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# Coeur d'Alenes and the Sacred Heart

John A. Post, S.J.

**S**OME years ago a Coeur d'Alene Indian, Peter Chierpaskat by name, was injured while on a visit in Spokane, Washington.

After the doctor had examined him he said to him, "Peter, you are not so very badly hurt, but I think you had better go to the hospital here until tomorrow."

"No, no," said Peter, "I can't do that; tomorrow is the First Friday of the month and I have to be back at DeSmet Mission." And back Peter went and the blessing of God was with him.

The conduct of this stalwart Indian has been characteristic of his tribe since the early days of 1841 when the first Blackrobes visited the Coeur d'Alenes at their camp near Coeur d'Alene Lake. That first band of three was composed of the famous Father Peter J. DeSmet, S.J., and Fathers N. Point, S.J., and G. Mengarini, S.J. But on this first visit the Fathers were able only to instruct the Indians in some Catholic prayers and some of the fundamentals of the catechism. The time had not yet arrived when the Coeur d'Alenes were to have their own Blackrobe to live amongst them. But once the Indians had felt the influence of the Fathers, they were restless until they could secure a resident missionary. It was this holy restlessness in them that made them send a delegation to the Superior, Father DeSmet, petitioning him to fulfill the promise he had made of sending a Blackrobe to live among them.

**T**HE great missionary of the Northwest was overjoyed at the devotion of the red men, and in the following year, 1842, sent Father N. Point and Brother Huet from St. Mary's Mission in Montana to the Coeur d'Alenes. The two Jesuits reached their destination on the first Friday of December, 1842, and Father Point gratefully dedicated his work and his labors to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. Ever since that day the Indians



*"You were as sheep going astray but you are converted to the Shepherd and Bishop of your souls."  
(1 Peter ii, 25)*

of this tribe have remained faithful and especially devoted to the Sacred Heart.

It was in the following summer that there came among the red men of the Northwest the zealous Blackrobe, Father Joseph Joset, S.J., who was to hold the spiritual welfare of the Indians as one of the greatest issues of his life for the next fifty years. He labored with them and for them, and he espoused their cause on every occasion. The Indians in turn listened to him with willing ears and proved themselves ever faithful children of the Mother Church he taught them to know and to love. Devotion to the Sacred Heart, especially the devotion of the First Friday, continued to play an important part in the religious life of the Indians all through those years even as it does today.

**W**HEN Father Joset went to his reward in 1900, he left the spiritual welfare of the Coeur d'Alenes in the hands of Father Joseph N. Caruana, S.J., who labored with untiring zeal for years. Under his direction the red men of the Northwest kept burning brightly their fire of devotion to the Sacred Heart. It is this devotion that helps to give them courage in the many trials and vicissitudes of their life today, a life so vastly different from what they had been accustomed to of old when the red men roamed over prairie and through forest as through their own domain. And with the encouragement of the missionaries, the Indians have successfully faced and solved the problems of readjustment. Once settled down in the peaceful valley at Desmet, Idaho, they took to farming. "Today," says one writer who knows them, "the Coeur d'Alenes are the most industrious as well as the wealthiest tribe on either side of the Rocky Mountains." And all through these years, their Blackrobes have been leading and helping them,—always teaching them to know better that Sacred Heart which has been intimately associated with their tribe.

# Along the Border

R.M. Libertini, S.J.



Father Libertini has been a missionary to the Mexicans and the Director of the Society for Propagation of the Faith in the Diocese of El Paso for the past three years. He knows every corner and has traveled every trail in that border country. Weekly he brings the consolations of religion either to a settlement of Mexicans or to an outpost of Americans. His good health and tireless energy, his linguistic ability and knowledge of sleight-of-hand have all been made subservient to his zeal in evangelizing the desert stretches. We regret that we cannot treat our readers to a talking picture of Father Libertini himself, describing his experiences along the border.—*Editor.*

in revenge for the insult of refusing to give Christian burial.

"Well, that was bad, very bad. But the worst of all was that I had no gun, nothing with which to protect myself. I decided to see the sheriff and get protection from him.

"Father," he said, "I've got the nigger here in jail and it's up to me to protect him. Those Mexicans have been milling around here all day. If I leave the jail, they'll storm it, burn it, and lynch the nigger. I'm sorry, but I cannot do a thing for you."



**W**HAT, you want some stories? Let me tell you that I have had some real experiences. I have faced death; I have been literally in what you might call "tight corners along the border."

Two Mexicans had been killed in a brawl by a Negro in the town of Alpine, which was one of my stations. The two dead men had been no good; they had never practiced their religion, had never gone to Mass; they had lived openly scandalous lives. I was besieged by petitions to give them a funeral, but I refused flatly. And with that the trouble began. Sunday morning, with its succession of Mass, catechism and Baptisms, passed quietly enough, and it was probably during the funeral in the afternoon that feeling against me arose. I was sitting in the one big room of my adobe hut, when Carmelita, the girl who comes over to prepare my meals whenever I am in town, came in from the kitchen, white with fear, and weeping.

"What in the world is the matter?" I cried out in amazement.

"Oh, Father, they are going to keel you!" And she told me the rumors she had heard in the town: how the friends of the dead man were going to "get" the priest

**T**HAT was not so very comforting, you see; so I asked the sheriff to lend me a gun. But he refused point-blank. What was I to do? I could not leave town,—what you call, "make a break for it." for they would see me and shoot from their doors. I walked back to my cabin. Supper came and then Carmelita said goodbye. She cried so hard and asked me to pray for her when I got to Heaven! And she promised to say her *rosario* for me that my death would not be too terrible! It may sound to you like your Gilbert and Sullivan operas, but it was no comedy; it was grim tragedy: impending destruction and no way out. For I had no gun, and on the border, if you have no gun, you are gone. Darkness came on. I did not dare light a lamp, and my dog began to whimper, as if he too sensed the premonitions of doom. So the dog and I sought out the corner of the room farthest from the door and farthest from the window. I pulled up the two chairs and the table as a barricade against the bullets, and with a pillow as a shield, we crouched, the dog and I, shivering with fear, and thus waited for the mob. An hour passed, and perhaps I slept a little. Then the dog barked. I was instantly awake. Yes, there was a car coming! It roared up and stopped with a shriek of brakes right at my door.

Well, this is the end, I thought, as I said my prayers. A man jumped down from the car and pounded on the door. He called my name. I crept to the window and peeped out, and there, with his flashlight showing his face,—the border code—stood the sheriff! Was I glad? I threw open the door and all but hugged him.

"Ah, you have come to protect me?" I cried.

"No," he said, "I've decided to run this prisoner over to Marfa, where the soldiers from Fort Russell can stop any mob, and you're going with me. Get out your car; it's better than mine, and we'll get through to-night."

Into the night we dashed at reckless speed, the sheriff driving, the Negro, the dog and I crouching low, in the back. Just outside the town we sighted a lone car by the side of the road. The sheriff put on full speed. We passed them, but of course, I saw no one.

"That's them," said the sheriff. But they had done nothing, and I was saved!

\* \* \*

SUNDAY morning dawned and found me pottering around the adobe chapel of a Mexican settlement. Mass at eight o'clock. But it was eight o'clock now, and except for a few old women, the church was empty. This is terrible, said I to myself as I stroked my chin; what shall I do?

I went outside and stuck a penny in an old, abandoned adobe wall some yards away. Then I took my gun and began firing at the penny. Imagine the consternation as that first shot shattered the Sabbath calm. Did I get results? The men must have bounded out of their beds like firemen! Here and there a woman screamed. People stood in doorways discussing the mystery. Small boys started running for the church, followed soon by the older men folks hurriedly dress-

*Unfinished church at Fort Hancock, Texas.—Three hundred and forty children—all Mexicans—were confirmed by the Bishop in an unfinished church in the light of the full moon.*



*Father Robert M. Libertini, S.J., has many a border tale to tell.*

ing and strapping on their gunbelts. In a few minutes over half the population of the village was around me.

"See there!" I said to them, "I have hit that penny so many times that you wouldn't know it was a penny. Now I'll put another penny there and we shall all see if we can hit it."

Out came the guns and competition became keen.

"This is the way to spend Sunday!" said one who beamed on me with approval. The welkin rang with shots until finally the whole village, including every last male, was grouped horseshoe-fashion around the arena. I stole a glance at my watch. It was exactly 8:21. I ran out into the middle of the concourse and threw up my hand and said:

"My friends, I thank you all for having come in such numbers to holy Mass. Let us keep the good shooting till later. Let us all now go into church. Mass will start immediately."

And they did, and it did.

\* \* \*

JUST a year ago, Bishop Schuler and I had an experience which, I believe, is unique. Three hundred and forty children—all Mexicans—were confirmed by the Bishop in an unfinished church in the light of the full moon!

It was at Fort Hancock, and since the older Mexicans were working all day, the sacrament of Confirmation could not be conferred except (Turn to page 146)



# Odjibway Easter

Michael J. O'Donnell, S.J.

**L**ENT always means for the Jesuit making his tertianship, which is a kind of second noviceship, a time of missionary activities. Usually he is hurried off to preach missions and retreats in our larger cities. Father Oscar Labelle began Lent in the ordinary way. He worked in Chicago until shortly before Passiontide, but then received orders to proceed to Cape Croker, Ontario.

Cape Croker is situated on the promontory that reaches out from the eastern end of Lake Huron to mark the boundary between the lake and Georgian Bay. An Indian boy, whom Father Labelle had once taught at the boarding school at Spanish, Ontario, met the missionary and drove him through the deep snow to the priest's house that was to be his headquarters during his stay. The Indian hurried off to procure food while Father Labelle set himself to warming up the hut and rendering it a little bit more habitable.

His work was soon interrupted. The Indians would not hear of him eating in such a lonely place. He must come to their houses. Resistance proved useless. Father Labelle had to yield, and was conducted to a neighboring house where he was shown into a delightfully clean room. A small table in the center was covered with a white cloth. Food tastily cooked and served hot was wonderfully appreciated by a man who had done nothing but shiver for the last few hours.

