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CHESTER T. LEIKERT
ADVERTISING SERVICE

1512 Times Building
New York, N. Y.

BRyant
9-3788

JESUIT MISSIONS, May, 1927. Vol. VI, No. 5. Published monthly, September to June; bi-monthly, July-August, by the Jesuit Mission Press, Incorporated, 257 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y., in the interest of the home and foreign missions attached to the North American Province of the Society of Jesus. Subscription price, \$1.00; six years, \$5.00. Canadian and Foreign, \$1.25 a year. Entered as second-class matter, January 14, 1917, at the Post Office, New York, under the act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance of special rate of postage provided for in the act of February 26, 1925, authorized January 14, 1927.

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.,

501 E. Fordham Road, New York, N. Y.

AMERICAN INDIAN MISSIONS

Home missions among the Indians of Wyoming and South Dakota.

BRITISH HONDURAS

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

These two mission fields are cared for by the Jesuits of the Missouri Province which comprises the States of Colorado, Iowa, Illinois (southern part), Kansas, Minnesota, Missouri, Nebraska, North and South Dakota, Oklahoma, Wisconsin and Wyoming. The Province Mission Procurator is

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.

AMERICAN INDIAN MISSIONS

Home missions in Washington, Idaho, Oregon and Montana.

These two important mission fields are served by the Jesuits of the Province of Oregon which comprises the States of Washington, Oregon, Idaho and Montana. The Province Mission Procurator is

Rev. Edward A. McNamara, S.J.,

3220 43rd St. S.E., Portland, Ore.

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.

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

SOUTHERN STATES MISSIONS

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)

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 MISSIONS

Foreign missionary work in Nanking, Shanghai and other sections of China, is entrusted to the Jesuits of the California Province which comprises the States of California, Nevada, Utah and Arizona. The Province Mission Procurator is

Rev. Edward C. Menager, S.J.,

445 Phelan Building, San Francisco, Calif.

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



Father Frotta, a native priest of Angola, administering the sacrament of Baptism in the church of the Belgian Jesuit mission at Kisantu, Belgian Congo, Africa. Pope Pius XI has urged the formation of a native clergy in all missions.

AFTER FIVE YEARS

Alfred F. Kienle, S.J.

I WAS handed a very interesting book—"The Padre of the Press," and believe it or not, I read it at two sittings. The Padre pleads for a Catholic dormitory at Cagayan. I had just visited the two flourishing ones that we now have there, and which have almost put the Protestant ones out of business. He pleads for Boy Scouts, and today there is not one of our parishes that does not have at least one troop of Boy Scouts, while some parishes also have Girl Scouts. Likewise, every parish has its own Parochial School, recognized by the Government, and there is also a one-grade school in many *barrios*. Illustrated lectures are given every week on the truths of our religion, while pictures of Catholic activities in all parts of the world hang from the doors and bulletin boards of many churches. A Protestant paper has gone out of business in Cagayan, and the widely advertised American Minister who conducted it with money from America, retreated to the Moros in Lanao, whence comes the news of his second defeat.

BUT the battle is still going on. "The Padre of the Press" mentions Silliman Institute—a hotbed of Protestantism. It was Sunday morning when we arrived

It is more than five years since Father John J. Monahan, S.J., died in Manila, P. I., May 8, 1926. One year ago his life was published under the title, "The Padre of the Press." The following article records the reaction of a Mindanao missionary after reading the inspiring story of this Spendthrift for Christ.

—Editor.

there. On the boat was a Minister with his wife and three children who had just returned from a year's vacation—with pay. At the pier to welcome him were the other zealous American Ministers—men and women—and a large number of Filipino students, who had already sold their birthright for a mess of pottage. Their sickly smiles of welcome quickly faded from their brows when they sighted the three of us standing at the rail, wearing the uniform of Loyola's sons. Judge for yourself what our feelings were during those few moments, and what they were when we drove by two of their chapels, crowded with Catholics, all singing Protestant songs. "What Price, Education?" And remember, these are the future public school teachers and leaders of these Islands—"The only Catholic country in the Orient." It is safe to say that the parents of many of these students were at that very hour attending Mass or reciting the rosary in some *barrio* church, whither they had carried those same children when they were scarcely a few weeks old, in order to have the saving waters of Baptism poured upon them.

In sight of Silliman Institute stands the Catholic church with its very fine parochial school and high school, conducted by the Sisters of (Turn to page 117)



The Monahan Memorial Hospital is an answer to the dying plea of Father John J. Monahan, S.J., "The Padre of the Press," for Catholic Medical Mission dispensaries in Mindanao, P. I.

A Bad Lands'

Temple *Placidus F. Sialm, S.J.*

THE northeast portion of our Indian Pine Ridge Reservation in South Dakota, far out in the Bad Lands, had to wait many years until we could build a little church for the few families living there. Meantime, services were held in private houses. In the last year (1931), Divine Providence came to our assistance. A good lady had prayed a long time for a church. Also our little children at Holy Rosary Mission were lined up to gain a victory. A chance to buy land for a suitable location came, and soon a donation was promised. And so, the new St. Barbara's Church was soon under way. The Indians themselves promised to do much of the work. "Father, if you can buy the lumber and other material, we will do all the work we can." And they kept their word. Plans were made for the building. Not knowing the cost of the material, we went beyond the means at hand, but the fixed plan remained, and we went ahead.

Now, after the work is accomplished, we are all happy and thankful to God who helped us wonderfully. I never found so much cooperation from my good Indians. Everybody helped. Children went out to gather ten loads of rock from the White River bed. To start with, some women had hitched up a team and brought three loads of rock to the place before I came in with

"His Excellency, James J. Lanier, of Rapid City, came to bless this new house of God."



Deep down in the Bad Lands which are "adapted only for thoughts and inspiration and emotions."

the truck to haul twenty-five big loads of sand and gravel. When the material arrived at the railroad station, teams brought the lumber across the river, gratis. The basement of the church was dug out by the men without pay. The walls of concrete were poured with a crew of fifteen men. Some men put up the walls, others

made the floor, others shingled the roof, two men put up the brick chimney—all giving their services gratis. Mr. James Clifford put in about thirty days of work for no pay. His wife and daughters cooked dinner and supper for the head carpenter as regularly and as well as in any restaurant, and furnished milk and butter and other things—all to help the church. Never in the history of our Sioux missions did the Indians do so much for building their own church. It was

(Turn to page 117)

A Jockey on the Mission Trail



OW could one best describe the hardy old soldier

of Christ, Father Paul de Geleoes, S.J.? To the priest, newly arrived in China, he is pointed out as "the missionary who is always on the road." Later, one feels bound to add that he "follows no beaten paths." But when you have known him for several years, then you realize that no mere definition can adequately fit him, and all that this extraor-

dinarily popular missionary embodies is best of all expressed in the familiar name the Chinese peasants are wont to give him: "Old Father Sou."

The first forty-three years of his life show clearly that Father Paul was not born to follow beaten paths. We find him in the tobacco and coffee plantations of Java; later in the south of his native France, in charge of a cheese factory; then, riding to fame on the race track, as a jockey, winning the first prizes both in England and France. At the age of forty-three, we see him in the religious garb at a Jesuit novitiate, and four years later, a missionary in China. Since 1922, he has been stationed at Wangko, in the Sūchow Mission.

IS Father Paul so very often on the road? Indeed he is, quite often,—more so than any other missionary. But to judge by the work achieved at Wangko, it must be said that he spends quite a lot of time at home. When, in 1922, he arrived at Wangko, he found there no prosperous missionary center. By 1925, the village could boast of a splendid little church, a good residence, and a little dispensary nearby. It is true that it would be difficult to find in the whole residence one single window with all its panes intact. But what odds, if here and there a pane be broken? Father Paul so very rarely has time to stay at home!

His little dispensary makes Wangko the rendezvous of all the sick of the surrounding country. Just see what a Holy Day means to Father Paul. Mass is said late in the morning to accommodate the Christians coming from distant villages; Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament follows, and when all is finished, the morning is far spent, if indeed, noon has not yet been passed. Father Paul finally comes forth from the church. In a moment



Still riding for souls. Father Paul de Geleoes, S.J., 74 years of age.

Edouard
Lafortune, S.J.

he is surrounded by a mob of sick, and he will be detained by them until the cook comes to take him away by force for his breakfast.

But you should see Father de Geleoes in the midst of his patients! All are his friends. Right and left he addresses each one: "*Wo ti pong yeou! Wo ti pong yeou!*" (My friend!). Never is he too busy

sufferer. At the close of the year when everything gets scarce,—even Father Paul's medicines—it will often happen that he will have nothing else to give but a smile and a hopeful word. Scant treatment, you say! But, with it, his patients retire quite happy, for well they know that "Old Father Sou" gives as long as he has anything to give, that never yet did he shrink from the most repelling sores, the most bitter ingratitude, or long hours of waiting at the bedside of a dying pagan, in the hope of giving him the grace of Baptism.

FATHER PAUL is yet more active when fellow missionaries are in need. Every one of them knows that nothing can be more agreeable to him than to receive an urgent call for help from one of them. You are sure that the very minute he has read your message, his horses are saddled and he is off. But the highways are in bad condition and night is coming on? What of it? Not a road, not a path, but is known to the white horse of Wangko's *Chen fou* (Father).

Occasionally, he will go astray in the night, and the watchmen of the villages will discharge their rifles in the direction of the supposed brigands. But as soon as they recognize the voice of *Chen fou*, things resume their ordinary calm, and the sentinels repeat the appellation so well known about Wangko: "*Lao Sou Chen fou! Lao Sou Chen fou!*" (Old Father Sou! It is old Father Sou!)

But what if "Old Father Sou" had fallen in with a band of brigands? Never fear! He is as much at home in their midst as in the peaceful circle of his fellow missionaries. His simple good nature has won over the brigands as completely as it has (Turn to page 117)

Summer Parkas

John P. Fox, S.J.



HE picture on top of this page is well calculated to bring out a few points that are not ordinarily understood about Alaskan habits of dress. Very often the Alaskan missionaries are accused of taking Winter pictures in July, or dressing up their natives in heavy parkas and then placing them against a green Summer background for a picture.

