

Jesuit Missions

April, 1933

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THE PAGEANTRY OF OLD JAPAN LIVES IN THESE
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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 their prayers and generous cooperation of zealous friends, are reaping an ever-increasing harvest of souls.

(1) **PHILIPPINE ISLANDS**, a foreign-home mission: a large portion of the Island of Mindanao, the leper colonies of Cullion and Cebu, and educational work in Manila; and (2) **MISSIONS IN SOUTHERN MARYLAND** for Negroes are entrusted to the Jesuits of the Maryland-New York Province which comprises the Middle Atlantic States. The Province Mission Procurator is

Rev. George J. Willmann, S.J., 501 East Fordham Road, New York, N. Y.

(3) **AMERICAN INDIAN MISSIONS** in Wyoming and South Dakota, and (4) **BRITISH HONDURAS** a foreign mission in Central America among the Caribs and Maya Indians are cared for by the Jesuits of the mid-western States that comprise the Missouri Province. The Missouri Province also cares for four **NEGRO MISSIONS**: three in Missouri, in or near St. Louis, and one in Omaha, Nebraska. The Province Mission Procurator is

Rev. William J. Wallace, S.J., 221 North Grand Blvd., St. Louis, Mo.

Missions among the natives of (5) **ALASKA** and (6) **AMERICAN INDIAN MISSIONS** in Washington, Idaho, Oregon and Montana are served by the Jesuits of the Oregon Province which is co-extensive with these States. The Province Mission Procurator is

Rev. Edward A. McNamara, S.J., 2440 Interlaken Blvd., Seattle, Washington.

(7) **JAMAICA, B.W.I.**, is the field of the foreign missionary labors of the Jesuits of the New England Province of the Society of Jesus. The Province Mission Procurator is

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

(8) **THE SOUTHERN STATES MISSIONS** are home missions in the rural districts of these States. The Jesuits of the New Orleans Province which embraces the Southern States are tilling these fields. The Province Mission Procurator is

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

(9) **PATNA** is the foreign mission in northern India administered 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 West Roosevelt Road, Chicago, Ill.

(10) **THE CHINA MISSIONS** of the Jesuits of the California Province which comprises the States of California, Nevada, Utah and Arizona are in Nanjing, Shanghai and other sections of China. The Province Mission Procurator is

Rev. Hugh C. Donavon, S.J., University of Santa Clara, Santa Clara, Calif.

(11) **SÜCHOW MISSION**, China; and (12) **CANADIAN INDIAN MISSIONS** at Caughnawaga, the Iroquois Mission near Montreal, are in charge of the Jesuits of Lower Canada. The Province Mission Procurator is

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

(13) **CANADIAN 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.

Educational work at (14) **BAGHDAD, 'IRAQ**, is entrusted to Jesuits from each of the American Provinces. This work is administered by the New England Province of the Society of Jesus.

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



Father Leo T. Butler, S.J., celebrating Mass for his flock in Jamaica, B. W. I. For many years, this zealous missionary has corresponded faithfully with JESUIT MISSIONS. In addition to his classroom duties, Father Butler has been for some time an Associate Editor of "Catholic Opinion." But perhaps his most distinctive achievement, at least in the eyes of those back home, has been his apostolic mission work among the Chinese in Kingston, Jamaica.

Where the Garden River Flows

Joseph Dwyer, S.J.

FATHER Julien Paquin, S.J., shook my hand in welcome when I arrived at Garden River on the No. 5 train that runs between Toronto and Sault Ste. Marie. "So you are going to make your retreat here with me," he said, as we started across the track to the highway where his little Ford was parked. About a mile down a side road we turned into the rectory which has stood the wear of time for thirty years. After putting the car away, we went in together and he inquired about everybody at the Indian School at Spanish where I am stationed. I felt at home immediately with this old missionary who was somewhere in the seventies while I was only one third his age.

The church and rectory were built many years ago on a picturesque spot overlooking the Garden River. The Indians, however, have dispersed, moving farther down the river, and now the church stands practically alone. It is a modest one but shows all the marks of a devoted pastor.

TWO Sisters of the Congregation of the Daughters of Mary teach in the school. Father Paquin goes thither every Wednesday to say Mass. Last year he used to go three times a week, but his health gave out and the doctor's orders curtailed his zeal. The medical examination at that time revealed the necessity of a complete rest. Father Paquin then went to Sault Ste. Marie to follow out the doctor's orders. The priest appointed during his absence was also in failing health and had to leave, thereby leaving the Indians without a missionary. Father set about at once to find a remedy for the situation. As all the missionaries were overburdened with work, the chance of getting another to do his work was out of the question. True, he was suffering from high blood pressure and other internal maladies, but being a firm believer that nature will go a long way to cure a malady if given a chance, he unearthed some hints from his physical culture notes which had helped him so much in his younger years to build up a strong constitution. After studying the cause of high blood pressure and



"Father Paquin attributes to the Martyrs the peace of soul which he enjoys. He thanks the Martyrs for making him happy even in straitened circumstances."

the paralyzing pains which he suffered, he began a series of daily massages and exercises. In a few weeks he felt an improvement and resumed his work. Some months later the doctor from Sault Ste. Marie met him and was surprised to see him so healthy looking. "Well," he said, "from the report I got from Toronto about you, you should be in the hospital, and here you are looking quite well." Father Paquin described the method he used, and the doctor added with a laugh, "that beats the doctors all hollow." Now Father Paquin eats a hearty meal and sleeps well for a man of seventy-four.

SUNDAY is a day of prayer at Garden River. Father hears confessions and distributes Holy Communion every half hour until his High Mass at 10 o'clock at which he preaches. At 3:30 P.M., he conducts Vespers and

gives Benediction, then baptizes, after which he sits down and smokes a cigar. He smokes only on Sundays, as he remarked, "when I am good for nothing." After supper, the choir members come for practice and he is getting results just as he did thirty years ago at Killarney.

Once a month, he has Mass at his other mission on Sugar Island. Every Monday afternoon he rows three miles up the St. Mary's River to his mission to teach catechism in the public school after 4 o'clock.

Every place where Father Paquin was stationed during his thirty-five years as missionary among the Indians of Ontario, has been improved by him. When he left Killarney four years ago to come to Garden River he had just completed a new rectory and parish hall. At present he is turning the abandoned school at Garden River into a parish hall. He is doing all the carpenter work himself. He is no mere apprentice in this trade, for he it was who built the first school for Indian children at Wickwemikong away back in the nineties. When fire destroyed this and Spanish was chosen as the site for the new school, he was placed in charge of the work and it is a credit to him. He supervised the building of the hostel at the Martyrs' Shrine in Midland. Father Paquin attributes to the Martyrs the peace of soul which he enjoys. He thanks the Martyrs for making him happy even in straitened circumstances.

Catholic Action in Jasaan

John A.
Pollock, S.J.



It is Friday, August 5, 1932, at nine o'clock in the morning, and this is the scene that greets the eyes of the Padre as he glances out his front windows. Immediately beneath him are a dozen carpenters at work cutting and carving the wood for the new altar. All this wood, first class wood,

too, has been given by the people. Some have made a special trip to the somewhat distant forest to cut new timbers for this new altar. They then saw it into the shapes and sizes needed, be it planks or posts or whatnot.

It rejoices the Padre's heart to see these good men thus working, for their labor is all a gift to the church. They are poor in the things of this world, but their hearts are full of love and devotion, and they give what they can, the labor of their hands. They agreed to work one day out of each week, but they are so interested in the work that the majority are returning the next day and the day after, and some few every single day! Judging from the way this altar is beginning to take form, it will be a thing of beauty and a joy forever.

OVER to the left under the hospital, our Monahan Memorial Hospital, begun with the help of Catholic Medical Missions of New York, a large group of young mothers has just gathered, babies and all. (I say under the Hospital, because as yet only the second floor is finished and they are assembled in the cooler, wide-open basement-to-be.) Every Friday morn-

"Every Friday morning, the nurse holds a clinic for our young mothers, which, of course, means every married woman in town from twenty to thirty."



"Every item of every meal must come from the field or the forest, the sea or the stream."

ing the nurse holds a clinic for our young mothers, which, of course, means every married woman in town from twenty to thirty. We are old-fashioned here, simple, not sinful! It is a pleasing picture, that group under the Hospital, and the Heart of our Savior, the Heart

that so loved little children, must rejoice in our Jasaan Catholic families.

As the Padre turns his eyes away from the Hospital, what is this he sees? Are his carpenters quitting already? It would seem so, for there they go across the plaza. Oh no, they are not quitting, this is only a halt for breakfast. Quite a fashionable breakfast hour you will say; but wait! Remember this is First Friday. These men came to confession and Communion before five o'clock this morning—they could not wait for the Mass—then they visited the fishtraps to "find" the breakfast for their loved ones, then to work on the new altar. For, as they are giving their day to the church, they will make it a full day.



After Mass the elderly women of the town, the "widow ladies" and others without family cares, prepare a breakfast for the Padre's carpenters. The women of Jasaan, after the fashion of women the world over, have loving hearts, too, and must do their bit for the new altar, so they take care of the meals. That means something here, where we are too poor to buy the makings of a meal, where every item of every meal must come from the field or the forest, the sea or the stream. Jasaan people do not buy cornmeal, which is the staple food here. The corn that they themselves have grown, will be husked by them, and ground on a home-made stone grinder.

The children of the family had to look for firewood, for fuel is not bought here any more than is food. They also had to fetch the water from the river, no house has running water, and the town has no water system. So everybody has helped, directly or indirectly, to make our new altar. Immediately after this breakfast, the carpenters and their helpers will return to their work, and continue until the Angelus rings, continue without pause or conversation. After this brief respite for the noon prayer, if the women do not call them to dinner, they will resume hammer and saw until the summons comes. Their time is being given to the Lord and must not be wasted.

Of course, this energy, this willingness to work, this sticking at it in spite of plenty of excuses to stop, all this is not what one is wont to hear from tourists, or read in the authors who have or maybe have not visited the Philippines of which they write so glibly. But then, let me assure you that no tourist has ever visited Jasaan. It is off the beaten track. Far be it from me to impugn their observations. But please take my word for it that these Jasaan are not guilty of that laziness that is so popularly ascribed to the Filipino.

