all, I do not know, but I do know that he is not going to be able to do so with the financial assistance given to him by the collections that are taken up in his churches—he came home this past week with a total of eight pence, (8d.) sixteen cents, from one of his collections, and he did not spend any of it on the way home—I might have said, squander any of it."

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

From **Very Reverend James T. Hayes, S. J.**, Superior of the Philippine Mission, comes the important news that land has been purchased for a new novitiate of the Society. The site is two hundred and fifty acres in extent, situated near the town of Novaliches, about ten miles from Manila.

As soon as the plans which have been drawn up are approved, and the necessary ecclesiastical approbation for the opening of a new house given, construction of the new San Jose will begin. Funds for the purchase of the site, as well as for the construction and equipment of the building, have been donated by a generous American benefactress who desires the source of the gift to remain unknown.

* * *

The splendid advance made by the missions in Northern Mindanao has necessitated a division of responsibility in government. Accordingly, while **Father Joseph L. Lucas, S. J.**, remains as Superior of the Missions in the provinces of East Misamis, Bukidon, and Lanao, **Father James G. Daly, S. J.**, has been appointed Superior of the Mission in the province of West Misamis with headquarters at Jimenez.

* * *

Not complaining, but simply stating the conditions under which he is carrying on his missionary labors, **Father Henry L. Irwin** writes from Oroquieta, West Misamis, Mindanao, P. I.:

"I have saved the house from falling to ruin, but the church is beyond saving. It will fall down some day during the high winds which we have here. A new church, suitable to the capital of West Misamis, is imperative. Is that not a nice problem to face, with the need of building a school and dormitories and making further repairs on my house? Outside of Oroquieta I have four other municipalities in my territory—about one half of the new province. In these places there are little churches needing repairs, and in the barrios of these municipalities no end of work to be done repairing the miserable little houses of God to be found there. In one municipality alone there are twelve chapels. You see what work I have at hand."

* * *

Father John Pollock, S.J., pastor of the church at Jasaan, East Misamis, Mindanao, P. I., writes a letter overflowing with Visayan phrases to illustrate his proficiency in the language of his parishioners, and to thank us for a donation, "which," he says, "will pay the salary of the principal of my school here, and of one barrio teacher for one month." Knowledge of the language is, of course, one of the first interests of the missionaries. After a little less than a year and a half in Mindanao, Father Pollock reports con-

Father Walter J. Hamilton, S.J., astride his willing "Guapo"—"built for speed and bred to go"—home, to El Salvador, Eastern Misamis, Mindanao, P. I.

soling progress. "For some months back I have been able to speak the language with some fluency. I do not write out my little talks any more, or memorize them, but prepare as in English, ideas and connections. Of course, I think it over in Visayan, and write down some doubtful turns and get them corrected.

"Father Walter Hamilton, at El Salvador, East Misamis, is very good at the language, as was to be expected. Father Henry Irwin at Oroquieta, West Misamis, is reported to be the best of any of us in Visayan."

* * *

Father Alfred J. Kienle, S. J., missionary at Talisayan, East Misamis, Mindanao, P. I., sends good news in his usual cheerful vein:

"If you ask me why the long silence, I will reply, 'over employment—not unemployment.' Since Father David Daly was promoted to the "sea" of Tagoloan, last August, I was left high and dry along this rock bound coast and most of my days were spent in trying to keep my head above water. At last my cry for help has been heard and now Father Jose Reyes, S.J., has arrived from Manila to lend a helping hand, and hence the long delayed letter to your Reverence.

"My last journey took me to a town adjoining an Aglipayan barrio, and I had the happiness of baptizing three children who had previously been submitted to a false baptism, and of blessing several Aglipayan marriages. While I was walking from one town to another I was accompanied by a wedding party, including a string orchestra. These good people had hiked twelve kilometers to be married by a priest, and made the return trip rejoicing. A sight like that is as good as a tonic and has the same effect on me."

BRITISH HONDURAS

From the Superior of the Belize Mission comes the following:

"Our Bishop, the Rt. Rev. Joseph A. Murphy, S. J., is expected here about March 14. He has spent several months in the States for the purpose of collecting funds for the numerous and needy mission stations on the Belize Mission. His return was considerably postponed on account of an operation which, though not serious, must have been very trying to the aged Bishop.

* * *

"Father Superior, Very Reverend Anthony H. Corey, S. J., has begun the visitation of the Mission. He spent two weeks in the southern part of the Colony where he arranged with Father Bork the details of the new novitiate for the Pallotine Sisters. He visited several of the outside stations, accompanying Father Stevenson on some of the bush trips. He has a better idea now of the manner of travel, the ways of living, and in general, the many privations to which missionaries are subject. At present he is visiting the northern districts.