The next day Indian hospitality brought him back again. And for the two weeks following there was keen rivalry among the villagers to see who would have Father for lunch. But no matter where he ate, the whole village contributed the food.

**H**E found his spiritual ministrations most consoling. Twice daily he taught catechism. He preached sermons on Sunday and every night in the latter part of Holy Week, besides performing every one of the

morning services. On Holy Thursday Cape Croker became an earthly paradise. From early morning till midnight a Guard of Honor was present before the Blessed Sacrament. In turn, the men took up the envied post and adored for the time allotted. All day long others kept passing in and out of the church. Certainly,

this was a most encouraging sight to the young missionary.

His success was not confined to those of his own flock. Protestants were present at his sermons. They liked him, they said, because he told them straight just what he thought about them. The people got to know him so

well in so short a time that the chief was not afraid to approach him and propose a big "get-together" for Easter. It had been an old custom of theirs, but a neglected one in the last few years. Father Labelle readily approved the proposal and even consented to join in the festivities himself.

**E**ASTER Sunday came. High Mass, well decorated altars and the singing of *alleluias* initiated the Indians into the joys of the Resurrection. The spirit of Easter was evident in the faces of all. They were beaming with joy. Everyone was dressed in his or her best, and all showed that they were out to make it a day of grand festivity. At the banquet that followed High Mass there was all the solemnity of a state occasion. A marshal indicated with supreme gravity where each was to sit. The village band struck up lively airs and continued to entertain throughout the banquet.

As a climax to the feast the guest of honor was called upon to say a few words. The chief followed and then the prayer-man. The latter argued that the success of this feast proved that the parishioners could do big things. And they would do big things. Next summer they would run a bazaar to procure funds for the installation of electricity in the presbytery and church.



Faithful Odjibway Indians waiting for services to begin.



*A donkey load of black berries.*



HERE are plenty of stones in Jamaica, B. W. I., and it seems that God must have had our building needs in mind when He put them here. We must build in concrete if we would defeat the voracious ants, and for concrete we need stones, and we have them.

Last June I told your good readers the story of the building and the opening of our school at Seaford Town, one of the stations attended from Savanna-la-Mar. Since then, attendance has risen over one hundred percent. When the Sisters come we expect to get many of the Protestants. They have great faith in the teaching of the Sisters. The latter have promised to take over the school at the end of the year if the convent is finished,—and that is the big proposition before us now. The plans are all ready, and we are trying to collect the necessary funds to go ahead with the building. I realize it is a difficult task, but relying on the kindness of our friends I am confident that we shall accomplish our ambitions, even if the times are hard. The convent will mean a great deal to Seaford Town and to the Vicariate in the line of vocations. I feel sure there will be plenty of vocations, especially to the Sisterhood, which will go a long way in solving our school question in Jamaica.

*New school at Seaford Town, Jamaica, B. W. I. The lower picture shows the retaining wall that had to be built to provide a level plot.*

OUR men are now busy grading off the site for the convent. At present we have nothing but the side of a hill. A good part of this must be cut away and a level

# Jamaica Corner Stones

*Francis J. Kempel, S.J.*

spot made. It is a tremendous job, but our men are not dismayed at this. A similar task confronted them when we were building the school, and they carried out the work to perfection, as you can see by the pictures of the new school. A long stone wall had to be built and much filling in done. Most of this work was completed when the corner stone of the convent was laid on the third Sunday of April. Bishop Emmet officiated at the laying of the corner stone, and it was a big day for Seaford Town. If we can see our way, the work on the convent will be continued and brought to completion as soon as possible. In addition, the church is getting a new roof. The men are taking care of this, so it is no worry to me. We are using mosquito wood shingles, supposed to be better than cedar, and the mosquito wood grows in the district.

At Revival we are trying to make headway with the new school. The Education De- (Turn to page 146)



# Making *Santal* History



Like Bethlehem's stable is Father Kilian's home in Santal Land.

*Richard A. Welfle, S.J.*



It will be long after Christmas when you read this, but you must remember that Patna Mission in India is far, far distant from the United States. It was just two days before the world would once more commemorate the birthday of the Babe of Bethlehem, and I found myself in a railway carriage being borne across the sun-baked plains of the Ganges Valley. I was on my way to Bhagalpur, to the Santal Front, to spend Christmas with Father Kilian, S.J., who for the past year has been waging a successful offensive against the archenemy among the devil-worshipping Santals.

Bhagalpur is situated on the southern bank of the Ganges, about two hundred and seventy miles above Calcutta. Its mud huts and dirty crooked lanes present little to distinguish it from any other Indian town, except that here, overlooking the murky waters of the sacred river, the mission has a flourishing boarding school for Santal boys, which also serves as a base for the missionaries up at the front. Here they come from time to time to get supplies,—a chance to use their mother tongue again,—to bring back news from the front, and in general, to renew their acquaintance with something like civilization.

FATHER KILIAN was there when I arrived, and the following morning we climbed into his bus and struck out for Phulwar, a little Santal settlement sixty miles back in the bush. Here in a small hut which did service as a cow stable before he moved in, Father Kilian has made his headquarters. He was anxious to make the first Christmas for his Christians a very impressive one. His cow stable dwelling rendered it very easy for us to give a most realistic touch to the crib, in keeping with tradition. The mud walls of the hut were graced with holy pictures and bunting, and homemade chains of highly colored paper were strung

overhead. Colored flags and pennants were likewise planted in the thatch roofs of the neighboring huts. And the altar itself, which is out in the open and built of mud up against the wall of his neighbor's hut, was also decorated with the best taste we could command and our meager supplies would permit. When we had had our say, the villagers themselves came over and added their bit.

TOWARDS evening the people began to pour in from the surrounding villages, some of them having come on foot a distance of twenty-six miles. Of such stuff are Father Kilian's new Christians. When it was time for the first Christmas Mass, there was a gathering of almost five hundred Santals, standing and squatting on the ground about the altar. Of this number, thanks to divine grace plus the dynamic zeal and untiring efforts of Father Kilian, more than half have been wrested from the clutches of Satan. The rest are still pagan devil-worshippers. But these, too, bid fair soon to be in the true fold. Just before the Mass, Father Kilian presented to the Babe of Bethlehem a



How long before the dart of divine grace pierces this young Santal's heart?

Christmas gift of thirteen chaste white souls fresh from the waters of Baptism.

The first Mass was a High Mass. It was indeed an inspiring sight to behold these children of Light, so recently won over from the camp of the enemy, now devoutly kneeling and adoring the one true God. And I was more than a little surprised to hear them sing "Silent Night" in their native *Santali*. At this Mass a few of the boys who had attended the school in Bhagalpur, and had acquired some knowledge of the *Missa De Angelis*, formed the choir. After the midnight Mass some of the Christians returned home to enable other members of the family to attend the later Masses. Many others curled up on the ground near the altar and slept contentedly until sunrise. At about ten o'clock, Father Kilian said the last Mass and gave Benediction immediately after. The rest of the day was given over to games and singing and other forms of amusement. Then in the evening, fire works closed the celebration of the first Christmas for these delightful Santals.

LATER, when the gathering had dispersed, Father Kilian and I celebrated in another fashion. Now that the hustle and bustle was ended, we sat down to a good friendly chat which kept us up close on to the little hours. Father Kilian had taught me as a high school student back in America. Hence many were the recollections that we conjured up. And when these had run their course, we quite naturally fell to discussing the day's proceedings. During the course of the conversation, Father Kilian remarked, "Do you realize that I made history today?" I replied that I did, but did not know exactly to what he referred. He then enlightened me. "Since the dawn of Christianity," he began, "the birthday of our Lord has never before been commemorated in this part of the world. Moreover, never before was a High Mass sung and Benediction given." And then Father Kilian went on to reveal his future plans for the establishment of the Church among the Santals. He even had plans for the not-too-distant future, when, we hope, the Santals will have their own native priests. But here is his more immediate scheme. "I am now training twelve catechists," he said. "In the

beginning of the year I shall put them out in the field, and each one of them must bring in at least ten catechumens every month. Now do you see what that means? It means that next Christmas I shall have well over a thousand more new Christians to offer to the Babe of Bethlehem."

THERE was a lapse of silence. I had no comments to make on this, for I was already selfishly engrossed with thoughts of my own. I was stirred with an emotion akin to envy when I reflected that while



*It looks like babies' day in Bhagalpur, India. How many are baptized?*

Father Kilian would be waging his holy warfare down here on the plains, I would be up in a mountain fastness poring over books of theology. But I recalled a very consoling remark that Father Kilian had dropped on a previous occasion. "I wonder," he had said, "just how much of the success that God has deigned to grant me must be attributed to the fervent prayers and kind assistance of my friends."

This was consoling indeed. In person I would not be able to trek along with Father Kilian in his toilsome journeys from village to village in quest of souls, and yet I could in a very real way help him to realize his ambition of a thousand more souls for our Lord's next birthday. I resolved then and there that Father Kilian's ambition would hold a prominent place on my rosary. And I have revealed his ambition here in the hope that there will be others who by their prayers and material assistance will want to share in the rejoicing when those souls are offered to the Babe of Bethlehem, and help establish the Church among the Santals. I know that especially in prayer the many friends of Patna Mission will want to join me in storming Heaven for God's special grace of conversion for these hundreds of thousands of pagan Santals whose turning to Christ depends, humanly speaking, upon the Jesuits and their friends.

# In the Dakota Bad Lands

Leo C. Cunningham, S.J.



Here's hoping for a steady hand at the wheel of that auto! It's bad land in Holy Rosary Mission territory.



