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The Missions of the American Jesuits

Mission fields scattered over the whole world have been assigned to the spiritual care and material support of the various Provinces of the Society of Jesus in America. The American Jesuits gladly accepted these mission charges, and, with the prayers and generous cooperation of zealous friends, are reaping an ever-increasing harvest of souls.

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

A foreign-home mission, of which important sections, principally in the island of Mindanao, in the city of Manila, and the two leper colonies of Culion and Cebu, are entrusted to the Jesuits.

COLORED MISSIONS IN MARYLAND

Home missions among the colored in southern Maryland. These two mission fields are cared for by the Jesuits of the Maryland-New York Province comprising the Middle Atlantic States. The Province Mission Procurator is

Rev. George J. Willmann, S.J.,
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AMERICAN INDIAN MISSIONS

Home missions among the Indians of Wyoming and South Dakota.

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A foreign mission in Central America among the native Caribs and Maya Indians.

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Rev. James R. O'Neill, S.J.,
221 N. Grand Blvd., St. Louis, Mo.

ALASKA

Foreign-home missions among the Eskimos and Indians of Alaska.

CHINA MISSIONS

Foreign missionary work in Nanking, Shanghai and other sections of China.

AMERICAN INDIAN MISSIONS

Home missions in Washington, Idaho, Oregon and Montana.

These three important mission fields are served by the Jesuits of the California Province which comprises the States of California, Nevada, Utah and Arizona, and by the Jesuits of the Rocky Mountain Region which comprises the States of Idaho, Montana, Oregon and Washington. The Province Mission Procurator is

Rev. Edward C. Menager, S.J.,
445 Phelan Building, San Francisco, Calif.

American Jesuits are also laboring in other missions not assigned to the American Provinces.

Contributions for any of these missions may be sent to the respective Province Mission Procurators or to

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Home missions among the white and colored people of the rural districts of the Southern States. This broad field is being developed by the Jesuits of the New Orleans Province which embraces the territory of the Southern States. The Province Mission Procurator is

Rev. Patrick A. Ryan, S.J.,
St. Anne's Church, Rock Hill, S. C. (Box 445)

JAMAICA, B.W.I.

A foreign mission field in care of the New England Province of the Society of Jesus. The Province comprises the New England States. The Province Mission Procurator is

Rev. Edward P. Tivnan, S.J.,
Boston College, Chestnut Hill, Mass.

PATNA, INDIA

A foreign mission in the northern section of India, administered to by the Jesuits of the Chicago Province which is made up of the States of Illinois (northern part), Indiana, Kentucky, Michigan and Ohio. The Province Mission Procurator is

Rev. Leon A. Foster, S.J.,
1076 W. Roosevelt Rd., Chicago, Ill.

CHINA

Suchow Mission.

CANADIAN INDIAN MISSIONS

Caughnawaga, the Iroquois mission near Montreal, is in charge of the Jesuits of Lower Canada. The Province Mission Procurator for these two Missions is

Rev. Louis J. Lavoie, S.J.,
653 Chemin Ste-Foy, Quebec, Canada

CANADIAN INDIAN MISSIONS

The Indian missions along Lake Huron and Georgian Bay, those north of Lake Superior, and those along the Albany River are cared for by the Jesuits of Upper Canada. The Province Mission Procurator is

Rev. Joseph Leahy, S.J.,
160 Wellesley Crescent, Toronto, Canada

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A Moro wedding ceremony in Mindanao, Philippine Islands. The Moros are polygamists. Racially, the mass of present day Moros in Mindanao is Malay like the Filipino. The ruling datos are often descendants of Mohammedan traders from Mecca in Arabia, who first came to the Philippine Islands in 1450 A.D.

Musings of the Santal Tramp

James A. Creane, S.J.



ACK in the early days of my career, when I was but a happy-go-lucky lad tending my father's flocks on the then unfenced prairies of Illinois, my idea of a tramp was

something like this: "A poor, absolutely penniless man in ragged clothes who goes about from house to house begging for a bite to eat, sometimes receiving a generous handout and sometimes meeting a stern rebuff; a man who leads a rather lonely life, spending his nights under some spreading tree, in a straw stack, or occasionally in a deserted house; a man with plenty of time for thought, not much concerned about politics, and not at all bothered by the million and one worries of the wealthy."

In those days I little thought that I would ever be a tramp myself. But here I am on the other side of the world just as far away from home as I can go without getting off the earth. And really, my youthful picture of tramp life just about fits me. That is why I rather relish the title "Santal Tramp" or "The King's Tramp," as I sometimes sign myself. Poor I certainly am, for I have a vow of poverty. My clothes are not the best. Last trip around I tore my cassock while making my way through thorny bushes to the summit of a high hill. I, too, am a beggar, living exclusively on alms. A sort of a lonely life I lead, for mine is the only white face here, and no one of the thousands among whom I circulate speaks my language. I have no house nor home of my own, but move about from village to village and house to house, and I must depend on the hospitality of the villagers for shelter. Sometimes they treat me kindly; sometimes not so kindly. Many is the time I have to sleep on the hard earth and envy my brother tramps their straw stack cushions and hay stack lounges. Cut off here from civilization, I know little about world politics, and certainly, worries about the making of a will to dispose of my wealth never enter my mind.

So there you are. It seems there is no way of getting around it. I am a tramp and that's that. I am a real out and out beggar, begging for alms, begging for prayers, begging for souls. But all tramps have their consolations, and so I have mine. Let me tell you of some of them.

Take my last circle around the villages for instance. I started off on a walking tour from Mirza Chowki.

I stopped in at Kirtania and learned that old Bogon, who last time told me he and his would all become Catholics, was dead. Another case of "Time enough lost the ducks," as mother used to say. Then I went on to Pindara. There I had the consolation of the tiger. You remember the fable. The rabbit said to the tigress: "Look, great mother, my offspring are numerous, and you have only two or three in a life time." "Yes," said the tigress, "perhaps only one in a life time, but that one happens to be a tiger." Well, I had only one Baptism at Pindara, but that one happened to be

a headman.

Thence we moved on from village to village. Let me give you the roll call: Titibaihar, one Baptism; Baccha, five; Sirsa, three; Jambujharna,

seven (Mahles); Boarjior, two; Dhudri, three; Meghi, five . . . Time out for illness.

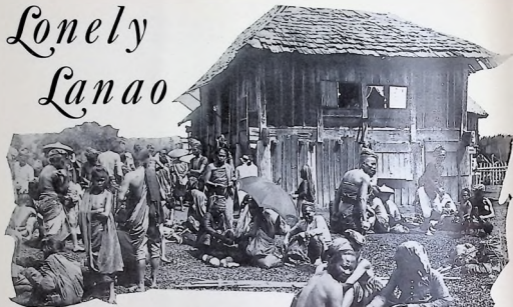
A BAD cough that had been hanging on from the beginning of my trip got the better of me. A low fever kept me several days on the flat of my back on a native cot that was far too short to stretch out on. I sent word to Father Pettit, who was working the territory to the south of me. He very kindly crossed rivers and mountains, and nursed me back to health. But just as he thought he had me cured, I got an appendicitis scare—severe pain in the right side, vomiting, etc. It proved to be just nothing, but we were suspicious. So a trip to Bhagalpur was arranged. Eight Mahles suspended a native cot from bamboo poles and carried me all the way to Mirza Chowki, at least sixteen miles. What a glorious ride it was, "bumpy bumpy bump" through slush, mud, rivers and

(Turn to page 45)



The Santal Tramp, Father James A. Creane, S.J.

Lonely Lanao



Thomas B. Cannon, S.J.

(Continued from January issue)

Market day among the Moros

Father Hofmann's treacherous neighbors



AT Iligan, Lanao, Mindanao, P. I., headquarters for the American Jesuit Missionary, Father Andrew Hofmann, one could never know where to patch or to reinforce with cement. The house and church are simply ruins. I took particular care, for several days regularly, to sweep up the ani dust from the floor of my room and Father Hofmann's (there are about three rooms and several partitions in the house); yet every morning, the floor was covered again with the wood dust that the ani had bored out of the wood in the course of the day. Day by day, the piles of dust at the foot of each post grow bigger and bigger. And besides the ani, there are other destructive workers in wood, called "buck-buck," to say nothing of red ants, which destroy anything that a missionary might be able to eat. Place a piece of banana on the table and leave it alone for five minutes, and when you come back the ants will almost be walking away with it. Then, of course, there are mosquitoes and flies; and the missionary must use a mosquito net at night, which effectually shuts out the little breeze that might be stealing in to give him a bit of comfort.

Father Hofmann keeps chickens in the back of his house, and does his best to guard them against the foxes, the hawks and the snakes that come in the night to get them. Certainly, if there are no ghosts in Iligan, there are enough other beasts to bother a man. Father Hofmann hears noises, strange noises in the night, and very often. But he doesn't lie trembling in his bed. He dashes up, seizes a flashlight and goes to investigate. That's how he has saved many of his chickens from the prowlers

of the night and gained a reputation for himself. It is a lonely place. Last year Father Hofmann saw no fellow Jesuit for eight months, until Andrew Cervini, S.J., and Edward Haggerty, S.J., came to Iligan in the interests of the Boy Scouts.

ICE is a luxury in Iligan. Whenever Father Hofmann wants to give himself a really wonderful treat, he opens negotiations about getting a piece of ice. He used to be able to order it at the beginning of the week and get it from the Kolambugan Ice Mill by the end of the week. But now I hear that the Kolambugan Ice Mill burned down in August. Sometimes a Chinaman who keeps a store in Iligan will have some ice and sell a little piece to the *Padre*,—enough for two glasses of ice water!

There is no Jesuit Brother to help Father Hofmann along. He has two boys living with him in the convento, one whom he himself taught how to cook, the other who goes to the school and does odd jobs for Father Hofmann. They are possibly the two brightest boys in Iligan. The fourth resident in the convento is Father Hofmann's dog, Candy. He is a great pet, but a greater watchdog.

Father Hofmann's great work at Iligan has been the school. He finished it a year ago; and it was the first parochial school in Mindanao, I believe, to have a complete course of seven grades and a complete teaching staff. It is called "Saint Michael's School," and is

painted green. It is three stories high—the largest building in Iligan. Father Hofmann was his own contractor. Had he given the work to a regular contractor, it would have cost him double. So he did it himself. He knew nothing of architecture, but he had taught physics, and he figured out how to build the school from his knowledge of the laws of stress and strain. People will naturally wonder at such a thing, and be inclined to be sceptical; but the point to consider is that the school is built, and has withstood several very severe typhoons. Father Hofmann sent men up to the mountains, and went with them himself, to get the posts for the school; he selected the hardest wood known in the Philippines, molave, which is anti-proof; he paid Moros thirteen cents a piece for the cutting of the trees; he had his men haul them to the river and then swim down the river with them to a spot near Iligan.