"Father Coady is returning to the Mission on March 7, and will be stationed at Corozal in the absence of Father Kemper, who is returning to the United States for a few months rest after sixteen years on the Belize Mission.

"Father New, who had been stationed at the Cathedral, in Belize, is now teaching at St. John's College. For several years he had been the Manager of all the Catholic schools in the Colony, and a member of the Board of Education. He has done his work most successfully, but owing to the fact that the Manager of the schools ought to have an opportunity to visit the various schools in person, it was thought better to have Father Superior take up this work and visit the schools as he makes his visitation of the Mission."

* * *

Father John Halligan, S. J., is now in proud possession of a motor boat for his sea trips to scattered missions. Some of the danger of the trips is now eliminated, since the voyage from headquarters at Stann Creek can be made to the Carib settlement at Seine Bight in five hours, whereas it took from five to fifteen hours before, depending on the condition of "wind and waves,"—calm or stormy.

The gift of the boat came partly through the kindly interest of a sister and an aunt of Father Halligan.

RENOWNED JESUIT MISSIONARIES

JOHN J. MONAHAN, S.J.

JUST five years ago, on May 8, 1926, Father John J. Monahan, died in Manila, Philippine Islands. He had been a missionary for the short space of three years, yet in that time his influence spread over the whole of the Philippines. From three centers, Vigan in the North, Zamboanga in the South and Cagayan, Mindanao, the present headquarters of the mission of the American Jesuits, he managed distributing centers for Catholic literature to counteract the propaganda of Protestantism.

Born at Curnalee, County Roscommon, Ireland, August 12, 1875, he came to this country as a young man and found employment in Worcester, Mass. After completing the courses at Holy Cross College, he studied dentistry in Philadelphia and practised his profession there. The call of God was strong, however, and finally in 1906 at the age of thirty-one he entered the novitiate of the Society of Jesus at Poughkeepsie, New York. After seventeen years of Jesuit training, in June 1923, he was chosen to go on the Philippine Mission. At the age of forty-eight he was to begin what was truly his life's work, and to accomplish it in the short span of three years.

"The Padre of the Press" he became, because of his campaign to capture the young generation of Filipinos by the distribution of Catholic literature. His principle of always acknowledging every bit of help he received entailed a tremendous amount of correspondence which he carried on practically without help. This apostolic work has been splendidly told in a book which is just about to appear entitled "The Padre of the Press."

ALASKA

The following letter, enclosing a check for $70.05 from a business firm in San Jose, California, tells its own story.

"Dear Fathers:

"Mr. Simon Piesel, who is at present an inmate of the County Almshouse, where he is confined to their hospital ward due to a dropsy condition and a failing heart at the age of eighty-two, has asked me to send you the enclosed check for the foreign missions.

"His days are numbered, and so the check we are sending represents the balance we owe him for labor he performed while working for us.

"I feel that it is needless for me to request you to remember him in your prayers."

* * *

At the early age of twenty-one Brother Joseph Prince, S. J., the first Eskimo Jesuit, passed to his heavenly reward at the Sisters' hospital, St. Ignatius Mission, Montana.

Joseph Prince was born December 8, 1909, in northern Alaska near St. Michaels. Though his mother was (and is still) a pagan, Joseph was baptized by a Russian priest and later conditionally baptized by Father Ruppert, S. J. The Eskimo lad spent ten years at the Jesuit mission at Holy

Brother George Lehoux, S.J., a veteran missionary, among the Canadian Indians for over fifty years.

Cross on the Yukon. He went with several other Catholic Eskimos to the Eucharistic Congress in Chicago, in 1926. Later he wrote to **Very Rev. Father Joseph Piet, S. J.,** for admission as a lay-Brother into the California Province of the Society of Jesus.

His request was granted; but his departure from home was a real sacrifice. He visited his mother, and after several days at home, prepared to start back to the mission. His mother hated to lose her son, and as he set foot on his sled, she called to him and started to run after him. Though it cost him dearly, he drove on in answer to God's call.

Most of the six month's postulancy Joseph Prince spent at Manresa Hall, Port Townsend, Washington. He was sent to the novitiate in California, where he received his cassock as a novice on December 8, 1928. A severe attack of flu developed a lingering cold which was followed by consumption. In August, 1930, he was sent back to Port Townsend in the hope that the climate there would prove beneficial. As his health did not improve, he was removed to the hospital at St. Ignatius, Montana. But the disease had progressed too far, and death was inevitable. The first Eskimo Jesuit will no doubt be active in Heaven by interceding for his beloved Alaska. We may hope that his example will be successful in inspiring other young men of his race to follow the call of Christ.