HASING a man to give him the last sacraments,—that is what my Indian catechist and I were doing one Saturday morning in early Spring. I had said Mass in Our Lady of Lourdes Chapel, Porcupine, South Dakota, that morning and had heard that old Manuel Martinez was very sick. He and his Indian wife, Half Dollar, the Indians call her, had left Porcupine Friday afternoon on their way to their home, some forty miles to the north. We met them just as they were coming to St. Paul's Chapel. The man was lying on some quilts in the back of the wagon and I could see that he was very sick. I went ahead to St. Paul's and told the woman to drive on to the chapel. Here I gave Manuel all the last sacraments, as I was carrying our Sacramental Lord. My catechist at St. Paul's offered to care for the sick man, but he and his wife would not be contented except at their own home. Luckily I was able

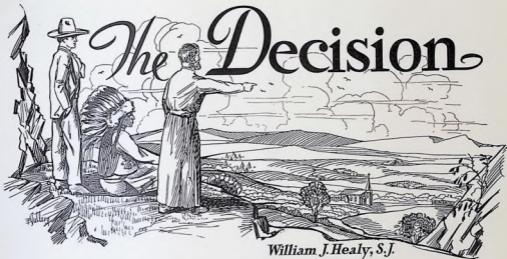
*The complete mission center at Porcupine, S. Dakota. The chapel is the gift of the Lydon family of New York, through the Marquette League.*

to give them some medicine to take along. I helped the sick man into the wagon and covered him with quilts. He told me how happy and thankful he was to have had the sacraments.

On March 25, there was a heavy wind blowing and the clouds were low. I was at the Mission. Father Sialm, S.J., was at one of his chapels, fifty-six miles from home. He took the warning from the sky and hurried home. Father McNamara, S.J., left early in the morning to bring the last sacraments to Mrs. Distribution, one hundred miles away. When he returned home late that day, it was already raining. By ten o'clock at night it changed to snow and then a blizzard began to rage. By Thursday morning we had zero weather; the storm lasted until some time Friday when we had eight below zero. It had been a killing storm, as we learnt later; for in Colorado, six lost their lives, and only a few miles from one of our mission chapels a white man froze to death Thursday night.

SATURDAY, March 28, we missionaries had to be on the trail to our chapels. Palm Sunday was the fifth Sunday of the month and I (Turn to page 146)





William J. Healy, S.J.

**I**DAHO CITY had suffered two distinct shocks. When Jack Farrell had taken up religion anew and straightened out a life that was—well, not abandoned and profligate surely, but at least a shade off color and headed wrong—many had wondered. But when, after he had suddenly left everything behind and departed to points unknown, it was bruited about that he was in a seminary, studying for the priesthood and already a volunteer for mission work, every one who heard the news just gasped.

Of course, only a few people ever knew his story, and they were pledged to secrecy. No one knows it as well as I do, and in the hope that it may bring some good I have determined to put it all down on paper.

When Jack Farrell was twenty-five years of age, he received the appointment as Government Supervisor of the Idaho Indian Reservation. It was an exacting position for a youngster to fill, but his father's reputation, plus the influence of a friend or two who were adepts in the pulling of opportune wires, landed him the job. Especially was he obliged to the intervention of Henry Miller—the Henry Miller, whose name at that time was a byword through all the West. Miller had tentacles reaching from Washington to Frisco, and whatever he wanted he wasted no time in acquiring.

**W**HEN Jack had been in office perhaps a week. Miller called on him. And when Miller left, Jack Farrell was wavering over a decision that would either make or break him.

It was extremely simple. There was oil on Indian land. And Miller wanted the oil. Very well then; the Indians must vacate their land. In the northern end of the state, Miller owned a vast tract, belted with woods, well-watered, deep-valleyed. It was larger than the Government Reservation. Enter Mr. Jack Farrell, Government employee. He was to persuade Washington that the present reservation was unsuited; the Indians

were cramped; the country was too sterile; there was no game. At the same time Miller would offer his own bit of land in exchange. Farrell would recommend it highly. The exchange would finally be agreed upon; and then, following the general exodus of the Indians to a happier hunting ground, would come the stealthy influx of oil derricks and all the other paraphernalia to rob the abandoned Reservation of its oil.

Such politics were possible in those still pioneer days. Idaho was many horizons from Washington; and officials at the Capitol were quite willing to accede to any plan that would eliminate effort and trouble for them. Miller would be lauded for his generosity. The subsequent "discovery" of oil would be sheer luck. And if anyone did get curious and suspicions were aroused, Miller had Farrell for his scapegoat. On the other hand, Farrell was pledged a comfortable share in the oil proceeds.

He asked Miller for a week to decide. The plan was very simple; and he needed money badly.

\* \* \*

**T**HEY stood upon the hill that looked down upon the village in the valley, the missionary and the Government Supervisor, Mr. Jack Farrell. He was a silent, awed and somewhat reverent young man by now. A week before he had met this little, old priest; and every hour since had brought revelations of worlds hitherto undreamed of. Even now Jack was trying to piece together the story.

His life had been singularly uneventful, he had told Jack; to Jack it seemed packed with drama. More than twenty years ago he had come as a young priest to the Indians. All these years he had been busied with a flock essentially nomadic and restless at heart, trying to beat down the barrier of their natural shiftlessness and to teach them the higher life. He had sown patience, untiring zeal, kindnesses and love; (Turn to page 147)



Father Hamilton, El Salvador's rollicking pastor, with two of the hope of the flock. He hopes to have hundreds of children like these in his school when classes open in June.

# Then We

Walter J. Hamilton, S.J.

I RECALL reading an article in JESUIT MISSIONS last year by one of my fellow-missionaries here in Mindanao, Father Alfred Kienle, entitled "Then We Walked." With that in mind, I would suggest for the title of this collection of adventures, should it ever see the light, "Then We Rolled"—for the first adventure may make you a bit seasick.

About Christmas time we had our annual *baguio*—a three day storm of rain and high winds that blows everything up that is not nailed down. It carried off three of my barrio chapels, but I was not here at El Salvador to weep over the loss. I was sailing the high seas—very high—on my way to Camiguin Island, off the north coast of Mindanao, to bring the consolations of religion to the good people of the town of Mambajao.

The Gifford Jones that bore us is a veteran of many years in coastwise service. We thought her days of active service were over when she descended to the bosom of her family in Davey Jones' locker some years ago, but a heartless shipping company resurrected her and put her to work again. She still shows the effects of

her long sleep in the deep. For us, sleep was impossible on deck that night, and there were no staterooms; so we took what shelter we could under awnings that whistled in the wind which threatened any minute to carry them off towards China. I would say the beads—five decades—after which there would seem to be a surcease in the storm. I'd "reach for a Lucky" and—well, it seemed our Blessed Mother wanted the whole rosary, so I recited the fifteen decades.

AT Cagayan, the headquarters of our Mission, the bridge was swept away and such fears aroused for my safety that Father Hayes, the Superior of the Mission, had two Masses said for the traveler "living or dead." Thanks to these good prayers, we were finally able to anchor in comparative safety in a little cove off Mambajao. We were out of the wind, but very much in the rain during the process of transferring ourselves and our baggage to a small open boat to be ferried ashore. I managed to find a couple of sacks which furnished a little protection—chiefly psychological—to a poor woman who had a young baby with her and myself. By ten o'clock I was able to say Mass, and as you may surmise, it was a Mass of thanksgiving.

Terrors by sea are not the only dangers in this mission. There are also terrors by land, as Father Henfling, stationed at Sumilao, Bukidnon, up in the hill country, can testify from bitter experience. Not so long ago, while traveling by auto truck along one of the rocky roads of that district, the edge of the road gave way, and over went the truck, end over end, down the seventy foot drop to the bottom of the canyon. Father Henfling fell the whole distance, but miraculously escaped being crushed by the truck which landed less than five feet from him. The bruises he received, though not serious, incapacitated him for officiating at a fiesta at one of his barrios, so I took his place.

The fiesta was on Saturday. I stayed over for Sunday as well. The *pari-pari*, as the Aglipayan ministers are called, was also present. A government official, also an Aglipayan, had invited him from Agusan. This *pari-pari* holds forth with a band,



The school at El Salvador, Mindanao, P. I., built by Father J. Prendergast, S.J. The upper story is still waiting for American Sisters.

# Rolled

lights, etc., and receives a fat stipend collected from people who are mostly Catholic. This has happened more than once. On this occasion he had one Baptism, but let the world know it by ringing the bell for about half an hour. I had to rig up a makeshift "bell" from a spade and a hammer. I had about twenty Baptisms, among them, an old woman of seventy years.

**T**HE first night there I slept on a table and nearly froze. The next night I put on all the clothes I had, plus a raincoat, and was fairly comfortable. It was useless to ask for a blanket, there were so many visitors from the hot lowlands in town for the fiesta. I suppose they think Americans do not mind a little cold and can keep warm with a spread. Despite my discomfort, I have never spent two happier days.

With the reinforcements that we are beginning to receive we will soon put a quietus on the Aglipayans. We have the *pari-paris* guessing now, as we are going right into their strongholds, saying Mass in private houses, organizing kindergartens, etc.

The language is a great difficulty to be overcome, but it is coming along fairly well. I am sure Father Rafferty will be able to give prospective missionaries considerable help when he gets back to the States. He finished up the second edition of his Visayan-English dictionary and is working on the grammar.

Practise is everything. You get the "ear" for it then, and learn the colloquialisms. It is great to listen to the chatter on the buses when the way seems long while traveling, and not a little humilisting to find out how much one does not know. Not infrequently a wag entertains the party the whole length of the journey, and one must laugh though he may understand poorly. The world is small and there is humor here at least as real as in the U. S. A. Many a bump is unnoticed because of these springs of humorous observations.