Here I have one of the chiefs of Kashunak, snapped in August. And all I did to him was to ask him to stand up and keep quiet for a minute, as I wanted his picture. He submitted with difficulty. I don't know just why, as most Eskimos are delighted to pose for anybody.

With eyes wide open, John sees nothing, as he is stone-blind. He has on an old parka made of loon skin with the feathers attached. His stockings are those he inherited from Adam, and all he has under the feather parka is a similar parka of common drilling, that you see hanging out below. He is standing with his back to the small mound of dirt on which the village of Kashunak is built. This is covered with marsh grass, and all that is visible of the town is the hole of the tunnel (leading to the underground igloo) partly hidden by the man's head. Few villages of my district have much about them that may be seen. In Summer they are covered over with grass, and in Winter with snow, as nothing but a part of the roof rises above the ordinary level of the ground.

But what is the idea of that contrast in dress? Why wear a hot parka in August? Bare legs and high grass don't seem to go well together with the idea of an Alaskan parka! You are correct. But my Eskimos wear what they have; and as most of them are just as rich in Summer as in Winter, and just as poor in Fall and

Winter as in Spring and Summer, their way of dressing is very often much the same in all four seasons of the year. And so they will very frequently wear a heavy parka and sweat with it in Summer, and when the Winter comes will keep on the same, and freeze for lack of something to put under it for greater protection.



HOWEVER, Alaska and Alaskans are not all like John. Indeed, as a type, John may become extinct eventually, for at the Mission School conducted by the Sisters at Holy Cross, Alaska, Eskimo girls are taught among other practical arts, the most useful art of sewing. By and by, Summer parkas will be but relics of other days and other ways.

Under the skillful tutelage of the Sisters they are becoming daily more and more proficient in designing patterns, cutting cloth, pinning, basting, fitting and sewing.

Pagwa Pastoral

Alexander F. W. Rolland, S. J.

"Of a sudden, all the pent-up energy of David's reserved character burst forth in the tensely hushed word, 'Moose!'"

On a long mission journey through the Ojibway Indian country of Canada, the author, who was acting as companion to Father Joseph Couture, S. J., had the thrill of a moose hunt. It was one of the exciting incidents of the missionary trip of a thousand miles in a canoe, told in the January and February issues of **JESUIT MISSIONS**.—*Editor*.

BETWEEN the spruce-walled banks of the lonely Pagwa River, a warm declining sun cast its slanting rays upon our upturned faces. In harmony with the hush that lay upon the vast forest, in reverential meditation upon the glory and power of our Maker, in restful mood, permitting our thoughts to be lulled by the swish of the quiet waters against the lazily-moving canoe, we chummed in pensive company.

Our Indian guides, even more silent than ourselves, were now mechanically maneuvering the canoe against the steady weight of the current. The stoicism of their race bade them speak little, harbor their thoughts and feelings, and hide their deep emotions. Of a sudden, all the pent-up energy of David's reserved character burst forth, in the expression of one long-drawn-out, peculiarly nasaled, and tensely hushed word, "Moose!" Roused sharply from my reverie, I felt a thrilling tremor, while every nerve of my system tingled with excitement. Moreover, a vision of meat, the absence of which we had felt during the last seven arduous days, whetted our excitement in the presence of big game.

In an instant our two guides were transformed from apathy to men of skill, courage and initiative, agile in

thought and action. Short, quick signals indicate our course. Ah! As luck would have it, we lodge on a rock! The moose, some four hundred yards ahead, takes startled warning, turns. David fires. It is a miss. Again the "300 Savage" roars. The moose is hit, for, in his delicious frenzy, he faces about, comes towards us, then scrambles for cover. Two more shots show no effect. Our prey is gone!

THERE is a pause in the excitement. Our guides, automatically attentive to the dislodging of our craft, guiding her up stream, and into the shallow waters amidst the rushes, thoroughly debate all the while the import of each rifle discharge, in rapid, but sweet-voiced cadences of their Ojibway tongue. The Indian method of big game killing is to squat and eat, if he thinks that the target has been vitally hit, permitting the unpursued beast to lie and bleed. If in doubt, the contrary procedure, as in this instance, is in order.

We search for tracks. No, not for tracks, they are too numerous, old and new,—but for blood! David and Joe soon find it, little splashes on occasional leaves, spots that only a trained eye could at all discern. The gun reloaded, the pursuit is on! Now, of all times, is the Indian mighty, great and admirable in his own sphere. The hunting instinct and the hunting blood, the age-old heritage from his skilled forefathers, is stirred up afresh, bringing into full play faculties eminently attuned to the pursuit of his hereditary calling. Low bent, as swift as deer, as silent as lynx, and as true to the trail as hounds, our men courageously (Turn to page 118)

Montana's Curé of Ars

THE illustrious Cardinal Manning once compared the simple sanctity of the Curé of Ars to that of the great St.

Francis of Assisi. I, in turn, take the liberty of comparing the simple sanctity of a Blackfoot Indian missionary to that of the Curé of Ars. Not only did he resemble the Curé in simplicity and holiness, but also in appearance. Father Soer was small in stature, slightly bent by the ravages of toil; a long fringe of hair, grayed by the years of service in the Vineyard of his Master, contrasted well with the ruddy glow of his emaciated cheeks, reddened by Montana's strong winds. Likened to the Curé, his cassock, which he wore continually, was patched and patched again; his biretta well suited the cassock.

Father Aloysius Soer, S.J., was born in Holland on November 8, 1853. His father was a physician and his brother still follows that profession in his native land. The present German Assistant of the Society of Jesus, Very Rev. Rudolph Van Oppenraaij, was a first cousin of Father Soer. The future Rocky Mountain missionary acquired much of his medicinal knowledge of herbs, which he employed so effectively among the Indians, from his father and brother. He entered the Holland Province of the Society of Jesus on September 26, 1872, and after making his novitiate, continued the usual



course of studies of the Jesuit Order in his native land. In his second year of theology he was called to the bedside of his dying mother. She had always expressed fear that her son might go or be sent to a foreign mission, despite the fact that he never made his intentions known. Shortly before her death she gave him a little pious picture with the

*Victor F. X.
Hinderer, S.J.*

text from the Lamentations on the opposite side: "The tongue of the sucking child hath stuck to the roof of his mouth for thirst: the little ones have asked for bread, and there was none to break it unto them."

FATHER SOER was ordained to the priesthood the following year. In 1885, the renowned Father Cataldo, S.J., sought recruits for the Rocky Mountain Indian Missions in Father Soer's native land. Father Soer presented to Father Cataldo the pious picture, which he had received from his dying mother, and asked him if this might be a sign of a call to the missions. It would have been futile to ask this question of Father Cataldo a second time! So interested and zealous was Father Soer for the Indian missions, that he knew almost by heart the entire collection of the famous Father Desmet's letters concerning the Rocky Mountain Missions. Such being the case, it was an easy task for Father Cataldo to enlist the Dutch priest-scholastic in the Rocky Mountain ranks.

Father Soer came to America immediately after his completion of theology and went directly to Frederick, Maryland, where he was to make his third year of novitiate, or as it is commonly called, the Tertianship. Shortly before the ship came to anchor in New York harbor, he repaired to his cabin, put on his cassock, and came out on the deck to await the lowering of the gangplank. He had expected to find Indians at the dock to greet the new blackrobe. Much to his surprise, the "Indians" were as light complexioned and wore almost the same kind of apparel as the natives of the land he had left behind.

THE year at Frederick passed quickly enough. Towards its close, Father Soer began to make preparations for his apostolate among the Rocky Mountain Tribes. During his sojourn at Frederick, he had received a letter from a brother who was on a farm in Wisconsin, telling him about the lax conditions of the different Christian people in the vicinity. The community apparently was quite cosmopolitan. The letter gave the zealous priest an idea. Going to his Superior, he asked him for permission to stop off while en route to the west, to give a mission to the Scandinavian, Russian, Italian, German and Irish neighbors of his Wisconsin brother. The permission was granted. For several



months prior to Father Soer's departure to the Rocky Mountain region, much time was laboriously given to preparing sermons in the above respective tongues. He sought help from his fellow Jesuits, and even the young scholastics who chanced to be familiar with one or the other language.

On his departure from Frederick, his Superior said, "Father, I fear the miracle of Pentecost will be reversed; the Apostles went forth and converted the multitudes by speaking in one tongue, but you are going forth to convert no one by speaking in many tongues." The success of his Wisconsin mission is unrecorded!

AFTER a short stay in Spokane, Father Soer went out to his field of endeavor among the Nez Percés Indians at Slickpoo, Idaho. He threw himself into the study of the Nez Percés language, and also attended to his missionary work. In a short time the Indians learned to appreciate the holy man who was in their midst; even non-Catholics marveled at his sanctity. Weather conditions meant nothing to this faithful son of St. Ignatius. Once he was lost for several days in a snowstorm; his horse had carried him around in a circle; a Catholic Indian, Luke Billy, came to his rescue. In November, 1895, the Nez Percés Reservation was opened to the white people. Complications resulted that often proved annoying to Father Soer, partly because of his guileless simple character. The white people sometimes imposed upon him, when he consented to act as interpreter, and the Indians sometimes thought he was too kind to the whites, whom they had learned to despise and distrust. Soon after the opening of the reservation, many good Catholic families of German origin settled in the district; Father Soer was their missionary pastor, often going about in a buggy for two weeks at a time. For a short time he was Superior of St. Joseph's Mission at Slickpoo, and while in this capacity, purchased the section of land upon which the mission buildings now stand. He solicited the funds for this purchase from his relatives and friends in Holland.

IN 1905, after nineteen years of labor among the Nez Percés Indians, Superiors sent him to the Holy Family Mission in Montana, where he was to spend the remaining twenty-six years of his life working among the Blackfoot Indians. Father Soer never learned the Blackfoot language. Nineteen years among the Nez Percés tribe had not cooled his first fervor; he threw himself into the new work with the same untiring zeal. His new work consisted of being missionary to Heart Butte, an Indian village twenty-three miles from the Holy Family Mission; confessor to the Ursuline Nuns and to the Indian children in the mission school; and Post Master in the mission Post Office. At first he drove the distance

to Heart Butte with a team; however, in late years he accompanied the mailman on Saturday afternoon and remained in town until the Brother called for him on Sunday afternoon.