THE first day Father Hofmann had men working on the school, he gave them a keg of nails and told them to nail certain boards. Then a sick call came. Returning from the sick call, he found the keg gone and the men asleep. "Where's the keg of nails?" he demanded. Nobody knew. Gone. That was all. Somebody had taken them home. After that, Father Hofmann had to stand around and hand each man just as many nails as he needed at one time. But now the school is finished and is running steadily, though it costs a great deal to keep it going. There are eleven teachers, all Filipino lay people. Teachers for the most part are

Moro boys and belles in embroidered vestments ready for a fiesta.



Father Hofmann's great work, St. Michael's School (painted green), with seven grades and a complete teaching staff—the first, believes the writer, in the island of Mindanao.

afraid to go to Lanao, the Moro province. So in order to get teachers, they must be given double salary. In this way, the Iligan school costs twice as much as any other parochial school on the missions. Teachers' salaries alone mount up to \$250.00 a month, and it is Father Hofmann's monthly worry to scrape up that much money.

Iligan's pastor must contend not only with Protestants, but also with Aglipayans. These latter are members of the Filipino National Independent Church, founded by Aglipay, an apostate priest. They are simply imitators of the Church. They imitate the Mass; they imitate the sacraments. Their "priests" are "ordained" after a two-months course in imitating. Whenever they want to add dignity to a procession, they get some *muchacho*, who they think is not known, and dress him up as a bishop. Unfortunately, the people often recognize the fellow. Those of the people who have had some education know the difference between Aglipayans and the True Church. To show contempt and mockery, they double a name; as the name for priest, *pari*, they double for the Aglipayan, who is the *pari-pari*; so they have the *obispo-obispo* the *missa-missa*. But most of the people cannot

tell the difference between the true priests and the mockers. There is the sad part of it. Sometimes, however, the mockers are shown up in a comical light. Lately, at one place in Lanao, an Aglipayan "priest" thought he would imitate a priest's cope; and being a member of the "National" (Turn to p. 45)



God's handiwork along the Yukon Trail.

ALASKA'S PILOTS

READERS of JESUIT MISSIONS who have noticed in the newspapers brief accounts stating that Brothers George Feltes, S.J., and Martial Lapeyre, S.J., had been lost in Alaska, will be interested in having the full account of what took place. On their trip the Brothers had left Anchorage in northern Alaska. We shall take up the story there.

After an unavoidable delay at Anchorage they started out for Holy Cross, the headquarters of the northern Alaska Missions. To avoid the danger connected with crossing the Alaskan Range which is between Anchorage and Holy Cross, and which contains such mountains as Mount Spurr, 11,070 feet high, and Mount Dall, 9,000 feet high, the Brothers took a northwest course up to McGrath and followed a valley pass through the mountains. On November 22, they started on a southwest course of 150 miles towards Holy Cross.

When they did not arrive at Holy Cross on time, anxiety was felt for them, and two planes were sent in search of the Brothers. Because of poor visibility they could not be located. Then Harry Blunt, who flew with Father Bernard Hubbard, S.J., last Winter during the exploration of the Katmai volcano, and who had formed a great friendship with the Brothers while they were at Anchorage, went to aid in the search. It was known that Brother Feltes carried stove, snowshoes, plenty of food and warm clothing. It was also known that Alaska planes are often missing for days.

On November 28, the Brothers were finally located

by Pilot Blunt. They were at the head of Ganes Creek, at the foot of Crater Mountain. A flyer who located them stated that they walked around the plane and waved to him. He noticed that they had fire.

As planes were afraid to land for the rescue, a dog-team was sent from Tacotna, some twenty-five miles away. There seemed to be considerable difficulty in getting the dog-team to the place, but finally, on December 2, they reached the two Brothers. The final details of the story are given by Brother Feltes himself who, on December 5, sent the following telegram from Tacotna: "Lapeyre and self fine at Tacotna. Landed in large field with idea of checking motor, but snow was too deep to get off. Then got snow-bound for six days, and used up fuel to keep warm. Party brought us to Tacotna tonight. We will bring fuel to plane and fly it out in a couple of days, weather permitting. Regards to all. Please inform all that there is absolutely no damage to plane and that we are fine."

After the present account had already gone to press, word was received from Alaska—dated December 13—that Brother Feltes was still trying to get the plane out of the little field where he was forced to land. The letter states that all the Alaska flying companies are having trouble this Winter, due to constant storms.

Everywhere in the United States, air-pilots have praised most highly the splendid handling of the plane by Brother Feltes. Nor would the present mishap have occurred, if there had not been unfortunate and unforeseen delay at Anchorage, the starting point. The skill and courage of the Brother are such that implicit trust is placed in his ability and judgment.

The Orphans of Ghazir

Augustin Jeannière, S.J.



MY little colony at Ghazir in Syria is made up of orphans. They have at present passed the number of fifty; and yet fifty is a small number, as you realize, but yet we dare not go beyond it, and always for the same reason,—finances. Ah, that miserable silver! Father Rolland, a saintly man whom we have recently lost, used to say, "Yes, money is a very hard master, but a very good servant." We vary from fifty children to sixty. One child leaves us, and is immediately replaced. Like nature, our orphanage abhors a vacuum.

With few exceptions, our children are all Catholics. Occasionally, we receive members of the Orthodox Faith, that is, Schismatics. When they are converted, employment is found for them in a Catholic household, when not in one of our own houses, where there need be little fear for their perseverance.

IN the course of the present year I have received two little boys, brothers aged seven and nine years, whose father, a Mussulman, had lately died. The mother, a Catholic, in great distress begged us to take them for fear that if given over to their Mussulman relatives who were anxious to take them, the children would follow the religion of "the Prophet." There was no time for hesitation. The good tots made their first Holy Communion and were radiant with joy. I am counting on receiving during these days, another child of a Mussulman father.

The work of conversions, ordinarily so difficult in mission countries, especially Mussulman missions, should be greatly facilitated by orphanages. The soul of a child, true soft wax, receives and keeps the image impressed upon it.

We do not forget vocations to the religious life and to the priesthood. Not infrequently, our Lord makes His call heard in the hearts of these poor little ones,



The author—veteran of the Syrian Mission—with some of the fifty "hopefuls" of the orphanage.

and never a year passes by but we have some recruits for the Society of Jesus, or for the native clergy, regular and secular.

OUR little "Peck's Bad Boy," baptized last year under the name of Joseph George Guy (in honor of Guy de Fontgalland) is entirely transformed since his Baptism and first Holy Communion. He is no longer the unbearable and terrible young savage of former days, who would break, topple over, and tear everything to pieces for the mere pleasure of destruction. He listened only to "striking" arguments in those days, and then he would not always listen to them. Did he not tell the Brother in charge of general discipline that the sole of his feet (not the heel, as in the case of Achilles) was his only vulnerable spot? Now there is no need of such arguments. All the Brother has to do is look crossly at him, and he is ready to burst into tears. The other day a little blind lad of twelve knocked at my door. Who has been his guide? My good little Joseph.

Every morning he receives Holy Communion with devotion, and the veterans at Ghazir, now reassured and edified, no longer demand his expulsion. Baptism, the Eucharist, such as these may be given as the secret of so sudden and such a radical conversion. Of this there is no room to doubt. Yes, my orphans of Ghazir are a constant worry, financial and otherwise, but all this is easily overshadowed by the many spiritual consolations that my little ones bring me.

A Thousand Miles in a Canoe

Alexander Rolland, S.J.

(Continued from January issue)



TO continue our story of that thousand mile canoe trip which was told in part in the January issue of *JESUIT MISSIONS*. After all the services and sermons of the second day at Lake St. Joseph in the Ojibway country of Ontario, we had a grand confession night. Father Couture was hearing until almost 11:30. When he stepped into the dark night, he whispered to me the simple words, "Beautiful souls!" These Indians were indeed a cause of deep consolation. They had been more recently evangelized than any other group, yet have displayed wonderfully solid faith. Father visits them during the Winter months also, and they seem to advance by leaps and bounds, even in his absence. These people are devoted to their priest and to their religion. They pleaded most touchingly for a resident priest, and the reply of one old man to the answer that there were not enough, was, "Well, there should be enough priests." That this devotion is really solid is proven by the innocence of their lives. In all these northern missions there is not one example of a violation of the Church's law concerning the matrimonial union.

The morning of the general Communion saw every adult at the Holy Table. After lengthy prayers of thanksgiving, our joyous neophytes partook, on this one great occasion, of the bounty of the priest. Each had some tea (the cups had to be passed around, since there were only three), a goodly slice of David's bannock, and a little lard. All were then treated to Joe's cigarettes, even the squaws. It was a merry party.

WE thus passed six happy days at the mission, and then bade a touching farewell. As I shook hands with David Ogidik, I thought of the old historic, noble type of Indian. Surely here was the pure breed of the unsullied north. David Ogidik was a strapping, athletic figure with a massive frame. His strong chin indicated the staunch character behind it. A pleasant smile lighted up his broad, handsome face. Deep emotion struggled under the calm surface of his smiling features as he bade us adieu. The others, equally saddened by our departure, waved us Godspeed far out into the lake.

We soon entered Albany River, which flows its 610 mile course from Lake St. Joseph to James Bay. The



The Albany River Rapids over which the mission party passed. "The Indians, when shooting rapids, trust not to luck, but to long-tried skill."

river, which is broad and rapid, drops on the average of three feet to the mile, and runs through many lakes and shoots many rapids. After the first 320 miles, the river enters a clay belt, the lakes and rapids vanish while steep clay banks, in an increasing degree of elevation, rise from the water's edge. From a hundred yards to a mile beyond the steep banks, which at times form precipices of a hundred feet in depth, lie wide plains of stagnant muskeg. As the mouth of the river approaches, the clay banks again decrease until they merge themselves with the surrounding prairie. Into this grand river, bordered by a wealth of forest growth, we glided with a current of from four to six miles an hour to assist us.