In this connection—you find the connection—a sow deposited a litter of piglets in what would be the cellar

*A typical village scene. Everybody takes a hand in preparing coconuts for drying,—and they seem to enjoy it. The "overhead" is no problem at all.*



*Father Rafferty, S.J., with his first First Communion class at El Salvador. He says,—"The picture would have been nicer, (1) if the people were not so poor; (2) if we had American Sisters to help us."*

under my room if my house had a cellar,—but it is built for ventilation. The sow and her litter make their presence known to various senses at night. As yet I have been unable to find the owner. Thus things are coming our way. Among others to be noted is a "Star" auto of which I became the proud possessor for one hundred dollars. I never heard of that make before. It is not a Packard, but it gets you there and back. I secured "Gaapo," the gallant steed that I sent you a picture of last month, for a song, and that is just about what he is worth. Speaking of song, I salvaged a discarded harmonium from one of the other missions, and am having a new pigskin bellows put in. It is a five octave, German make, and will soon fill a long felt want here at El Salvador.

If, to keep pace with these things that are coming our way, finances and personnel increase, our Mindanao Mission will make great strides forward this year. Personnel, more priests and Brothers, is our great need. The works we start need a constant infusion of new life, and it is hard to cover all places well. This becomes especially evident with the opening of the school year in June. Thank God, the prospects of help are promising with the increase in novices here, and the increase of interest in the States.



# JESUIT MISSIONS

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## The Sacred Heart and Missions

DEVOTION to the Sacred Heart has ever flourished among missionaries, and they have been ardent zealots in promoting it among their new Christians. This, of course, is natural, but it should also urge each one of us who strive to cultivate the missionary spirit in ourselves and others to a deepening of this devotion in our hearts. If we have true devotion to the Sacred Heart we shall be ardent missionaries; and one may just as truly say, if we are ardent missionaries we shall practice true devotion to the Sacred Heart. This is true because a real understanding of the Sacred Heart is a real understanding of mission work. The love of Christ is a love for souls, an ardent desire to see all brought to the one true Fold. Surely, those who understand souls and work for them are doing precisely the work of the Sacred Heart, enkindling the love for that Heart in the hearts of those who hitherto have not known the Good Shepherd.

The month of June offers us, in its consecration to the Sacred Heart, a special occasion for an examination of our own consciences to see whether we have been true apostles of the Sacred Heart as well as true missionaries. Let us, in our prayers, ask for a keener appreciation of Christ's love for souls, so that our devotion to His Sacred Heart may be more deeply enkindled and our zeal for souls more ardently fired. Then we shall be doing all on our part to lessen the loving complaint of our Savior to St. Margaret Mary when He said, "Behold this Heart which has loved men so much, but which has received so little love in return."

## A Noteworthy Birthday

IN the latter part of June of this year, twenty years will have passed since the birth of a great mission organization in the United States. It was in late June, 1911, that the first approval to the Maryknoll Movement was given at Rome to those noble pioneers, Fathers

James A. Walsh and Thomas F. Price. Since that time the organization has grown by leaps and bounds. It has stirred in the hearts of young America a deep interest in foreign missions, and has called forth among American boys many a missionary vocation. From humble quarters the institution has grown to vast proportions and has sent its zealous missionaries to various parts of the missionary world. The Maryknoll Movement was scarcely launched when it was given new strength by the advent of zealous women workers who later formed the congregation now popularly known as "Maryknoll Sisters" following the Rule of St. Dominic. American girls in large numbers have joined this Sisterhood.

So rapid has been the growth of Maryknoll, that today it has its own missionary bishop, priests and Sisters laboring in various missions in China, Korea, Manchuria, the Philippine Islands and Hawaii, while at home the general headquarters at Maryknoll, above Ossining, N. Y., are a veritable beehive of preparation and activity for the foreign missions.

JESUIT MISSIONS take this occasion of the twentieth birthday to offer its heartiest congratulations to all Maryknollers, and to extend its best wishes and prayers for even wider activity and greater success for the future. *Ad multos annos!*

## The Sioux Gather

HAD a title similar to the one given this editorial appeared in the newspapers fifty years ago, men would have expected to read an account of another Indian uprising or massacre. But the story of the present gathering of the Sioux is quite different, for this great assembly of thousands of Sioux out at Holy Rosary Mission, Pine Ridge, South Dakota, during the last days of May, 1931, will be altogether peaceful. Something of the almost forgotten glory of tepee and camp fire, of buckskins, feathers and beadwork will be there; Indian oratory, too, at its best will be unloosed, but not for warlike purposes. The Oglala and the Teton Sioux will convene for three days of deliberation and celebration, and many points will be discussed relative to the spiritual and social uplift of the Dakota Indians. Bishops, priests, Brothers and Sisters will be present to give their approval as the Indians come to Mass each morning of the Congress to ask Heaven's blessing on their work, their planning and their deliberations for the welfare, spiritual and temporal, of the thousands of Sioux still dwelling out on the desolate Dakota prairie and along the canyons and rivers and off in the fastnesses of the Bad Lands.

Surely, an occasion like this brings home most impressively the successful work of self-sacrificing missionary priests, Brothers and Sisters, who for the last fifty years have spent themselves for the spiritual welfare of the red men, and whose persevering efforts have given religious training and thorough civilization to the once dreaded Indian of the West. God bless them for their untiring zeal and sacrifice known fully to Him alone! The story of their work is all too little known by Americans, but the good missionaries seek no human recognition, but only that of the Father above.

# Jesuit Mission Vignettes

No. 41. Magdalena River, Colombia, So. America.



*Very Reverend Charles H. Correa, S.J., Prefect Apostolic of the Magdalena River Mission, blessing the beginning of construction on a new road in his territory.*

*THE Prefecture Apostolic of Magdalena River was established in September, 1928, and placed under the direction of missionaries of the Colombia Province of the Society of Jesus. The territory embraced by the Prefecture extends along the east bank of the Magdalena River about five hundred kilometers north and south and about forty kilometers east and west. It is a most difficult country for missionary activity, not merely because of its tropical climate, but also because of the low marshy nature of the land that makes travel, except by canoe, almost impossible. The population of these river fastnesses is made up of Indians, many of them untouched by civilization; the descendants of the slaves imported in an earlier day; and many of partly Spanish blood. As nearly as it can be computed, it counts about fifty thousand souls. There are, at present, seven priests and four lay-Brothers of the Society of Jesus assigned to the Mission.*

WE naturally feel very optimistic in regard to the Church in Africa when we read that there are 5,300,000 Catholics in the Dark Continent. But when we contrast that number to the 147,290,000 non-Catholics of whom 23,000,000 are Negroes converted from fetish worship to Mohammedanism, we realize the danger which the Holy Father had in mind in assigning this Mission Intention for the month of the Sacred Heart.

There is no doubt but that Islam or Mohammedanism is advancing with rapid strides in Africa, especially along the west coast. This is due, in no small measure, to the fact that the colonial policy of both France and England actually fosters Islamism. In Nigeria, and in the French Sudan, government support has been given to the building of mosques. Schools in which the Koran is taught have been established. Indeed, this policy has gone so far as to prohibit the spread of Christianity! These European, and presumably Christian governments, claim

## THE MISSION INTENTION for JUNE Check of Islam's Advance in Africa

that the Negroes are more easily won from their savage fetish worship to civilization through Mohammedanism than through Christianity.

History and the very nature of fetish worship prove the contrary. Many flourishing Catholic centers exist in the Congo, Cameroons, Basutoland and elsewhere, made up of tribes of Negroes converted directly from fetishism to the true Faith. On the other hand, experience proves that once a tribe has become addicted to the religion of Islam, conversion to Catholicity is most difficult. Mohammedanism contains certain dogmas which appeal to the Negro, who is naturally religious; it teaches belief in one God, prescribes prayer, fasting, almsgiving. But it also teaches a morality utterly subversive of Christianity. Once polygamy, divorce and their attendant evils, pandering to the strongest of human passions, have been approved in the name of religion, an almost impossible barrier has been erected to the true Faith.

# AFIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUITS



## JAMAICA, B. W. I.

Rubrics sometimes suffer at the hands of well-meaning parishioners who care for mission chapels. Father Thomas L. McLaughlin, S.J., was more than a little distracted on Palm Sunday while saying a late Mass at his mission at King Weston, one of the stations of the Above Rocks district, Jamaica, B. W. I. He had no time to examine the altar before beginning Mass, and the first time he raised his eyes to the crucifix he noticed that instead of being covered with a purple cloth, a newspaper had been wrapped around it.

Five novices have been received into the community of native Sisters to be known as the Missionary Sisters of St. Francis. The ceremony took place on February 11, at the chapel of St. Francis of Alvernia. His Lordship, Bishop Emmet, S.J., presided at the ceremony and was assisted by Fathers Wennerberg, Dougherty, McHale and Butler.

Father Leo Butler, S.J., writes: "That the new order will prosper is beyond doubt, as five more have already been received, with more to come as soon as they are able to move into larger quarters, the present ones being altogether too small. Their work at present is confined to teaching in a small private school and visiting the sick of the parish."

## PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

From Talisayan, East Misamis, Mindanao, P. I., Father Alfred F. Klenle, S.J., writes to explain a long silence.

"I wish that I had something interesting to tell you, but running a school for three hundred children, repairing a church, preaching, baptizing, marrying, hilding on sick calls and visiting barrio after barrio are all in a day's work and lose their novelty after a time. However, whenever anything happens we will tell you, and in the meantime, keep on praying for all of us, and don't forget our address. Money orders are cashed right here in town."

In a letter in which he expresses his gratitude to the Sacred Heart for the gift of 500 dollars which we were able

to send him, Very Reverend James T. Hayes, S.J., Superior of the Jesuit Mission in the Philippine Islands, writes:

"I am leaving tomorrow for an extended visitation of all the missions in the south and east of Mindanao in which I shall see all the Spanish Fathers laboring in that section. By the time you receive this letter Father Hugh McNulty, S.J., will be Superior (temporarily, at least) of the Culion Leper Colony, succeeding Father Mario Juan, S.J.

"With sixteen priests and scholastics in Mindanao and elsewhere assisting in catechetical work and Boy Scout camps during this vacation period, we hope for great things."