To the right, a new movement catches the eye. It is a line of children, filing from the church to return to class, as another class enters the church. Remember, it is First Friday, and each class takes its turn at watching before the Blessed Sacrament, which remains exposed all day. At seven-thirty this evening nearly the whole town will gather again in the church for the Holy Hour. It will be a pretty sight to see them coming, for each group will light its way with a candle or a home-

made torch of coconut leaf or something similar. We have no street lights, in fact, Americans would hardly use "street" to describe our cowpaths. But they get you there and back,—if you watch your step, go barefoot and avoid the deepest mud! Such little obstacles do not deter the faithful souls of Jasaan, when it is time for church.

All day long these lines of children will be filing into the church, for we have a very large school, the only school in town. These good people are so truly Catholic that when the Catholic school opened its doors, all the children came to us, and the Public School had to close for want of pupils. There was no campaign against the



"All day long, the old and the young will be visiting the Blessed Sacrament. The King is holding court and at no moment of the day will He be without His attendants, faithful, loving attendants, not only women and children, but also the men."

latter and no hard feelings. Only the duty of Catholic parents was explained to them and the dangers of a school without religion, even if not against it, and the parents proceeded to do their duty. Result—there is no more a Public School in Jasaan, and everybody remains quite happy. All this was accomplished without any kind of quarreling or scolding,—the famous peace of Jasaan remained undisturbed.

ALL day long also the old and the young will be visiting the Blessed Sacrament. The King is holding court, and at no moment of the day will He be without His attendants, faithful, loving attendants, not only women and children, but also the men. The school children are not satisfied with only their class visit, but during recess, and at noon, they will flock into the church for their own private devotions. The mothers who maybe could not attend the Mass, but could only come for Communion long before dawn, will again find someone to mind the babies, and make a long visit in the middle of the afternoon.

It is often said that the devo- (Turn to page 93)

Another Study in Scarlet

Edgar
Dowd, S.J.



WAX DOLL appeared charming in a dainty four-gallon saw straw and a violent red shirt that fell gracefully just over his hip pockets and waved gently in the breeze. His tobacco complexion harmonized enchantingly with this exquisite Summer haberdashery.—Thus would a society reporter describe "Blind" Michell, alias William Tell, alias Wax Doll, one of the most picturesque figures at St. Ignatius Mission, Montana.

How he inherited the above list of titles remains a mystery. He answers indifferently and faithfully to all of them. He is called "Blind" Michell, because his optic ability is slightly inaccurate, for he can see only a little. A white object a few inches from his eyes is perceivable. Doubtless that is why he painted his cabin door white.

Like "Blind" Barnaby, whose story was told in JESUIT MISSIONS in November, 1932, Wax Doll lives alone, and when he does not dine at the Jesuit Fathers, he "batches." But unlike Barnaby, that great man of prayer, he does not attend daily Mass. "Banking hours" agree with him well enough to warrant no ambition to rise earlier. After arranging his room, and sweeping the front porch with his bare hands, the day's toil is finished. The country store is his next destination, where just inside the door, Wax Doll squats until he has smoked two pipefuls of strong Indian tobacco, sufficient to hang a heavy steel-blue haze over the store. But the people like him and do not mind the fog.

It is now time to go to the post office across town. This is the most dangerous side of Wax Doll's life. Since he detests sidewalks, he must meander down the middle of a much traveled highway. How he successfully dodges so many irresponsible tourists is a marvel of Providence. Nature, they say, ever recompenses. If one leg is short, the other is longer. So it is with Wax Doll who cannot see, but hears very well. And this undoubtedly accounts for his continued existence. With remarkable alacrity and accuracy, the roar of an auto or train excites salutary locomotive vibrations in his receiving mechanism.

Once returning from Arlee, via the Northern Pacific, that is, track-walking on that line, he heard the rumble of a train. The nearness of the ties revealed that he was on a trestle. He became panicky; did not know what to do, and had to do it immediately. So he clambered over the side of the trestle and hung there in a chinning position while the train roared past.

He was saved! Except for a light spray of steam that the engine atomized on his happy countenance, he was untouched! But horror of horrors! He was unable to return. What irony of fate! Well, sensible men live as long as they can, and this time Wax Doll was sensible. He hung there as long as possible, until his muscles ached and screeched with pain; until the world grew black and life began to focus itself through the



"Wax Doll appeared charming in a dainty four-gallon saw straw and a violent red shirt. . ."

grim revealing lens of death. At last he could hold on no longer. A blank—and Wax Doll dropped to the hard rocky earth below,—a distance of nearly ten inches.

ANOTHER time, between the post office and the store, an inebriate, undoubtedly attracted by Wax Doll's scarlet attire, the more enhanced by a blanket worn toga-fashion, nonchalantly ran over him. Luckily, the car straddled Wax Doll, and as it was moving slowly, inflicted no injury. Wax Doll sprang up like a gymnasium dummy just as Mr. Bibulous, realizing that his car had hit something, calmly shifted into reverse to investigate. The timing was perfect! For Wax had just straightened himself up in time to be run over again, in the same manner, but from the opposite direction.

Quickly pedestrians gathered to witness this new outdoor sport. Congratulations were many, and Wax Doll actually felt happy until he heard an indiscreet brother remark that although our heroic Doll had escaped the wheels, his colorful blanket had not. And this innocent remark pulled out the sluice boards that held in his wrath, and allowed a flood of maledictions to pour forth brilliantly and vehemently. This fortunate escape should have taught Wax Doll a lesson, (Turn to page 93)

ONLY FOUR YEARS OLD

Guido del Toro, S.J.

The writer of this article has had the great happiness of seeing the marvelous growth of the Church among the Japanese in Brazil. In 1926, he began his apostolate among them; today there are more than one thousand Catholic Japanese in and around the city of Sao Paulo, due to the untiring zeal of Father del Toro and his co-workers.—Editor.

THE other day I found in my catechism class a little Japanese child who answered with such precision to all the questions put by her teacher that it struck me as something quite extraordinary.

After one of her strikingly clear answers, she looked with her little Japanese eyes up to me, as if to say to me: "Now you have a try yourself." I asked her:

"What is your name?"

"I am called Saeko."

"How old are you?"

"I am approaching my fourth year."

The teacher explained to me that it was true, and that she knew her catechism as none other of her class, and that she answered to any question put to her.

"Saekosan, look here! If you answer well what I am asking you now, I shall give you a nice present. Just say the following prayers, one after another: The Our Father, Hail Mary, Act of Contrition, the Ten Commandments, the Sacraments, and the Apostles' Creed."



"All right," I said, "next Sunday we shall have a picture taken of all the three of you, and that photograph will be your present."

And with much seriousness, heaving always a great sigh after the last word of every prayer, she said them slowly and distinctly without ever so much as tripping over difficult words.

"That's very good, Saekosan; but tell me, are you baptized?"

"No sir, my parents aren't Christians and do not like to have me baptized."

"But what are you doing to get their permission?"

"I say the beads," and so saying, she drew from her pocket a nice little rosary and showed it to me.

Up to then our conversation had (Turn to p. 93)



Japanese children—all converts—at Sao Paulo, Brazil. As members of the Eucharistic Crusade they receive Holy Communion weekly, and pray for the conversion of the Japanese.

Yao Pub Yao?

James F. Kearney, S.J.

Father Francis T. sends two startling letters to the Editor. Frankly, though, he leaves us in awful suspense at the end,—and we are waiting anxiously for a third letter which we can print in the May issue,—a happy solution, we hope, to all this marriage tangle. However, if you desire to keep the situation clearly in mind, we advise you to hold these present letters until number three comes in the May issue.

P.S. We have just received number three, but unfortunately we haven't space for it in this issue. You'll simply have to wait till next month. Sorry!—Editor.



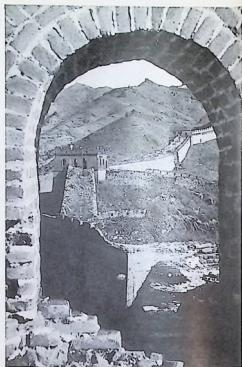
EAR Father:

We have been in China for more than a year now, and there are still about four hundred million pagans left! Father Richard and I have many a friendly argument on this point. I am all admiration for the solid work of the old-time missionaries; he says that more efficient methods would have converted China years ago, that we ought to begin imitating Big Business and do this missionary work on a gigantic scale.

He has just launched his first big affair, a huge wedding ceremony. There are to be thirteen marriages all at the same Mass! One is between two orphans, John Glory of the Realm, and Lucy Full of Blessings. Poor things! They get so little happiness in this life, that a marriage is a wonderful thing for them. These two are the pride of our orphanages. We are also going to unite some of the leading families of the district: the Hoos with the Zus, the Lungs with the Sings, and the Woos with the Fangs. Moreover, Father Richard has brought about an armistice between the Pings and the Pahs, who have been carrying on a feud for generations, and expects to conclude a definite alliance by means of a wedding ring.

These huge wedding days are not unusual in China. The Chinese are wise enough to know that the more impressive the ceremonies the greater will be the importance attached to marriage. Some of our people could learn a great lesson here. Personally I think, though, that Father Richard has had just a little too much to do with engineering this affair. He wants to make it a big day for the whole district and show the older missionaries how to do things on a big scale. I have warned him that if anything goes wrong we are going to be in for a lot of trouble, but he just laughs at me.

Of course, you know that Chinese brides are not supposed to see their husbands until after the wedding ceremonies. Among the pagans there is no such thing as making their own choice. Their husbands are handpicked by their parents and hired match-makers, or middle men, who are wonders at exaggeration. Moreover, the so-called cyclic animals, supposed to have presided over the birth of bride and groom, must be in perfect accord with each other, else the marriage would result disastrously. Christians have to avoid all super-



Ancient as the old walls of China are the strange marriage customs of the Celestial Empire.

stitutions, but they follow practically the same custom in choosing, except that the consent of the persons interested must be freely given. There is sometimes a row when the girl refuses the family choice in order to become a nun. For weeks and weeks the match-making has been going on in the district; it has caused a number of serious public fights and the Lord only knows how many private ones. The prospective bridegroom's father sends one of these fellows to make overtures to the father of the intended bride, and when, after a lot of feasting and bickering and negotiation, an agreement has been reached, without consulting either bride or groom about their personal preferences, presents are sent and a number of official papers are signed. This system may at first seem a bit revolting to you, but it is the time-honored custom here, and woe betide anyone who would try to do away with it. On the whole, it succeeds about as well as our own marriage lottery.