AT Lake Otoskonigama, which is merely an elbow in the Albany, we passed near the grave of a pagan. The pagans dress their dead in the best garments available, wrap the corpse in birch bark as a protection against feathered scavengers, and place it on a high rack built on four poles. Beside the dead are deposited his weapons, with other possessions, such as a teapot or drum with similar offerings. Days of travel brought us no sign of humanity. However, one night, two men approached our camp with the greeting, "Do you like sturgeon?" which is the Indian manner of saying, "Will you trade some of your supplies for a sturgeon?" Among other things, they took some rolled oats in a small pail, which we were to call for later. The next morning we moored at their camp on an island in Lake Medicine-man. To the accompaniment of a dog chorus we shook hands. Arranged about the camp were a rack for drying moose-meat and fish, a number of canoes and five tents. Frequently in the Summer, many families group together in hunting bands, but our friends were gathered

to assist at the death of their aged grandmother. The old woman lay under a lean-to, conscious, but her emaciated frame trembled in the throes of the death agony. We prayed in silence for her conversion, but were doomed to see her die a pagan.

Later in the day we bade a brief good-by to the Albany River and turned north into Lake Eabamad. The number of Indians centered about this lake is 600, including those from Lake Attawapiscat, sixty miles to the north. These lakes are not seldom called in English by the names of the Hudson Bay posts on them; thus Lakes Eabamad and Attawapiscat are known as Fort Hope and Landsdowne respectively. Sighted in the distance, we were greeted by a large group of men standing about the Gigitowigamik, or council-house. At this station is situated our only church in the northern missions. Here the faithful are well instructed, can sing a half dozen Masses, and understand the services.

SUNDAY evening, June 22, we had the mightiest storm I had ever witnessed. Immense banks of clouds darkened the sky, the wind raged in howling gusts, suddenly changed and threatened to tear the very trees from their roots. The Indians were seized with excitement which alternated between fear and nervous laughter. Everybody shouted, no one listened, and all ran about in a panic. Canoes were dragged away from the shore, and supported against the flap of the wigwams; ropes were tightened; stakes driven, until every living being was forced to shelter by a sudden down-pour of hail that fell in sheets of ice. Our huge canoe was lifted a yard or more into the air, hurled over and over till it landed against a tent-post. Another was swept along the ground the length of the church. Tents were blown away, blankets and provisions soaked, while

A typical wigwam of the northern bush. Canvas and bark are used to cover the poles.



Ojibway mother with papoose "all done up."

women and children were targets for hail stones as big as pigeon eggs. In a flash the storm subsided, the Indians shook their sodden garments, and in a moment had regained their customary merriment and composure. Some had sought shelter in the church with little success. Father Couture was there hearing confessions when the storm arose; glass and hail flew across the interior, one piece making a gash in Father's nose.

Our guides then quitted us for a week. David wished to meet his daughter, about to return from school at Ombabika. After a stay of three and a half days at Fort Hope, we pushed to the north under the leadership of three new guides. Kitchi Antoine, or Big Antoine Moniens, the wealthiest Indian in the north district, insisted on conducting us up to Attawapiscat and on banqueting us there when arrived. In cleanliness of mind and body, Kitchi compares very favorably with any of his more sophisticated white brothers. For our first meal at Attawapiscat, Kitchi quite proudly brought forth a new set of enamel tableware. This luxury, he told us, he had purchased especially for the much hoped for occasion when he might entertain the missionary at his board.

ON our way to Attawapiscat, a group of Indians, portaging for the Hudson Bay Company, traveled almost abreast of us in the vicinity of Lake Wawiegemak. These expert path-finders cover six miles an hour on foot, in short, quick steps with heavy loads which they do not disturb,—so even and regular is their pace. They rise at three or four o'clock in the morning, eat a slice of bannock which is their sole meal save tea taken three times a day, until ten or eleven at night.

Family life at Attawapiscat is (Turn to page 46)

Your Father's House

THE audience was all attention.

"This is your Father's House," in accents clear, rang out the voice of their Bishop and Spiritual Father, as nearly one thousand Negroes sat before him, at the dedication services of their new church, in the little southern village of Grand Coteau, Louisiana.

Grand Coteau

is indeed a very small village, some two hundred miles north of New Orleans. But it boasts the proud fact that it now has two Catholic churches; one for the white population and a second for the Negroes. For many years past, the need was felt for a church for these poor people of the colored race, as the present church had long since become too small for both congregations. But though the need for such a church was very great, no way could be seen whereby to build and equip any such enterprise, due to the poverty of the people.

The Bishop, Rt. Rev. Jules B. Jeannard, D.D., finally secured a building, once used as an auditorium by the old College of St. Charles, and had it removed to a suitable location, and made fit for a church, at his own expense.

SUNDAY, November 15, was set aside for the formal dedication by the Bishop. Under the guiding hand of Father P. J. Week, S.J., pastor of the colored church, generous and ready hearts set to work to make the dedication day a momentous one in the history of the colored people.

There was much work to be done. Many ornaments and church fixtures had to be secured; a choir had to be trained; altar boys taught to serve Mass; and a thousand little things prepared that a well established church need not worry about.

The work of forming a choir was undertaken by Father Paul L. Callens, S.J., of the Novitiate Faculty of St. Charles College at Grand Coteau. A call for volunteers was answered by a generous response of men and women. It was decided to have two choirs: one for the men and the other for the women. The task of training these people, unused to church singing, was considerably lightened because the Negroes are



Bishop Jeannard, Fathers John M. Salter, S.J., and Francis Roy, S.J., with some of the congregation of 2000 Negroes of the church of St. Peter Claver, Grand Coteau, La.

James I.
McEnaney, S.J.

known to be given to song, and the idea of singing in the choir just naturally blended with their make-up. The result was a well-trained and harmonious chorus.

Another important work was to teach the young boys to serve at the altar. This work

was gladly undertaken by our Jesuit scholastics. A meeting was called, and ten boys showed up, all eager to learn, but yet a little timid. Upon questioning them, it was found that none had ever before heard a Latin word, much less been able to pronounce one. And so, in this, as in every other line, the work began at rock bottom. But the willingness of these lads to learn, and their retentive memories, made the task well nigh easy, not to say pleasant.

AS the day of the dedication dawned, the hearts of all were enthused over the fact that their Bishop would be on hand to bless their new church. Even Heaven seemed to rejoice for the occasion, and God sent an abundance of golden sunshine to brighten and warm the earth.

The hour finally came for the ceremonies to begin. A long line of colored altar boys, dressed in red cassocks and white surplices, walked two by two, with eyes front and hands clasped, led by the cross-bearer and two acolytes, and followed by members of the clergy and His Lordship, Bishop Jeannard of the Lafayette Diocese.

Then, with many prayers, the exterior of the church was blessed and the procession entered the church, while the clergy chanted the Litany of the Saints. A prayer was said by the Bishop before dedicating the church under the patronage of St. Peter Claver, the Apostle of the Negroes, and amidst the singing of Psalms, the inside walls of the church were solemnly blessed.

Assisting the Bishop during the blessing, were the Very Reverend John M. Salter, S.J., Provincial of the New Orleans Province of the Society of Jesus, and Very Reverend Francis Roy, S.J., President of St. Charles College, Grand Coteau.

(Turn to page 46)

Orators of the Plains

George P. Prendergast, S.J.



Chief Strong Talk, full-blood Sioux, one hundred per cent Catholic, is a masterful Indian orator.



T has been said that our American Indians in the old days were not only first class fighting men and experienced and cunning hunters, but also orators of no mean ability.

But what of the Indian of today? That he is still the most perfect master of the sign language is recognized by those who have written on the subject. Perhaps, however, it is not so well known that the descendant of Red Cloud and Sitting Bull has preserved the fine old tradition of his race with regard to the spoken word as well. In losing almost everything that his forefathers loved, this at least he has been able to salvage out of the wreckage of the past. Bow and arrow, tomahawk and scalping knife are now mere relics of other days. The big game which he so relentlessly pursued has vanished from the plains.

But at least one gift of nature has not been taken from him, perhaps because it did not pertain to the material order, and his conqueror could see no market for it. I mean the ability to express with ease and grace the thoughts of his mind and the feelings of his heart,—the divine gift of eloquence.

At the Sioux Indian Congress at Holy Rosary Mission, South Dakota, last Spring were gathered together the best orators of the Oglala and Bruel tribes.

They spoke, in their native tongue, on politico-religious questions such as the state divorce laws and Catholic higher education for their children, subjects of grave importance and worthy of the best orators. They are natural born speakers, these Indians, if ever there were such. They can speak

Chief Strong Talk in action, addressing the delegates who were seated in a semi-circle in front of him.



for an hour with hardly a stop, and never hesitate a moment for a word. Their gestures are most graceful and expressive. At the same time, the Sioux orator has all the classic restraint and control which the ancients labored so steadfastly to acquire. He can warm up to his subject, but unlike many fervid speakers, he does not succumb to its heat.

Their meetings were held in a circular shelter made of pine posts covered over with pine branches and left open in the middle. In this "bower," as it is called, anyone who wished to speak had the right to do so, once he was recognized by the chairman. It was inspiring, indeed, to watch these men and women rise up in the assembly without the least sign of trepidation, and deliver their apparently carefully prepared but, as far as composition went, strictly extemporaneous speeches. Although one did not understand the language, there was more than enough in the delivery of the different speakers to hold one's attention.

THERE were several women among the speakers, and they, too, lived up to the tradition of their race. Fiery was their expression, compelling the attention even of those who were passing by, and never once was there the least hesitation in determining what was next to be said or how to say it. It was taken for granted the speaker had something to say. And if they had something worth saying and a chance to say it, it was likewise taken for granted they would do just that. Apparently it never occurred to them to fear facing an audience.

We Americans, with our thousand (Turn to page 46)

THE SNORIN

Joseph G

moaned. I have heard it laugh in play, yet the sweetness and the sadness of the sounds it made were none so pleasant as its snore. A paradox, of course!—for a saw is silent when it sleeps, and snoring. (strange word!), speaks of sleep. Yet the saw I speak of snores while it works.

Our kitchen, like all kitchens in Jamaica, B. W. I., is a prouder kitchen than those to which we are accustomed, since it is a little building all by itself, separate from the house. Of course, one of your brighter, and well appointed, up-to-date American kitchens may haughtily throw out its conglomeration-clad chest, chuckle in its frigidaire, and exclaim, "Huh! Kept out of doors like a dog! One of those common people of the barn class!" Be that as it may, our kitchen is proud of its separate existence, and Peter, the cook, thinks it has good reason to be proud.