CANADIAN INDIANS

It is often true that the lives of God's heroes, in contrast to the heroes of this world, are so hidden that it is only a happy chance that reveals them. An account of one such hidden life was recently sent us by James J. McGarry, S. J., a theologian in the Jesuit House of Studies, Montreal, Canada. It was an appreciation of **Brother George Lehoux, S. J.,** who died at Sudbury, Ontario, July 30, 1929. After five years as a soldier with the Canadian Militia, Brother Lehoux turned to a nobler militia and entered the Society of Jesus at Sault-au-Recollect, near Montreal, in 1876. He petitioned his Superiors to send him to the missions among the Indians. The request was granted and he was sent to Holy Cross Mission, Wikwemikong, Ont., to assist in the work among the Odjibway Indians.

The story of the next fifty years spent on the Mission, is summed up in the brief statement "a life of work and prayer, a truly hidden life, a saintly life." To some who expect the unusual, this fact of a completely hidden, isolated existence may be difficult to evaluate, but the unique record of every day of fifty years of obscurity spent in working for Christ looms large in the eyes of God.

* * *

Another more recent loss to the Indian Missions was the death of **Father Samuel Granger, S. J.,** who died suddenly at the age of sixty-seven years at Caughnawaga, the Iroquois Indian Reservation near Montreal. Father Granger had been engaged in missionary work at this post for twenty-eight years. His knowledge of the Iroquois language made him a very popular and much loved confessor and spiritual guide for the Indians.

The holiness of this valiant missionary has received remarkable confirmation in the eyes of the Indians from an incident that occurred after his death. One of the Protestant Iroquois—there are but thirty Protestants on the Reservation—the most hostile of them all, was suddenly converted at the death of Father Granger. "The Old Hook," as he was called, now receives Holy Communion every day, and keeps repeating, "Since Father Granger's death, I have understood that there is but One Truth."

AMERICAN INDIANS

Great preparations are in progress at Holy Rosary Mission, Pine Ridge, South Dakota, for the Indian Congress which is to take place the last week in May. Indians will gather from miles around, from every corner of the Rosebud and Pine Ridge Reservations of the Sioux Tribes. Indian eloquence will be let loose those days, and what is more, Indian Catholicity will manifest itself strongly both in the church services and in the magnificent Eucharistic procession in which the Indians will march. Then, too, the sterling religious strength of the red men is manifest in the meetings when there is question of deliberating on the welfare of the Tribe. It has not been at all foreign to these gatherings to have the Indians vote strongly against the inroads of immorality so widespread in the cities of the white man.

Of course, the days of the great congress will be feast days for the red men,—feast days as only the Indian knows how to celebrate, when time is no object of worry, and when food and good companionship are plentiful. Of course, the mission buildings cannot house such a gathering as this. A town of tents grows up overnight and the camp fires become the centers of peaceful powwows.

A group of staunch Catholic "braves" from the Pine Ridge Sioux Indian Reservation, with Father Stephen E. McNamara, S.J., their spiritual guide in a closed retreat made at Regis College, Denver, Colo.

MEDICAL MISSIONARIES LEAVE FOR INDIA

On January 23, the third band of Medical Missionaries left the Motherhouse in Brookland, Washington, D. C., to take up work in India. Three Sisters were in the group. Sister Margaret Mary Van Agtmael, R.N., a graduate of Mercy Hospital, Muskegon, Mich., and Sister M. Christine Riethmuller from St. Louis, Mo., will go to the Holy Family Hospital in Rawal Pindi in the Mill Hill Prefecture of Kashmir and Kafristan. This is a *zenana* hospital; that is, one reserved for women and children, and consequently is staffed entirely by women—a doctor, a dentist, and four graduate nurses, all of whom are members of the Society. Attached to the hospital is a training school for native nurses. The third Sister, Sister M. Bernardette Egg, R.N., a graduate of the Municipal Hospital, Insbruck, Tyrol, Austria, is bound for the Holy Cross Diocese of Dacca, where the Society conducts two maternity and child welfare centers and trains native nurses.

The Medical Mission field offers a wide scope for apostolic and professional activity. There is a great need of young women who are desirous to devote themselves to the care of the sick in foreign mission countries.

IRISH RECRUITS FOR MISSIONS

The Irish Province of the Capuchins has received from the Holy See the assignment of a mission field in Northern Rhodesia, Africa. A pioneer group will work in the western half of the Apostolic Prefecture of Broken Hill under the Polish Jesuits until such time as it feels prepared to take full charge of the area.