Father Richard has been enjoying the circus for the past two weeks, but I keep warning him to be careful. There is going to be bloodshed if anything gets mixed up on the wedding day, and there is every chance of a mix-up because bride and groom do not meet before the marriage, and besides, the lady is hidden by a long white veil. Father simply ridicules me, and says he will have the whole affair so well organized beforehand that there will be no difficulty. He has the utmost confidence in

Old Thomas Wing, who has a large family of fine children whom he has put through the wedding rites one by one, all except the youngest. Thomas knows every bride and groom perfectly, and is proud of it. He occasionally flies off the handle, but he is really a reliable old fellow, and as master of ceremonies inspires confidence in everyone. But anyway, I tell you frankly, I wish Monday the twenty-eighth, were behind us instead of before.

Thanks immensely for the presents. The Customs do not charge anything for books, and they are always welcome.

Yours sincerely,
Francis T.

SECOND LETTER

DEAR Father:

Did anything at all happen on the twenty-eighth? My heavens, what a day! But let's begin at the beginning or we shall never get this thing straight. You should have seen the celebration at the church. There were plain and gorgeously decorated palanquins chock full of heavily ornamented brides carried by powerful coolies "heigh-hoing" their weary way to the church from all points of the compass. About half of these palanquins were led by parades of men and boys armed with Chinese banners and colored lanterns and accompanied by hired musicians. Some of these gentry played Chinese instruments, which are

quaintly reminiscent of Scottish bagpipes. Others were proudly strapped to German horns and drums, wore Uhlan helmets, and brilliant red and blue uniforms that hung to them lifelessly like flags by their poles on a windless day. And would you believe it, they stepped along lively to the strains of "Marching Through Georgia" and the "Wearin' of the Green"! They certainly know how to make a marriage memorable over here.

Such a hum and buzz and chatter I never heard before, as one bride after another got out and, with her female assistants only, walked slowly up the aisle to the altar rail. You'll have to consult the society page to find out if these brides were dressed in chiffon or silk or satin or wool, or just plain cotton and calico. All I can say is that some wore a sort of floral crown on their heads and nearly all were covered with long white veils that hung down fore and aft like a summer tent. The grooms all had their clothes on too: some foreign style dress

suits, flowers in the button-hole and all that; others, loyally Chinese, each wearing a sort of skull-cap that looked like the smaller end of a football with a red button on the north pole of it.

THOMAS WING had been instructed, for heaven's sake, to spare no pains to get everyone arranged properly, and he looked as cool as a night in Siberia. Brides and grooms and best Chinamen and bridesmaids came streaming in so fast that I thought all the old folks must be celebrating their weddings over again. But



Brides and grooms in China are encouraged by the Church to solemnize the marriage contract with all the grace and pomp and dignity and "face" that they can muster.

when the hour struck for the ceremony, a careful count showed that groom Number Ten, Anthony Little Red Dragon, and groom Number Twelve, Thomas Son of the Winter, were missing. Messengers were immediately despatched with *habeas corpus* orders. After twenty minutes, Little Red Dragon was led in by his irate father and planted firmly at the rail. It seems that Little lost courage at the last minute and wanted to call off the ceremony. Ten minutes later, in came Son of the Winter, puffing and blowing. He had overslept, or lost his way to the church, or something of the sort. So there we were, twenty-five minutes behind to begin with; but I thought that was a fairly good start, considering the multitudes we had to deal with.

FATHER RICHARD was, of course, superb. As you know, he loves anything on the grand style, and you should have seen the dignity with which he swept down to the altar rail where the (Turn to page 93)

Shepherd of the Sioux

Louis J.
Goll, S.J.



THE missionaries among the Sioux Indians of South Dakota are at times asked these questions: "Do the Indians make good Catholics?" or again: "What per cent does fall away?"

By answering the last question first, the other will be answered sufficiently. If by "falling away" you mean joining another church, I would say that not two out of a hundred definitely join another church. There are both men and women who married out of the Church and have children growing up, Episcopalians and Presbyterians, but themselves insist that they want to be Catholics, and try still to get their families into the true fold. When such people get seriously sick, they will call for a Catholic priest and he will have to act according to his own judgment. Allowance must be made in such cases for the fact that most of these Indians had no Catholic training in their youth,—hence, sinful though their life has been, the consciousness of such sins is by far not as great as with the persons who were brought up in a Catholic tradition. And man is to be judged according to his knowledge of right and wrong.

If by "falling away" you mean joining the ranks of the more or less godless people, the answer is that not one per cent follow this line of action.

THERE is a third class,—the lukewarm Catholics who stay away a few years from the sacraments till the missionary catches them again. Yes, young fellows in their twenties, still unmarried, will do this to some extent. But this number can be considerably reduced, almost eliminated, by a missionary who counts his sheep, who has a "round-up" every now and then, and has a watchful eye on the strays. It is possible for a stubborn black sheep to avoid his shepherd.

I said that a certain number of such cases occur among young, unmarried boys. When they are once married, it scarcely occurs. The family might now and then find an excuse for not going to church on the week day or the Sunday on which they have Mass in the local chapel. A child is sick or the wife is not quite well; it is very cold; the roads are too bad. None of these reasons would probably keep the family from going to a feast, which means to a place where a free good-sized meal is furnished, but church going is not a feast. I am told though that good White Catholics are not slow either in finding excuses.

But in one thing the Indian is different from the White. For an Indian, going to church means going there fasting,—for Mass and Holy Communion go to-



Chief High Horse of the Sioux Indian country about St. Francis Mission, South Dakota.

gether. I have just to look at my confession register to know how many grown-up people were at Mass that day. I can easily add a couple whose marriage cannot be fixed up. Half the number of such cases of divorced remarried people will come to church and work for the church doings. Such people will be most anxious to have their children raised Catholic, and work and pray for the day when they can be admitted again to the sacraments. Queer logic you may think! Yes, but here again I have to repeat what I said of the first group: they do not see the greatness of their sin. They realize that their first sin in marrying wrong was a mortal sin, but that the whole marital life thereafter is sinful, only very few can understand, even if you tell them ever so often. In their Indian frame of mind, they consider the exclusion from the sacraments as a positive punishment imposed by the Church.

God has His own merciful way of dealing with the souls of his straying sheep. Let me give you an example. Here is a man, divorced with or without his fault. I warn him not to get married again. He makes an effort for a while, but then succumbs; he will live that way for some years; he gets sick. I can be sure that before he dies things will turn out in such (Turn to page 94)

The Zambesi Mission

Edward
King, S.J.

In the February and March issues of *JESUIT MISSIONS*, the author told the story of the Zambesi Mission in Africa from the days of its inception by the English Jesuits in 1879, down to the year 1931. The series is concluded in the present article which brings the history of this interesting Mission up to date.—*Editor.*

THE most recent stage of development has been the erection of the Salisbury Prefecture into a Vicariate; and Monsignor A. Chichester, S.J., was consecrated Bishop in Salisbury a little more than a year ago, July, 1931.

Students of comparative religion may be interested to know that nineteen or twenty "other denominations" are at work in Rhodesia. The method usually employed is to attract the native by offering medical help, and by the lavish distribution of books in the vernacular. All such means are admirable, and they are always employed by ourselves; but the non-Catholic finishes at a point at which we should like to begin.

In regard to the characteristics of the natives of Southern Rhodesia, we may say that their political status is undoubtedly low, and they have no political or municipal franchise as a body; although there are exceptional cases. Though the Chiefs have a certain limited power, particularly in the Reserves, the native Commissioners look after them, and be it said, with great care and discrimination. Although there is no social equality between Black and White, there are many instances of licit or illicit intercourse between the two; so that there has arisen a mixed race, known as "Colored," who are received by neither party. It is left to the Church to show her charity to these unfortunate racial outcasts.



How the "Convent Girls" cook dinner in a South Rhodesia mission.

AMONG the greatest difficulties that confront the missionaries in every part of the country, polygamy must be placed foremost, and with it the native law of inheritance which enables the eldest son to take to wife the wives of his deceased parent, together with the complete ownership of any previous children. This often results in Christian children being handed over in marriage to pagan polygamists against their will. True, the law of the Colony does not countenance it, but this law is very frequently evaded. Another serious factor, arising out of the above, is that a girl is prevented by native custom from giving herself to God in Religion, or, more accurately, the father has a right

to prevent it, and English law as it stands unamended, will uphold his right. One sees the point of the Government; they must go slow, for they have to deal with the other quasi-religious bodies already referred to; and the reader will readily appreciate what a mass of moral corruption might easily be

In the throes of a strong temptation to try out the missionary's pipe.

thinly clothed under such a religious garb.

Neither must we omit the gross superstitions in which the body of the (Turn to page 94)





Patna's Bishop with Father Kilian's men and women catechists at Sugathan on the feast of Christ the King.

LATE in October, when Bihar's climate settles down for a real Bihar Winter, comparable to America's so-called Indian Summer, though slightly colder, Doctor Anna Dengel, Superioress and Foundress of the Medical Missionaries of Brookland, Washington, came to Patna. On the morning of October 29, I took her to Bhagalpore, where a missionary motor bus was awaiting us. Duly provisioned, we took the trail to Santal Parganas that same afternoon. About sixty miles of metal roads brought us to Sugathan, temporary mud station in the heart of Santal mission field. We were not surprised to find that Father John Kilian, S.J., and Father P. L. Frank, S.J., and the two Sisters of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary (Mother Ward's Daughters), had gone off to Khairasol, some sixteen miles away. I had seen Father Kilian just two weeks before that when we were in Bhagalpore for the burial of our first American apostle to succumb to Patna's

We Visit Pat

climate and exposure, Father R. J. Conway, S.J., who died on October 15, at Bhagalpore, and Father Kilian had given me his schedule which showed that he would be on the trek for Santal souls about the Feast of Christ King. It was Saturday evening and just getting dark, when Sugathan's catechist told us that Father Kilian and his co-workers had gone some sixteen miles to the east. We felt that we should like to go there also and have the Feast of Christ King with the missionaries. Doctor Dengel was particularly anxious to meet those who are pioneering just where she and her Medical Sisters will be working in a year or two. The catechist, Carl, insisted that we stay and give the Sugathan, and Katibari, and Hariari, and other villagers holy Mass. We urged our point, but much to our edification and with genuine Indian deference, Carl felt that we should stay in Sugathan. Glad to submit to such faith in newly-made Catholics, we agreed.

AT 9:00 o'clock, the Feast of Christ the King, I sat for my first Santal confessions, some thirty-three of them. Mass, and a Hindi sermon on Christ the King, was followed by Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament during which we had the prescribed Litanies and Consecration to the Eternal King. I had said Mass in this same mud stable church just about a year before, when some three hundred were present and one hundred and fifty went to Communion. Today, my surprise visit brought out less than one hundred, and some thirty-three received Communion. Surely, the beginnings of Catholicism in Sugathan are not unlike those of Bethlehem, marked by poverty and obscurity—and blessed by the presence of Christ the Lord.