SHORTLY after our arrival in Jamaica, we called on Peter and his kitchen, and while being introduced to the wonders (?) of that little building, we were visibly perplexed by the unmistakable sound of snoring. Perplexity gave way to profound incredulity when Peter, by way of explanation, nonchalantly said, "Dat's de Brudder!" A Brother?—snoring? A Jesuit Brother?—a Jesuit Brother snoring in the kitchen at ten o'clock of a bright (and hot) Jamaica morning? We'll believe that when we see and hear for ourselves. And we did.

Next to the kitchen door, another door led into a dark little room that was windowless, except for a break in the brick wall that permits one to enter a screened-in enclosure that nestles up against the rear wall of the building. The sound of snoring had grown louder, and as we gazed through the outer door, through the opening in the wall, we beheld a tanned, work-hardened hand in rhythmic motion, pushing, pulling, pushing, pulling, and we knew that we had wondered at the snoring of a saw. We peered around the corner of the building, and through the pattern of the poultry-wire screening, beheld a bent back, caught a glimpse of a kerchief-bound head, an arm that seemed tireless as it worked the saw, and over

the shoulder of the carpenter a work-bench and tools, and, on the wall, a picture of an Old Man and a Child. It was the Carpenter of Nazareth and the Carpenter's Son,—a picture that we had always loved, and as we gazed, oblivious of all else, we were startled by—"Hello, my frien!"—and we stared in helpless wonder, rubbed our eyes and stared again at what at first sight seemed the living counterpart of the carpenter on the wall. Kindly eyes smiling through spectacles from beneath a kerchiefed brow, and lighting up the kindly, grey-bearded and tanned features of an old man; the work-bench by his side,



Brother Rocco Quattrocchi, S.J., and the saw that snores while it works.

HAVE you ever heard the singing of a saw—singing songs of bustling cheer, working as it sang? Have you ever heard the labored sighing of a saw, sighing, yet content, with the weariness of honest toil? I have heard a saw both sing and sigh, and even the sighing was a song. I have heard a saw that shrieked and



The horticultural delights of King St., Kingston, carry no consolation to the missionaries in the bush.

G OF A SAW

oherty, S.J.

the shavings on the floor, the—"Come in, my friend, come in!" and we met Brother Rocco Quattrocchi, S.J., formerly of Naples, now the carpenter and gardener of the Jesuit community in Kingston, Jamaica, B. W. I.

STRANGE to say, we had met "Brudder" before, met him in the desks, the chairs, wardrobes, etc., throughout the house, in the book-racks in the library. We were going to meet him again in the altars, candelabra, chairs, desks, tables and cabinets in many, oh many places on the Island,—but here was an experience, meeting him in the flesh.

The sunny skies of his native Naples are in his smile, the blue waters of its bay in his eyes, the gruff grandeur of Vesuvius in his voice, and his sixty-five years sit rather easily upon his shoulders. When he laughs, Vesuvius is playful, and Brother often laughs. When "Mussolin" and "Garibaldi" the mischievous leaders of his tiny flock of sheep, brave the terrors of the kitchen, or the unexplored region of the Fathers' dining room, the wrathful thunders of the mighty mountain are heard, and our mutton-on-the-hoof all but expires.

He has been a Jesuit for thirty-five years, having commenced his hidden life at Nazareth on the eve of the Bambino's birthday, 1896, and eleven years ago he came to Jamaica, where he has been carpenter, shepherd, poultryman, farmer, and steward ever since. When you meet him he will introduce you to "Mussolin" and "Garibaldi," to his goats and his rabbits, to the pigs and the chickens, and should it be one of Brother's lucky days, to a "Leopold," a dog, a real dog, a lucky dog, the object of Brother's special care, although he provides for "Rex" and "Hoya" too. Then the garden, a garden such as you never dreamed of,—an Eden in a none too large enclosure. Bananas?—the very best of the golden best! Oranges?—what a silly question! Why there are limes and nays-berries, custard-apples and star-apples, golden-apples and Otahite-apples, paw-paw and jack-fruit, grape-fruit and bread-fruit, sour-sop and sweet-sop, and garden-eggs. There are white yams and yellow yams, yampee and cassava, chow-chow and ackee, plantains and mangos, avocado pears and callalu—and there is one flower that we cannot afford to overlook.

A WAY at the far end of this Eden, nestling beneath an arch of vine, is Brother's special pride. It is a flower that was first found in the fields of Lisieux, a white, white rose, now blooming in every corner of the earth, and in the fair fields of Heaven, and now nurtured in the garden of Winchester Park by the Carpenter of Kingston. A tiny statue on

Across these gardens of Traveler's Palm, over the mountains and far away, zealous American Jesuits from the Province of New England are whitening the souls of Jamaican blacks.



"Mussolin" and "Garibaldi," the mischievous leaders of Brother's tiny flock of sheep.

a frail looking pedestal, two or three battered candlesticks, a few doubtful looking vases filled with ferns and flowers,—that is all, but it is the expression of the gratitude of a poor and busy man for the rose that the Little Flower has sent to him. He (Turn to page 47)



JESUIT MISSIONS

A MAGAZINE OF APOSTOLIC ENDEAVOR

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Speak, Lord; Thy Servant Heareth

AT this time of the year, when graduation is not so many months away, our college and high school seniors, young men and young women, are giving some serious thought to their future careers. To these the words that follow are directed, in the hope that they will lend courage in making a decision that will shape the future.

Once the proud possessor of the much-coveted diploma or degree, you will be expected to walk with determination along a definite path in life. Those who have made sacrifices for your education will look watchfully and hopefully for your decision on the future. You yourself, with God's assisting grace, must make the choice. As you stand at the threshold of the old school that guided, protected and instructed you these past years, the world lies at your feet, yours, in a sense, to conquer. You have the dash and courage of youth, and you will need it. That outside world, which hitherto has seemed so attractive, will cast off the cloak that has made it a dream world of romance, and will show you the prosaic, stern realities of life very soon. But you need not lose the youthful buoyancy with which you leave Alma Mater; you need not kill the optimistic enthusiasm, if you are careful about your initial choice. If you go into the matter of your future prayerfully, and guided by reason and not caprice; if you seek out experienced direction, you have a better chance of not making the mistake of regarding as solid silver and gold the tinsel and the empty baubles of a Broadway world.

What Will It Be?

IF those who have your guidance in hand think that in following a professional or business career in the world you are choosing wisely in accordance with right reason and the talents God has given you, you may look for Heaven's blessing on the future. On the other hand,

perhaps God has sounded in your soul the call to a life of consecration to Him. If so, pray, and seek direction, for God is offering you a treasure, the value of which you can never fully comprehend. If you have the required talent and education, if you have cultivated the moral qualities necessary, if you have no one at home seriously depending upon you, if you have reasonably good health, then, if you hear that gentle Voice calling you to the priesthood or to a life as a Religious Brother or Sister, practically only one question remains. Have you the will to give yourself to God?

The world looks most attractive now, but the venter of the world wears off, whereas the attractiveness of God's service proves its genuineness with the years. Romance and love are offered you in the world, but what greater romance can you find than the romance in the service of the King, and what truer love than the infinite love of Christ?

Some will tell you that you are burying yourself in oblivion by following a call to Religion,—but who will dare to call that service one of oblivion which is heralded in the High Court of Heaven?

Then, too, think of the cause in which you will be working,—remembering always that every moment of it will count for eternity—the cause of Christ, the King, the cause that brings all men closer to that for which they were made. Romance, love, enthusiasm, individuality, initiative, heroism? All can be and are found in the life of consecration to God. And there is crying need today for heroes and heroines in the cause of Christ. Parishes and schools, colleges and universities at home, hospitals, asylums, institutions devoted to every sort of religious and religio-social work are calling for recruits. Catholic works must be carried on; the Faith must be spread; modern paganism at home must be arrested.

About the Other Sheep

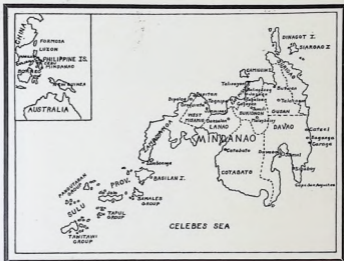
THEN, perhaps most urgent of all, the missions entrusted to American Catholics are clamoring for recruits in home and foreign mission territory. Millions upon millions of pagans have yet to hear of God and His love. Unnumbered non-Christians and Schismatics must be helped to find the One True Fold and the One Shepherd. Protestantism, though largely a sad failure at home, is sending its missionaries, tragically false prophets, well-financed and well-equipped, into every mission sector, and we Catholics cannot, must not stand by and see those vast multitudes of natives in the mission fields be led out of paganism, only into other errors.

Everywhere, then, at home and in the missions, there is the ever-recurring call for soul workers. If you would have the satisfaction of a life well spent; if you wish every moment to count for Heaven and salvation; if you would labor to bring souls to Christ; if you seek true love, abiding romance, hidden joy; above all, if you would love even as you are loved by God, then, if God speaks to your soul and invites you to higher things, turn not aside, nor silence the Voice by seeking the world, but like another Samuel, answer humbly, but with courage: "Speak Lord, for thy servant heareth." (1 Kings, iii, 10).

American Jesuits in the Philippine Islands

ON Easter Sunday, April 17, 1927, by decree of the Very Rev. General of the Society of Jesus, all the Jesuits in the Philippines and all apostolic works there conducted by them, were transferred from the jurisdiction of the Jesuit province of Aragon in Spain to that of the American province of Maryland-New York. At the time of the transfer there were 175 Jesuits aggregated to the Mission. Of these 78 were priests:

26 Americans, 45 Spaniards and 7 Filipinos; 57 were scholastics: 25 Americans, 2 Spaniards and 30 Filipinos; 40 were Brothers: 2 Americans, 29 Spaniards and 9 Filipinos. Today there are 162 Jesuits in the Mission, of whom 77 are priests: 40 Americans, 25 Spaniards and 12 Filipinos; 50 are scholastics: 21 Americans and 29 Filipinos; 35 are Brothers: 4 Americans, 28 Spaniards and 3 Filipinos. The American Jesuits in Manila are in charge of the college of the Ateneo and the internationally famous Manila Observatory. The missions proper are situated mostly in Mindanao. Mindanao, preeminently a mission territory but unfortunately not listed as a missionary diocese, has a population of 1,250,900 scattered over an area of 36,906 square miles. The Moros number 450,000; the pagans 300,000 and the Catholics 300,000; the remainder being either Aglipayan schis-



matics or members of various Protestant sects. In this mission field of Mindanao, together with the Leper Colonies of Cúlon and Cebu, there are 19 American Jesuit priests and 1 scholastic, assisted by 20 Spanish priests and 19 Spanish Brothers, 8 Filipino priests and 1 Filipino Brother. From 9 Residences and 18 Stations, each with a resident priest, these missionaries care for more than 100 outlying mission posts. In five short years, churches and conventos have been repaired or constructed, schools opened, dormitories erected, parochial organizations perfected. But today the very existence of these schools and dormitories is jeopardized by the universal crisis of depression. May our American Catholics find it possible to assist in subsidizing the apostolic labors of these American Jesuits in the Philippines for the glory of God and the love of souls.