The list of assignments to the various missions mentioned by Father Hayes follows. These Fathers and scholastics have been engaged in teaching all year, but they gladly sacrifice the opportunity for the usual vacation up in the mountains of Baguio in order to assist their fellow Jesuits laboring in the missions of Mindanao:

Father Henry A. Coffey, Holy Week at Jasaan and catechetical work with Father John Pollock. Father John F. Hurley, Holy Week at Oroquieta and Boy Scout Camp with Father Henry Irwin. Father Maurice A. Mudd, Holy Week at Balingasag and catechetical work with Father Martin O'Shaugh-

nessy. Father Francis W. O'Hara, Holy Week at Tagoloan and catechetical work with Father David Daly. Father Daniel H. Sullivan, Holy Week at Dansalan and Boy Scout Camp. Father Aemilio Azarraga, Holy Week at Jimenez with Father James G. Daly, and then a mission in Capiz, in the island of Panay. Father Joseph J. McGowan, Holy Week and missions in Cateel, Baganga, Davao Province, with Father Contin. Father Joachim Lim, Holy Week and missions in the diocese of Tuguegarao, northern Luzon.

The following are the assignments for the scholastics:

Augustine Rello, Holy Week at Jimenez and Boy Scout Camp, West Misamis, with Father James Daly. Thomas B. Cannon, Holy Week at Iligan and Boy Scout Camp, Lanao, with Father Andrew Hofmann. John J. Conniff, Holy Week at Tagoloan and catechetical work. James E. Haggerty, Holy Week at Cagayan and Boy Scout Camp, East Misamis, with Father Joseph Lucas. James A. Martin, Holy Week at Balingasag and Boy Scout Camp. Joseph F. Taylor, Holy Week at Talisayan and catechetical work with Father Alfred Klenle. John T. Trinidad, Holy Week at El Salvador and catechetical work, with Father Walter Hamilton. Joseph M. Rosaura, Holy Week and catechetical work in Balanga, Province of Bataan, Luzon.



Doherty (Joseph G.) and Dougherty (Rev. Joseph A.) from Boston and Philadelphia respectively; each sticks up for his own shell. They are both Jesuits at Kingston, Jamaica, B. W. I.

Father Clement R. Risacher, S.J., sends the following item from Cebu, P. I., where he is stationed as chaplain of the leper colony.

"Sunday, March 1, I had the happiness of baptizing Chua Yuchin, a native of Amoy, China, now a leper in this colony. He had been attending Mass and Benediction for a long time. Nearly a year ago he asked for Baptism. But as he knew very little Visayan I could not find a way to instruct him. I tried to find some Catholic who could help, but without success. So I sent to China for the necessary books, making out what each book was about from the French summary in the catalogue. After some months Chua Yuchin's eyes became weak; so he had to give up his reading. Well, we baptized him Joseph, March 1, and trust that St. Joseph will make up all defects. There are very



Scholastics from the Maryland-New York Province of the Society of Jesus who leave for the Philippine Mission early in June. Left to right—Ambrose J. McManus, James A. Buckley, Franklin J. Heyden, Frederick W. Engel, Edward G. Jacklin (from Woodstock College, Maryland); Eugene J. O'Keefe, Walter J. Malone, John V. McFadden (from Weston College, Massachusetts).

many Chinese and Japanese about. As there are far too few priests to care even for the essentials of the Filipino Catholics, no apostolic work is carried on among them, save for the individual efforts of one or other good Catholic. How many things, then, have we to pray for!"

\* \* \*

Father Henry L. Irwin, S.J., again sends a line from his station at Oroquieta, West Misamis, Mindanao, P. I.:

"Last week I was absent from Oroquieta for six days, during which time I baptized eighty-nine, and married three couples. I went up into the hills, hiking it. The country was beautiful and the air was refreshingly cool. No priest had been there for a year.

"Everywhere I go I find that vast numbers have not received the sacraments for years, and most of the young men and women have never been to confession and know no prayers. They live and die without God. What can be done for them? A yearly visit to these places is sufficient only for baptizing the infants. Marriages are civil or Aglipayan.

"Some people think we have regularly constituted parishes with orderly activities. Do they know that these hills are filled with pagans, half civilized? Do they realize that I have to visit most of my territory by sea because there are no roads connecting my towns? I am alone. A boy cooks for me. You can imagine my fare. Rice, chicken and eggs day after day. I have no time to supervise or suggest. But the hardest part is to be alone, and for a week at a time to speak nothing but Visayan.

"I am not complaining. I only want you to know what life over here means, and to give you an added motive for helping me out all you can."

## ALASKA

Last year, Jesuit Missions gave the glowing accounts of the work of Father Bellarmine Lafortune, S.J., on King Island. He was just about to begin his work again there this winter when,—but let him tell his own story:

"Your kind letter of November

4 found me in Kotzebue. On account of the frightful disaster that occurred here last Fall and resulted in the death of both Fathers Walsh and Delon, I had to quit King Island and come here. It was the most trying day of my life. Were I to live a thousand years I would not forget it. I went back to King Island towards the middle of October, on the Coast Guard Cutter 'Northland.' Father Delon accompanied me. The Cutter was loaded to the gunnels with all the King Islanders and their boats and provisions. We had a delightful trip. I installed myself, made the program for the winter and was to open my new church on the feast of Christ, the King. The islanders were delighted. One afternoon, some time later, we sighted the 'Northland.' Why was she coming back? Unable to anchor at the village, she whistled and went around to shelter. A life boat was lowered down with a message for me. Talk of a bolt from the blue! 'Father Delon, Father Walsh and Ralph Wien dead. Quit the island immediately and go to take charge in Kotzebue.' You

should have seen the islanders when I broke the news to them. Then I realized what it meant for those people to have a priest with them. It was heart rending to see and to hear them. The next morning every adult came to confession and received Holy Communion.

"Nature seemed to mingle its sorrows with ours. The sea was rough; a heavy fog hung over the island; it was cold and blowing; it was dismal,—a day that makes one disgusted with this world and sigh for the other one. So you see why your letter found me here, north of the Arctic Circle, where Father Walsh had labored and where he met his death.

"Kindly pray for me and my flock. Here everything is different; the country, the people, the language and I am no more a young man (sixty-two years)."

\* \* \*

Father John L. Lucchesi, S.J., after speaking of the sad deaths of his confreres in Alaska during the past year, goes on to say:

"But we trust in the riches of Divine



A valiant group of missionaries, all Jesuits, at Holy Cross, Alaska, May, 1930. Left to right, sitting, Father Aloysius Robaut (died, December 18, 1930), Father Philip I. Delon, Superior, (killed in aeroplane crash, October 12, 1930); Father John L. Lucchesi. Standing, Brother Hugo Horan, Mr. John B. Band, Brothers Edward S. Horwedel, John Hess, Aloysius B. Laird, Patrick Heaney, Alfred Ryan.

Providence, and we shall not be disappointed. After we had received word from headquarters back in the United States, concerning the appointment of Father Francis M. Menager, S.J., as our new Superior, we sent our good dog team to bring him to Holy Cross Mission; but after a month of hard travel the team came back without him, as he felt that he simply could not leave his mission alone. We are so short of men in Alaska. He will come after the breaking up of the ice in June. And to think that had we our plane, we could have gone there and come back in the same day instead of taking one month to make the journey at a cost of nearly 200 dollars! Well, God's Will be done! However, even in spite of the terrible loss which we suffered when the Marquette plane crashed, I am more than ever convinced that aviation, sooner or later, will be the quickest way of evangelizing Alaska."

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Father Joseph McElmeel, S. J., sends a mid-winter message from Nulato.

"Father Bernard Hubbard, S. J., and I arrived in Nulato last night after 400 miles of strenuous trail work. Despite my weariness I wish to acknowledge the check sent to Tanana.

"Along the Yukon Trail I pointed out all the places of interest to Father Hubbard. Fortunately the weather was very mild so he did not suffer from the cold. Here and there and everywhere we stopped to take pictures. Today, Father H. has taken at least fifty pictures in Nulato. You will get enough pictures to illustrate Jesuit Missions for years."

### AMERICAN INDIANS

Miss Cecil Cate of St. Louis, Mo., has been a zealous worker at Holy Rosary Mission, Pine Ridge, South Dakota, for a number of years and has devoted herself unstintingly to the school work among the Indian girls and boys. She writes from the mission:

"I suppose this letter from me is like a voice from the dead. I promised to send you something for your magazine, but really, the work out here takes up so much of my time that I do not get half the things done that I would like to accomplish. We are moving fast even if we are out in the wilderness. Last week there was an *Owacaya Omnicitye*, or meeting here at Holy Rosary. Delegates came from our mission chapels to elect officers for the Indian Congress to be held here the last three days of May. Better plan to come out. You will never see another assembly like this one. Indians from everywhere will come and pitch their tents and eat and make speeches for three days.

"There have been many improvements and developments out here dur-

## RENOWNED JESUIT MISSIONARIES



THOMAS COTTAM, S. J., BORN 1549, DIED 1611. HE WAS BORN IN BRASNOSE COLLEGE, OXFORD, ENGLAND.

### BL. THOMAS COTTAM, S.J.

**THOMAS COTTAM** was born in 1549, and after his early studies, was entered at Brasenose College, Oxford, and passed his B.A. there in March, 1568. He was converted to the Catholic Faith by Thomas Pound, Esq. Shortly after this he entered the seminary at Douay to study for the priesthood.

While at Douay, moved by letters sent by the Fathers of the Society of Jesus from India, he determined to enter the Society and spend his life laboring in the missions of the East Indies. Accordingly he went to Rome and was received into the Society as a novice in April, 1579. His health broke down and it was thought advisable to send him back to England in the hope that his native air might benefit him.

No sooner had he landed at Dover with three other priests, than he was taken prisoner and shortly afterwards confined to the Marshalsea prison, where he was brutally tortured in an endeavor to make him confess to crimes and treason of which he was entirely innocent. A few months later he was removed to the Tower of London.