We visited mud villages and remarked the usual cleanliness of houses and courtyards. The Santal village is unique in tidiness. Here was the mud house that keeps the two Sisters when they are not on the road from village to village, gathering and instructing Santals, preparatory to Baptism. So far the Government has not seen fit to permit us to provide better houses for our Sisters and Fathers in Santal Parganas. Many officials revolt at this state of affairs, but Government policy must be adhered to, and our priests and nuns can live as do the Santals. A blessed portion of Christ's Cross this.

We next drove to Godda town, the headquarters of the territory in which the Jesuit Fathers Creane, Kilian, Frank, Edward Scott, and Deringer are working. Then we visited the city hospital, and Doctor Dengel was on the alert to save the soul of a baby near death—and quietly baptized it.

A good forty-mile drive took us back to Bhagalpore in time for the Corpus Christi procession, which took place within the hedge of the large school and church grounds at St. Stanislaus Santal Boys' School. Father Edward O'Leary, S.J., preached the sermon in English, while Father Creane followed with Santali. Besides the few local British and Indian Catholics, the Santal boys and Santal girls from St. Mary's Santal Girls' School made up the band of ardent adorers of our Sacramental God.

Father James R. Gibbons, S.J., shows the native Sisters and the folks of Chakni all that is left of a fifteen foot python he killed some time ago. The kiln of bricks in the background was donated by the girls of Marygrove College, Detroit, as their gift towards the erection of a girls' school at Chakni.



The following Sunday was celebrated at Khagole,—Father Francis Scott's station of railway Catholics. Khagole, Kurji, where Very Rev. Father Peter Sontag, is chaplain to the Christian Brothers' High School when he is not busy with his many cares in the rest of the mission as Superior, and Bankipore always have their Eucharistic Processions on the three Sundays previous to Advent. It had the happiness of being celebrant at each of these, while all the Fathers in the neighborhood were in attendance. It fell to my lot to preach at Khagole and Kurji, but Father John J. Meyer, S.J., who had just landed from America gave the sermon at Bankipore. These processions are always carried out with great preparation and much devotion, and are characteristically quiet compared with the Hindu processions which pass daily along our main street or road. They stress the miracle of God's Providence that in such an overwhelmingly pagan population there are some extremely good people and at least a few who adore Him in spirit and in truth. It is not hard to pray on such occasions for the conversion of India, who stands silently by as the Host is borne along, not believing that the Christians have anything more in the Blessed Sacrament than they have in their sticks and stones.

BANKIPORE'S procession was on November 20, and on the twentieth I was off to the North to spend a month visiting the various stations on that side of the Ganges which divides our mission pretty evenly as far as territory is concerned. I had several days at Chuhari, where Father A. Forster had just completed ten years of hard devoted work with his school, villages and farm. Father Forster has been forced to take a rest, ill health having hounded him for some time. He has gone to Ceylon for six months to recuperate. Father Francis Brown, S.J., is now in charge of Chuhari, and is busy perfecting his Hindi, getting acquainted with his school, his Catholic and Hindu villagers and the art of running a farm in India.

At Chuhari, Father Brown has his diocesan orphanage, while he conducts a standard Middle English School. The Holy Cross Sisters have a similar school for girls, and conduct the training school for teachers. Here it is that our Indian girls are trained who wish to become Indian Sisters. There are ten girls in the class and several of them will be Sisters.

Entertainments are always on tap in India, and Chuhari's boys gave me an opportunity to thank Father Forster publicly for his years of service at Chuhari and to introduce Father Brown.

The Holy Cross Sisters have for many years been doing splendid work with the Indian girls of Patna Mission. The present group was photographed at Bettiah.



Interior of the chapel (gift of an American benefactress) at Christ Raja High School, Bettiah, Patna Mission, India. The Communion rail in white cement is the work of Father R. Bohn, S.J.

BETTIAH High School was at ease in giving me a day of enlightenment and entertainment. I spent the morning in visiting the classes of the entire school with the usual result—genuine gratification at the work of both teachers and boys. But I need not go into a further account of the High School here, since JESUIT MISSIONS has carried detailed stories on it recently.

We have numerous village schools in the neighborhood of Bettiah. These are attended by pagans who will later on come to our Bettiah schools, where we can hope to influence them for greater good.

Father W. Marquard's Middle English boys were entertaining and ready to answer all my questions, though the question, what was the highest mountain before Mount Everest was discovered, puzzled most of them. Under the direction of Marshall Moran, S.J. and Paul Joeli, S.J., they gave me a sixteen number vaudeville, the best actors getting the Bishop's shield as a trophy. The poverty of the shield was overlooked in the rush for the prize.

Special mention is due the Young (Turn to page 94)



JESUIT MISSIONS

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Our American Indians and Negroes

THE Annual Report of the Commission for the Catholic Missions among the Colored People and the Indians has just been issued and is worthy of careful study. The three Prelates—His Eminence, Dennis Cardinal Dougherty, His Eminence, Patrick Cardinal Hayes, and Most Reverend Archbishop Curley, sound the call to action when they state in their opening appeal:

"This mission work among the Negroes and Indians is a vital concern to the Church, not a minor interest, still less a private enterprise sanctioned by her. She is as much concerned about it as she is about the welfare of your souls. And, Beloved Brethren, it should be for you a personal concern in the same way. You are bound together in and with the Church. Her concerns are your concerns; her duties, your duties. We urge you to make possible the upholding of this mission work. It is dependent, under God, for its continuance and success upon the cooperation of every Catholic."

The total of Catholic Negroes in the United States is given as 233,795—a figure which, we are told, represents only about two per cent of our Negro population. The total of Catholic Indians in the United States and Alaska is given as approximately 100,000. While the percentage of Catholic Indians as compared with the total Indian population is not given, we feel secure in stating that it is far higher than the figure for our Colored people.

Our Indian Missions have been longer established and the work is more thoroughly organized. To carry on the work of the Church among the Indians, we have 211 priests, 450 Sisters and 70 Brothers. There are 405 churches and 81 schools for the Indians, and the task of supporting these calls for more and more generosity on the part of American Catholics. The Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions and the Marquette League are two of the outstanding supports of the Indian Mis-

sions, and they merit hearty cooperation from everyone.

Our Catholic Negro problem is more complicated. Most consoling work is being done, but we have made only a beginning—as we count only about two per cent Catholics out of a total Negro population of about twelve million. The total number of Sisters working for our Colored people is not listed in the Report, but the priests engaged in the work total 236. There are 203 Catholic churches for the Negroes, and 203 schools. Preeminent among those laboring in the pastoral care of the Negro are the Josephite Fathers. They alone have in their care some 63,631 Catholic Negroes. Last year the Josephites received 1,103 converts into the Church. Though having vast foreign missions to care for, in addition to their numerous high schools, colleges and universities in the United States, the American Jesuits are also devoting time and energy to Negro work, as for example, in St. Louis, Omaha, Toledo, various towns of Maryland, Grand Coteau, La., and other places.

One of the most remarkable instances of Negro conversions to the Catholic Church during the past year was accomplished by Rt. Rev. Monsignor Nelson H. Baker in Lackawanna, New York, where 206 adults and 35 children were received into the Church. Similar results were obtained in many of the smaller northern cities, as for example, in Toledo, Ohio, East St. Louis and Peoria, Illinois, St. Joseph, Missouri and Wilmington, Delaware. The Negro parishes in the larger cities are centers of missionary work, particularly in Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis, Philadelphia, Washington, Baltimore, Brooklyn, New York and Cleveland. Work of the same nature is being done in the southern cities and rural districts in Alabama, Tennessee, Louisiana, Texas,—to mention only a few.

The greatest achievement of the year—at least in the field of Catholic Negro education—is the growth of Xavier College in New Orleans, La. This institution began in 1915 as a high school. Two years later, it added to its curriculum, normal courses for the training of Negro teachers. It developed into a college of liberal arts in 1925. Since then, it has added a pre-medical course and a school of dentistry. There are today 80 recognized Negro colleges and universities in the country; all but Xavier are non-Catholic, and many of them aggressively Protestant. Xavier College, it should be noted, is a monument to the charity and enlightened zeal of Mother Katharine Drexel. It has been built up and has been supported almost entirely by her. It is partly staffed by members of the Religious Society she founded, the Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament.

In conclusion, let us emphasize a final comment of the Report we have been quoting. "The truth is that the work has rested upon too narrow a support. It has depended, perforce, upon the interest and generosity of comparatively a few persons. The givers, like the workers, have been too few. This work is the work of American Catholics. It deserves, and it has a right to, their genuine interest. The fundamental difficulty, then, under which the work labors is lack of due interest on the part of Catholics at large. Its removal would solve the vexatious financial problem and many others."

The Mission Intention

The Peace of Christ for India

WHEN His Holiness asked Catholics to pray that the peace of Christ may be found by the people of India, he referred to ecclesiastical India as opposed to merely geographical or political India, that is to say, to the middle one of the three peninsulas, in addition to Burma on the east and the Island of Ceylon. It is within this territory that one fifth of the human race is dwelling, 357,000,000 souls, of whom one per cent are Catholic, one per cent Protestant and Schismatic, twenty per cent Mohammedan, and the rest, 280,000,000 are pagan. It is to this mass of polytheists, pantheists and atheists, that we Catholics are exhorted to pray for the advent of the peace of Christ, a peace that will only come with the establishment in India of the Kingdom of Christ on earth, the Catholic Church. Today, five outstanding obstacles to the conversion of India darken the missionary horizon. They are, first, the natives' misconception of even the most essential religious truths, such as prayer, grace, sin, Heaven and hell; secondly, the barriers of caste; thirdly, the ignorance and bigotry of 70,000,000 Muslims and the practical atheism of their leaders; fourthly, the prescriptive rites of Buddhism, and, lastly, the rampant anti-Catholic influence of Protestantism. To cope with these unsympathetic and hostile elements, there are at present 3,600 Catholic priests organized in fifty-five dioceses, of which thirty-five are to be found in southern India alone, one priest for every hundred thousand natives. With reason, therefore, does His Holiness, Pope Pius XI, pray and pray again that peace may be with India and with its spirit.