THE history of communism in China is not the record of a chance development, but the geography of a carefully planned campaign to impregnate the moral, political and military life of that ancient empire with the revolutionary virus of Russian anti-Christ. From 1920-23, China's literati were introduced communistic ideas presented under the guise of *The New Education*. It

was just at this time that Dr. Sun Yat Sen, the first president of the Chinese Republic, was repulsed by so-called Christian nations in his appeals for assistance, and as a last resort turned to Russia. Under his misbegotten patronage the ideals of the Soviet began to be introduced in government action. From 1924-1927, under able and ingenious Michael Borodin, the patriotic Min Tang was Sovietized in function if not in

THE MISSION INTENTION

for FEBRUARY

Suppression of Communism in China

personnel throughout the three provinces of Hupeh, Hunan and Kiangsi.

"Shall China be Christian or communistic?" That is the question. Mistake or neglect this issue, and it will not be long before the red rag of revolution will be cresting pagodas now consecrated by the cross of Christ, will be desecrating niches better hallowed by the images of saints, will wave in triumph over a communists' paradise, a paradise without a God, a paradise in which the very names of Christ and of His Blessed Mother are interdicted, a paradise, whose lord is the state and the state an atheistic group of wilful men, arrogant doctrinaires legislating against the most sacred and inviolate dictates of natural and divine law. Suppression of communism is a war measure of self defense.

AFIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUITS



AMERICAN INDIANS

Word has been received from St. Francis Mission, South Dakota, of the death of its veteran missionary, Father Florentine Digmann, S.J., on December 23. **JESUIT MISSIONS**, in its next issue, will carry a detailed account of this heroic missionary who gave so many years of his life to the cause of the American Indian. Father Digmann died on his eighty-fifth birthday, having given forty-five years of his life to the Sioux Indians of Dakota. He had spent sixty-six years in the Society of Jesus, a longer span of life, surely, than is usually the case. Early in his career in Dakota, he mastered the Indian language, and even in his last days he was often called upon to deal with the older Indians who spoke only their native Lakota tongue.

His life, in its last forty-five years, is the story of St. Francis Mission, perhaps the finest Indian mission post in North America.

JAMAICA, B. W. I.

At Above Rocks, a High Mass was sung and a fine sermon preached by Father Thomas L. McLaughlin, S.J., the pastor, on the Feast of All Saints. In the afternoon the Rosary Procession was held.

All Souls Day fell on the Monday

which was the usual day for Sodality Mass and Communion. The members turned out in fairly good numbers. After the third Mass, there was the absolution over the catafalque, and then the congregation accompanied the priest outside for the blessing of the graves in the cemetery.

* * *

On Sunday afternoon, November 15, His Lordship, Bishop Thomas Emmet, S.J., administered the Sacrament of Confirmation at Moneague. Father Joseph F. Ford, S.J., pastor of the church, was present, also Father Daniel A. Creed, S.J., from Brown's Town and Father Charles P. Kenney, S.J., and Joseph L. LeRoy, S.J., from Kingston. The church was crowded for the ceremony.

Before administering Confirmation, His Excellency gave an eloquent talk on the sacraments in general, and in particular the sacraments of Holy Eucharist and Confirmation.

Twenty candidates were confirmed, nine of these being adults. Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament followed.

The large attendance at the services indicates the amount of interest in the Church by the people of Moneague, both Catholic and non-Catholic.

* * *

Beginning Sunday, November 15, the Angelus is rung in Port Maria at

six in the morning, at noon and six in the afternoon, at the Church of Our Lady Star of the Sea.

This innovation is greatly appreciated by the townsfolk, who derive not only a spiritual benefit from the saying of the Angelus at the sound of the bell, but also profit by a reminder of the passing of the hours.

* * *

Twenty-seven candidates received the sacrament of Confirmation at the hands of His Excellency, Bishop Emmet, at Leader's Lane, on Sunday October 25. The ceremony commenced at 2:30 in the afternoon.

In addition to the Bishop, there were present also Father W. W. Kennedy, S.J., Father Vidal and Denis Cruchley, S.J.

CHINA

Friends of the California Jesuits in China will be asking for the latest addresses of the missionaries.

Father James F. Kearney, S.J., is at Nanking, which he calls, "the foreign mission of the California foreign missionaries." He is professor of English at Ricci College and also assistant in a Chinese parish.

Included in the faculty of the newly-founded Gonzaga College are: Father Plus L. Moore, S.J., president; Fathers John A. Lennon, S.J., Leo F. McGreal, S.J., and Joseph Ting, S.J. Father Ting is a native of Pootung, in the Shanghai district. Scholastics: Albert C. Corcoran, S.J., and Thomas L. Phillips, S.J. College address: 1231 Avenue Joffre, Shanghai.

Francis A. Rouleau, S.J., is handling all the higher English courses in both the preparatory and university departments, at Université l'Aurore, institution of the French Jesuits, 223 Avenue Dubail, Shanghai.

Two scholastics represent America in the great Catholic center of Zi-kawel. Charles D. Simons, S.J., is continuing his theological studies, while John H. Magner, S. J., is specializing in Chinese language studies.

CANADIAN INDIANS

From Longlac, Ont., Father Joseph Couture, S.J., tells the story of a bit of difficulty in traveling.

"On the twenty-seventh of October, as I had finished up with my Summer trips, I thought I would have some



The Arapahoes and Shoshones of Wyoming have for years experienced the kindly attention of Father Aloysius J. Keel, S.J., of St. Stephen's Mission, Wyoming.



Father Joseph Couture, S.J., hardened veteran of the Canadian Indian Missions, is featured as the missionary in the article entitled "A Thousand Miles in a Canoe," appearing in this issue.

extra free time. But listen to this. I got a sick-call to Gull Bay. I left immediately, going to Sand Point where I waited for a boat which was scheduled to start on Monday, November 2. On account of bad weather, it did not start till Friday. On account of bad weather again, we had to stay in Nipigon House on Saturday, and reached White Sand only Sunday noon. It was Sunday night before I reached Gull Bay. The old lady, for whom I was called, had been very sick for two days in the latter part of October, but by the time I reached her she was able to come to the church for confession and Communion. On the following afternoon I left for MacDiarmid, and it was on this trip that we ran into a wild gale from the north which stirred up the sea in a terrible way. I never thought so much about death since the days at Spanish, Ont., when I was traveling between this latter station and Wikwemikong. So now I am home again and ready to begin my retreat. Please ask for prayers for me that I may not only be a "wandering Jesuit" but that I may sanctify myself and then be able to sanctify others."

PATNA, INDIA

Writing from Baccha, among the Santals of Patna Mission, Father James A. Creane, S.J., says:

"Fagan Santals have a practice of offering the first sheaves cut from their rice fields to the *bongas* (demon god). In imitation of that custom, one of my new Christians was just here to ask if he might offer the first rice cut from his field, not to the *bongas* whom he has forsaken, but to the Lord, the Giver of all good gifts. I told him by all means to do so. A little later he came back with his

offering, placed it on the altar and knelt in thanksgiving. An edifying example and one that might well become general.

"I am putting up a number of mud buildings to serve as stopping places when I am on tour, and as churches or schools."

* * *

Before leaving his work among the Santals, to take up his new work as Superior of the Khrist Raja High School at Bettiah, Father Aloysius S. Pettit, S.J., wrote:

"Your letter of August 31, with its check, received. It found me in the furthest corner of my territory, and, with the rest of the mail, cheered me up. The messenger who brought the letters, brought hosts also—I was down to my last large host, and depending upon messengers in this land is rather nervous work at times. They may get tired and sleep! The next morning, an hour before day-break, I was sitting instructing the father of a family on the two-sided meaning of the Fourth Commandment. We were interrupted by a series of coughing bellows. 'What's that?' I asked. 'A tiger in the hill there,' was the answer. 'Is he far away?' I asked. 'No, not far. When the roar sounds distant, he is near; when it sounds loud, he is far away,' was the paradox I got in reply.

"In another village I had just baptized the head-man and another family at dusk. We had to move on a bit in the dark. I mentioned to my catechist that he might go on further to notify a Catholic in a near-by village that there would be a chance for him to hear Mass in the morning. 'Alone?' he asked. 'Why not?' said I. 'It's not far.' 'I'd rather not. Do you know that the father of the man you just baptized was eaten up by a bear?' I did not insist on the catechist's going that night."

* * *

In Bettiah, October 18 saw the double celebration of Mission Sunday and Corpus Christi. Pontifical High Mass, with Fathers Alban, W. Marquard, S.J., D. Pinto, S. J., and Marshall Moran, S.J., assisting Bishop Bernard J. Sullivan, S.J., was attended by a full congregation. The large number of Communion during this Mass must have been a delight to the Eucharistic King of the Missions. The Bishop imparted the Papal Blessing with plenary indulgence.

At 4:30 in the afternoon the Corpus Christi procession was on its way through the Christian *toia* of Bettiah. From the church to the extreme northwest corner of the *toia*, Bettiah's Catholics accompanied their Sacramental God amidst ardent supplication of *Tera Raj Awe* and sacred hymns. Thence to the extreme east side of the *toia*, and then to the grotto of our Lady of Lourdes the well-ordered lines of adorers made their

way, many non-Christian bystanders paying silent attention to the procession. At the grotto altar the Bishop spoke on the Eucharist, and appealed for prayers for the many onlookers who know not Christ. The *Te Deum* was sung as the procession entered the church for the final Benediction.

* * *

The first Sisters to engage in field work among the Santals of Patna Mission, have begun their work at Hariari. This is about a half mile from Sugathan, Father Killian's headquarters. Sister M. Canisia and Sister M. Kunigundes, of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary, are the pioneers. They are most enthusiastic about their new work. The assistance which the Sisters can give has been declared invaluable by the missionaries who have had experience in Santal work in other missions. We are sadly in need of more Sisters and of means to spread this very important help to other parts of the field.