It was in Barotseland in this mission that twenty native Catholic policemen chartered an aeroplane at a cost of 250 dollars, to carry Father Siemienski, S.J., from Livingston to allow them to hear Mass, go to confession and receive Holy Communion. (F.S.)

CONSOLING PROGRESS

From a member of the Society of the Sacred Heart comes this report of the progress of the mission in charge of the Sisters at Kipako, Congo, Africa. In June, 1929, there were 45 girls in the school; in September, 1930, 120 were present for the opening day and this number later grew to 200. This boarding school for native girls was founded in 1929.

Dorothy's Perplexity

Joseph Reith, S.J.

To provide for her dear, good mother and herself, Dorothy works from one end of the year to the other in a large office, where she has about her men and women of all ages, temperaments, and creeds. She herself is a Catholic, a very good Catholic who would rather miss her wages on Saturday than her Holy Communion on Sunday. And she is Catholic every moment of the week, too.

Only one thing troubled Dorothy. Working all week as she does, with home duties to attend to after the day is finished at the office, she has very little time for outside occupations, for charities, missionary works and the like, for all of which she has a great desire and zeal. Her only brother, I think, is a priest in a missionary order.

One day, Dorothy told me of her perplexity. I listened with joy in my heart for it gave me an opportunity to tell her what I now tell any of you who might be similarly situated.

"Dorothy, and you kindred good souls, you are all missionaries and you don't know it! Every day of your lives you are doing exactly, in your own little way, what the missionary is doing in far-off heathen lands. When a missionary opens up a new field, the first thing he does is to bring Jesus into his mission, to erect a new tabernacle, a new dwelling for God among men. Then he goes about and tries to show the goodness and the greatness of Christ. And that is just what you are doing. Every morning you go into the office, among believers, unbelievers, pagans, heathens and heretics. Into that mission land you bring Jesus Christ within the tabernacle of your own pure soul, the temple of the Holy Ghost. All day long, these people look at you, see your kindness, your charity, your goodness of soul and body. That is a sermon to them, a constant sermon on the beauty and truth of your religion. You are influencing all these people, leading them to Christ, teaching them the value and the splendor of virtue, and, by contrast, the ugliness of sin. That, all that is apostolic work; and you are a missionary, a dear little home missionary."

DAUGHTERS OF ISRAEL

A remarkable tendency of girl converts from Judaism to enter the convent is reported by the Catholic Guild of Israel, an organization of prayer for the conversion of the Jews. "We have occasion once more," says an official of the Guild, "to note that young girl converts from Judaism receive the truths of our Holy Faith with such depth of conviction that their aspirations to religious life are manifested almost simultaneously with their reception into the Church. Nor are these fleeting impressions. The daughters of Israel who consecrate themselves to God impress us as being worthy descendants of the Royal Prophet David, whose fervor found vent in the immortal songs of praise embodied in the true Israel—the Catholic Church." (F.S.)

NEW MISSIONARY BISHOPS

The Prefecture Apostolic of Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia, has been elevated to the rank of Vicariate Apostolic by decree of the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda Fide, under date of February 24. His Excellency, the Rt. Reverend Aston Chichester, S.J., is named first Vicar Apostolic.

The Rt. Reverend Joseph Klemann, of the Oblates of St. Francis de Sales, was named first Vicar Apostolic of the Vicariate Apostolic of Gran Namaqualand, South Africa, by decree of the same date. This territory was elevated from Prefecture to Vicariate July 14, 1930.

ST. COLUMBAN MISSIONARY DIES A CAPTIVE

According to an *Associated Press* dispatch from Shanghai, March 29, Father Cornelius Tierney, a priest of the Society of St. Columban, who was captured by Chinese Communists last November, died

while a captive on March 5. Reports received in February stated that Father Tierney's captors had threatened to kill him if ransom for him were not paid.

At the time of his capture on November 14, Father Tierney was Superior of St. Columban's Mission, Kienchang, China. He was born in Ireland, July 20, 1875, studied at Maynooth, and was ordained to the priesthood in June, 1901. Shortly after his ordination he came to this country and labored in western New York State. He went to China to engage in missionary activity early in 1928.