Father Soer's charity was indeed that of a saint; likened to the Apostle Paul, he was, "all things to all men." Not once do I recall having heard him utter an uncharitable word or even a word bordering on uncharitableness. For months previous to his death he suffered from his ailment, but this had no effect upon his charity. He always possessed the same cheerfulness.

His redskin charges were foremost in his mind; he was ready at all times to defend their shortcomings. Whenever the question arose as to the Indians' integrity, invariably he would defend them by asserting that their weakness was owing to tribal customs and not to downright malice.

The dear old soul led a hidden life on a more hidden Montana Indian mission. Comparatively few are the members of the California Province who knew him, yet he labored within her confines for forty-five years. I have said his life was hidden; before men it was, but before God it certainly was not. How edifying it was to see the manner in which he practised his spiritual exercises! Indeed, it was with the simplicity and fervor of a novice. Often while kneeling at his side in confession, I could not help but feel that I was kneeling at the feet of a saint. His devotion in offering up the Holy Sacrifice was most admirable. Despite his advanced age and many infirmities, he would spend at least a half hour in thanksgiving on his knees before the Blessed Sacrament.

The poor destitute Holy Family Mission and her redskin charges have indeed lost a kind friend and a loving father. However, the few material wants that this venerable Blackrobe was able to provide for them in this world will be multiplied through his powerful intercession before the Throne of the Most High. Father Soer's wasted form now lies in the little community cemetery of Mount St. Michael's, Spokane, Washington, flanked by the mortal remains of those great Indian missionaries who have gone before him, Fathers Cataldo, Palladino, Prando, Damiani, Giorda and others.

When those famous pioneers left Europe to take up the work of spreading Catholicity in the far west of the United States, they little realized, perhaps, how their work would prosper. They came to a western country that was still in the throes of its pioneering days; the Indians were still at war against the invading and too often unprincipled whites. The missionaries labored zealously for both Indian and white, and today that western country has a strong Catholic body keeping pace in its Catholic life with the material growth of the west. The Indian is well cared for spiritually, and he and his children are reaping the fruit of the tireless labors of Father Soer and his companion pioneering missionaries.



Joe Big Beaver, one of the Indian boys of the mission school.

All in the Day's Work

A Missionary

IT is the duty of the missionary to watch carefully over his little flock, to try to bring new members into the fold and, when need arises, to go in search of, to find and to bring back the sheep that have strayed. This last task often falls to my lot in my position as Chaplain to our local prison. Let me cite an instance where it was my happy privilege to bring back to the fold, and, I believe, to lead straight to the feet of the Master, one who, for several reasons, might be classed with those unhappy sheep commonly referred to as being of darker hue.

On the morning of the twenty-eighth of October, I received word from the Prison Superintendent that the prisoner, John Smith,—for such was not his name—was desirous of seeing me. From our local newspaper, I

knew that John Smith was under sentence of death for murder. He had been convicted on circumstantial evidence, but had strenuously denied his guilt. Shortly after I had received this word from the Superintendent, I called at the prison to see John Smith, who was in a cell in the "Death House."



Father Francis J. Kelly, S.J., former Superior of Jesuit missionaries to Jamaica.

POOR John was a man about fifty-two years of

age, who had spent a good part of his life in prison. Whose fault this was, God alone knows, as John had been sadly handicapped for the battle of life. He had no education, could neither read nor write and, of course, had had no religious training. With little or no knowledge of God, and with hazy notions of right and wrong, is it any wonder that he followed the path that led him to jail?

However, life behind the bars had not been an un-mixed evil for John, since, while in prison in the year 1909, he had received holy Baptism and had become a member of the true Church. His sponsor in Baptism was a man who was serving a life sentence for murder.

I am sorry to say that he did not become a model citizen after Baptism. He returned to prison again and again up to the past year, and his reputation among the prison officers, to whom he was well known, would not get him a gold medal for meritorious conduct.

However, when I made John's acquaintance, I met a mild and gentle elderly man, who showed no signs of a vicious disposition. He was then under sentence of death, but as yet his death warrant had not been signed by the Governor. So there was a possibility that his sentence might be commuted to imprisonment for life. I immediately started in to instruct him, to give

him some of the elementary notions of religion, and to help him to prepare for death.

ABOUT a week later, John's death warrant was signed and was read to him. He was informed that he would be hung on the morning of November 17, at 8:30 o'clock. I also received official notice of this fact, and was requested to be present at the execution in my official capacity as Chaplain. From that time on, John's preparation for death be-

(Turn to page 118)



Very Rev. Chas. F. Arnold, S.J., with one of his catechists en route to market in Spanish Town. Father Arnold is the present Superior of the Jamaica Mission.

Santal Catechists



LL. missionaries, but above all, those who labor in extensive districts where there is a painful shortage of priests, realize that without catechists they are practically helpless.

Such has been the experience of the American Jesuits among the Santals in Patna Mission, India. As a result, they have striven with might and main to train as many catechists as their finances would allow. The wonderful result in souls brought to the Church—about one thousand annually—is proof positive of the value of catechist helpers, and also indicates what could be done were it possible for the Fathers to train many more such helpers to work among the hundreds of thousands of pagan Santals. Recently a retreat was held for the catechists. One of the Fathers tells briefly what it all meant.

"What is the meaning of the big crowd?" asked a visitor to our Bhagalpur School, as he and one of the Fathers passed before the chapel.

"Our catechists and teachers are making a retreat."

"Catechists and teachers!" exclaimed the surprised visitor. "But where do you use so many men?"

"In the Santal villages," said the Father. "You see, a missionary cannot be everywhere at once nor remain in one place forever. He goes out scattering the seed. Catechists follow to gather in the crop, and the schools—well, they solidify and unify the work,—insure its perpetuity."

"Phew! Go slowly now, Father," pleaded the visitor. "You are hitting on high now. Let's get back to these catechists. You say they are making a retreat. What for?"

"Well," said the Father, "they have to take the place of the missionary in a village, instruct the people in religion, not only by word, but especially by the example of their lives. So we pick our men pretty carefully, for a bad catechist can do a lot of harm. We train them carefully in the teaching of the catechism, and now we are giving them some clear ideas as to the necessity of leading exemplary lives, and we are telling them how to do so."

"Not a half-bad idea," said the visitor. "If the officers are not what they should be, then what can you expect of the common soldiers? Is that it?"

"It is," affirmed the Father. "But we are killing two birds with one stone by calling these men here for a retreat. You see, these men work alone for months of the year. They have a lot of things to contend with. They get discouraged, or get into a rut. By bringing them all together, they get a chance to talk over their difficulties. But above all, they realize that they are a part of an army corps in the Catholic Church, holding the outposts of her far-flung empire in the very heart of paganism. They get a better idea of their own importance and of the nobility of their work. They will return with greater confidence, for they are acquiring an *esprit de corps*."

"A splendid idea!" said the visitor. "And how many men are making retreat?"

"Seventy-two," replied the Father, "of whom two come with the retreat-master, Father Anthony De Bono, S.J., a Belgian missionary, and seventy come from the Patna Mission."

Jesuit missionaries among the Santals. Seated (left to right) Fathers Aloysius S. Pettit, John A. Kilian, Anthony de Bono and James A. Creane.





Father William A. Rice, S.J., of the Province of New England, the first Superior of the new American Jesuit secondary school in Baghdad, Iraq.

THE new and remarkably enterprising Arab Kingdom of Iraq (overlapping considerably the "land of the two rivers" we used to know as Mesopotamia) occupies an area of some 143,000 square miles of desert, plain and mountain land directly to the north of Arabia, and between Syria and Persia. It is as large as the States of New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Ohio combined, and has a population of about three millions. The religion is mainly Mohammedan, the Moslem population of Iraq numbering roughly 2,700,000 drawn from Arab, Assyrian and Kurdish strains. Besides the Moslems there are in

American Jesuit

William

Iraq nearly 80,000 Jews, a like number of Christians of several different races, churches and rites, and about 40,000 adherents of other religions including Sabaeans, Yezidis (devil worshippers) and others.

THE country is very rich in historical associations. A seriously-grounded and persistent tradition places the actual site of the Garden of Paradise some few miles to the southwest of Baghdad, between the Tigris and Euphrates Rivers. Ur of the Chaldees in the south, brings us back to the days of Abraham, when he pitched his black tents in the desert, and was called by God to leave his father's house and his kindred, to go into the land He would show him. Babylon, the land of the Jewish captivity, speaks to us of Nabuchodonosor, of Balthazar and Daniel; of the three Hebrew youths and the brazen furnace; it brings before us the picture of Daniel standing in the banquet hall of Balthazar, reading the fatal message written on the wall, of the night of disaster, destruction and slaughter that followed when Cyrus, the Persian, entered the proud city, "Queen of the Desert," and put its inhabitants to the sword. Nineveh, too, speaks to us through her ruins, of Jonas preaching to the inhabitants unto repentance. In later times, Xenophon led the remnants of Cyrus' army, the famous Ten Thousand, along the River Euphrates to the sea. And Alexander the Great led his unconquered hosts through the marshes in the south, feasted and found death waiting for him at Babylon. Julian the Apostate closed his inglorious career of warfare against God in Mesopotamia. Other famous names, Haroun er Reshid, Hulagu, Tamerlane, flit across the colorful pages of this venerable land. For over 5,000 years it has been the battlefield for countless armies; war and famine, pestilence and plague have repeatedly devastated it; dynasties have sprung up and disappeared, had their brief day of power and magnificence, only to sink beneath the sands of the desert or to be buried beneath the silt of the Two Rivers. Sumerian and Hittite, Egyptian, Persian, Roman, Mongol, all have swept over it, have left their indelible impression in the numerous ruins that dot the face of old Mesopotamia.