SOUTHERN STATES

Father Patrick Ryan, S.J., of Rock Hill, South Carolina, writes:

"One of the activities that engages the attention of the missionary at Rock Hill, South Carolina, is the spiritual care of the Catholic students at Winthrop College. The second largest school for girls in the United States, Winthrop has an enrollment of eighteen hundred students. Of these only about fifteen belong to the Church. As the breakfast hour at the college is at 8:30 Sunday mornings, and the students are not allowed to enter the cafes or restaurants of the city, some of our Catholic girls had contracted the habit of staying away from church on Sundays on the plea that if they came to church they



John G. Sloan, S.J., an Irish Jesuit scholastic, who volunteered for Patna Mission, and is now studying theology at Kursong in India.

would miss their morning meal.

"Lately, a breakfast consisting of cake and coffee is served the college girls in the parish house after Mass. This has led to very happy results. The girls now never miss their Sunday Mass, and as a rule receive Holy Communion weekly. Moreover, they bring a large number of their Protestant friends with them to the church for Mass, and later to the parish house for coffee and cake. Forty per cent of my Sunday congregation is usually Protestant, and I often take advantage of my visitors' presence to remind them that they are assisting at the form of service at which their ancestors assisted for fifteen hundred years, and that the garments I am wearing are the garments which were worn every Sunday morning by the priests who ministered to their forefathers. I further emphasize the fact that the Mass was the first Christian service held in America, and that for more than a hundred years after the discovery of America it was the only Christian service held on this continent.

"Winthrop is a non-sectarian institution, and in part maintained by State appropriations. It draws its student body from the small towns of South Carolina, and for this reason the missionary has the satisfaction of feeling that any contacts he may make here with the student body will later bear fruit through the entire State. The graduates of Winthrop become leaders, as might be expected, in their home towns. If they return thither with a friendly understanding of the position of the Catholic Church, they will become our most effective propagandists. If I could afford to hand a timely pamphlet every Sunday to my non-Catholic visitors, I am convinced that many would ask for further information, and gradually be led into the Church. At present I have a member of the Winthrop faculty under instruction."

ALASKA

Very Rev. Francis M. Menager, S.J., Superior of the northern Alaska Missions, has been on an important business visit in the United States. Writing from San Francisco, just before his return to Alaska, he says, in answer to some of the questions he has been asked:

"Some wondered why such expenditures, and waste of time and men, in a country that brings so little returns. It is the same old question in a new form and deserves the same old answer. Why prayer? Why sacrifice? Why the cross? In the world there is a spiritual warfare going on, the battle for souls will be won in no other way than by the graces of spiritual means. Catholics recognize that the cloistered convents of Sisters are needed in the world to pray for those who do not pray. Alaska is a convent

RENOWNED JESUIT MISSIONARIES



FATHER JOSÉ ALGUÉ S. J.

FATHER JOSÉ ALGUÉ, S. J.

FATHER José Algué, S. J., was born in Spain in the year 1856. His life work in meteorology and associated sciences warrant us in ranking him with the renowned missionary scientists of the seventeenth century. In 1891 and 1892, during special studies at Georgetown, he invented the floating zenith telescope and superintended the construction of the University's twelve inch equatorial. He represented Spain at Chicago in 1893, and at numerous other international expositions on both continents. He was appointed Director of the Observatory of Manila in 1897, and in that same year published his "Baguio y Ciclones Filipinos." This was followed in 1898 by his work on "The Clouds of the Filipinos," and in 1900 by his monumental "El Archipiélago Filipino." He was the author of many other publications and of inventions which, like his barocyclonometer, proved to a scientific world an irrefutable apology for the sympathy of the Catholic Church with science. This edifying and distinguished Jesuit died in Spain on May 27, 1930, at the age of seventy-four.

whose ice-bound fields are its mastery walls, whose penances are hardships of its daily life. We believe that from there there is a continuous prayer ascending to Heaven, bringing down graces for the Christian people of the Church. Sometimes one wonders where the sudden spiritual strength he possesses comes from. Others reap where they have sown. The price for some spiritual work has been paid by another, and I venture to say, that other often enough is in Alaska. So, if our labor does not get the spiritual returns in Alaska which some think our sacrifice seem to merit, it is our consolation and let it be theirs, to think that God in His Providence is using the grace some place else, maybe closer home within the United States.

"So much for my visit. Now what about the future? My Eskimos are expecting me back for Christmas, but I must disappoint them for at least a couple of weeks. Two years ago when at Hooper Bay, I would not have missed a Christmas tree celebration for the world. There were then only about 200 Eskimos for whom to play Santa Claus, and I could do it in a fairly good way. But now, with my family increased to 10,000, things are different and, as Father to them all, I feel as did the old lady who lived in a shoe 'who had so many children she did not know what to do.' I am most bewildered at Christmas time, for if I am supposed to play Santa Claus, what a job is mine! Imagine 20,000 stockings hanging in a row, or in front of some big fireplace! But the thing will never happen. Not because the Eskimos do not expect things from our Fathers (Protestant 'missioners' have spoiled them), but because they have not got the stockings,—they don't wear them. It is not because they won't, but because they just have not got them. Except for the mission children and a few others, this is a luxury they go without. If ever the needles of the parish sewing circles begin to grow rusty, that is something they can do—knit socks like grandma used to make. Holy Cross Mission will find the feet for them."

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

From Father Joseph L. Lucas, S.J., Superior of the Missions in Oriental Misamis, we have the following frank paragraph:

"Since the Bulls and Bears frolicked up and down Wall Street, in October 1929, the missions have experienced the full force of the depression, and substantial gifts, without which we can do nothing, have joined the class of angelic visitations. But as soon as I stepped into the Superior's job here, the bottom dropped out of the local market, and we now are facing the worst crisis in Philippine history. It is no longer a question of trying to

develop, expand and progress, but of saving what we can, dropping the projects of lesser importance, and concentrating on what is absolutely essential, namely, the schools and dormitories. Without the schools vast numbers of the present and future generations will be lost to the Faith, and without the dormitories we cannot stop the appalling leakage of the young educated leaders from the Catholic ranks. We are being told to prepare for the worst famine ever to stalk across the land. So our outlook cannot be classified as either cheerful or rose-hued."

Father James G. Daly, S.J., writes:

"The feast of Christ the King was celebrated with devotion and enthusiasm by the Catholics of West Misamis. High Mass, followed by a public procession of the Blessed Sacrament in the morning, and many at the Altar Rail at the early Mass, were some of the King's triumphs on this battlefield. Most encouraging was the manifestation of loyalty to the King at Oroquieta, where Father Lewis O'Neill, S.J., is carrying on the campaign so well organized and directed by Father Henry L. Irwin, S.J., and Father Thomas J. Murray before him. The revival of the faith through the Kingship of Christ in the parishes in this field shows how Divine Providence directs the Church in its devotions and feasts to renew the courage and spirit of the King's warriors, when hostile forces presume to destroy His Kingdom. The King's celebration closed with an evening entertainment of appropriate song and drama in the theater which the King has fashioned for us under the starry skies.

"Recently we have received the en-

couraging news that it may be possible for Sisters to come into West Misamis in 1933, to take charge of the schools. I know that you will join your prayers to ours that everything will progress favorably. If you are looking for a mascot for your office, would you like to have a goat that has been received into our household? Billie would interest you, since he represents tuition payment. If many of our students go bankrupt, the solution may be, keep the school open and run a goat farm. Kindly send a list of prospective buyers of goat-mascots to the undersigned."

Interesting notes about the Monahan Memorial Hospital are offered by Father John Pollock, S.J.:

"This is Mindanao, and we do not hurry. (Much safer for the general health and nerves if all our missionaries could only be persuaded to go native in this matter. I have, as you see.)

"When we moved out of the *nipa* building last May 12, into the present solid material affair, we began to call it hospital instead of dispensary. Of course, as always in the P. I., the upstairs was built first. After the grand opening of the new building (the day began with a General Communion and a Solemn High Mass—this is a Catholic town!) the building rested for a while, chiefly on account of farm work.

"The lower story is to be of brick, made right here by the workers. There are a few survivors of those who were taught by the Spanish Brother when the church was built. I finally located them, and the ovens and sheds are now being prepared. The old guard will pass along the knowledge to the new generation, and



John M. Knapp, S.J., has gone to British Honduras, to teach at St. John's College, now located in temporary quarters in Belize.

we hope not only to make a classy hospital, but to finish the church, to build a good school, and possibly establish an industry here to relieve the poverty.

"The people here are simply wonderful, so good, so simple, so unsophisticated. Here in Jasaan, the younger element has not been contaminated by American (etc.) influences. They are mostly like the old folk you have seen.

"A big crowd of the men give their Saturday work to the church. That is how the *nipa* dispensary was built, and how the present hospital got along so far. Almost all the wood was hand-cut by our own men. They went to the mountains to fell the trees, hauled them down here, and with handsaws cut them into planks. It was long and laborious, but it was their offering.

"They themselves collected the money to buy the nails and a little lumber. The building is their part. That is our agreement and I hold them to it. The gifts from the U. S. are for medicines and the nurse (resident), and the weekly visit of the doctor.

"I would like to give you a good account of the whole plant and its working, but must attend the souls here, and little time remains for writing. Father Joseph Reith has arrived, and perhaps he will write up the 'Monahan.' One worthwhile note I am writing to all benefactors at present is this. This is the only town that did not lose a single baby in the dysentery epidemic that just swept through the Islands. All our neighbors were hard hit, often three funerals a day. We escaped completely, thank God and the 'Monahan.'"



Jesuit Filipino Novices at San José, Manila. First row (left to right) Brothers Solís, Banayad, Montero, Very Rev. James T. Hayes, S.J. (Superior of the Mission), Father Raymond Goggin, S.J. (Novice Master), Brothers Ocampo, David, Ponzat. Second row (left to right) Brothers Jabar, Bartolomé, Guerrero, Oben, Regalado, Serra, Maravilla, Tuquilat. Third row (left to right) Brothers Emutan, Capistrano, de Manuel, Somosa, Lim, Pascua and Adriatico.



FROM MARY QUINES



NEW JESUIT

NOVIATIE
On December 8, 1931, Archbishop O'Doherty of Manila, in the presence of Bishop McCloskey of the Diocese of Jaro and twenty Jesuits, broke ground for the new Jesuit Novitiate at Novaliches, Manila, P. I.