With Father Edmund Campion and others he underwent a trial which was a travesty on justice and was condemned to death for his priestly character and for being a member of the Society of Jesus. The verdict was given in November, 1581, but his execution was deferred until May 30, 1582.

He was beatified by Leo XIII, December 29, 1886.

ing the last two years. Father William Flynn of the Marquette League has been most helpful to the mission. Just now we are in the midst of plans for a new gymnasium, quite necessary where we have so many hundred boys and girls to take care of. It will be a big concrete shell with little of modern equipment. Hauling the material alone will eat a big hole into our bank account, but we must have more room.

"Father Leo Cunningham, S.J., has built quite a colony at Porcupine,—a church, Sisters' house, catechist's house, garage, and school. He is now building a chicken house and also later intends to buy two milk cows. He is hoping some day to start a health clinic for the poor Indians. It would be the means of saving many a poor infant's life. In this way, as in no other, we could win the love of the Indian and bring many into the Church. I feel certain that if we get the right people to run this clinic, we shall get the money for medicines and other needs. Big ideas! but I feel that nothing ventured, nothing gained. In fact, during the five years I have been out here I have had a wild desire to scrub some of these infants bundled up in rags and blankets to see if they would come clean. The poor mothers are so very helpless in caring for their little ones."

### PATNA, INDIA

Rt. Rev. B. Sullivan, S.J., Bishop of Patna, sends this message:

"You will rejoice with us that God's subdivision and part of Deoghar subdivision, giving us about 200,000 Santals, have been definitely made over to Patna by the Sacred Congregation of *Propaganda Fide*. The official papers are not here as yet, but a letter giving us the information came this week. This means a great deal for us. Now I hope you will be able to release all the zeal you have been forced to keep pent up with regard to our Santal work. Publish the new information, and push Santal work as high and as hard as you possibly dare. In 1930 there were at least 2,000 Baptisms—1,000 by Patna missionaries and 1,000 by Calcutta missionaries."

The Patna missionaries are now awaiting permission of the Government to erect little chapels and residences for the missionaries of Santal territory. When this has been accomplished the work among the Santals should progress by leaps and bounds, thus giving to the Church thousands of new Christians.

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Telling of his new center, Our Lady of Lourdes Mission at Jhajha, among the Santals of Patna Mission, that indomitable missionary, Father Henry Westropp, S.J., writes:

"The mission was founded in the midst of the jungle in order to reach the poor aboriginal castes and to



Father William Bennett, S.J., a veteran of many years on the British Honduras Mission, Pastor of El Cayo.

afford them a place to settle and to secure a little land for themselves.

"This jungle lies seventeen miles south of Jhajha, the great changing place for express and mail drivers on the East Indian Ry. One thousand acres have been secured at a mere nominal rate, but to clear the ground and bring it under cultivation, and to build up a mission in this wilderness requires a lot of work and means. The poor who come to settle have no means, only debts. However, by the little help dribbling in from a few benefactors, we have made a start and the small colony has grown.

"Among many of the difficulties we have to face is that of wild beasts. Only lately we had a visit of a tiger family, pa, ma, and three youngsters. They had a very good appetite, for they finished off two oxen. Three thousand pounds of juicy beef! What a feed! But the price had to be paid by our needy villagers, who were deprived of their poor work animals.

"Our little chapel, built of mud, the only real building we have, was finished the day before Christmas; it resembles the stable of Bethlehem. The other huts are built of branches of trees.

"Overhanging the mission is the rocky summit of the hill Mariya-Pahari on which we hope to put a little grotto in honor of our Lady of Lourdes, the glorious Patroness of our mission. It is our intention annually to remember our benefactors in a

signal way during the novena preceding the feast of Our Lady of Lourdes, but especially on the great day itself, February eleventh, when we hope to lay at her feet, under the very foot of the chalice, the names of all those who have helped and are helping, no matter in how small a way, to build up her mission here in Monghyr District.

"The mission gives every promise of being the beginning of a great work, but it is only to be made possible by the prayers, sacrifices and labor of our patrons."

\* \* \*

Paul Joeh, S. J., who went to Patna last Fall, spent a month at Bettiah before going to complete his philosophical studies at Shembaganur. From the latter place he writes:

"My firsts mission impressions are, of course, superficial, but I have learned many things about the work that is being done, especially in the Middle English and High School. I had the opportunity of teaching in the High School at Bettiah for ten days prior to our departure for Shembaganur. One of the scholastics had to go to Bankipore for medical treatment, nothing serious, so I was the lucky one to be substituted in his place. I was very glad to have had the chance of seeing in advance what I would be up against when my turn came for teaching. The strong points of the Hindus in the way of studies are brought out, and from results it seems that they are exceptionally keen on mathematics. Some of the boys in our Apostolic School are quite proficient in Latin. This is all the more remarkable because of the fact that Latin has to be taught in English, which, for some, is a stumbling block. Considering this fact, namely that they are really studying two foreign

languages, I think they can compare very favorably with our American pupils."

\* \* \*

The life of teaching Santals is quite different from the routine of studies Richard T. Mehren, S. J., had been accustomed to. He tells of happenings among the Santals with whom he works:

"Yours of January 8 at hand. Buckets of thanks for the check. We can use plenty more of such papers here at Bahalgapur.

"We started the year off with trouble. Yes siree! the Santals didn't give us chance to get settled into the year's work before they began to take sick. And we have had a glorious time of it ever since. Pneumonia, flu, chicken pox, small pox and a few incidentals marred the beginning of what looked to be a prosperous year among these people. Fathers Stoy and Frank have been playing doctor and nurse day and night. We are most grateful to God that none of our little band was lost, although two little chaps gave us a mighty scare. The number of sick is on the decline now; still we have about forty in our 'infirmary.'

"The work in the field is going on steadily with the most promising prospects of broadening out into something worth writing about. Of course, the Fathers meet opposition at every turn, but none of them is what one would term 'chicken-hearted.' If Fathers Creame, Kilian and Pettit had their own way about things, Santaland would be one hundred per cent Catholic in short order. However, time is all that is required and I'm sure that the Fathers will see the work through to success."



The Rt. Rev. Bernard J. Sullivan, S.J., Bishop of Patna, India, visits his future Jesuit missionaries now studying theology at Kursong, India. They are left to right, Francis I. Loesch, Michael D. Lyons, Richard A. Wolfe, Paul A. Dent.



### CRUSADE CONVENTION

Arrangements for the Seventh Annual Convention of the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade to be held at Niagara University, Niagara Falls, New York, June 29 to July 2 this year, are about complete. The array of speakers chosen is a notable one.

More important is the news of the number of student delegates who are to attend from high schools, colleges and seminaries throughout the country. A great deal of interest has been manifested by them and they are certain to show the same enthusiasm that they have manifested in former Crusade Conventions.

An added feature in the program of this year's Convention will be sessions in which the problems of the different missions will be discussed in an informal way with missionaries from their respective territories.

### FRIEND OF DAMIEN DIES

The death of Ira Dutton at St. Francis Hospital, Honolulu, Hawaii, after forty-four years spent among the lepers of Molokai, on March 26, attracted the interest and sympathy of practically the whole world.

Brother Joseph, as he was known, was eighty-seven years of age. He was a veteran of the American Civil War in which he served in the Thirteenth Wisconsin Regiment. He was discharged with the rank of captain. Brother Dutton was the companion of the famous Father Damien in the leper colony at Molokai until the death of the priest in 1886. He had never left the island from the time of his arrival until he went to the hospital in Honolulu last year.

### BODY OF ST. FRANCIS XAVIER EXAMINED

An interesting ceremony took place at old Goa, India, in the Church of the "Blod Jesus" on March 1, when the coffin containing the body of St. Francis

Xavier was opened and the body examined in the presence of His Excellency, the Patriarch of India, His Excellency, the Governor of Goa, and Doctor Wallfango da Silva, ex-Director of Medical Services. The body was declared to have undergone no change in condition since

tion of the Catholic Central-Verein of America, held at Baltimore, Md., August 17 to 20, 1930, the work that the Central Bureau has accomplished in assisting in a very practical way missionaries in the Philippine Islands. The first prayer book in the Ifugao language was published in

an edition of 3,000 copies and presented to the Scheut Missionary Fathers who are working among the Ifugaos in the northern part of Luzon in the Philippine Islands. This is the second undertaking of its kind. In 1927 the Bureau had a prayer book printed in the *Lokota* (Sioux) tongue and presented the edition as a Central-Verein gift to Jesuit missionaries. Thus does this splendid Catholic body show in a very practical way its interest in the missions.

### MISSION PROGRESS

The active interest that the Holy Father has constantly shown in the organizing of the work of the Missions, especially in giving responsibility for its guidance to a native hierarchy, is again made manifest in the decree of the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda Fide, dated March 24.

Two more native bishops are given to China. The Vicariate of Paotingfu in the north has been confided to the native clergy and the Rt. Rev. Joseph Chow, C.M., has been named Vicar Apostolic. The Rt. Rev. Boniface Yeung has been appointed Auxiliary to Bishop Fourquet of Canton. The number of Chinese Bishops chosen by Pope Pius XI now comes to thirteen.

The division of the Vicariate Apostolic of Tsinanfu, Shantung Province, by which the new Prefecture Apostolic of Lintsing was formed and confided to native clergy, brings the number of territories in China under Propaganda to one hundred.

In West Africa two new ecclesiastical territories have been erected. The Vicariate Apostolic of Kwango, Belgian Congo,

## Penrod Converted

George C. O'Brien, S.J.

DREAMS, hopes, ambitions; every boy has them.

There is poetry in them, and music and laughter, but like poetry and music and laughter they are easily silenced. Penrod had those youthful dreams, and Sam, and in secrecy they worked and dreamed on the raft that would sail them away to become pirates, swashbucklers of the seas. Then no longer could his aunt plague them into obedience when the trout were biting. Out there they would be the terrors of the deep, captains of the pirate band. So it was with Penrod when I first met him.