BAGHDAD, the future residence of the American Jesuits, and capital of Iraq, is situated about in the center of the country's eastern sector, on the River Tigris. The city is not old, as age is reckoned in a land where everything is counted by the thousands of years. It does not appear in history until 763, when we read of the Abbasid Caliph Mansur who built the city for his capital. For the next century its history is one of rapid progress and brilliant prosperity, and reaching the zenith of its glory during the reign of the famous Haroun er Reshid, in the ninth century. It became the center of art and literature and commerce; the center around which revolved the far-flung Moslem world, stretching south-



The "hufa" made of goatskin, has been gracing the Tigris and the Euphrates since the Babylonians were in power.

Its Enter 'Iraq

Rice, S. J.

ward through Egypt, westward on the north coast of Africa and up through Spain. Scholars of every nation were invited to this brilliant court, and translations of many philosophical, medical and geographical works were made from the Greek, with the encouragement and support of the Caliph. This glory, however, was short-lived; on the death of Haroun er Reshid, the bonds which kept the vast Empire but loosely together were slowly torn asunder. Internal dissension was helped by external aggression. The waves of Mongols, rolling in from the east, beat against the unprotected barriers of 'Iraq, till they finally broke before the assault in 1258. Hulagu, grandson of Genghis Khan, invaded 'Iraq, besieged Baghdad, slaughtered the inhabitants, and utterly destroyed the vast irrigation system of canals and dikes that had made Mesopotamia a fertile garden. Tamerlane, too, led his hordes against the city about a century later; his visit was marked by a huge pile of 80,000 human skulls outside the smoking ruins of Baghdad. During the following centuries, Baghdad and the surrounding country ceased to play an important part in the history of the world until the 19th century, when it came into prominence again as the strategic short-cut to the Indies. A railroad was contemplated by the Great Powers, to connect continental Europe with the Persian Gulf; it was begun, but the world cataclysm of 1914-18 prevented the completion of the project, and involved this unfortunate country in the general misfortune. Out of the general disaster, however, 'Iraq came into existence as an independent kingdom, under a British Mandate. At the present writing it appears that His Majesty, King Feisal's desire to have 'Iraq admitted to membership in the League of Nations, is assured of realization this year, thus dispensing the British from the duty of further aiding in political and economic matters.

THAT our Holy Father Pope Pius XI should have appealed to his children in America for aid in solving the educational problems of the Middle East (it is at His Holiness' express desire that the American Jesuits have girded themselves for the new work) is not at all surprising when we consider the great zeal manifested by him, from the very beginning of his Pontificate (cf. JESUIT MISSIONS pamphlet, "Pius XI, Pope of the Missions") for the spiritual welfare of the Eastern peoples.

It has been one of the objectives dearest to his heart to strengthen the arms of the venerable Uniate communities (Chaldean, Syrian Catholic, Armenian, Maronite, Coptic, Greek Catholic) in their brave effort to preserve, in face of fearful odds, the vigor and the splendor of their ancient Christian Churches; to encourage enthusiastically the corporate reunion with Rome of the mighty "Orthodox" Christian Church of the east, which has been going her separate way since the Great Schism of the eleventh century; and to affirm, finally, with paternal insistence, before a dislocated and bewildered Moslem

Distinctly Moslem and oriental is this view of the North Gate of Baghdad.



Father Edward F. Madaras, S.J., of the Chicago Province, who sailed in company with Father William A. Rice, S.J., for professorial duties in Baghdad.

world, the power and the beauty of the Body of Christ which is His Church.

CATHOLIC action in the Middle East, of whatever kind, will necessarily involve contacts with these three phases of the Church's "Eastern Question." Catholic Uniate, Orthodox and Mohammedan alike will be in some measure the beneficiaries of the latest American Jesuit education venture, though its field of direct operation is for the present strictly limited to the domain of Catholic secondary education.

Among the interesting by- (Turn to page 118)



JESUIT MISSIONS

A MAGAZINE OF APOSTOLIC ENDEAVOR

Published monthly, September to June, bi-monthly, July-August, by the JESUIT MISSION PRESS, INC., in the interest of the home and foreign missions attached to the North American provinces of the Society of Jesus.

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257 FOURTH AVENUE NEW YORK, N. Y.

Subscription price, year, \$1.00; three years, \$2.75; six years, \$5.00. Canadian and Foreign, \$1.25 a year.

The Queen Mother

STONY-HARD is the heart that cannot evoke some sentiment of love and tenderness at the thought of mother. The word itself is almost synonymous with love and kindness and understanding sympathy. True as this is when we speak of the earthly mothers God has given us, it is transcendently truer when we think of Heaven's Queen, Mary, the Mother of God. Filial devotion to Mary, love and veneration of her sacred name have been closely linked with the Catholic Church since its foundation.

After our Divine Savior had ascended into Heaven, Mary, during her earthly life, was the encouragement and support of the infant Church. Following her assumption into Heaven and her coronation there as Queen, her tender watchfulness over the Church of Christ was intensified. Down through the centuries it has constantly been manifested to such a degree that none can doubt its genuineness and its efficacy, for truly, all God's graces flow to us through Mary. Her interest in the work of the Church for mankind, and her intercessory power with God have given her a place second only to her Divine Son.

We think of Mary and pray to her all through the year, but especially during this present month of May. May Mary's month this year find us closer to that Mother whose love for us is intense and whose interest in us never wanes. No church or chapel is so poor but that it has its altar or sacred shrine dedicated to Heaven's Queen. There let us kneel to honor Mary and to implore help from her for ourselves and for the Church.

And as we kneel to pray, let us not forget to plead with her in behalf of the work her Son's missionaries are carrying on in fields afar. They have given their lives, these priests, Brothers and Sisters, to spread the Kingdom of God in non-Christian lands. They are bringing Mary's name, too, to every people, whether it be to the isolated Eskimo of Alaska, the Negro of Africa, or the Malay of Asia. And as they labor on untiringly

against terrific odds, they are all too conscious that their efforts will be fruitless unless Heaven's graces are poured down upon them and the people for whose souls they toil. That these graces be sent in abundance through Heaven's Queen is their earnest prayer in which they ask that every Catholic at home should take part. If all join in this work of apostolic prayer, then Mary's month of May this year will be rich in souls garnered in the harvest of the Master.

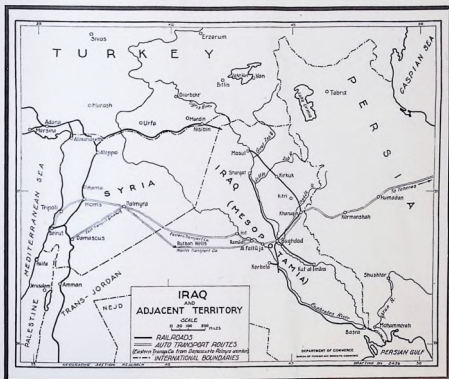
The Fire of Pentecost

HISTORY and art have fittingly pictured for us the scene of the first Pentecost, when the Apostles, all aglow with the fire of zeal kindled in them by the Holy Spirit, set forth on their divine commission of "teaching all nations." The commission was sublime, but the task before them seemed humanly impossible. And yet, undaunted, they carried on throughout the years of their mortal lives. North, south, east and west they journeyed to establish Christ's Kingdom, and when the Master called them to Heaven, they passed on the torch to other willing hands.

The faithful execution of that commission, given by Christ to His Apostles, and through them to their successors, has ever been an essential part of the Church. Through her unbroken line of popes and cardinals, archbishops and bishops, through her countless numbers of missionaries, she has ever been about the task of planting the Church everywhere, and guaranteeing its growth by solid careful parish organization, by works of Christian charity, by religious instruction and Catholic education. First, indeed, the growth is slow,—pagan customs must be supplanted by Christian practices—but gradually the work progresses; the young become more thoroughly imbued with the spirit of Christ; and as the years go on, there emerges a full-grown healthy body Catholic. So it was in old Antioch and Rome, and later, in the countries of Europe, and later still in the Americas.

Today, too, the Church, through her sacred ministers, with holy restlessness, from the Holy Father down to the humblest missionary, is vigorously working to fulfill to the last her divine commission. The Holy Spirit, the Gift of Pentecost, is guiding, inspiring and directing the work in every mission field. India and China with their teeming millions, Japan, the Islands of the Pacific, Africa and the mission territories of North, Central and South America and Europe,—one and all are feeling the effect of that boundless energy of men and women fired by the zeal that sent the Apostles forth after the first Pentecost.

That work is worthy of our best efforts and prayers. Like Mary, the Mother of the Savior, in the early days of the Church, we may not be called to active service, but like Her, we are all called to pray—and to help where we can. "Come Holy Ghost; fill the hearts of Thy Faithful; and enkindle within them the fire of Thy Divine Love!" This prayer should be ever ready on our lips, ever in our hearts, for the final consummation of the commission given to all, "Going, therefore, teach ye all nations."



American Jesuits in 'Iraq

The map shows the country to which the American Jesuits have gone to open there a Catholic secondary school. The story of this new venture is given on pp. 108 and 109 of this issue.

THIS name recalls crusading days and crusading armies when Urban II pleaded with an apathetic Europe to rise from its lethargy, to don its armor and to do battle for Christ. It is the missionary spirit of the crusades that vivifies the Students' Mission Crusade.

The Students' Mission Crusade was organized first on a national basis in 1918 at Techny, Illinois, in the United States. On that occasion thirty schools were represented. Since then six general conventions have been held and the membership totals 502,400. In 1925, the Crusade was made a Pontifical Society by decree of the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda Fide.

National organizations exist today in Ireland and Germany, in the "Pro Apostolis" and the "Missiebond Vlaanische Studenten" of Belgium; in the "Lega Mis-

THE MISSION INTENTION

for MAY

The Students' Mission Crusade

sionaria Studenti" of Italy; in the "Ligue Missionnaire des Ecoles" of France. They provide for all students in school or university.

A model Students' Mission Crusade is the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade of the United States. The basis of this organization is the Mission Unit of which there are three distinct types: the "Junior Unit" for elementary schools, the "Senior Unit" for secondary schools, universities and seminaries, and the "Veteran Unit" for graduates. These units are responsible only to the National Executive Board.