FATHER ESTEBAN

BUENO, S.J.

On December 1, word was received of the death of Father Esteban Bueno, S.J., in Colombia, South America. Father Bueno was a colorful and apostolic personality. He was born on December 26, 1857, near Bogotá, Colombia, and attended the Jesuit College of San Bartolomé. When his father refused to allow him to enter the Jesuits, he left home and country and embarked for New York. He was admitted into the Maryland-New York Province of the Jesuits at West Park on the Hudson in 1878. He continued his studies at Frederick from 1880-82 and at Woodstock from 1882-88. From 1888-1926 he labored in the missions of our American southwest, erecting twenty-eight churches and one sanatorium. He returned to work in the Nativity parish, New York, in 1926, and on August 14, 1926, found himself once again back in his native Colombia. From 1926-31 he labored in Cartagena, Barranquilla, and finally at Barranca Bermeja, where he died on November 28.

The story is told that during his school days in Colombia, a revolution broke out and general disorder reigned. As Esteban was too young to take arms, he was sent to a mountain home to escape harm. Here a band of soldiers surprised him. He asked them if they were hungry, and on receiving an affirmative answer, entered the house presumably to get them some food. As he did not return the soldiers entered and raided the premises, while the boy watched them from the top of a neighboring tree.

MURDERED JESUITS

Since 1549, with the execution of Father Criminale in India, 908 Jesuits have been put to death in the discharge of their duty. Beginning from Japan and continuing through Korea, China, the Philippines, Indo-China, Malacca, Siam, Burma, India, Persia, Mesopotamia, Armenia, Syria, on

down to Madagascar, and what was Zambesi, up through the Congo district, along the coast of the Gulf of Guinea, to the Canary Islands, through Morocco and Algeria, and into Spain, Portugal, France, Alsace, Italy, Albania, Hungary, old-time Bohemia, Poland, Russia, Lithuania, Germany, Sweden, Holland, Belgium, England,

Scotland and Ireland, across to Canada, New York, Virginia, the West Indies, Louisiana, California, and Mexico, on, south, past the Orinoco River, through Brazil, Paraguay, Uruguay and Patagonia, across to Chile and northward through Peru, Ecuador and Colombia, then, over the Pacific to the Caroline Islands, northward to the Marianne Islands, and, finally, back to Japan,—this is the path of these Jesuits who were killed, in various manners, while seeking souls for the Master. There is hardly a country of the world which has not been red-dened by the blood of Jesuits who loved their Captain Christ even unto death.

Candles

[For Candlemas Day—February 2]

William A. Donaghy, S.J.

Prayerful fingers, fiery-tipped
Outstretched, pleading, before the King—
Guardsmen tall, thy grey gonfalon,
Wisp'ing smoke to the Heavens fling.

Graceful tapers; gleaming rapiers
Raised aloft in glad acclaim—
Choir of white-robed, silent chanters,
Skywards raise your tongues of flame.

Muted pipes in silent organ,
Mellow symphony of light—
Row on row thy hierarchies,
Slender cylinders; columns white.

Silent sentries, watching, waiting,
In the churches lone and dim—
Martyrs you—your very substance
Pines away in serving Him.

Angels' wands with eyes of children,
Blinking 'mid the Christmas red,
Laughing at the Easter gladness,
Sadly flickering o'er the dead.

Sagely watching human weakness,
Joined in twain by closest ties;
Watching mankind's ebb and flowing,
Reading secrets in its eyes.

Spectres, ghostly in the evening,
Shadows, weird grotesqueries—
Tomstones, nameless, lineless, lifeless—
Mourn the dead post's obsequies.

Golden, burning, flaming, purging
Fire celestial from above—
Glowing garlands; fillets waxen,
Setting, for Christ's Gem of Love.

FIRST CATHOLIC NEGRO COLLEGE

Following closely upon the publication of "The Nation's Tenth Man," a pamphlet issued under the auspices of the Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament for the Negro and Indian Missions, and a challenge to American Catholics in regard to their attitude towards the Negro, there now comes a ten page digest of the plans for Xavier College, New Orleans, Louisiana—the only Catholic Negro College in the United States. Six units are projected:

1. The Administration Building and Classrooms. 2. Science Hall. 3. Faculty Hall. 4. Auditorium. 5. Chapel. 6. Library.

Units 1, 2 and 3 are at present under construction. In the words of the pamphlet, "As the first Catholic Negro College in the United States, Xavier might fittingly be made a national enterprise. Its scope of action renders it a worthy undertaking for the generosity and patriotic zeal of Catholic America. Enabled

to carry out its ideals, *Xavier* can then grow to be the pride and joy of present generations and the inspiration of numberless generations yet to come."

HEAD OF ZI-KA-WEI OBSERVATORY

Father Peter Lejay, S.J., Doctor in Physical Sciences of the Sorbonne and graduate of the Paris Superior Institute of Electricity, will be in charge of all the observatories depending upon the Jesuits in Kiangsu Province, China. He succeeds Father Froc, S.J., who was just returned to France after fifty years at the Observatory of Zi-ka-wei.

Father Lejay is already well known to the Chinese public. The Chinese dailies of Shanghai are heralding his arrival with long articles. He came to China in 1926 to organize the bureau for determining longitudes, when the Zi-ka-wei Observatory was entrusted with that task by the International Union of Astronomy. He returned to France in 1927, to study the results of his work and to make a series of researches at the Paris Observatory regarding certain methods of his own devising. Later he was French delegate at the meetings of the Astronomy, Geography and Radio-telegraphy Societies. He returns now to China, not only with the fruit of his long experience, but also with a great quantity of new scientific apparatus among which are instruments for measuring the ozone of the upper atmosphere.

The personnel of the Zi-ka-wei Observatory has been organized on a new basis. Father Lejay will be director of all the observatories of Kiangsu depending on the Jesuits. Father Gherzi will be director of the meteorological and seismological observatory. Father Burgaud will have charge of researches on magnetism. Father de la Villemarquet will be director of the astronomical observatory of Zose, and Father Moidrey will be director of observations on magnetism at Lok Ka-Pang. (F.S.)

A BUSY MISSION CLINIC

A clinic conducted by two Catholic doctors in the Vicariate of Tsinchow, Kansu Province, China, treats an average of 130 cases a day. Doctor F. Drexler and Doctor H. Deutsch, both graduates of the Medical Institute of Wurzburg, contribute greatly to the success of the missions by their service, both material and spiritual, to the Chinese people. The clinic is open three hours in the morning and three hours in the afternoon. At other times the doctors visit the sick at their homes and treat cases at the country mission stations. An operating room in the city of Tsinchow has been the scene of several important operations, and the whole work has won the general esteem. Two Sisters of Steyl, a Capuchin Brother and a nurse aid the doctors. (F.S.)

MUSINGS OF THE SANTAL TRAMP

(Continued from page 27)

rain. But we got there. After a few days rest, I was again on my feet repeating my journey southward. So let's go on with the roll call of Baptisms.

THE HEART OF A MISSIONARY

John J. Hassett, S.J.

THERE have been men who yearned for adventure and their dreams have never been realized. There have been men who yearned for fields afar and their desires have come to naught. But there never was a man, or a woman, or a child who yearned to be a missionary who has to see that wish unfulfilled.

A missionary is one who sees the vast harvest of souls without any harvester to reap them, and who, impelled by this sight, is willing to sacrifice life and possessions and all that he has, to save these souls.

He is certainly a missionary whose privilege it is to go to the very scene of action. He is certainly a missionary whose financial assistance does much work in these fields. But they, too, are missionaries whose daily prayers and sacrifices and actions give much needed spiritual support to the hard working missionary priest or religious. Their dollars, taken not from their abundance, but from their needs, and their Masses and Holy Communions at the cost of many an hour of sleep have brought joy to the heart of the missionary and countless souls to the feet of God.

No, it is not the long white robe of the tropics, or the warm fur garments of the north which make the missionary; it is the heart that beats within the breast, burning with love of Christ and souls. Does your heart beat thus? Rejoice then, my friend, you are a missionary of God.

Hathmari, two; Pindara, one; Basaha, eleven; Asanbona, five; Karharia, two; Sira, one; Baccha, one; Darma, two; Upperbandha, one; Lilatari, two; Haripur, one; Piaram, five; Babupur, six; Bharendra, two; Ranidih, seven; Jhirli, two; Daldali, two; Bhagjopa, five. And so it went on, one here and half a dozen there, till I got back to mud

hut headquarters at Baccha. Counting up, I see that I poured the saving waters on just about one hundred heads during the past two months. That was my consolation. But it was not all joy. Disappointments there were a plenty,—to say nothing about the months of careful instructions given by myself and my catechists to all these prospective Christians. But I shall spare you the pain of their recital.

LONELY LANAO

(Continued from page 29)

church, thought he would also be patriotic about it. So he wore a "cope" made out of a red, white and blue Filipino flag,—and received such a hissing that he never returned.

CHARITY is a vital and a very practical thing in the everyday life of this missionary of Lanao. He has done many remarkable things for his people. He will not allow himself to be fooled by professional beggars; but when he is convinced of a real need, not caused by laziness, he will go to any lengths to relieve it. Day after day, while I was with him, sometimes as often as twice in the hour, poor people, who had no drinking water at home, came to the convento and asked the pastor for a drink of water. And every time, Father Hofmann would rise at once, get a glass, fill it with water, and go down with it to the door. After he had done this four times the first day I was there, I asked him, "Do you leave your work and drop everything every time a poor old man or woman comes to ask for a drink of water?" And with something like astonishment in his voice, he answered, "Surely. Why shouldn't I? Didn't Christ say that charity meant things like giving a glass of water in His name?" That's the kind of charity that is his. Whenever trouble comes to anybody in the town, Father Hofmann is the first one appealed to. By a lucky accident while I was in Iligan, I found out the details of one of his acts of charity that was heroic. A poor old man had an ulcer on his leg, that had become very bad and very repulsive. Father Hofmann took the man to a doctor, but the doctor refused to treat the case;

it was too ugly. Another doctor refused. So Father Hofmann became the doctor, and treated the ulcer for six months, until it was entirely cured.

These are a few details of the life of the lonely *Padre* of Lanao. A lonely life it certainly is, and filled with labor from morning until night. Priest, preacher, teacher, carpenter, plumber, painter, architect, Boy Scout Commissioner, adviser of all classes, confessor, chauffeur, ferryman, school director, choir master, catechist, cook, doctor, idealist and fighter—that's Father Hofmann.