Last week I met Penrod again; he wrote to me. He is the same dear Penrod as of old, but not quite the same. He has left his aunt and her midwestern home and he works now on his father's New England farm. And he goes to school—to a convent school! and he likes the nun that teaches him! My heart grew heavy as I read. Alas, I sighed, for my heart grew heavy as I read. Was this he whom I had loved, whose disobedience I had admired when he was a boy, with whom I had sympathized more than I dare admit now? Had Penrod betrayed me? I felt I had lost an old friend, as I wistfully struggled through his boyish script, and my heart grew sad at the reading. Then there flashed on me a sentence fresh as a forgotten memory, "I want to go away to become a missionary in the Philippines,"—and I was on my knees. The boy was still in Penrod's heart, the dawning hope, the carefree bravado, the determined truancy; but now there was in his soul something of a man. I read what he had not written. "Mother loves me so much, I'm afraid she will not let me go if I tell her. I'll wait, and when I am a man I will go."

That was a happy hour when I discovered Penrod again, but Penrod the man of eleven, Penrod the truant for Christ, Penrod converted.

the coffin was closed after the exposition in 1923. The body will be exposed for public veneration next December. (F. S.)

### CENTRAL-VEREIN PUBLISHES IFUGAO PRAYER BOOK

It is interesting to note in the official report of the Diamond Jubilee Conven-

in care of the Society of Jesus, has been divided, and the new territory becomes the Vicariate Apostolic of Kisantu. It will likewise be in care of the Belgian Jesuits. The Vicariate Apostolic of the Cameroons, in the French mandate of this name, is divided, the new area becoming the Prefecture Apostolic of Douala. The Vicariate Apostolic of the Cameroons changes its name to Yaounde.

The Vicariate of Norway is divided into three. Southern Norway becomes the Vicariate Apostolic of Oslo, while there are brought into existence the Independent Mission of Central Norway and the Independent Mission of Northern Norway.

### CHRISTIANITY THROUGH HISTORY

Graded history books specially prepared for Chinese children have been suggested by Miss Helen Yu, a Chinese teacher recently returned from a European study of the Montessori Method. The proposal was made at the second meeting of the Catholic Education Committee, recently organized by His Lordship, Bishop Henry Valtorta, Vicar Apostolic of Hongkong, and is being considered by a sub-committee.

Miss Yu believes beneficial results would be obtained from history books carefully adapted to the Chinese taste and mentality, which would foster in the child's mind a gradual realization of all that Christianity has accomplished for the spiritual and material progress of mankind. They would then absorb by degrees the truth expressed by the Holy Father in his recent Encyclical on Education: "The history of Christianity and its institutions is nothing but the history of true civilization and progress up to the present day."

Noting the advantages of the suggestion, a prominent Jesuit educator observes: "It might well be that in this way, Catholic schools in China, now barred by government regulations from giving formal religious instruction to their children during school hours, might accomplish through their history teaching the purpose for which they were founded; namely, to bring the Chinese to a knowledge of Christ and His Church. The suggestions are worthy of wide discussion by all who are occupied with the problem of converting the pagan and non-Catholic Christian worlds." (F.S.)

### LANGUAGES IN INDIA

The following is an excerpt from a study of the present situation in India prepared for *Fides Service* by the Rev. P. Thomas, an Indian priest, editor of the *Catholic Leader* of Madras.

"India is a continent rather than a country and the complex character of the Indian population is exemplified in the physical type and the various languages of its inhabitants. The language with the widest currency among the general population is Hindustani with its two forms and scripts "Urdu" and "Hindi"

and is spoken by 98,115,000. The other chief languages with the number of speakers are as follows: Bengali, 49,294,000; Telegu, 23,601,100; Punjabi, 21,886,000; Marathi, 18,798,000; Tamil, 18,780,000; Rajasthani, 12,681,000; Kanarese, 10,374,000; Oriya, 9,552,000; Burmese, 8,423,000; Malayalam, 7,498,000; Sindhi, 3,372,000; Assamese, 1,727,000; Pushtoo, 1,496,000; Kashmiri, 1,269,000. Out of a total population of nearly 320,000,000 in the whole country, 290,000,000 speak one of the sixteen principal languages current in the land. Among the educated minority, English is the means of communication, not only for official purposes but also for purposes of commerce and industry, and for any form of intercourse on an All-India basis. According to the last census (1921) only two and one half million persons were literate in English."

### STATISTICS OF RELIGIONS

These statistics, published this year, give the zealous Catholic something to think about.

The total population of the world is 1,850,174,334, divided as follows:

Catholics .....	19.0%	351,839,665
Protestants .....	8.9	164,683,026
Orthodox .....	7.1	131,460,822
Jews .....	0.9	15,731,475
Mohammedans ..	13.0	238,997,594
Confucianists ..	16.4	304,027,114
Hindus .....	12.1	224,008,819
Buddhists .....	10.8	119,461,632
Animists .....	6.6	122,239,817
Shintoists .....	0.9	16,644,437
No religion.....	4.1	76,598,195

There remain 4,481,738, about 0.2%, concerning whose religion nothing is known.

### BRITISH GUIANA

That the missionaries from the English Province of the Society of Jesus laboring in British Guiana, South America, have a cosmopolitan population to deal with is evident from the following account.

"The population of British Guiana is a strange one: of the 400,000 inhabitants almost half are East Indians and their descendants, working on the sugar plantations or on their own small farms. Some of them have become civilians, shopkeepers, lawyers and doctors, while quite a number are cow-keepers and supply milk. Unfortunately nearly all remain pagans; they are, however, no longer influenced by the pagan atmosphere of their native country, have dropped many of their grosser superstitions and are ripe for conversion. A few have become Catholics, and many more would do so, were missionaries available to evangelize them.

"Of the remaining half of the population, the vast majority are Creoles of mixed descent. Some are of pure African blood, the descendants of the former slaves, others are partly African and European of grades innumerable, for there has been, and is, much miscegenation.

The Portuguese, who nearly everywhere form the nucleus of our Catholic congregations, number about 20,000, and are mainly the descendants of indentured laborers from Madeira who came to the colony on the emancipation of the slaves. At the present time, by their thrift and industry, they have become the most prosperous section of the community: merchants and store-keepers, as well as eminent lawyers and doctors. There are also in the colony a number of Chinese, generally thrifty and law-abiding; some few are Catholics, but the majority have been captured by the religion of the State. European-born colonists are comparatively few, and seldom become really domiciled. State officials and others generally return to England when the term of their office or employment is concluded. Of the whole population upwards of 26,000 are Catholics.

"This astonishing variety of races is only understandable in the light of Guiana's history. The problem of the white conqueror and colonist has always been that of securing a sufficient supply of cheap labor to work the sugar estates. In the old days of slavery, the planters of Guiana, like those of Florida, Central America and the West Indies, drew their laborers from Africa. The liberation of the Negro slaves brought with it, however, an upheaval in the economic conditions of the colony; and the influx of Indian, Chinese and Portuguese populations since the suppression of slave-trading represent so many attempts to solve a labor problem very different from that with which more developed countries are now engaged."

### HIROSHIMA, JAPAN

Father Shibutani, a Japanese priest of the Vicariate of Hiroshima, has been engaged during the past year in periodically giving lectures on Catholic topics in the various cities of the Vicariate. The attendance was in the main very encouraging and in some instances extraordinary. After nearly every lecture he was interviewed by a number of people who wanted to hear more about Catholicism or even asked for catechetical instruction. Father Shibutani has found a very powerful helper in the person of a young Catholic professor who received Baptism not long ago. While studying at the University this young man had asked a Catholic missionary, a French priest of the Missions Etrangères, to teach him his native tongue; and the kindness of this zealous priest made such an impression on the young student that he began to study the Catholic religion and finally found the way into the Church. Being a student of natural sciences, he was struck by the fact that so many great scientists were either staunch Catholics or, at all events, zealous adherents of Christ. Being full of apostolic zeal, this young scholar is using the prestige of his doctorate in science and his own religious experience to lead as many as possible into the Church.

## ALONG THE BORDER

(Continued from page 129)

at night. The Bishop and I came in from El Paso about dusk and parked the car as you see it in the picture. I then baptized twenty-one babies—tots who an hour or so later were to be confirmed. You know, it is an old Mexican custom to confirm children as soon as convenient after Baptism. When the Baptisms were concluded, the enclosure was jammed with the parents, relatives and friends of the children, and the 340 candidates for Confirmation were screaming like wildcats. I'll never forget that picture: a space within four unfinished walls, and the serene sky above—no light save that of a full moon and a few flickering candles—and the untuned voices of 340 militant Catholics.

We were there until 9:40 P. M. and we were probably the last to leave the church. When we opened the car to start for home—fifty-five miles up the valley—we found the Bishop's overcoat and my overcoat with the keys of the car, gone! And thus we were left under the laughing border moon.

## JAMAICA

### CORNER STONES

(Continued from page 131)

partment has given us some help, enough to pay for the materials. It is our intention to construct a reinforced concrete school, and for this reason we shall have to have experienced labor. Our men can build thatch huts to perfection, but when it comes to concrete work, they are wholly at sea. A concrete school will solve the school question for many years and the "duck ants" will not be able to do it any damage.

There are real difficulties to be met, however. The materials will come from Kingston by boat. Our men will unload the boat and carry the materials seven miles to the site of the school. Water is scarce.

There is a pond near by, but the owner says he cannot allow us to use this water as he needs it all for his stock. The water, then, must be carried from "God's Hole," a distance of about three miles. The stones offer no trouble as we have on the spot more stones than we can use. The women's job is to collect the stones and crack them. The men will look after the sand and the other things. All are working hard, as they want building operations to begin soon. The people of Revival are extremely poor, and about all they can do is to do what they are doing. It would be unwise to entrust the construction of the school to them.