The purpose of the Crusade is primarily to promote missionary interest through missionary education, and the means are mission study and prayer. While the program of prayer and study is (Turn to page 119)



A FIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUITS

ALASKA

Just as this issue of *Jesuit Missions* was going to press, word was received from Very Reverend F. M. Menager, S.J., Superior of Alaska, regarding the safety of Fathers John Fox, S.J., Martin Lonneux, S.J., and Paul O'Connor, S.J., who were reported as being in the area of Alaska recently visited by tidal waves. Father Menager writes:

"The tidal waves, roaring over the low lying tundra, devastated native villages on the Kuskokwim. Many Eskimos were trapped in their dug-outs and perished. The church at Kashumak was almost carried away by the flood, but somehow stood the assault of the sea.

"Hooper Bay, where Father Fox resides, fared better because of higher ground, but much suffering will afflict the natives of the district unless something be done to relieve want caused by loss of food supplies and other belongings.

"Father O'Connor is stationed on the Yukon, far from the coast, and fears for his safety were groundless. Father Lonneux also escaped uninjured, but many of his people suffered much from the tidal wave, as they are right on the coast around St. Michael."

Writing from Pilgrim Springs, Alaska, in February, Father A. G. Willebrand, S.J., says:

"This part of Alaska is being swept by an epidemic of whooping-cough. A number of children in our nearby villages have died, and Government schools have been closed.

"This Winter is very severe. For the past few days the mercury has hung in the neighborhood of forty degrees below zero. There have been many other such spells. Blizzards, too, have swept over us, and even the old-timers admit that they have never experienced such storms before.

"My little parish is still giving me great consolation. All the people come to Mass every Sunday. Most of my men are spending a good deal of time in trapping now. They have been able to get a good number of foxes,—old John, the patriarch of the village, secured almost twenty. Unfortunately, the price is low this year.

"The non-Catholics in the village of New Igloo are quite friendly towards

us. We have good hopes of winning them to the Catholic Church, to which some of them really should belong, but have fallen away."

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

Father Joseph Reith, S.J., formerly of *Jesuit Missions*, describes an incident of his first Christmas in the Philippines:

"Back to the barrios I went for the third Mass, to Opol, a little fishing town along the coral coast. It is a sad place that I am sure Christ weeps over at times. Once upon a time Opol was a Catholic center and its Faith prospered the place and made it thriving. But Aglipayanism came, the terrible sin of one bad priest that has blighted Mindanao. It hit Opol and the blight has remained. Money and energy have been expended profusely to bring Opol back to Christ, but, in spite of it all, Opol remains a stricken place with only a handful of women and children to attend the Catholic service. Across the plaza, when I arrived Christmas morning, the Aglipayans were having their mock services. All things are mockery with them; they have a mock Mass, mock sacraments, mock priests. The mockery is the sad part, for it deceives the poor people who cannot distinguish the true from the false. A band was blaring and the church was crowded to

the doors. And in my little chapel—half dozen women, a dozen children. Yet, there was nothing lacking to the solemnity of our Christmas Mass despite the small congregation, and we sang our hymns with a gusto that at least partially drowned out the band that was blaring heresy. The catechist of Opol is an energetic little woman, more Chinese than Filipino, and her children love her and her smile. After the Mass we all went over to the little school and scattered prizes and eagerly-sought candy."

Father John Pollock, S.J., writes from Jasaan:

"1931 was a fruitful year in Jasaan Mission, as well as a busy one. There were 25,377 confessions and 45,175 Communion. Of the latter, 37,880 were in Jasaan and 7,296 in the barrios. Not so bad for a one man mission."

Father John R. O'Connell, S.J., has just started a chapel at Devil's Point, a lumber concession attached to his jurisdiction in Talisayan, Misamis.

Father Andrew Hofmann, S.J., informs us that the house described in the article on "Lonely Lano," printed in our January and February numbers, has collapsed and the pastor is now forced to remain on his perch of temporary props.



In Summer, when the good, Ursuline Sister takes the children of Pilgrim Springs Alaska, out on a berry hunting trip.

Father Thomas Gallagher, S.J., talks in terms of reconstruction and construction:

"You could hardly believe how expensive it is to start up one of these old places, abandoned for years. Misamis has had no real permanent pastor for twenty-seven years. Then, to make things worse, it is situated in a swamp. You feel sometimes as though you are on an island, especially at this season of the year (the rainy season). Last Sunday at 6:00 A.M., on my way to the church, I met a Lourdes girl all adorned in her beautiful white dress and blue girdle. She was sitting at the foot of the stairs putting on her shoes and stockings. She called out to me: 'Father, will you wait for me? I want to receive Holy Communion.'

generously offered herself to work among the Indians. For twenty-five years she was teacher at the Indian Day School on Cape Croker Reserve. Her energy and zeal for the salvation of souls knew no limits. Her labor, as teacher, was not confined to the daily class room schedule, for after school hours she devoted time and energy to classes in music, and took an active part in organizing a brass band among the young men of the Reserve. The musical talent, so well developed, has on many occasions given pleasure, not only to Cape Croker audiences, but also at many other places where the band was invited to give musical recitals.

Many of Miss Moffitt's pupils, after passing successfully the High School

1931, just to hand. Both letter and check sincerely appreciated.

"As you may know, I spent from May 9 to August 19 with Father James R. Gibbons, S.J., at Chakni; then I was called to the Bishop's House, first to act as parish priest and later, in addition, to take charge of the Procurator's job for a few weeks. On October 29, I was told to report at Chuhari and take over the work that was previously cared for by my brother, Father Edward Scott, S.J., as he was scheduled for the Santal field. On November 29, I left Chuhari to give two missions in English, one week each, and after that gave the Irish Christian Brothers their annual eight-day retreat at Kurji, returning again to Chuhari on December 28. Just eleven days



Scholastics of the Maryland-New York Province of the Society of Jesus, who have just completed their philosophy and have been appointed for work in the Philippine Islands. Left to right, William V. Cummings, Richard H. Dowling, J. Edward Wasil, Anthony J. McMullen, Bernard M. Lockboehler, Armand J. Guicheteau, Forbes J. Monaghan.

Now children might make this sacrifice to go to Mass and Holy Communion, but the bigger ones will not. And so they are tempted to stay away during this wet season of the year. Seeing their difficulty, I got to work and made a road from the church to the main road which is macadamized. I thought hard before doing it, but now am glad that I did it. It cost me more than two hundred dollars, but it is worth every cent of it. Just imagine, for the last two months it has rained almost every day."

Vacation for American Jesuits in the Philippines often consists in nothing but a change of occupation. Thus, Father Azarraga will go to Jimenez for Holy Week; Father Irwin will spend Holy Week at Jasaan and be Chaplain at the Boy Scout Camp. Fathers Hamilton and Prendergast will spend Holy Week in Balingasag and Tagoloan respectively. The Scholastics, too, are going out for Holy Week and for work in the Boy Scout Camps. Mr. Daly will go to Zamboanga; Mr. Lutz to Jimenez; Mr. Ewing to Talisayan; Mr. Pangborn to Tagoloan; Mr. Taylor to Cagayan. For Holy Week and catechetical work, Mr. Cabonne will go to Butuan; Mr. Dagan to Cabadbaran; Mr. Reyes to Sumilao.

Entrance Examinations, pursued the regular high school course, while others took courses at the Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph.

In 1929, failing health obliged Miss Moffitt to resign her position as teacher, but her interest in the missions never ceased. The last months of her life were months of intense suffering, and her heroic and patient endurance edified all and gained for her great merit. Our Lord terminated her sufferings just as we were preparing to celebrate His Nativity.

Father Joseph M. Couture, S.J., set forth, on February 20, on an 800 mile dog-team mush from Ombahka to Lansdowne Lake and down the frozen Attawapiscat River, whence he cut south across country to the junction of the Ogoki and Albany Rivers. He will return to Longiac towards the end of April, and rest the dogs before utilizing the last month of ice on a further missionary trip of 300 miles around Lake Nipigon.

This Winter, Father Couture omitted one of his usual runs of 300 miles to his Indians at Lake St. Joseph, on account of the scarcity of ice and snow. A spell of weather, however, at twenty below zero, has now solidified the water surfaces of the north-lake.

later, Father A. Forster, S.J., who has been in charge of Chuhari for the last seven years, was ordered by the doctors to take a trip to a milder climate. However, he only got as far as Bankipore when the doctor there told him to go to the hospital for treatment before trying to travel farther. He (Father Forster) has been in the Patna Hospital for three weeks, during which time I have been trying to take care of the Boys' Orphanage (about fifty-four boys), the native Christian parish of several hundred souls, and the Loyola Middle English School with its three Hindu and three Christian teachers—all this on a very meager knowledge of Hindi, which practically everybody speaks. English is almost unknown as a medium of conversation. So you see, I have plenty to do and yet at the same time, quite different work from what I was sent here to do, namely, to do some teaching and help Father Forster with confessions, etc. Father Forster writes that he expects soon to be released from Patna Hospital, but does not know whether (due to his health) he will be able to return here or not. Father Raymond Mullen, S.J., is likewise in the Patna Hospital, and when he gets out, will have to go to the hills, so with these two Fathers 'out of it,' at least for some time, Rev. Father Superior has no Fathers to send here."

CANADIAN INDIANS

On Christmas Eve our Lord called to her reward Miss Mary Moffitt, a devoted teacher and missionary. Miss Moffitt came to Canada in 1903, and

PATNA, INDIA

Smiling and cheerful as ever, Father F. X. Scott, S.J., sends the following from Chuhari in Patna Mission:

"Your kind letter of December 30,

Father Charles Miller, S.J., has been detained at the Patna General Hospital and hopes for a speedy recovery so that he may get back to his work

among the Santals. He writes:

"You may not have heard that I have been moved to Monghyr District to work among the Santals. I 'took possession' on January 12. My territory covers an area of 3,500 square miles, made up of hills and plains, and intersected with dozens of rivers, most of which have no bridges. Except during the rainy season, they have little water, but plenty of loose sand. The hills are covered with jungle. The 20,000 or more Santals in my territory are scattered; some live in the jungle, some on the plains. To reach some villages there is only a footpath through jungle.