AFRICAN CATHOLICS

An interesting analysis of the statistics on the state of missions in Africa, published by the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda Fide, is given in the *Chronicle*, official organ of the Federated Colored Catholics of the U. S. A., by Joseph H. Ledit, S.J. We quote in part:

"Leaving aside northern and northeastern Africa, where the vast majority of the Catholic population is white, although there are some 34,905 native Catholics, mostly in the Sudan, Abyssinia and Somalia, we discover that for the rest of the African continent there are 2,304,320 native Catholics. 129,010 are foreign-born Catholics. The missionaries who sent in their reports failed to determine the racial status of 505,137 more. If these be divided equally between native and foreign-born (and the presumption is that there are many more native than foreign-born), we find that there were in Africa on June 30, 1927, over 2,500,000 Negro Catholics. There were also 960,830 catechumens (if we add the native catechumens of northern Africa, over a million catechumens) or persons under instruction to become Catholics.

"Helped by 762 lay-brothers, 2,193 missionaries are engaged in caring for this flock. There are also 135 secular priests, about half of whom (64) are in South Africa. We note with pleasure that the missionaries have received into their various congregations, 8 natives who are priests, and 91 who are lay-brothers. The number of priests will seem small to those who do not realize the long years of preparation necessary to reach the priesthood. The native secular clergy, as is normal, is more prosperous. We find 103 native priests (without counting 9 in northern and northeastern Africa), and 2,000 seminarians, educated in 51 seminaries for the study of the classics, and 19 for the study of philosophy and theology. 'These statistics do not mention the 75 Ethiopic priests and their bishop, as these, belonging to the Ethiopic rite, are under the jurisdiction of the Congregation for the Oriental Church, and not under the Propaganda.' There are also 42 Negro Brothers, pertaining to various congregations of Brothers. The Sisters, as we expected, have broken all records. There are 1,030 Negro Sisters, some belonging to orders exclusively African, others to the various European congregations, which have 3,962 white Sisters in Africa."

CANADA'S ROLL OF HONOR FOR 1930

In December of last year we published the number and destinations of the 145 missionaries who left the United States for foreign fields during 1930. Statistics are now available for Canada, as well, and give a list of 39 priests, 16 Brothers and 62 Sisters, making a total of 117. This brings the total for North America to 262, and very likely there were more not recorded in this summary.

4 Redemptorists (2 priests and 2 Brothers) to Indo-China.

1 member of the Company of Mary to Haiti.

6 Franciscans (4 priests and 2 Brothers) to Japan.

14 White Fathers to their Novitiate in Algiers, Africa.

1 Holy Cross Father to India.

3 Dominicans to Japan.

3 Foreign Mission priests to China.

4 Brothers of the Sacred Heart to Madagascar.

3 Brothers of Christian Instruction to Africa.

3 Jesuits to China.

13 Oblates of Mary Immaculate (3 priests to Africa, 5 priests and 5 Brothers to the Canadian Northwest).

17 Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception (3 to Japan, 1 to the Philippines, 13 to China).

6 Franciscan Missionaries of Mary (1 to Syria, 1 to Brazil, 4 to various Missions).

8 White Sisters to their Novitiate in Algiers.

2 Sisters of St. Anne to Alaska.

1 Sacred Heart Sister to Japan.

6 Sisters of Providence to the Canadian Far North.

9 Grey Sisters (Montreal) to the Canadian Far North.

6 Grey Sisters (Ottawa) to the Canadian Far North.

2 Grey Sisters (St. Hyacinthe) to Keewatin.

5 Grey Sisters (Quebec) to the Gulf of St. Lawrence (Mission territory).

A CARMEL IN BORNEO

Six professed Carmelite nuns and one novice landed at Jesselton, British North Borneo, December 18, 1930, for the foundation of the first cloistered convent in this famed land of the "head-hunters." The nuns are from Madrid, thus constituting also the first missionary foundation undertaken by Spanish Carmelites.

Commenting on the event, Monsignor A. Wachter, Prefect Apostolic of North Borneo, said feelingly: "Never did I dare to hope that this dream of my life would come true that poor Borneo would have a cloistered Carmelite Convent. With the prayers and sacrifices of these good daughters of the Great Theresa, wild Borneo has received an extraordinary blessing. The nuns are headed by a prioress who has held the same office three times. One marvels at the spirit of sacrifice necessary for such a change for an elderly nun, from the orderly life in a Madrid Carmel to the tropics."