The Mass of the Missions

Confiteor But the priest must not ascend unto the altar of His God vested in borrowed majesty, in counterfeit dignity, in a spirit of hypocritical righteousness. From among men the priest is chosen and in all things he is like men, sin not excepted. It is the consciousness of this unworthiness that he confesses in the Confiteor, while bowed solemnly at the foot of the altar, confident that thus his sacrifice may be acceptable to God since the "offering of a contrite and humbled heart, O God, Thou wilt not despise."

The Altar Stone In the center of the altar is a stone slab. Five crosses, memorials of the five wounds of the Victim, are engraved in it—one in each corner and one in the center. Beneath this central cross repose the relics of a saint. These relics often are those of martyrs who were slain in the Coliseum. With the stone burial crypt of these martyrs as altar stones, Mass was wont to be said in the catacombs for those who were destined by a pagan emperor's decree to be thrown to the lions and to shed their blood for Christ. The priest kisses this stone in reverence for Christ "the stone which the builders rejected" and for the saints whose relics are there preserved. Through the merits of both Christ and the saints, he begs that he may be made worthy to enter the Holy of Holies.

The Introit The first prayer that is read is called the Introit. It is composed of fragments from the psalms and prophecies and serves as an introduction to the feast of the day. "May God have mercy upon us, and bless us; may He cause the light of His countenance to shine upon us, and may He be merciful to us; that we may know Thy way upon earth, Thy salvation in all nations. Ps. Let the people confess to Thee, O God: let all people give praise to Thee. Glory." (Ps. 66)

The Kyrie Returning to the center of the altar, the priest halts beneath the Crucifix, and with the unerring instinct of the beloved, pleads directly with the Divine Lover for mercy. Lord have mercy, Christ have mercy. For fifteen hundred years, the priest of God, contrite yet boldly confident, has made these invocations for himself and for his people. His confidence is that of the Apostle who could say, "I live in the Faith of the Son of God, who loved me and delivered Himself for me."

Altogether three dead languages are used in the liturgy of the Mass. Latin, Greek and Hebrew. For the Latin of the Church is a symbol of unchanging truth even as the sacrifice that it describes is a memorial of unchanging love. With the Latin, Greek and Hebrew phrases are interspersed. These the Church preserves as she preserves her relics. Like antiques they bind the generations of the present with the generations of the past, recalling the early history and apostolic origin of the Mass.



Father James F. Kearney, S.J., of the Province of California, brings the Lord of Life to his Chinese charges at Gou-zaga College, Shanghai, China.

AFIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUITS



PATNA, INDIA

Father Henry I. Westropp, S.J., has returned to Patna Mission after spending six months in the United States. He had been in very poor health the last year in India, and hence it was felt advisable to give him a change and a rest. True missionary that he is, he used the rest to spread news about the work of the Church in India. In his clear, simple, and enlightening talks, he constantly brought out the fact that conversion work in India had only just begun,—when one considers that there are only three and one half million Catholics among some three hundred and fifty million people. Father was constant in his appeal for more missionary priests and Sisters. He stated that in India there was no lack of vocations among the native Catholics. In fact, India already has the largest native clergy in mission lands, and Superiors have frequently to reject good candidates because they have not the wherewithal to pay for their education during the years of training for the priesthood.

Of the thirty-one years spent in active mission work, Father Westropp devoted fifteen to the Indians of South Dakota and sixteen to the people of India,—and this has earned for him the popular title of "The Missionary of Two Hemispheres."

One of India's native sons who was won by Father Westropp's devotion to missionary work, entered the Society of Jesus and joined the Patna Mission. He is Charles Saldanha, S.J., who will be ordained to the priesthood this coming June. He is at present continuing his course of Theology at St. Mary's College, Kansas.

Father Paul Dent, S.J., spent a day and a half in Benares, India, the city so often called by Protestants, the Rome of the Hindus. While there he refused to speak English with the many leaders of Indian thought he had the good fortune to meet, and won the applause of all by insisting that Hindi should be the medium of communication. At Central College, he was invited to give a speech to the fourteen hundred assembled students and to various notables, including the Maharani of Burdwan, which invitation he promptly accepted. He

was the first priest ever to speak at that institution, and received a splendid ovation. Father Dent has been invited by several leading Hindi editors to contribute regularly to their magazines.

John Brennan, S.J., Felix F. Farrell, S.J., Marion R. Batson, S.J., Marshall Moran, S. J., August Wildermuth, S.J., and Richard Mehren, S.J., began the study of Theology at Sacred Heart College, Kurseong, the Jesuit house of studies up in the Himalaya Mountains, in February. Their classmates will include Tamilians, Telegus, Malayalees and other Indians and Englishmen, Italians, Spaniards, Belgians and other Europeans. The total number of Jesuit Scholastics studying Theology at Sacred Heart College in 1933, will be about one hundred. An addition to one wing has been built to give new rooms, all of which will be occupied.

Patna Mission experienced great consolation recently in the arrival of a number of Sisters from Europe.



Though in his seventy-fifth year, Father John L. Lucchesi, S.J., is still an ardent apostle among the Eskimos of Anvikurak, Yukon Delta, Alaska.

The number of European Sisters who are working in the Santal field is increased to twelve. Four will be working in the territory entrusted to Father James A. Creane, S.J., and four in the territory entrusted to Father John Kilian, S.J. Four other Sisters will be stationed at the girls' school at Bhalgalpur.

ALASKA

Writing from the Mission of St. Peter Claver at Nulato, Alaska, Father Thomas W. McKey, S.J., says: "Many thanks for your kind letter and the generous gift you sent us. It certainly will come in handy. We will also be deeply grateful for any Mass intentions you may be able to send, as these are still very scarce. You can rely on the mail service, because during the Winter months we have better mail service than at other times. With our present airplane service, we get mail in twelve or thirteen days from Seattle. Recently, a letter from New York, coming to us via Air Mail, reached Alaska in twelve days. However, mail sent from New York after April 20, might be delayed a full month. This is the period before the river opens and the ice breaks.

"Father Joseph McElmeel, S.J., our Superior, is at present in Ruby, visiting the scattered flock, but he was home for Christmas while I was attending the Mission at Kaltag."

SOUTHERN STATES

Mission activities of the Jesuits in the Southern States were listed in these columns of *JESUIT MISSIONS* in December, February and March. The present account completes the list of Jesuit missions in the South.

Father Thomas Daly, S.J., is in charge of four missions and five stations in the eastern end of the diocese of Nashville. His headquarters are at Cleveland, Tennessee, the Church of the Resurrection. Churches are also located at Newport, Etowah and Copper Hill, Tennessee. Families are visited and Mass said at regular intervals at Alcoa, Morristown, Athens, Sweetwater, and Tucker Springs, Tennessee. Father Daly's work, which began early in 1931, has been chiefly one of exploration, seeking for forgotten and fallen away

Catholics in the territory east of the Tennessee River.

At Hot Springs, North Carolina, four miles from the Tennessee State line is Loretto House, a Jesuit mission center, whose Superior is Father Cyril Ruhlmann, S.J. Father Ruhlmann is Pastor of the Catholics in and near Hot Springs. At Revere, North Carolina, some twenty miles distant, Father Lawrence L. Toups, S.J., has established the Church of the Little Flower to serve the scattered Catholics in the Revere-Big Pine District, and to bring the truths of the Catholic religion to the mountaineers of that country.

CHINA

Father Pius L. Moore, S.J., writes from Gonzaga College, Shanghai:

"Our second year ends its first semester with seventy-five boys enrolled. This year the Chinese students outnumber the foreign boys, so our lists show forty-five Chinese and thirty foreign students, divided into six classes, two divisions.

"As we are to move in August to the International Settlement where the Bishop wishes us to have a parish along with the college, we were unprepared to build at our present location to accommodate the students entering in September. So the conservatory of flowers, a good-sized building, was remodeled for classes. It houses the two preparatory classes, and is well fitted up with new desks, chairs and blackboards. It is rather lightsome with all the glass that could be left on the sides; though it was darkened sufficiently to ward off sunstroke from teacher and students! Perhaps passers-by wonder what has become of the flowers and ferns and palms when they hear the discordant

voices of Father James F. Kearney's boys preparing their Spelling or Memory Lesson a few minutes before class time! But there is no slight resemblance between budding pupils and gaudy flowers, and, of course, the pupils must always be given the preference. Hence the taking over of the conservatory for classroom space.

"A good number of applications for the second term (February 13) have already been made for the preparatory classes. As our courses begin in September for the High School, we do not like to receive new boys at mid-year into these classes. Almost every foreign nationality is represented in the division. We had two applications in the Summer that seemed about to increase the list: one boy from Siam; another from Indo-China; but due to financial difficulties, they postponed their registration.

"There is every hope of a large enrollment when we can accommodate more and larger classes. The prospect of three or four hundred within five or six years is a low estimate. The College of the Brothers of Mary, St. Francis Xavier's, has over sixteen hundred boys. The Bishop has kindly given us the new property for church and college. We must try to put up the buildings that will make our new district of this immense city a center of religious life and education."

BRITISH HONDURAS

The *Clarion*, Belize's newspaper, in its issue of January 19, 1933, has the following interesting items.

"A big surprise came to the Catholics of Belize at Christmas time, though to those directly concerned it was long an open secret that changes would take place soon among the Fathers at the Cathedral. Letters

from the General of the Jesuits, Rome, on Christmas Day announced that Very Rev. Anthony H. Corey, S.J., for several years the Superior of the Jesuits in Belize, would be replaced by Rev. Marvin M. O'Connor, S.J., whose wonderfully fine work at the Mesopotamia area has made him easily one of the outstanding citizens of the Colony. His abilities as an organizer and executive have done much for the resurrection of this city from the sad conditions after the disaster of 1931. Practically, the renovation of the desolate area on the south side is his work, by the reason of his energetic and splendidly successful work in rebuilding on a bigger line, the fine school and church of St. Ignatius, thus encouraging the people to take heart and start anew for the restoration of Mesopotamia. The Rev. Superior is also Rector of St. John's College, North Front Street, and he has appointed Father Corey to be the Headmaster.

"Father Anthony R. Kuenzel, S.J., has been selected to take charge of the Mesopotamia District. He is well and favorably known there, having assisted in the parish work under Father O'Connor. The school has over 200 pupils now, and the district is rapidly filling up with new homes."

"The golden jubilee year of the Sisters of Mercy has called on the loyal 'old pupils' for ways and means to show their appreciation of all that the good nuns have done for the development of Belize and of the entire Colony by their devoted services in education and the care of the poor. Their school teachers have really made their pupils, both boys and girls, realize the worth of high character and trained minds. The fruit of their labors is to be seen on every hand.