**T**HE Education Department has been urging a new school for some time. In fact, they wanted to take it over themselves, a thing which we could not think of. The school is a real necessity. You would agree to this if you saw over a hundred children packed in a little room thirty by fifteen. I do not blame the Department forcing the issue. I

would have done the same thing, had I been in their position. We are going ahead, hoping we shall be able to get through safely.

Do not think we confine our activities to the laying of material corner stones; we lay spiritual corner stones as well. On February 8, we had Confirmation at Top Hill, another one of my missions. Forty-five candidates presented themselves. There are many others, but they were not able to provide themselves with suitable clothing, and as a result, had to wait until such time as they can provide. As it was, the teacher provided many of the girls with dresses. Some came to the altar in their bare feet. Some of the women wore face towels as veils. One woman had a table cover for her veil. As the procession was forming this poor woman had nothing to cover her head. The teacher was equal to the occasion and seized upon the table cover, saying, "Wear this." Very obediently the woman took the cover and wore it. A very large crowd turned out for the occasion. The Bishop gave a very inspiring talk. After the ceremonies he met all the people, and they were delighted with their new Bishop.

On the evening of the same day, the Bishop continued his spiritual corner stone laying with Confirmation at Savanna-la-Mar. The church was filled to its capacity, and there were as many people standing outside as there were inside. The Bishop had given a mission here some ten years ago and he had made a very fine impression on the people.

## IN THE DAKOTA BAD LANDS

(Continued from page 134)

had promised to have Mass again at Porcupine for the Sisters and the people of the district. Snowdrifts four and five feet deep filled the road in places, but by driving my car through fields when necessary I reached

## The Prayer of a Little Missionary

Charles W. Mahan, S.J.

*I knew not how you loved me, Lord,  
Till I heard an old priest tell  
Of fetishes and beasts adored  
By souls within the power of hell.*

*You come to me each smiling morn,  
And whisper words of love;  
But, ah,—the children,—daily born,  
Who ne'er will reign with Thee above!*

*What then, sweet Jesus, can I give,  
Whose only wealth is youth?  
Must all these poorer children live  
Without the Life, the Way, the Truth?*

*Were I but of more sturdy age,  
I'd pray, "Lord speed me forth,  
To tropic heats or storm's wild rage,  
Or silence of the frozen north."*

*Then let me fill the years between  
Till manhood bids me dare.  
Be, Jesus, by thy power unseen,—  
Propitious to my lowly prayer.*

*When in the Holy Sacrament,  
You come each day to me,—  
Hear too, some pagan child's lament,  
For whom let me be surety.*

*My hours of class, my daily task;  
Each duty promptly done—  
Requite Thee for the boon I ask—  
New souls to love Thee—Holy One!*

my Sacred Heart Chapel at Wounded Knee Battle-field, twenty-three miles from home, and finally came to Our Lady of Lourdes Chapel, ten miles farther on.

In spite of bad roads there was a large crowd of Indians present Sunday for the blessing of the palms and for Holy Mass. Mrs. Plenty Wounds came to the sacristy after Mass and asked me to visit her daughter, Mrs. Hudson Bird Head, who was sick. I first distributed some used clothing and shoes to my poor people who had gathered in the meeting house, and then my catechist and I started on our journey of mercy.

An Indian told us that his team had been stuck in the snow on a low bridge leading towards the Bird Head's house. My catechist said that he knew another road that might take us there. It was a round-about trail and led down into some canyons. On foot he laid out the trail for me to follow, and finally we came to where Mrs. Bird Head was lying sick. She was very grateful for our visit and for the prayers I said over her. She was not seriously sick and so I did not give her the last sacraments.

MY catechist and I tried to return the way we had come, but the car skidded down sideways when we tried to climb out of the canyon. We were soon in deep snow. Fortunately for us, Bismark Bird Head came loping along with his saddle horse and volunteered to show us a way out. I followed him a few miles as he led the way over snow-filled trails, but the deep ruts could not be seen, and before I knew it my car was on "high center," resting on some two feet of frozen earth. Bismark tried to help with his horse to pull me out, but his rope broke. We began to dig the hard earth from beneath the car, but this was a very slow process. Finally Bismark went for help to his brother, Hudson. Down over the hillside came a team and a wagon with three Indians, but all of our pulling and pushing was to no avail. I prayed for help, as I dreaded spending the night out in this canyon. My catechist had

mounted a hill, saying that he wanted to see just where we were. He made his way to Porcupine on foot. To me it seemed providential that on a Sunday afternoon a big heavy oil truck soon came down into the canyon to my rescue. My catechist had reached the store in Porcupine just in time to find this oil truck that had driven in. The men gladly offered to pull my car from its resting place. With the Indians to push the car and the truck to do the pulling it was soon free. I was grateful to all for their kindness, and as I sped on my way home I said a prayer of thanksgiving for my good fortune.

## THE DECISION

(Continued from page 135)

and he had reaped harvests of souls.

A little, old man with a laugh like water in a stream and eyes as bright as sparks, a little, old man now, long isolated in the wilds but still cultured, still supremely a gentleman. His easy knowledge of the arts, history, politics, life in general had cropped out occasionally in conver-

sation and amazed the somewhat sophisticated (he liked to think so, anyway) Jack.

HE had never had anything for himself but the rudest necessities; and for all his work in their behalf, the Indians were often unconsciously ungrateful. He taught them, nursed them, chided them, exhorted them. He baptized their babes and buried their dead. He was their sole intermediary between Heaven and their earth. His hands had built churches and schools, molded plastic characters and repaired wounded lives. His feet had plodded over leagues upon leagues in the search for souls. His voice alone had broken those great stillnesses with the word of God.

But the heart and soul of the man! What had given him the impulse to do all this? It wasn't an easy life; it wasn't romantic and luring, despite what novelists imagined. Personal ambition, greed, love of fame, a reckless longing for adventure? Obviously they had no place in his make-up. Evidently some Cause impelled him. But what could be the cause that could exact

## Our Contributors

During his long missionary career,—he is seventy-six years old and forty-nine years a Jesuit—FATHER JOHN A. POST, S.J., has done much to unite the *Coeur d'Alene* and the *Sacred Heart*. He is still laboring among the *Coeur d'Alene* Indians at Desmet, Idaho.

From headquarters at the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Albuquerque, N. M., FATHER ROBERT M. LIBERTINI, S.J., travels east and west *Along the Border* and it gives him many a tale to tell.

The account he heard of an *Odjibway Easter* from a missionary gave MICHAEL J. O'DONNELL, S.J., a student of philosophy at Toronto, Ont., the material for this article.

FATHER FRANCIS J. KEMPEL, S.J., from his center at Savanna-la-Mar, Jamaica, B. W. I., travels to numerous stations laying *Jamaica Cornier Stones* both material and spiritual.

It was fortunate that RICHARD A. WELFLE, S.J., now preparing for the *Patna Mission* at Kurseong, India, was present to record this incident in *Making Santal History*.

In the *Dakota Bad Lands* storms are no respecters of persons, as FATHER LEO C. CUNNINGHAM, S.J., of the Holy Rosary Mission, Pine Ridge, South Dakota, well knows.

WILLIAM J. HEALY, S.J., of Weston College, Weston, Mass., an old friend of JESUIT MISSIONS, makes *The Decision* his story this month.

FRIENDS OF FATHER WALTER J. HAMILTON, S.J., missionary extraordinary at El Salvador, East Misamis, Mindanao, P. I., will be glad to hear him tell how *Then We Rolled*, and thank God he rolled no further.

Perhaps *Penrod Converted* is the story of more than one vocation. A student of philosophy at Weston College, Weston, Mass., GEORGE C. O'BRIEN, S.J., is not likely to write without "objective evidence."

The poem, *The Prayer of a Little Missionary*, comes from the pen of CHARLES W. MAHAN, S.J., who will be ordained to the priesthood in June at Weston College, Weston, Mass.

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

such fidelity, such love? "Tis sweet and fitting to die for one's country," remembered Jack. He snorted. Was it? Even in the heat and fury of battle, dying for your country might be hard and bitter; nobody wants to die. But even that short pang—what was it in comparison with months and years of daily

deaths, with months and years of suffering and privations? Men couldn't choose and live a life like that, except—except for what? he wondered.

"Come," said the old priest, gently, "we've seen the dawn up. Let us go down to the Mass."

\* \* \*

MILLER sat at the huge desk in his office and savagely chewed at a frayed cigar. From his vast frame came deep and mighty rumbles. Again he spread the telegram and read it, this time aloud:

"My answer is No. I came here and found only sacrifice and loyalty and love.

Jack Farrell."

Again Miller tried manfully to curse. But he was inarticulate, baffled. His strength had gone out from him.



### Journal of Religious Instruction.

A Review for the Teacher of Religion, published monthly except July and August. De Paul University, Chicago, Ill. Subscription price \$2.00 a year. The first issue of this new Review made its appearance in February of this year. It is the only magazine in the United States devoted solely to the problems of Catholic teachers of religion, and as such it should certainly find a wide circle of readers. Each issue will carry material for the primary teacher, the intermediate grades, the junior and senior high school and the college.

The members of the editorial staff of the magazine are: Rev. Thomas C. Powers, C.M., Sister Mary Ambrose, O.P., and Ellamay Horan, Ph.D. There is also an advisory committee made up of men distinguished in educational work throughout the United States.

The Frequent Communicant's Prayer-Book. Compiled by Rev. M. V. Kelly, C.S.B., John P. Daleiden Co., Chicago, Ill. Price \$2.25.

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munion, in order to afford a means to avoid dull routine.

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**Litany of Our Lady—Let Us Pray Series, III.** By Francis P. LeBuffe, S.J. America Press, New York, N. Y. 30 cents.

Father LeBuffe continues in this third little booklet the fine vein of devotional writing with which he began the "Let Us Pray Series." It is longer than the first two and comes very timely to excite an outpouring of our love for our Blessed Mother during May.

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