THE HOLY GHOST AND THE MISSIONS

(*Continued from page* 103)

resistance of superstition, selfishness, ignorance, vice; and sparks caught up from the great Spark are so bright that Christians are glad to be tapers burning in Nero's gardens. Persecution tries to trample out the Fire. But ten years after Diocletian's frenzy the Church is so strong that Constantine recognizes it as the state religion. Schism and heresy try to divide the Fire so as to weaken it, but it preserves its unity under the successors of Peter. Barbarians and vandals vent their hate upon it; but the Fire appears triumphant in a universal Christian culture in medieval times. Political interference, hot-headed heretics, sluggish powers in the Church itself try to stay the Fire; but in vain. The miracle of the resurrection is renewed in the new glow of Catholic life in Europe after the Reformation, and in the far-reaching triumphs in the missions of the New World and in the Far East. The records of missionary activity in our own day attest how vigorously the Divine Fire is burning in the Catholic Church at present.

Come, then, Holy Spirit, the missions need Thee! Radiant Heart of God, fill the earth with Thy light and love! Flood the hearts of Thy faithful, that out of the overflowing of their charity and merits the non-Catholic world may profit! Come great Missionary, come, for Christ the Lord sends Thee!

EARTH'S PURGATORY

(*Continued from page* 105)

them. The lepers, both men and women, all respond in a most unusual way to the smallest kindness which one shows them. This just forces you to be good to them.

And it does pay to help these poor creatures. Surely our Catholic lepers who take their sickness from God's hand with such resignation are most dear to God. God is their only real joy, and they are, many of them, continually calling upon God. In the afternoon they assemble in the old church for the rosary. It is very hard to explain it, but their

prayer has more soul in it than one generally observes in any community prayer. They pray with a great familiarity. They seem purged of everything that holds them to earth, anything in which they can rest, and the simile of a bird let loose from its cage illustrates pretty well the free, direct communication they hold with God. This is brought out more strikingly at the time of Mass when they are singing. I could think of only one thing that might be likened to the singing I heard at the Mass of the lepers,—the crying of the saints in Purgatory to their fellow saints on earth.

JAMAICA NOCTURNE

(*Continued from page* 106)

"Adam'd ha lick de debil down."

THERE in front of the open air schoolroom is another schoolroom, and as we turn the corner, whom do we meet but Billy, Billy the pet, Billy, who prays to "Our Father who art in heben," and for our Father who art at Alpha. (This always tickles Father Donovan, who loves his "little ants," as he calls them.) "'Lo, Fadder, 'lo Fadder!" greets Billy, and as we greet him and pass on (with Billy at our side, tugging at our hands), we meet another, more tangible source, of the cheerful, well ordered homeliness that is Alpha—Sister Alphonsa.

And what is that little red-and-white striped bundle of vitality that frolics at the end of Sister's leather cincture? Plump, black arms and legs protrude from it, and if I mistake not, there is a little kinky head —Johnny! Sure enough, the pompous little man who came to Alpha when but a few months old, a lovable little package of humanity that was labelled Murphy—Constantine Murphy, no less,—but whom everyone knows and loves as plain Johnny. And to Johnny, as to seventy-five per cent, if not more, of all the little black lambs of Alpha during the past thirteen years of her twenty-five years in religion, Sister Alphonsa is "Mummer!"

"Mummer's" hands are white with flour, for even now she is preparing a special "puddin'," and what a puddin' it is going to be! Will Johnny and Billy and Richard give "Fadder" some puddin'? You bet they will, but "Fadder" prefers to run no risks, for the crumbs will be mighty scarce.

Our little peep into Alpha is over, but remember it was only a peep, for we still have to visit the little girls. We are back amid the gaunt white frames that border the football field, and the golden minutes of evening have fled, save for the dull glow of burnished bronze on dark grey mountains of cloud above a dark horizon. The water is dark, and dark the sky, against which we see a roaring black bird of science. Little, black hands and feet are lost in the folds of the robes of night; childish voices are still, and tiny clouds of dust rise from the sun-parched field as these His little ones return to Alpha, where Sister Alphonsa, and the Little Flower await them, and where dwells the hush that speaks of home.

OFF TAKU POINT

(*Continued from page* 107)

by stationary periods in which the general level of the ice mass remained the same, and small tributary glaciers scoured out their valleys in the rock masses that projected above the ice. When another climatic condition caused the general ice level to lower itself steadily until another position of stationary equilibrium was reached, the little tributary glaciers were left marooned in their positions up along the sides of the mountains. These in turn melted away and their rock bottoms became occupied by still blue lakes, called tarns, fed by the ever melting snows of today. Seen from mountain tops on the opposite side of the river, they looked for all the world like holy water fonts indented in the stone walls of a great cathedral.

As we gazed spellbound at this spectacle of titanic ice forces carving their history in the rocks, we were treated to an unusual sight. A report like the boom of a cannon sounded in our ears, as an ice overhang, the size of a large modern building, broke off from the top of the ridge and roared and boomed and hurtled down 2,000 feet of cliff, to end up as powder in the frozen lake below.