California Jesuits in China. Faculty and students of Gonzaga College, Shanghai. Faculty (seated, left to right): John F. Magner, S.J., James F. Kearney, S.J., John A. Lennon, S.J., Joseph Ting, S.J. (notice Chinese priest), Pius L. Moore, S.J. (Superior), Joseph I. Gata, S.J., Leo F. McGreal, S.J.

Their grateful 'old pupils' of Convent and of public schools can never fully repay the Sisters for the benefits received. It is hoped that the entertainments and social gatherings will be well patronized by our citizens.

"The golden jubilee year for the Sisters begins with a solemn Mass on Friday the twentieth, in the Cathedral, at which the 'old pupils' will receive Holy Communion for their beloved teachers and guides, the Sisters of Mercy.

"The school examination returns give a fine testimony to the worth of the training given by the Sisters, for the averages are especially good. Altogether the Sisters are teaching nearly a thousand of our boys and girls. That means a big lift to the culture and citizenship of Belize and of the Colony."

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

The attention of our readers is called to the following change of appointment and address:

Father Joseph Reith, S.J., Dansalan, Lanao, Mindanao, P. I.

Father Reith has been appointed permanent pastor at Dansalan, where in his own words, he shall have to "begin from scratch."

A newsy letter from Father John R. O'Connell, S.J., will recall to our readers some familiar friends:

"Cagayan," Father O'Connell writes, "was to be my headquarters while being broken in to missionary life. I made my bow to the people of Cagayan, with a sermon in English, at my Mass, Sunday morning. Father Joseph L. Lucas, S.J., had read the notices, in Visayan. There were many young people at the Mass, so, I felt confident that they caught something of my message. That evening at five, the Fathers took me over to the Catholic hall, to be guest of honor at a reception by the parish. At the conclusion of a well-executed program, I was called on for an address. Taking my cue from an enlarged photograph of their beloved Father James T. Hayes, S.J., I spoke of what had been done for the town by our Fathers, congratulated the parish on its activity, and thanked all for their kindness to me.

"In the morning, I was off for the mountain station of Sumilao, with the Pastor, Father Frederick Henfling, S.J., who had dropped in, Sunday afternoon. I would hesitate to go over that mountain trail in a truck again. One bridge, high over a ravine, put my trust in Providence to a severe test. Father Henfling pointed out the cliff down which he was hurled from his truck. His escape from death was miraculous. Finally, we reached his modern 'Paraguay Reduction.' The whole town seems to revolve about the Pastor. The mountaineers are poor. Father Henfling provides them

with old clothing, shows them how to farm, cut timber, and, above all, maintains a school with four teachers. The public school has only one teacher where formerly four were employed. I stayed overnight at the rude shack, called a convento or rectory, and, next morning, after Mass and breakfast, started for Cagayan.

"Wednesday afternoon, I spent with Father Paul M. Carasig, S.J., a native Jesuit, in a parish about a half hour's ride from Cagayan. We had dinner. Then we inspected the school, built by Father Jeremiah Prendergast, S.J., and the neat church. When the noonday heat had abated somewhat, we set out to visit Father Carasig's barrio churches and chapels. The country is rugged enough, though most of it lies along the seashores. But far more repelling was our reception in an Aglipayan town, where not one nod of welcome was offered us. A handful of Catholics attend the recently built wooden chapel next to the ruins of the church, destroyed during the Filipino Revolution. A large Aglipayan chapel and several public school buildings hem in two sides of the church plaza. In the early evening, Father Carasig brought me back to headquarters.

"Next morning I was sent off again by auto. This time I visited the remaining stations in Eastern Misamis. A hasty call at Tagoloan with a promise of a return on the morrow, lunch at Jasaan with Father John A. Pollock, S.J., and, then, in company with my host, a dash for Balingasag! The road was not very old. Rocks and the edges of ravines made travel exciting. Suddenly, as we came to a stream, our driver stopped short. The

recent rains had cut away the bank at the opposite end of the little span of planks! Saved from this peril, we looked about for a crossing. Rocks or deep water everywhere! Finally, our experienced driver spied a possible passage. By twists and turns, he managed to negotiate the path of rocks and water, and soon we were once more on the road to Balingasag. There the temporary Pastor, Father Walter Hamilton, S.J., brought us through the well proportioned church, up the lane to a modest sized school, and out to the carefully kept cemetery, the best I have seen in the Philippine Islands. We could not delay long, for the tide might cover our fording place beside the perilous bridge."

AMERICAN INDIANS

Father Placidus F. Sialm, S.J., veteran missionary of Holy Rosary Mission, Pine Ridge, South Dakota, wrote the first lines of this letter before the severe blizzard of February struck South Dakota:

"The weather has been wonderful. With the exception of one week in December, the weather has been very mild. Traveling out to our far-away stations among the Indians was easy and we are thankful to Divine Providence. I was building a good-sized hall at Kyle, fifty-two miles away, last Fall, and just finished the work before Christmas. We accommodated about two hundred people there at Christmas. This central place is growing in importance. The Government is building a consolidated school there at the cost of \$40,000.

"I have six stations in that district. My chapel at Kyle is an old log cabin which really ought to be replaced by



Blessing the tablet that was sealed in the cornerstone of the new Jesuit Novitiate in Nazhlich, Manila, P. I., January 6, 1933. Left to right, Very Rev. Edward C. Phillips, S.J., His Grace, Archbishop O'Doherty and Father Raymond R. Goggin, S.J., Rector and Master of Novices



"The boys' building at St. Francis Mission, South Dakota, after the fire of February 22, described in this issue of *JESUIT MISSIONS*."

a better church. Our children at Holy Rosary Mission are praying that we may find a benefactor.

"On February 2, a large number of our children—nearly fifty—made their first Holy Communion. It was my privilege and delight to prepare them for this beautiful day. On such occasions, we see and appreciate the wonderful work of Pius X in allowing little children to go to Holy Communion. They soon become most fervent daily communicants. I am sure it will interest you to know that our Holy Rosary Mission, with its numerous outside stations, had in one year, 93,400 Communions. The fruit of all these Holy Communions helps us to carry on."

Father Martin A. Schiltz, S.J. Superior of St. Francis Mission, St. Francis P. O., South Dakota, writes:

"Here is another news item,—not so very pleasant. Last night (the night of February 22) at 9:30, our boys' building caught fire. The entire roof burned, destroying the band room and all the Brother's band instruments, the high school equipment and also the desks of the Eighth Grade boys, together with the bedsteads of the big boys' dormitory. We consider the loss about \$18,000. We feel confident that the major portion of it will be covered by insurance. At present, we have managed to find some place for lodging and for school purposes for our boys who number nearly two hundred.

"It was fortunate that the fire broke out just as the boys were in bed. It took little time to wake them and they marched out orderly. The night was clear and rather mild and for this reason the boys were not exposed to any great suffering before lodging could be found for them.

"The men worked here until 3:30 in the morning to save the gymnasium which is attached to the boys' building.

"From last night's experience, we have every assurance that our people and especially our student body are very loyal to us and very sympathetic with us in our great loss."

Sacred Heart Mission, DeSmet, Idaho, where Father Ambrose A. Sullivan, S.J., is Superior, has been in dire need. Ever alert to the sufferings of the Indian missions of this country, the Marquette League, under the able direction of Monsignor William Flynn, sent out an appeal at Christmas time. In expressing his deep gratitude, to Monsignor Flynn, and to the members of the Marquette League, Rt. Rev. Bishop Edward Kelly, D.D., Bishop of Boise, Idaho, in whose Diocese Sacred Heart Mission is located, writes:

"My dear Monsignor Flynn:

"I really am at a loss for words to thank you for your magnificent donation of \$5,000, representing the generous response of your wonderful members to my Christmas appeal for poor Sacred Heart Mission, DeSmet, Idaho.

"You can well imagine the joy of the good Jesuit Fathers, the devoted Sisters of Charity of Providence and their little children at DeSmet, at receiving your cheering telegram at Christmas announcing the amount of your gift. By the greatest stretch of my imagination, I did not think you could begin to send us such a sub-

stantial donation during these troubled times when people everywhere are in such dire need of assistance.

"You may be sure God will bless your great-hearted members for what they have done for poor DeSmet Mission. Your gift was a veritable God-send and will literally keep the Mission school going at least until the end of this present school year. It would have been a calamity to have to close this historic Mission. The Coeur d'Alenes have always been exceptional Catholics, due largely to the Catholic training of the children at Sacred Heart Mission.

"Please thank your good directors and members for me and assure them of my grateful prayers.

"Devotedly yours in Christ,

"Edward J. Kelly,
Bishop of Boise, Idaho."

JAMAICA, B. W. I.

From the *Jesuit Seminary News* of the Province of New England comes the following data about Jamaica, B. W. I.:

"When this issue of the News appears, a new missionary will have joined the ranks of our priests in Jamaica. Father Russell Sullivan, S.J., whose brother, Raymond, is already there, goes to lend his labors to the Indies.

"Father Henry MacLeod, S.J., who has done splendid work in his year and a half on the mission, has been visited by a rather serious attack. Father MacLeod went directly from his Theology to Jamaica. At first he was stationed out in the parishes, but at the last status he was called to Kingston to assume the duties of Minister, as well as a host of auxiliary occupations. Generous, cheerful and efficient soul that he is, he has made himself invaluable to the work. We ask the prayers of our good friends for his speedy recovery to full health.

(Turn to page 95)



A reading teacher and his pupils from Montego Bay Mission, Jamaica, B. W. I.



FROM MANY KINGDOMS



Social Service

The Mission Intention on page 87, not the least influential is the strait-jacket caste system that denies social equality to all "untouchables." Today, by her social service program, the Catholic Church is endeavoring to solve this and similar social problems in mission lands.

India's "Untouchables"

The plight of an "untouchable" in India is pitiful. He has no admission to the places of worship, he may not draw water from the common well, the public motor conveyances will not issue him a ticket, he cannot enter a boat wherein caste Hindus are seated. His very presence is a contamination. You may touch a dog or a pig, but you cannot touch a pariah. This last pollutes you. Even his very shadow is an abomination to the self-righteous Brahman. He is to keep himself out of a Brahman's way, even on the public roads, as did the lepers of old in Palestine.

The Poona Pact

Yet, by the so-called Poona Pact, political representation and consequent social equality may soon be realized by the low caste Indians. However, if this is true, the social justice thus accorded will be based merely on political expediency and not, as in the Church's program, on the Corporal and Spiritual Works of Mercy, the only lasting prop for a permanent Christian social structure.