"Now I want to get every single one of those 20,000 Santals, and for that I must rely on you and other friends. I do not mind the food and the rain, the mud houses or the other hundred and one inconveniences—they are just part of the great missionary game. But it is impossible for me to get on without schools, chapels, teachers and catechists. These latter may be said to be indispensable. They prepare the way, and keep the 'fire burning' after the Father has lit it. Otherwise, it would die down again until his next visit. I really need at least twenty to twenty-five catechists. I have only one in the field."

BRITISH HONDURAS

From the Toledo District of British Honduras, comes the news that on January 6 there was held the first reception of the white veil at the Pallottine Sisters Convent in British Honduras. Only recently, the Sisters opened up this new novitiate for the training of native girls of British Honduras for work in their own Colony. The first reception of novices, therefore, had a special interest for the people of the Colony, for they felt that these novices are their "very own," the pioneers of the British Honduras novitiate of the Sisters of the Pious Missions, commonly known as Pallottine Nuns. There are in the novitiate, three novices from Belize and one from Corozal. His Excellency, Bishop Joseph Murphy, S.J., sang a solemn Mass on the occasion, at which he was assisted by Fathers Eugene Borke, S.J., and Edmund J. Coony, S.J. Father Edgar Zur Linden, S.J., was Master of Ceremonies and Father Herman Tenk, S.J., and Allan Stevenson, S.J., assisted in the sanctuary. At the close of the Mass, His Excellency gave a brief address on the nature of the Religious life, and its value for the moral, educational and social advantages of those to whom the Religious devote their lives and labors.

On the same spacious grounds on which the novitiate is located, the Sisters also conduct a fine school. They have also taken over, within the last months, the Punta Gorda school. Their presence has already wrought a change for the better in the Toledo District.

RENOWNED JESUIT MISSIONARIES



ST. RENE GOUPIL, S.J.

RENE GOUPIL, Surgeon and Saint, was born in 1607 at Angers in France. Unable to become a Jesuit because of poor health, he studied medicine, specializing in surgery, and, equipped for the practice of this art, crossed the Atlantic some time before 1640 and offered his services to the Jesuit Superior at Quebec.

The privilege that Rene sought was the privilege of sacrifice for Christ. The security of the walls of Quebec was to be exchanged for the filth, fatigue and thankless toil that awaited him in Fort Ste. Marie. This was the gauntlet that spurred him on during a canoe and portage voyage that was beset with danger from starvation, drowning, exhaustion, wild beasts and ever lurking death. Yet behind the hazard to body, St. Rene envisioned the treasures of immortal souls and a copper-hued nation waiting for the Baptism that can make an Indian a child of God.

On August 2, 1642, he was captured by a raiding party of Hurons, and for eight weeks subjected to the torture of the gauntlet, or staked down like a butterfly specimen for the unrefined cruelties of The Children's Hour. The number of the Thieves of Paradise for whom he opened the gates of Heaven is unknown. He himself had the consolation of pronouncing his vows as a Jesuit in the presence of St. Isaac Jogues. For teaching the Sign of the Cross to an Indian lad, he was tomahawked on September 29, 1642. His head and some half gnawed bones are buried near what is today the site of Arrisville, N. Y., once cruel Omeronnon, but now "A Place of Answered Prayer."

Father Marvin O'Connor, S.J., continues his splendid work in building up the district known as Mesopotamia in Belize, the capital city which was all but destroyed in September by the hurricane and tidal wave. The new church erected in the Mesopotamia area is a hurricane-proof two-story building, 100 feet long and 40 feet wide, with a 10 foot concrete verandah. The upper floor will serve for the church; the lower floor for the school.

On Sunday, February 7, the cornerstone of the new building was laid. A large crowd gathered early for the ceremony presided over by His Excellency, Bishop Murphy."

AMERICAN INDIANS

Father Leo C. Cunningham, S.J., of Holy Rosary Mission in South Dakota, writes:

"The Catholic magazines you so kindly sent me are distributed among the Sioux Indians. They take them to their little log huts and find in the stories and articles and pictures much entertainment as well as instruction and inspiration. You are doing a work of charity which surely pleases the Master. May He reward you generously. I shall remember you in the Holy Mass and I shall ask my people to pray for you.

"In spite of much snow drifted into the trails, I have, thank God, been able to visit my four mission chapels regularly and to bring the consolations of our Holy Religion to the lowly Sioux. Please pray for them and for their missionaries."

At St. Stephen's Mission in Wyoming, Father Albert Zuercher, S.J., pronounced his final vows as a Jesuit on February 2. Several hundred redskins witnessed the impressive ceremony and prayed that Father might spend his youth and vigor carrying on the noble work of his illustrious predecessors.

St. Stephens Mission, Wyoming, and Holy Rosary Mission, Pine Ridge South Dakota, were both hard hit in January when an influenza epidemic broke out in the schools. More than seventy cases of influenza kept the priests, Brothers and Sisters busy all day and far into the night at St. Stephens. However, the epidemic was thought to be successfully checked at the time the news was sent from the mission.

At Holy Rosary Mission, the epidemic struck harder. About 150 out of 190 boys were down with the flu. When they had recovered, the epidemic seized the girls, and nearly 100 of them were sick. Five of the Sisters and two of the Brothers contracted the sickness also.

The continued cold weather at Holy Rosary Mission has been rather hard



Father Leo C. Cunningham, S.J., the ever-smiling, energetic missionary among the Sioux Indians of the Pine Ridge Reservation, South Dakota.

on the mission dairy as well as on the poor Indian people of the Reservation. The mission children's shoes and the general clothing bill have felt the Winter, too, and Brother Shonster's repair shop has not complained of unemployment. They are always glad to get old shoes in the repair department, for their machinery and their skilful workmen can make old shoes as good as new, even if the soles are completely gone.

At Billings, Montana, Chief Plenty Coss, one of the last of the great North American Indian Chiefs, honored by the United States Presidents and the late Marshal Foch of France, was buried on March 8. The Chief was one of the outstanding figures at the Jesuit mission of St. Francis Xavier in Montana. Bishop Edwin V. O'Hara, of the Great Falls Diocese, celebrated the solemn High Mass at the funeral of this last great Indian of the Crow tribe. Jesurr Missions hopes to carry an article on this outstanding Indian in the near future.

At St. Regis Mission in Washington, entrusted to the Jesuits of the Oregon Province, died the oldest Indian resident of the district. Spotted Body was his name, and, according to the old Indians on the Colville Reservation, he was 114 years of age. His wife, Mary, survives him, but all of their sixteen children are dead. He was a devout Catholic ever since the Fathers came to the Columbia River.

When the old Indian knew that death was near, he asked again for the priest, although Father Charles L. Owens, S.J., had been accustomed to

carry Holy Communion to him frequently during the past year. The roads were blocked in the hills by heavy snows, so the priest was obliged to walk several miles to reach him.

When the Father arrived, the aged Indian insisted on leaving his bed to kneel on the floor to receive his Eucharistic Lord for the last time. He thanked the priest many times for this great favor. He was then helped back into bed, where he continued to recite his prayers in Indian until he expired.

JAMAICA, B. W. I.

Father Leo T. Butler, S.J., contributes a few items of interest from Jamaica:

"Morant Bay Church is well on its way to completion. It is the gift of one of Father McHale's relatives. When completed, it will be one of our nicest chapels on the mission outside of Kingston.

"Five hundred boys and girls attended the Mass of the Holy Ghost on the opening of schools this year. They were the students of St. George's College, Duke St. Convent and Alpha Academy.

"The three schools made a triduum all at the same time. Fathers Donovan, McGroary and Sullivan gave the exercises.

The pastor of Sacred Heart Church, Seaford Town, Father Francis Kempel, S.J., is still engrossed in the construction of the convent for the Sisters. He writes:

"Since my return I have been very busy. We are making every effort to start the building of the convent next

month. We want it to be under roof when the rainy season sets in. The wall around the convent yard is completed and looks very nice. More digging is required before we can start building operations. Brother Stamen, S.J., paid us a visit and gave us the level, so we know just where we stand. Last Friday, fifty of our men turned out and gave their labor; and this Friday we expect a like number, so by the end of the week, enough excavation will be done to enable us to start building."

From "The Presbytery," Brown's Town, a very busy pastor sends his appreciation to the editors and readers of *Jesurr Missions*:

"I'm grateful (for a Christmas gift) and I mean it when I write—"Thank you." . . . I am building a new house and I expect to have it finished by the seventeenth of March. You are cordially invited to attend the house-warming, and please bring something. I can use most anything, even a good dog. . . . My house was broken into and robbed of six pounds the day following my Garden Party at one of my missions. Two checks, etc., amounting to eighty-five dollars, the proceeds of a Bridge Party held at home in dear old Haverhill, were brought back to me early last month with the short tale, 'Bank Closed.' I had to make good the loss. I suppose that eventually I'll get the money, but in the meantime I am feeling the loss. Sounds like gloom, but I'm not a bit gloomy, and I am sanguine that things will brighten up for my missions, soon.

"The 'Bush Parson' sends his heartfelt thanks for your kindness to him and prays the blessing of a good God on your head and on your heart.

"Sincerely yours in Christ,
"Daniel A. Creed, S.J."



Rev. Mother Mary Humiliana, O.S.F., with native novices and postulants for the Franciscan Missionaries of Our Lady of Perpetual Help, Kingston, Jamaica, British West Indies.



FROM MANY QUARTERS



GOLDEN JUBILEE OF FATHER LYNCH, S.J.

In the month of December the Jesuits in Manila observed an unusual feast with great joy and gladness. It commemorated the Golden Jubilee of the priesthood of Father Denis Lynch, S.J., the Spiritual Father of the Ateneo de Manila.

Born in Killaloe, Clare County, Ireland, Father Lynch was ordained priest by Bishop Goebriand in Burlington, Vermont, at the early age of twenty-two. Six years later, he entered the Society of Jesus at Frederick, Maryland.

His career has been versatile and distinguished. He has been outstanding as a writer, a linguist and foreign missionary. For years he was one of the Editors of the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart*. He is the author of two books and innumerable articles and reviews.