NIGHT brought us to a mosquito swamp, and after spending the dark hours fighting the chorus off, we started at daybreak for the swampy flats of the Taku. It was Sunday, and we were determined to reach Twin Glacier Camp and find a suitable place to say Mass.

THE FIRST AMERICANS GO TO CHURCH

(*Continued from page* 108)

Daniel P. Callaghan, S.J., says Mass and preaches at the school for for the benefit of the group whose turn it is to stay at home. For the Catholic Indians take turns at attending Mass at the downtown church: the boys go one Sunday and the girls the next; while now and then a free Sunday is had, when as many as wish, both boys and girls, may go to the city church. Each Sunday afternoon there are catechism, instruction and singing for all the Catholic students, 365 in number, conducted by fifteen Sisters of Charity from St. Vincent's Academy. Each Saturday afternoon for forty-five minutes the Sisters teach catechism; every sixth or seventh Sunday evening one of the Fathers addresses the entire school.

LAVA FLOWS IN JAVA

(*Continued from page* 109)

turned to fly amid groans and prayers and sudden shrieks. Many of them took shelter in the graves of the Chinese that are generally built on slight elevations of the ground. But even while the horror-struck crowd fled down the mountain side, the darkness that covered the heavens increased so rapidly that it was difficult to guide one's steps. Like seething mud, the streams of lava and stones fell down, filled up the ravine, overflowed its banks. Many a *dessa* (village) was destroyed. The lava covered or half concealed the quivering corpses of those who lagged behind. Parties of fugitives—wild, haggard, ghastly—hurried on confusedly through the ankle deep

ashes. All was dark, save those places where flowed the threatening streams of lava. Darkly red they flowed on rapidly in the direction of Moentilan.

Our mission had many schools in that district. What has become of them all? Would to God all may be limited to a material loss!

THE LITTLE TOWN OF ARENAL

(*Continued from page* 110)

are close by to build or repair their simple dwellings; the people are allowed to let their pigs, chickens, turkeys and horses roam everywhere; the soil is excellent for their corn, plantain, banana and bean raising. In short, the place is an earthly paradise, and the contentment of the inhabitants is written large on their countenances.

I felt quite at home in Arenal, and was charmed with the simple people right from the start. I had, of course, met some of them before in Benque Viejo. After a chat with the men, and a bit of dinner, made up of chicken, tortillas, bread and coffee, I began the real work. I performed a Baptism and then made the rounds from house to house in both the British and Guatamala sections. At about seven I had rosary and other prayers and hymns followed by an instruction. The church was crowded for the service. Men and women and children sat on the crudely made benches, or on the ground. Some few men listened in at the doors.

I HEARD thirty confessions and was finished at about nine. There has not been much religious instruction, so I had to make the confession for each one and for each repeat the act of contrition. This method, of course, requires time and patience. I retired to my hammock in the court, feeling very cheerful, and had a sound sleep until five-thirty Tuesday morning.

The people in this western district are not early risers, and I do not blame them, as the heavy dew or mist of the early hours is like a chilling fog. The bell rang for Mass at various times. I said Mass at seven-thirty, preached and gave Communion to twenty-nine (only one failed to appear). After breakfast there was another Baptism. The Guatamala *Alcalde* and his wife were the sponsors for the morning christening. The latter was the only one on whom I had to execute my Maya vocabulary during confession. It is useful even here, as you see. At ten-fifteen I said good-bye, recrossed the Mopan and with the guide of yesterday, and horses, returned over the hills to Fallabon,—an hour's ride.

WILL-O'-THE-WISP?

(*Continued from page* 111)

simple tale. I continued. "A few years of teaching served to give him an insight into the hearts of his charges. He was learning his field. After ordination he was trained in the humdrum routine of the life by an experienced old missioner. Then he set out on his life's work in the midst of a tribe of aborigines.

"Where was his fortune now? He lived from hand to mouth, in a thatched hut. Fame? No one ever heard of him outside his own village. Those at home thought him demented.

"Years passed swiftly. Peace and happiness blessed the village, prosperity such as they had never known. An humble little church helped to bind the tribe together more closely than ever. Next to the house of God stood a school, where the children were trained by Sisters from America. But now the Father began to decline in health. An old complaint came back with renewed vitality to attack his worn-out body. He took to his bed, never again to rise. He realized it and was resigned. But his flock, their welfare, their souls? Who would take them? This was his only worry. His death was beautiful, the attendants said. Peacefully and with almost a physical effort to die he went to his reward. Among the trees of the forest around the village he was laid to rest, sleeping among his 'children.' So passed a missioner, a hero, and, I think, a saint. Does that life seem selfish to you?"