The White Death

These works of mercy are being exercised today by Catholic missionaries in many ways, but particularly in the Church's care for lepers. In China, lepers number more than one million, of whom 970,000 are outside all medical control and live in complete abandon. India takes second place in this sorrowful tabulation with 600,000. Africa is next with 500,000. Japan has 50,000 and South America, 35,000. There are 2,800 in North America and 1,700 in Russia. The largest Leper Colony in

the world is in charge of the American Jesuits at Culion, Palawan, Philippine Islands. Once an island of despair, this Colony has fast been converted into a haven of hope, due to the sacrifices of Catholic missionaries, priests, Sisters and Brothers.

A Tribute from Pagan Japan

ago carried the following complimentary supplement on the Catholic religion. It said: "By far the greatest majority of Christians in Japan are Catholics. They carry on their evangelical labor in a less spectacular manner than the Protestants. Their splendid ceremonial rites appeal to the tastes of the Japanese people. Lately, the Catholics have launched some welfare enterprises such as, for instance, assisting those who emigrate to Brazil through imparting useful information and advice. Then, too, a large number of Catholic nuns are engaged in social work in caring for unfortunate people, as in the case of the leper hospital in Kumamoto and elsewhere. This is highly appreciated."

Usury

A most practical form of social service is that exercised by Father Lievens, a Belgian Jesuit from the Diocese of Ranchi, India, who gained the sympathy and confidence of his people in the following manner. The zamindars, the landlords, had been exploiting the peasants to a shameful degree. The latter had no means of defending themselves. Father Lievens found a lawyer who promised to follow up the cases properly and who could not be corrupted by the landlords. The report spread like wild fire that the peasants could obtain justice by seeking information of the missionary. His little shack thus became a study where people gathered from all sections to consult him. Little by little, the peasants began to learn of Christian charity, and little by little they began to be converted. In 1927, there were 208,000 Catholics in the Diocese of Ranchi. In 1931, there were 275,000. So it was that this Belgian Jesuit became "all things to all men" to win all to Christ.

Dynamic Conversions

In the Providence of God, the Church's social service program is a potent source of conversions to the Church. It appeals particularly to a type of convert who is essentially practical and who still judges religion according to the dictum of Christ, "By their fruits you shall know them." He argues that any society, capable of such tremendous force for good in the pages of the past as well as in the statistics of the present must be of God. Statistics published at Harar, Ethiopia, North Africa, in 1931, showed that not a single pagan inmate of St. Anthony's Leper Asylum died without being baptized. True, the apostolate among the lepers who are treated at the dispensaries is more difficult. Many request Baptism of their own accord. But many more are timid and fear to lose the aims of the Mussulmans. But through the prayers of our readers, they will one day be converted to the God of charity.

The Friend of Lepers

A distinguished representative of this dynamic type of convert, was that worthy successor of Father Joseph Damies, the friend of lepers, Brother Joseph Dutton, who spent in Stevenson's "Hell-hole of the Pacific," quite as many years of self-imposed exile, as did the Belgian missionary. So complete was his conversion that he wrote as follows of his voluntary exile: "Molokai! It has been my happy penitentiary. I have never been off the grounds of the little settlement since my arrival in July, 1886, and since April 15, 1893, going on eighteen years, I have not been away from this home yard, always my almost jolly penitentiary."

Catholic Leper Colonies

Today there are more than 40 leper colonies wherein Catholic influence is exerted either entirely or in part through the ministrations of the clergy and Religious. These are in the U. S., Hawaii, Philippine Islands, Japan, China, Indochina, Burma, India, Ceylon, South America, East Indies, West Indies, Oceania, Borneo, Madagascar, South Africa, Central Africa and West Africa.

CATHOLIC ACTION IN JASAAH

(Continued from page 77)

tion of a place can be measured by the numbers that frequent the sacraments. Thus, on the first Friday of the month, and on every nineteenth in honor of St. Joseph, and on other big occasions, we can muster from five hundred and fifty to six hundred Communions. Every Saturday will see about two hundred and fifty receiving in honor of our Lady. An ordinary week day morning with less than fifty Communions would be a rarity indeed. The fiscal year just ending counted more than thirty-eight thousand Communions in Jasaan without including the out-stations.

You will agree with me surely that God's blessing must be on this town. It is, no doubt about it. Perfect peace reigns here, no fighting, no quarreling, no family feuds, but all working together to serve God and save their souls. The loving Heart of Jesus dwells in our midst, and peace, the peace of Christ, reigns supreme. Would that all of you could share the joy and peace of Jasaan!

ANOTHER STUDY

IN SCARLET

(Continued from page 78)

not only to use sidewalks but to refrain himself from strong drink. To say that he occasionally drinks, more enthusiastically than wisely, is but giving out common knowledge. But Wax Doll has faith and prays, and knows that while it is sad to fall, it is worse to stay down.

SO much for the scarlet, now for the study.

Wax Doll was featured to give a general impression of Indian life. On this subject there are erroneous ideas prevalent. A former article on "Blind" Barnaby, who is consistently good, proved that every Indian is not bad; this one will show that every Indian is not consistently good.

Now the idea that the glory and usefulness of the Indian mission is faded and meager is erroneous. Occasionally, even in the best of circles, the false impression is received that the missions are "farms," where aged missionaries go after

their best years. It is regretful, some say, that mission life is so drab and slow.

But what are the facts? The missions among the Indians are today as active as ever in realizing the end for which they were founded: the salvation of souls. Conversion is not enough; constant evangelization is also necessary. The seed must not only be planted, but continuously cultivated. For Satan has erected his loathsome throne among all races, and constantly seeks the destruction of souls. That they have been rescued from paganism, that they once had renowned shepherds, that they are now aged, mean nothing to Satan. They are still this side of Heaven, hence they may be lured from God. The work, therefore, must continue. Regardless of the victories or defeats the warfare is continuous. To rest is irreparable loss; to desist is eternal failure. The missions among the Indians are a sector of the active battle front in the great spiritual conflict. The days of Jogues and Brebeuf may be past; savages wearing feathered sun-bonnets and belts of scalps may be now only unpleasant history, but the conquest for the soul of the Indian continues. And the missionaries need spiritual and temporal aid.

ONLY FOUR YEARS OLD

(Continued from page 79)

been in Portuguese, but at that moment a Japanese catechist came up and asked me to let her say the prayers also in Japanese. The catechist then began to ask her some questions of the catechism in Japanese. And the four year old child began with the same ease and fluency to answer in Japanese, and to say the prayers without the least difficulty.

It took away my breath to see that little child with her serious face, answering thus in two languages all the questions with such charming simplicity. I stood there without finding words to express my feelings.

Up came another child and said:

"Father, did you not promise a present to Saekosan? But here are two more who deserve a present, because they are also four years old and in the same class with Saekosan. My name is Helen Ninomiye

and the other is called Brasilina Yamada."

"All right," I said, "next Sunday we shall have a picture taken of all the three of you, and that photograph will be your present."

And so it was done.

When they received their present, they had to promise me that during the whole of October they would recite the rosary for the benefactors of the Japanese mission.

YAO PUH YAO?

(Continued from page 81)

couples were lined up. What a picturesque group of names to conjure with! Babe of the New Moon, Thousand Ounces of Gold, Unpleasant Weed, Treasure of Purest Joy, Brilliant Genius, Fruit of the Prune Tree, Hope of Exceeding Prosperity, Song of the Nightingale! The priest, however, uses simply the baptismal name, "William, etc., will you take Mary, etc. . . . Yao puh yao?"—(Will you or won't you?) The celebrant frequently has a hard time getting a "Yao!" from a willing but bashful bride. Anyway, Father began like a veteran. There was no difficulty with Pearl of the Springtime, Tranquil Heart, or Majestic Flight of the Phoenix. But Treasure of Purest Joy did not answer the "Yao puh yao?" Father repeated the question, then asked it over a third and a fourth time. He was just beginning to get a bit warm under the Roman collar when Miss Treasure burst out with a sudden "Yao!"—(I will!) Father beamed all over like a harvest moon.

THERE was no difficulty then for several li. Even Little Red Dragon had caught a sidelong glance at his intended, and much to the surprise of his parents sang out a hearty "Yao!" But maybe Flower of the Snow Time caught sight of him, too, although that is supposed to be against the rubrics; for to the Father's "Yao puh yao?" she answered a decided, unhesitating "Puh yao!" Even Father Richard was a bit taken aback. I didn't know what was going to happen next. Father was prepared for such an emergency, however, and with all the skill of a high-powered salesman he gently but irresistibly worked for a

"Yao." I was glad when he succeeded, let me tell you; and when the last bride in the line said she would, I mopped my feverish brow.

Was I dreaming? I could hardly believe it when the Mass went off with perfect smoothness, the choir boys singing their Latin like canons regular. We were certainly fortunate to get out of this affair so easily. Then the thirteen brides filed out of the church to go, amid the blaring of bands and the shooting of firecrackers, to their husbands' homes where the great family ceremonies would take place according to the ancient custom.

My chickens had been prematurely counted; for as I left the church a few minutes later I saw an angry crowd of men, women and little children milling about wildly and making for the sacristy. Naturally, I followed. They pushed pell-mell into Father Richard's presence, gathered round him and began to chatter and weep and gesticulate like mad. There were middle men and parents and bridesmaids and best Chinamen, and all were trying to explain separately and collectively precisely what had happened. I could catch only a word here and there. "*Zan-ooo*—come, look-see!—Marriage *puh haw*—no good! Wrong man—wrong woman. *Puh haw!*—Ten thousand times *puh haw!*" To say my heart sank would be a bathos. It stopped beating altogether; for I saw old Mr. P'ing and old Mr. Pah, the very families we were trying to reconcile, about to come to blows. My worst fears have been realized. Father has nobody to blame but himself. I left him there with his hand raised majestically, for all the world like the Statue of Liberty in a thunder storm.

I hope this catches the American boat. Get down on both knees for us!

Yours in fear and trembling,
Francis T.

SHEPHERD OF THE SIOUX (Continued from page 82)

a way that I can give him the sacraments. I am sure from my past experience. Sometimes I say to the Lord: "Why do You not protect Your own laws. If I were You, I would give him the grace of an

act of contrition and let him die without the sacraments, to shake up others and get some sorrow into them." But the Lord will not follow my suggestion.

Within the last few days I had a case of this kind. Another priest gave her the last sacraments, as he lived close by. And then she lived long enough to receive Holy Communion once more the following Sunday from me, as if the Lord had intended to give me a lesson.