A THOUSAND MILES IN A CANOE

(Continued from page 33)

surrounded by its own peculiar conventions. Five smaller wigwams, each the home of one family, open into a central, larger wigwam which is the common kitchen, parlor and smoker of all five. Within their small circle of relatives or acquaintances, the Indians live in peace and happiness. When the mission at Attawapiscat was completed and all our belongings had been arranged in the canoe, Alex Symo, one of the Indians, approached Father Couture.

"Father," he said timidly, "I'm thinking of getting married."

"Very well, get your squaw."

"All right," replied Alex happily, "I'll ask her."

Alex was a fast worker; he returned with his bride in about four minutes.

WE rejoined our own guides at Fort Hope, and shortly passed the mouth of the Waboswewon River, which our men had traveled on their trip to Omhabika. Here misfortune overtook us. We broke the shaft-casing of the motor, and spent several nights in patching up the damage. There are no salvage stations in the far north for the unfortunate traveler. I received the greatest thrill of the voyage when we shot Frenchman's Rapids, one of the most dangerous snags on the Albany. Father Couture and I sat very still, but not afraid, for we knew that Indians, when shooting rapids, trust not to luck, but to long-tried skill. David and Joe stood up in the canoe wield-

ing huge paddles; they worked like fury, and only broke the grim silence to utter a triumphant cry when we shot between two jagged rocks.

To date we had made some fifty-three portages in nineteen days of actual travel, and I was not a little grateful when we arrived at Martin's Falls, where portages ceased. Forty miles below lay the camp of Ogoki, where we put up for another mission. The eighty Catholics here have a strain of Cree blood, and are, therefore, less susceptible to the missionary's influence. These Indian Catholics are in constant danger of perversion because they are deeply imbued with the advantages and vices of the white man's civilization. Here followed, for the next few days, the ordinary routine of an Indian mission, and the faithful, though less spontaneous than the Ojibways, responded generously to the exhortations of Father Couture.

At last, we entered upon the last lap of the journey. With the energy and enthusiasm which are inspired by the thought of home, we dipped our paddles deeper and forgot our great fatigue. We approached to within 150 miles of James Bay, turned south from the Albany, up the English River, called, at its upper end, the Kinogami. We branched off into the Pagwa, and drew our canoes on to the shore near the railroad track where Father Couture ministered to another group of Indians. And oh! what home-coming was ever so sweet! How glad we were to partake of the delightful hospitality of a good French-Canadian family!

YOUR FATHER'S HOUSE

(Continued from page 34)

AFTER the blessing, Mass was said in honor of the Patron Saint, by Very Reverend Monsignor Ph. Keller of St. Leo's, Lafayette. "It was a very happy thought," declared His Excellency, Bishop Jeanmar, "to have invited Monsignor Keller to say the Dedication Mass. For his forty years of service among the Negroes have earned for him the title of 'The Colored Man's Friend.'"

In the course of his address, His Excellency thanked Very Rever-

end Father Provincial for taking over the care of the colored faithful in this section. "They are thus assured," he said, "of faithful and devoted service." He further called upon the congregation to be loyal to their church, and support it according to their means.

The needs of the new church are indeed many: a set of Stations, an organ, candlesticks, a monstrance, altar linen, a baptismal font, all these and much more are still wanting, but God will find a means to help on this important church among the Negroes of Louisiana. The people of the parish are indeed poverty stricken. By far the majority of the 2,000 parishioners are poor tenants, with large families. Very many of them find themselves in straitened circumstances, with scarcely enough to eat and to wear. Piteful stories of extreme want could be told. Their wretched shacks afford no protection whatever against inclemencies of the weather, and in the Winter months they endure great hardships.

ORATORS OF THE PLAINS

(Continued from page 35)

and one inhibitions that make it so hard for us to be simply ourselves when we have to appear in public, can perhaps learn something in this respect from our red brothers. With them, speaking is a very simple affair, the very thing it was always meant to be, a help and not an obstacle to human intercourse. They have not allowed any artificiality or make-believe to spoil this very beautiful gift of the Creator. It is no slight achievement among us to give a lengthy speech and still hold the attention of our audience. The Indian does this easily, simply by saying what he has to say and yielding the floor to another when he has no more to say. If he has much to say, he says much; but if little, he is content with saying little. Evidently it would be absurd in his eyes for a speaker to draw out a short piece through a foolish desire to hold the floor, and equally absurd to say less than one really intended to say through fear of his audience.

THEY spoke in the Teton dialect of the Dakota language. This dialect, because of its substi-

tution of the letter "l" for "d," is generally called simply Lakota. The language itself, especially in the mouth of the older Indians, is quite pleasing to the ear, and because of its many open syllables naturally lends itself to oratory of a high type. This open quality is illustrated in the first stanza of the hymn, *Jesus Chante Kolawaye*, which is a great favorite with the Indians.

Je-sus Chan-te ko-la-wo-ye;

O-hin-niyan o-na-ki-ye;

Wo-te-hi el o-ha-wa-ni;

Je-sus Chan-te che-wa-ki-ye.

Some may find a literal translation of the above interesting: "The Heart of Jesus is my Friend; at all times He helps me; through hard ways I travel; to Jesus' Heart I pray."

If he has lost much, at least the Catholic Indian has gained more. To love the Heart of Jesus and to turn to Him in time of trial were a fitting recompense for any loss he has sustained.

THE SNORING OF A SAW

(Continued from page 37)

himself will tell you all about it, as only he can, in his broken English, if you ask him.

The saw is still snoring, snoring, in the little workshop behind the kitchen, and the chisels and the hammers and the battered tins of nails hear the story of an altar, a desk, or a chair as it snores. Off in poor little chapels in the bush there are candles to whom the snoring of the saw is borne as they listen to a priest who has returned from a visit to the city, and they dream of the wooden thrones on which they will appear when the King holds court. A poor, old, well-worn Missal brightens up with joy as the snoring of the saw spells the promise of a new stand. Most of Brother's tools are old and worn, worn to fit his hand, and they welcome their new and shiny modern relatives when they call,—not very often, they assure you. If only they would call more frequently, more numerous would be the altars, desks, and chairs, more constant the snoring of the saw in the little shop behind the kitchen, with the shavings on the floor and the picture on the wall—the picture of an Old Man and a Child.



Happiness. By Martin J. Scott, S.J. Litt. D. P. J. Kenedy & Sons, New York, N. Y. Price \$2.00.

Happiness is a book of fundamentals written by a fundamentalist to convert the world to the fundamentalism of Christ and of His Catholic Church. In a dogmatic style, a dogmatism inspired largely by long experience and the Word of God, and at times redolent of the author of the Imitation, Father Scott marshals before the reader a host of spiritual principles which may be characterized in the words of St. Augustine as "ever ancient and ever new," and one may add, forever true. Man's desire for happiness is congenial. Its author is God, and only God is its complete fruition. Never stooping to conquer by compromise, Father Scott enunciates without belaboring these general premises. Throughout the book, the author holds a brief for Catholicism, and finds his vindication in the Church's sacramental system, that system of supernatural grace instituted by Christ Himself, precisely in order that the world might use it and thereby find happiness with God both in this world and in the next.

Candles in the Wind. By Charles J. Quirk, S.J. The Dial Press, New York, N. Y. Price \$2.00.

With a fancy unsophisticated by the years, this poet priest of the South senses the mystery of life, both human and divine, in all created things. Beyond the farthest island stars, open wide the Gates of God: he hears the death sentence of the night in a morning roundelay, sees the scourged God of Calvary in the striped lightning of the storm, an armistice in the twilight hush, God's badge of heraldry in the evening star, while the crescent moon

"A silvery slim gondola

Over blue lagoons doth fare,
Bound for the Port of Heaven,
Laden with pearls of prayer."

Stars are the bejewelled transmutations of the tears of sainted dead; the *sighing of the breeze* an echo of depression; and an *ant hill* a folk lore world in miniature. By his poetic art, twilight and sunset star and after that the dark, each image forth their secrets of eternity.

For the benefit of all future curators of the poetic phrase, he classifies the *Grasshopper* with a fancy that is itself quixotic as the *Dou Quixote of the grass*.

While it is undoubtedly true that the orchestration of the poet's own heart is at times pitched to a minor key, yet the symphony of his song is that of the true Catholic mystic in *Fiat, Post Nativitatem Domini, Per Omnia Saecula Saeculorum, Summer, Annunciation, The Countersign*.

Our Contributors

In his *Musings of the Santal Tremb*, JAMES A. CREANE, S.J., of the Missouri Province, takes the reader into his confidence and divests India's missionary life of all undue romanticism.

THOMAS B. CANNON, S.J., a theologian at Woodstock College, Woodstock, Md., concludes his brief biography of a fighting Jesuit in *Lonely Lanoa*, Philippine Islands.

In the light of recent events, the Editor has thought it proper to give the exact story of what has been happening to *Alaska's Pilots*.

The Orphans of Ghazir, in Syria, have found a powerful advocate in the veteran missionary from the Province of Lyons, France, FATHER AUGUSTIN JEANNERIE, S.J.

ALEXANDER RÖHLAND, S.J., of the Province of Upper Canada, who is studying at the Jesuit Seminary of Theology in Montreal, ends his venturesome trip of *A Thousand Miles in a canoe*.

A challenge to our attitude towards the American Catholic Negro is issued in *Your Father's House*, by JAMES I. McENANEY, S.J., who is engaged at present with classical studies at Grand Coulee, La.

GEORGE P. PRENBERGAST, S.J., who spent some time in teaching the American Indians, and is now studying theology at St. Mary's, Kansas, captures anew for the reader the ancient spirit of these traditional *Orators of the Plains*.

How Brother Rocco Quattrocchi, S.J., God's gift to the Jamaican Mission, perfects his carpentry to the obligato accompaniment of *The Snoring of a Saw* is described appealingly by JOSEPH DOHERTY, S.J., a theologian at Weston College, Weston, Mass.

The Candles of Candlemas will carry many a spiritual message after the perusal of this exquisite tribute from the pen of WILLIAM A. DONAGHY, S.J., of Shadowbrook, in the Province of New England.

In *The Heart of a Missionary* there is revealed no less the heart of the writer, J. J. HASSETT, S.J., of Wernersville, Pa., in the Maryland-New York Province, whose short stories are by this time familiar contributions to the pages of *JESUIT MISSIONS*.

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

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