He was stationed in Jamaica, in the British West Indies, from 1895 to 1900; and in Mindanao, in the Philippines, from 1905 to 1911. He was in India from 1916 to 1922, whence he returned to the Philippines for a second tour of duty up until the present day.

JESUITS IN SOUTH RHODESIA

The rescript, *Comperturn habemus*, of March 3, 1931, which erects the Salisbury Prefecture into a Vicariate, opens as follows:

"We have ascertained that, in the Prefecture Vicariate of Salisbury which has been entrusted to the Fathers of the Society of Jesus in South Africa, the Catholic cause has prospered abundantly, whether we consider the number of the Faithful or the multiplication of religious works. We have, therefore, decided to erect the said Prefecture into a Vicariate Apostolic."

The Salisbury Vicariate has thus been reduced to something less than 110,000 square miles, i.e., to not much more than one seventh of the original area of the Zambesi Mission. The new Bulawayo Mission is more than three times as great as this, for it includes that part of Bechuanaland which lies as far south as the Tropic of Capricorn and as far west as the 22nd meridian of E. longitude. This means that it contains enormous areas of desert and of swamp where human

habitations are few and far between. Its area of effective occupation is at present almost confined to the eight and one half administrative districts which have been allotted to it, out of the thirty-two into which Southern Rhodesia is divided. Roughly, in other words, its missionary Superior has a field of active operations of some

THEN SLEEP, GREAT HEART!

Frederick Elliott, S.J.

(The untimely death of Father Eugene Pajonau, S.J., last July, is very fresh in the hearts of his Canadian Indians, who still find it hard to resign themselves to their great loss.)

A priest has passed alone out of this light

That closes yet another dying day.

His soul is gone! Besides this grave, moon-white,
No music plays . . . only a dirge-like lay

The winds of sorrow moan through barren trees.

These death-strewn leaves that lie along the ground

Lament his passing like the light-blown breeze

That sighs above his cherished earthen mound,

In silence deeper than the sound of night

No one has heard the shooting of a star;

In God there shines a happiness so bright

No human love can dim, nor grief can mar.

Then sleep, great heart! The beauty of thy rest

I would not take away but I will quest.

40,000 square miles, and a hinterland of 305,000.

The division of Southern Rhodesia which falls to the lot of the Mariannhill Fathers is approximately coterminous with Matabeleland, while the Jesuit portion coincides pretty nearly with Mashonaland. This is an enormous advantage to both parties concerned, for it does away with the former necessity of learning two native languages, Sindebele and Chishona. It may even help to quicken the zeal of would-be missionaries at home who are sure enough of their pioneering stamina, but not so sure about their gift of tongues. Men of

a little Latin and no Greek can become fluent in Chishona when they are in daily contact with the people who speak it, and when there is Sindebele thrown in to cram the curriculum.

MEDICAL MISSION BOARD

The report of the Catholic Medical Mission Board for the year 1931 shows that 13,270 pounds of valuable medical supplies were shipped to sixteen mission centers in the United States, and 150 missions in other parts of the world. Among the items were surgical instruments, tubes of iodine, packages of surgical cotton, aspirin and other medicines, bandages and dressings. The Board also supported a doctor in India and another in the Philippines, as well as a nurse and two social workers in Porto Rico, with funds given for these purposes by benefactors.

Medical supplies distributed by the Board were received from groups and individuals in many parts of the country; a considerable part of the material consisted of samples of medicines and surgical instruments which, though not damaged, had been discarded by doctors and hospitals.

Headquarters of the Board are at 8 and 10 West 17 Street, New York City.

XAVIER'S BODY INCORRUPT

During the solemn exposition of the body of St. Francis Xavier at Goa, India, a committee of five doctors examined it and declared that the pliability of the skin and fleshy parts, and the general state of preservation, after 370 years, defies natural explanation.

Among those who were present at the examination was Rev. John J. Conside, M.M., Director of the *Fides Service*, who is touring the missions of Asia, the East Indies and Africa.

JAPANESE SISTERS

A new Congregation of Japanese Sisters, dedicated to the education of young girls, has been founded by Msgr. Januarius Hayasaka, Bishop of Nagasaki. Two of these new Religions are about to go to France where they are to make their novitiate under the Ladies of the Sacred Heart. Others will probably come to the United States to make their novitiate here.

SEOSTRIS SIDAROUSH PACHA

Under date of December 21, 1931, in a letter addressed to "Fordham-France," the French monthly journal of Fordham University, New York, His Excellency, Séostris Sidarouss Pacha, Egypt's Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the United States, had, as he wrote, "the great joy of extending to his young American comrades in the Jesuit universities, colleges and schools, the greetings of a former pupil of the Reverend Jesuit Fathers of Egypt."

In calling to mind his happy school days under the Jesuits of St. Francis Xavier College in Alexandria, he commented upon his professors' prudent wisdom, their fatherliness and the respect they won from all who knew them. Their teachings, he said, formed the foundation of character which as years went on their pupils all too slowly tried to develop.

He appealed to his "comrades" to try to appreciate the privilege that is theirs today, of belonging to the élite who, while enjoying the benefits of classical culture, will be called upon to hand on to generations to come the true and lofty American ideals.

SISTERS NURSE CHINESE

The following extract from a letter may prove of interest to our readers who admire those valiant women, the Helpers of the Holy Souls, who are now laboring in war-torn China: "Our Religious were obliged to evacuate one of our large institutions in Shanghai, as shells were falling in and about the property. We received direct news that all were safe. At present, we are nursing about 1,000 Chinese wounded soldiers at the Jesuit Mission at Zikawei on the outskirts of Shanghai."

FATHERS AVITO AND HIDALGO

The Procurator of the Jesuit Mission of Anking, China, reports that Father Avito, S.J., is still in the hands of the bandits who took him prisoner many months ago. In spite of the fact that fifteen hundred dollars have already been paid in ransom, the bandits refuse to allow the missionary his freedom. Father Hidalgo, S.J., Father Avito's companion in captivity, was released some time ago, but in a state of mental and physical collapse. Thanks to prayer and to the tender care given him after his release, he is now back at his missionary work once more, laboring as a zealous priest in the bandit-infested territory of Tungliu.

AFTER FIVE YEARS

(Continued from page 99)

St. Paul, with an enrollment of some five hundred. Thanks to a merciful Providence, the town itself is very Catholic. We were delighted to see the large congregations that attended the Masses.

How the "Padre of the Press" must rejoice as he looks upon Zamboanga and sees what I see—a three-story concrete building with the Knights of Columbus emblem occupying a prominent place, while within its walls is the Ateneo de Zamboanga, a Catholic high school, thoroughly equipped with laboratory, library and reading room, large airy class rooms, a hall for

MOTHER OF THE MISSIONS

Maurice A. Whelton, S.J.
"Behold Thy Mother!" was
His legacy.
And yet, Thy heathen children
know Thee not:
O Mary, pity their unhappy lot
Whose errant souls a Son
has left to Thee!
The blood of martyrs bears
the fairest flower.
But Thine it is to pour the
saving Blood
Of martyrs' King, with re-
deeming flood
To free these souls held
fast in Satan's power.
Queen—Martyr, Simeon's
sword has pierced Thy heart,
And from its depths o'er-
wells a mystic tide
To mingle with the stream
from Jesus' side;
O precious torrent! faith
to them impart!

the K. of C. and another room set apart for the one hundred and fifty leading citizens of this vicinity, united under the name of Catholic Action.

Only yesterday, the latest number of the Little Flower magazine, addressed to "Rev. J. J. Monahan," arrived here from Oklahoma City. Just another proof that "The Padre of the Press" still lives, and that the work that he began so well is still going forward, and with God's grace and the generous cooperation of thousands of friends in America, it will continue to go forward—even to a perfect finish.

A BAD LANDS' TEMPLE

(Continued from page 100)

a delight to be among them and to work with them as one of them.

ON October 31, 1931, our Right Reverend Bishop, His Excellency, James J. Lawler of Rapid City, came to bless this new house of God out in the very heart of the famous Bad Lands. The church gives an entirely new aspect to the valley and the country. Even full-blood Indians appreciate it. One old white-haired lady expressed it in these words: "It looks like a dream to me yet. I was always wishing for a church out here. Now this dream is before me, that I can see it with my own eyes in the day when I am awake." Old grandma Clifford, in her ninetieth year, was there, sitting in a chair crowned with flowers, and happy that her many children and grandchildren and great grandchildren have now a church in which to worship the good Lord. She was the first settler in that country.

To get an idea of how far some of our missions are from any center, you may judge from the following. Our Bishop drove seventy-five miles that morning from Rapid City. Our Father Superior, Father Riester, S.J., came out with Fathers and Sisters and the boys' choir, seventy-two miles over rough roads. They all went back on the same day over the same bad roads. Yet the impressions of the wonderful Bad Lands around the new church of St. Barbara were worth all the trouble. The sight of this wonderland inspires devotion. Yes, friends of Nature, come out and see how the hammers of the Almighty built up fantastic cathedrals and churches and towers and chapels in these Bad Lands, adapted only for thought and inspiration and emotions. We need poets and singers to describe the glory of this country.

A JOCKEY ON THE MISSION TRAIL

(Continued from page 101)

his peaceful patients at Wangko.

ALL his missionary confrères in his section have the pleasure of receiving him one day or another. If his mileage were computed, I am sure it would amount to at least 4,000 miles a year, and, if we admit that average for his twenty-seven years of missionary labors, we begin to realize he has covered

some 100,000 miles or more on horseback, a figure that compares favorably with the record of the famed Father de Smet whose apostolic travels amounted to 85,000 miles.

Yet you will know Father de Geboes very imperfectly if you know nothing of him as a financier. It will be remembered that he was a man of business before he took to missionary life. A business man? Well, I'll not say he isn't; only, he is a business man in his own special way. Profoundly convinced that "it is better to give than to receive," he cannot keep two cents in his purse; and although this brings him jesting comment from the younger missionaries, he remains as prodigal as ever and does not at all propose to amend himself.