Our Contributors

A timely thought for Pentecost—*The Holy Ghost and the Missions*—is contributed by BERNARD WUELLNER, S.J., now a student of theology at St. Louis, Missouri.

A visit to *Earth's Purgatory*, the Culion Leper Colony, made a deep impression on FATHER JOSEPH J. MCGOWAN, S.J., now on the teaching staff of the Ateneo de Manila, Manila, P. I.

JOSEPH G. DOHERTY, S.J., from St. George's College, Kingston, Jamaica, B. W. I., had his ear finally attuned to catch the strains of this *Jamaica Nocturne*.

Off Taku Point, FATHER BERNARD HUBBARD, S.J., Professor of Geology at Santa Clara University, Cal., finds himself on familiar ground once more in his beloved Alaska.

How *The First Americans Go to Church* is the theme that brings FATHER JOHN J. MCCARTHY, Assistant to the Reverend Provincial of the New Orleans Province of the Society of Jesus, back to our pages.

From his position as teacher at the seminary at Djocja, Java, GERARD ABEN, S.J., knows by personal experience the terrifying consequences that follow when *Lava Flows in Java*.

FATHER JOSEPH B. KAMMERER, S.J., former Superior of the British Honduras Mission, is still an active missionary there as his visit to *The Little Town of Arenal* shows.

Our mission story, *Will o' the Wisp*, comes from the pen of THOMAS R. STOKES, S.J., a scholastic of the Missouri Province, now studying philosophy at Spokane, Wash.

MICHAEL D. LYONS, S.J., now a theological student at Kurseong, India, received his baptism of fire in missionary work at the hands of a master during his *Three Weeks With the Santal Tramp*.

Dorothy's Perplexity may be that of many of our readers, as well. FATHER JOSEPH REITH, S.J., Associate Editor of Jesuit Missions, gives a happy solution.

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

THE Express had been slowly decreasing speed as I hastened to conclude my tale; as I finished it stopped. My companion arose abruptly, we exchanged cards and mutual desires of meeting again, he snatched up his bags, bade a hasty farewell and was gone. I glanced at the pasteboard in my hand and read: Arthur Leo Brownson, M.S.

Today, three years since my meeting with Arthur Brownson, I received a letter from a coast town in New Guinea. It was from my chance acquaintance of the Express. He recalled our meeting and spoke of old Father X. He went on to say:

". . . The effect of that story was more powerful than I would have admitted to you at the time. I might add that it was that tale that brings me here today. Try as I would, I could not forget that life of sacrifice and labor, and I felt small because of my rash criticism. Through my entire medical course I was haunted, literally haunted by the remembrance of needy pagans, so neglected by thoughtless people. I decided to offer my services to some mission in partial atonement for my wrong; I felt I must try to make some attempt to expiate my error. Well, to make a long story short, I was accepted, and am on my way to the interior to help out among those who, like Father X.'s 'children,' are needy. I cannot help but feel that the good old man had his revenge on me in this way."

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Gratitude is also expressed for three hundred forty-three Mass Stipends.

THREE WEEKS WITH THE SANTAL TRAMP

(*Continued from page* 113)

good deal of shaking and quivering, he tried to answer Father Creane in a serious and frank manner, but only for an instant, and then he was back at his acting again. To make things more lively, he arose and walked around the fire once, so close that his clothes were scorched, and then he calmly walked through the fire with bare feet. We were told that the boy had been acting thus only a few days, and had never acted like this before. However, I saw nothing that could not be explained naturally.

Our days were spent in passing from village to village; the night was always spent in a different place. In each village the boys sang and the catechist disputed with individuals, then Father Creane preached. About converts, disputes, customs and anecdotes, I shall have to write another day.

God's Jester. The Story of the Life and Martyrdom of Father Michael Pro, S.J., by Mrs. George Norman. Benziger Brothers, New York, N. Y. Price $2.00.

To those whose appetite for detective "thrillers" has become jaded we recommend this book; but not to them alone. All who love adventure, who admire deeds of glory done in a great cause, done with a gaity, a light heartedness, that counted not the cost, all these will want to read this story. For Father Pro, a saint of our own day, gave, and gave generously, even his life, in the greatest of causes, and gave with a cheerfulness that astonished and baffled his enemies.

The story has been told before, but we think Mrs. Norman has been most happy in her portrayal of the character of Father Pro, as well as in her sketches of the historical and political conditions in Mexico that throw the actions of this "laughing saint" into strong relief.

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