YAN AND REAR

William A. Donaghy, S.J.

The scouts of Christ's battalion go
Afield; where Satan's outposts lurk,
They grapple hand to hand the foe;
Still we who march behind must work.

Theirs is the struggle with the horde
Of heathendom, yet while they bear
The shock of conflict for Our Lord,
We man divine artillery.—prayer!

The tiny lady, frail and white,
Bed-bound through many aching years,
Offers to God her widow's mite,
A secret litany of tears.

The lame boy with his braced limb,
Who hears his playmates' healthy
cries,
Yet smiles, and suffers all for Him,
Is an apostle in disguise.

The man who lights your furnace fires
And for the stifling ashes calls,
May be a David in desires,
A Xavier clad in overall!

The carpenter whose weary feet
Must tread a toilsome way to death,
May make each step a prayer and
meet
The builder's Son from Nazareth.

I will close with an instance of how an Indian put off death till he had received one more Holy Communion. Henry had received the last sacraments, and Holy Communion afterwards, at least once. I went in to see him, presumably for the last time. By rights, he should have been dead before this. "Well," I said, "I'll bring you Holy Communion early in the morning." So I did. When I came there his sister said, "He is waiting for you." I found him on his bed in his death agony, held up by two men. He received,—and I was scarcely gone when he died. He had been dying before I came. "No," he said, "I will not die till the Father brings me Holy Communion once more."

THE ZAMBESI MISSION

(Continued from page 83)

people is immersed; and even our converts are often induced or even compelled, to revert to them. Superstition dies very hard with them, partly by reason of their natural weakness of character, still more by the baneful influence of the sorcerers and witchdoctors. It is, therefore, the work of the Church, not only to show that all this is wrong, but to substitute her blessings, in which the Roman Ritual is happily so well provided for every phase and difficulty from birth to old age. If we take away the spiritual side from their lives, distorted though it be, and do not supply a better, we drive them to materialism; and this danger is very real.

A SCHEME is on foot for providing the necessary facilities for the religious aspirations of boys, as well as for girls, as a step in the direction of the ultimate native priesthood. Each has its own particular difficulties; and the Fathers must prove each aspirant as rigorously as the native must prove himself.

Attached to the jurisdiction of the Religious Superior of the mission, but not to the Vicariate, is the prosperous College of St. Aidan in Grahamstown, the historic starting point of the mission. It has a fine and well-sustained record in the uphill work of Catholic education in the Cape. Not far away is the native station of Dunbrody; but it has been visited with every imaginable cross: drought, flood, departure of the natives to towns, the ravages of land speculators, and the wreck of one industry after another, which would have provided the means of support for the boys and girls of those strangely mixed races which are to be found in the Cape Provinces.

May we conclude with the prayer which the natives offer to God in the heart of their daily Mass?

*Jesus, Mary and Joseph, grant us
priests of our own race!*

WE VISIT PATNA

(Continued from page 85)

Men's Catholic Association of Betiah. Father Marquard took up my repeated urging that something be

edone in Bettiah in the way of Catholic Action, and the young men of the Bettiah parish decided to form an Association with the then parish priest, Father Marquard, as its Moderator. They began their organization on the feast of the Bishop's Patron Saint, St. Bernard, August 20, and came into the full approval of the general public when they staged an adaptation of "Silver King." Several gold medals were awarded the actors, and the Bishop gave Rs. 50.

ARUN to Chakni, station of Father James Gibbons, S.J., and a visit on the rear seat of Father (Gibbons' motor cycle to the Oraon territory in North Champaran, just near the southern border of Nepal, was a real outing in the cool November Bihar air. There are not more than 10,000 Oraons in Patna Diocese, but they are of exactly the same people who have become Catholics to the number of about 250,000 in Ranchi Diocese. Up to date, not one of these 10,000 Patna Oraons has become a Catholic, and this is simply because no priest has ever preached the Gospel of Christ's love to them. They are in Father Gibbons' area, and Father Gibbons has learned their language and is aching to work amongst them, but here as in so many other worthy projects in Patna we cannot send him there to work because we have no one to take his place at Chakni and no one to work with him amongst the Oraons. This seems incredible, doesn't it?

Chakni is one of the stations which has the new Indian Sisters of the Sacred Heart who teach the girls and instruct and dispense medicines in the villages.

The school children, after inspection, had their holiday and some sweets distributed by the Bishop. Two rupees can buy heaps of good candy in India.

My visit to Chakni was on the First Friday of December, and the entire village, as is their custom, turned out for Communion of Reparation, a devotion which we try to perfect in Patna where Christ gets so little homage from the vast majority of our 27,000,000 souls.

Father Alban, parish priest, Bet-

tiah, and Father Marquard and I were on the altar for Pontifical Mass when three of our Indian girls took the veil and five of the novices took their first vows in the Indian Congregation of the Sacred Heart on December 8, in Bettiah's large church.

The novitiate is at Fakirana just outside Bettiah, in a green spacious airy place. The Sisters of the Holy Cross train the novices, and real effort is made to produce a "Religious" Community with the highest religious ideals. There are seven-teen professed Sisters in this new Congregation, founded by Bishop Van Hocke in 1926. Five girls from Malabar arrived in Patna on January 7, to join this Congregation. The Indian Sisters work in the schools, orphanages, industrial schools, dispensaries, hospitals, etc., with all the devotion for which the Indian woman is so well known.

JAMAICA, B. W. I.

(Continued from page 91)

"We said in our last issue, that Jamaica is kind in putting forth her best at first, and saving the less poetic for days that are to come. Here is a sick call, for instance:

"Last night, I had a sick call, over on the edge of my parish, about twenty-eight miles in all. I made it in my old 1928 car. Another Father went with me. We had to leave the car on the main road and walk about a mile down a side road, and it was down. My companion takes long strides and fast ones, and there was I trying to keep up with him. We turned into a sort of cow path with mud a plenty, and up a bush path to the house. Once a rat or frog ran across the path behind me, and did I jump. I am not afraid of them, but I thought it was a dog, and these dogs have the habit of getting far too close before you know it. My companion was ahead with a large club, while I followed with the flashlight. I used to think that Jamaica was a sort of go-between, not really a full mission. The difficulties come upon you more and more as you remain. Of course, this trip is mild. However, do not think that I am growing weak, I am not. I am very happy here with God's black children."

'IRAQ

From Father William A. Rice, S.J., Superior of the American Jesuit College at Baghdad, 'Iraq, comes this welcome note to the Editor:

"I am not sure when this letter is going to leave Baghdad. It may be tomorrow and then again it may not

be until the end of the week. Last week we have had so much rain that all trans-desert traffic was held up for several days. It was not until yesterday that the regular bus of the Nairn Transport Company came in from Damascus, after having been held up at Rutba for two days. The mud was so bad that they were unable to proceed beyond that half way desert station. Airplanes crossing the desert brought in the information that about twenty private automobiles were stuck in the mud a few miles from Rutba, and the people have to camp beside them until the roads dry up. This is the first rain we have had in almost two years. Two weeks ago, prayers were being said in all the churches for rain, and conditions were pretty bad. Sheep and camels were being sold at ridiculous prices. You could buy a real camel for one *dimor*, almost five dollars, and sheep were being given away for three *rupees*, about seventy-five cents. The poor owners could not pasture them, and did not have the money to buy food,—there was no food for them anyway, even if they did have the money, so they preferred to get what little money they could to see them perish in their barren fields. But now in a week the grass will begin to cover the desert again and the sheep and camels will wax fat!

"We have been hearing startling stories of disorder and brigandage going on in the land of our adoption. But these stories have been coming from America,—we have heard nothing here. Things are as quiet here and as safe as a Sunday afternoon in New York City. Of course, there may be some few frisky Bedouins capering about the desert and shooting at stray wayfarers, but we have heard nothing about them. The mud has been so bad recently that they have probably kept to their tents.—Details about the life in Baghdad College will be published in the May issue."



The following note from Rev. Paul Vanhoutte, S.S.C.C., Novitiate of the Sacred Hearts, Fairhaven, Massachusetts, may be of interest to our readers.

"A life of Father Damien (Lepet Apostle of Molokai), the only complete life of Father Damien which is fully documented and gives a true and faithful picture of the Apostle of the Lepers, is the recent French work entitled, 'Le Pere Damien, Apotre des Lepreux,' by Vital Jourdan, S.S.C.C. To satisfy our own earnest desire, and in the interests of Father Damien's numerous admirers

in the United States, we are determined to translate and publish this work as soon as we find the funds necessary to bring the undertaking to a successful issue."

Everyday Problems in Health.
By Wheat and Fitzpatrick.
American Book Company, 88
Lexington Avenue, New York,
N. Y. Price \$1.20.

This text book resulted, as the successful text books on biology by Wheat and Fitzpatrick have resulted, from actual classroom practice. It takes into account the latest state and local courses of study in health instruction. It profits by the contributions of practicing specialists in medicine and dentistry, by an engaging style of narrative, by 240 photographs, line drawings and charts which reinforce the printed word.

Hours Off. Has Life Any Meaning? By Daniel A. Lord, S.J.
The Queen's Work Press, 3742
W. Pine Blvd., St. Louis, Mo.
Price ten cents each.

While pointing out the cause of most of our failures and omissions, "Hours Off" delays very little to scold or find fault in its eagerness to present to us the inspiring and stimulating method by which we may make our dreams for a year of accomplishment and achievement come true, for most of them would come true, if we knew what to do during our hours off. Father Lord delightfully helps us plan the use of our spare time; nor can anyone who reads the pamphlet ever again complain of the lack of leisure to do the worth while things that one has in better moments planned to do.

In a book called, "On the Meaning of Life," Will Durant, fallen away Catholic, compiled the answers of world famous modern thinkers to the question, "Has Life Any Meaning?" All those answering were unbelievers, —Gandhi, Bertrand Russell, Will Rogers and Carl Laemmle, Doctor Charles Mayo and George Bernard Shaw. The solution of life offered by these pseudo-prophets preached nothing but a gospel of despair. Catholics, however, know the meaning of life from Him who said, "I come that they might have life and have it more abundantly." Compare the Catholic answer to the question, "Has Life Any Meaning?" written in Father Lord's vivid style, with the vague and confusing answers in the writings of the so-called thinkers of our age. It will send you on your way, as so many of Father Lord's pamphlets have done for those who know him, with a courage and joy in the truth, beauty and logic that is contained in the deposit of Faith guarded only by the Catholic Church.

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