He must have made special arrangements with Divine Providence to be able to give always, even when he himself is in want. A hardy missionary, he can meet, unmoved, bands of brigands; but the sole name of God can draw tears to his eyes. No marvel, then, that he has implanted much love for God in the hearts of the peasants of Wangko, so thoroughly steeped in the cold selfishness of paganism, when in 1922, he first came to them.

PAGWA PASTORAL

(Continued from page 103)

track the wounded king of the forest. Following close upon them, though in comparison, as noisy and as clumsy as a blundering tractor, I could see no traces of blood, and only once, where a broken leg had brought the bull to the ground, did I perceive convincing signs that we were running not at random.

ON we sped, they scientifically, for they knew their intended victim, I heedlessly, for I guessed but partially the extent of subsequent danger. Suddenly was heard a frightful sound, like escaping steam, a protracted wheezing snort from the nostrils of the angry beast. There was a ponderous swing of powerful antlers; the bull, staggering hastily to his unsteady feet, eyes a-fire and fighting to the last, charged forward, his huge bulk looming larger still as his rattling

hoofs and horns, mighty weapons of self-defence, towered over us, threatening mutilation and speedy death. His last defiant bellow died with the echo of the rifle's "Crack! Crack! Crack!" David, the reliable, had taken unerring aim.

Having captured the carcass, cut a hind-quarter and selected choice morsels, the nose, tongue and heart,

A PADRE'S PRAYER

Ernest B. Clements, S.J.

Sweet Jesus, make me seek Thy love alone,

That I may holy be;

For when the airy joys of earth have flown,

Thou art a Friend to me.

On these poor sheep, O Lord, let fall Thy gift,

The solace of Thy Dove.

Within their souls sow holy peace and lift

Them from this world to Love.

Teach me to tread with faith Thy toilsome way—

'Tis hard, at times, to see—

Till on Thy blood-stained Cross for

Thou I'll lay

My life on Calvary.

Oh, give them strength to follow with a will

The search for wholesome gain.

Feel Thou their souls upon Thy hallowed hill,

Keep pure their hearts from stain.

ALL IN THE DAY'S WORK

(Continued from page 106)

came more definite. I visited him almost every day, talked with him, instructed him and prayed with him. When I felt that he was ready, I appointed a day for his confession, and then a day for Holy Communion.

John was now in the best of dispositions—sorry for all the sins of his life and resigned to the Will of God. Every day he looked forward to the visit of the priest, and was most grateful for everything that was done for him. The evening before the execution, he begged me to come to him early the next morning. So on the morning of the execution, I went to his cell at about 7:45, heard his confession for the last time, gave him his last Holy Communion, helped him to make his thanksgiving, and then read to him the story of our Lord's Passion from Saint Matthew.

A couple of minutes before 8:30, some of the guards entered his cell and strapped him for execution. Then I walked before him to the gallows, reciting prayers, which he repeated after me in a loud voice. We recited the Our Father, the Hail Mary and the Act of Contrition, but, before we had finished the Act of Contrition, we had climbed up on the gallows, a white cloth cap had been pulled over his head, the noose had been adjusted about his neck, the trap door had fallen and the soul of John Smith had gone forth to meet his Divine Master. Who had died for him, Who knew all his crimes, their circumstances and his repentance for them, and Who nineteen hundred years ago had said to another poor dying criminal—"This day thou shalt be with me in Paradise."

AMERICAN JESUITS ENTER 'IRAQ

(Continued from page 109)

products it may confidently expect to develop, are the broadening of our American Catholic intellectual and human horizon, the promotion of a better understanding of the oriental mentality by their western brethren in Christ, and the re-aligning of our critical judgments on a civilization that was thousands of

years old before Columbus sailed from Spain.

At the recent annual meeting of the American Catholic Historical Association held at Minneapolis, Reverend Edmund A. Walsh, S.J., read an inspiring letter from the rector of the Pontifical Oriental Institute at Rome, Most Reverend Michel d'Herbigny, S.J., on the Papal programme touching the east. "In order to guide the Catholic mind in this direction," it said, "Pope Benedict XV gave the first great impulse and, as you know, His Holiness, Pope Pius XI added immense momentum to the movement in behalf of the Orient—in general by the institution of the administrative organization called the Sacred Congregation for the Oriental Church, and of an establishment for specialized research and scientific studies called the Pontifical Institute for Oriental Studies."

The American Jesuits, therefore, who are about to try apostolic conclusions in Baghdad, are definitely carrying out the specific desire of His Holiness. They have no foundation there; no house, no school, no residence; they will have to do pioneer work, establish their own traditions. Inspired and encouraged by the prayers of our readers (which we earnestly beg) we are sure that God will bless this new work abundantly; we are sure, too, that this year's little group of pioneers is but the vanguard of a long and numerous army that will pass from America to the Middle East to teach by precept and by example the knowledge and love of our Divine Lord, to His greater glory.

THE MISSION INTENTION

(Continued from page 111)

determined by each unit, suggestions are welcomed from "Crusade Castle," which is the name of the National Headquarters. Study is intensified by the system of contests and honors known as "The Paladin Study Plan." Details concerning the program of study and prayer and material aid for the missions may be found in the fascinating little volume entitled, "Crusade Leader Book."

If the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade has attained a maximum of intercourse and cooperation be-

tween the units, with a minimum of formalism and centralization, this has been due chiefly to the unifying influence of its official publication, "The Shield."

Today in Europe and in America the Students' Mission Crusade is fighting paganism not as Don Quixote fought the windmill but decisively and to the death—so efficiently in fact that if the pagan world can ever be won for Christ, the conquering generation may with reason be expected to come riding forth from the crusade castles of the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade.



Jesus, Live in Me. Compiled by Father Marian, O.F.M. The Franciscan Printery, Pulaski, Wis., 1932. Price seventy-five cents.

This prayer book was translated

from the original Polish by the author. The Polish version had five editions and attained the greatest popularity of any prayer book in that language. It is a compilation of prayers and of very apt ejaculations by the aid of which the faithful can pray and ejaculate the Mass. It is well calculated to obtain for the reader the grace intended by its editor—that Jesus Live in Me through the Blessed Virgin Mary in the Spirit of St. Theresa.

The Medical Mission Manual—Catholic Medical Mission Board, Inc., 8 and 10 West 17 St., New York, N. Y. Price twenty-five cents.

From the press of the Catholic Medical Mission Board, has been issued a very interesting and practical manual for medical mission workers who make bandages, dressings and other hospital and dispensary equipment for the missions. The detailed instructions are the result of consultations with experts of the Army, Navy, Red Cross, hospital surgeons and Catholic medical missionaries at home and abroad. The book is copiously illustrated with very practical illustrations.

Divine Worship—By the Rev. Dr. Johannes Pinski. Trans-

Our Contributors

FATHER ALFRED F. KIENLE, S.J., of the Province of Maryland-New York, pastor at Talisayan, Mindanao, P. I., proves that the "Padre of the Press" is a prophet in his adopted country *After Five Years*.

Where the hammers of the Almighty have fashioned fantastic cathedrals, churches and chapels, FATHER PLACIDUS F. SIALM, S.J., a veteran of thirty years experience on the missions, now erects *A Bad Lads' Temple*.

That a jockey of the race track may become *A Jockey on the Mission Trail* is delightfully demonstrated by FATHER EDOUARD LAFORTUNE, S.J., of the Province of Lower Canada, who is laboring in the Sichou Mission, China.

The anomaly of *Summer Parks* even in Kasluvak, Alaska, is thoroughly explained and justified by FATHER JOHN P. FOX, S.J., missionary from the California Province to the land of the Innuits and the igloo.

A moose at bay, a roaring "300 Savage" and the curious woodcraft of stealthy Ojibway trackers are not the least interesting features of *A Paganus Pastoral* by ALEXANDER ROLLAND, S.J., of the Province of Upper Canada.

Forty-five years of Christlike charity among the Nez Percés and Blackfoot Indians have won for FATHER ALOYSIUS SOER, S.J., from VICTOR F. X. HINDERER, S.J., a philosopher at Mount St. Michael's, Spokane, the enviable eulogy of *Montana's Curé of Ars*.

Abolishing criminals destined for the gallows, the white cloth cap, the hempen noose and the death trap are *All in the Day's Work* for a Jamaican missionary.

Santal Catechists gather in retreat at Bhagalpur in India, and, like the seventy-two disciples of the Master, plan to continue their major offensive against the hordes of paganism.

In a timely article colored with biblical lore and classical tradition, FATHER WILLIAM A. RICE, S.J., of the Province of New England, the first Superior of the new American Jesuit secondary school, which is to be opened in Baghdad, tells our readers why *American Jesuits Enter Iraq*.

The heroic life and labors of FATHER EUGENE PAPINEAU, S.J., whose death occurred in July, 1931, has drawn from FREDERICK ELLIOTT, S.J., of the Jesuit House of Philosophy in Toronto, the sympathetic tribute, *Then Sleep, Great Heart*.

MAURICE A. WRELTON, S.J., of Shadowbrook, in the Province of New England, pleads that the Mediatrix of All Graces, as the *Mother of the Missions*, may dispense her happiness to her heathen children who know her not.

From the cloistered peace of Wernersville, Pa., in the Province of Maryland-New York, ERNEST B. CLEMENTS, S.J., forwards a model for *A Padre's Prayer*.

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

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lated from the German by William Busch. The Liturgical Press, Collegeville, Minn. Price ten cents.

Dr. Pinski first of all brushes aside the superficial notions of those who regard the liturgical movement as nothing more than a manifestation of meticulous exactitude in religious ceremonial, or of a vain aestheticism. He shows that the movement really means a right re-orientation of Catholic consciousness and a re-awakening on the part of Catholics to the true nature of the Church as the Mystical Christ. He points out its relations to other movements in contemporary philosophy and sociology, and thus indicates its deep and far-reaching significance throughout the entire stream of modern life.

Our Little Friends of Eskimo Land—By Frances Carpenter, F.R.G.S. American Book Co., 88 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y. Price seventy-two cents.

In this book, "Our Little Friends of Eskimo Land," Papik and Natsek are presented through a year's cycle of interesting adventures on the ice during seal hunts, on the land in pur-

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