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IN TAGOLOAN

SUNRISE ON EVEREST

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THIS MONTH

	Page		Page
Frontispiece	142	Holy Rosary Turns Golden	
Bernard Red Cloud, great grandson of the famous Chief.		George Bischofberger, S.J.	154
Editorials	143	Fifty years among the Oglala Sioux.	
Wild and Woolly.....	144	Service Free!.....	155
Edgar Dowd, S.J.		Thomas L. Hennessey, S.J.	
Going a Maying among the Blackfeet of Montana.		"Fader him hurt now. You brave sahl!"	
Baghdad "Bams".....	146	Catholic Missions Among the Negroes of the	
Thomas F. Hussey, S.J.		United States	157
"Teach me to beat it, Father."		The Mission Intention for June.	
By the Shining Lake.....	147	Afield with American Jesuits.....	158
Raymond Oliver, S.J.		Communications	163
"Here is real adoration."		Kan-yu.....	164
In Tagoloan.....	148	Louis Hermand, S.J.	
Walter J. Hamilton, S.J.		California Jesuits' mission field in China.	
An average week in the missions of Mindanao.		Deep Down South.....	165
Sunrise on Everest.....	150	Michel B. Majoli, S.J.	
John A. Morrison, S.J.		Colored Catholics of Lafayette Diocese.	
Viewing the world from Tiger Hill.		New Books	166
A Worker of the Vineyard		Grateful Acknowledgments	168
Carmelo Tranchese, S.J.	152		
His Excellency, Leopold Ruiz y Flores.			
The Month at JESUIT MISSIONS			
Thomas J. Feeney, S.J.	153		

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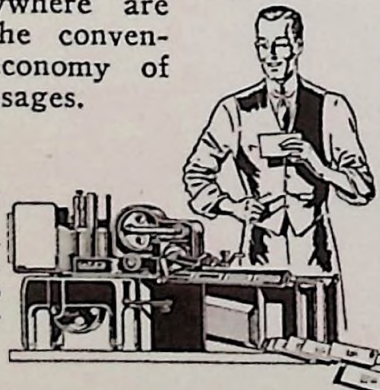
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The thought we have is that while you are out with wreckless drivers, saving the money which reckless drivers exact, our American Jesuit missionaries are out driving, some in cars, some on bicycles or motorcycles, some in planes or behind slow horses, driving for souls. We might say they are reckless, thoughtless of self, that they might be wreckless in their efforts to save souls from eternal destruction. They are spending money, but not on themselves, and would spend more on saving souls if they but had it to spend.

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American Indian Missions in Wyoming and South Dakota; and British Honduras, a foreign mission in Central America amongst the Caribs and Maya Indians, are cared for by the Jesuits of the mid-western States that comprise the Missouri Province. This 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. VINCENT F. ERBACHER, S.J.

221 N. Grand Boulevard, St. Louis, Mo.

Jamaica, B. W. I., an island in the Caribbean lying south of Cuba, is the field of foreign missionary labors of the New England Province of the Society of Jesus. Educational work at Baghdad College, in the capital of the Kingdom of Iraq, is entrusted to Jesuits from each of the American Provinces, but this work is administered by the New England Province of the Society of Jesus. The Province Mission Procurator is

REV. GEORGE M. MURPHY, S.J.

45 East Newton St., Boston, Mass.

The Philippine Islands, a foreign-home mission comprising a large portion of the Island of Mindanao in the dioceses of Zamboanga and Cagayan, the leper colony of Culion, and educational work in Manila; and 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. THOMAS B. CANNON, S.J.

51 East 83rd Street, New York, N. Y.

Süchow Mission, China, and Canadian Indian Missions at Caughnawaga, near Montreal, are in charge of the Jesuits of Lower Canada. The Province Mission Procurator is

REV. LOUIS J. LAVOIE, S.J.

Case postale 611, Quebec, Canada

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. EDWARD T. CASSIDY, S.J.

6363 St. Charles Ave., New Orleans, La.

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. JOHN A. KILIAN, S.J.

1076 West Roosevelt Road, Chicago, Ill.

Missions among the Indians of Alaska; and 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. FRANCIS B. PRANGE, S.J.

Mt. St. Michael's, Spokane, Wash.

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

REV. PAUL B. BRENNAN, S.J.

160 Wellesley Crescent, Toronto, Canada

The Chinese Missions of the Jesuits of the California Province, which comprises the States of California, Nevada, Utah and Arizona, are in Nanking, Shanghai and other sections of China. The Province Mission Procurator is

REV. PIUS L. MOORE, S.J.

55 W. San Fernando St., San Jose, Calif.



Bernard Red Cloud, great grandson of the famous Oglala Sioux, Chief Red Cloud, whose repeated pleas finally brought the Blackrobes to evangelize his people on Pine Ridge Reservation in South Dakota. That was fifty years ago (see page 154). Young Bernard came to Holy Rosary Mission School last January.

EDITORIALS

RIGHT REV. MONSIGNOR QUINN

DEATH has again deprived the Missions of a great friend, an ardent enthusiast and a zealous supporter. Monsignor Quinn, at the age of fifty-one, died at St. Agnes Hospital, White Plains, N. Y., on April 23. For most of the years of his priestly life, Monsignor Quinn chose to work for the Missions, even though early in his priesthood a brilliant scholastic career lay ahead of him had he desired to accept it. For seven years he was a most active leader in the work of the Catholic Indian Bureau of Washington and the Marquette League of New York. In 1922 he was appointed National Secretary of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, and in 1924 became National Director. He held this office with distinction till his retirement, due to poor health, in 1936. Under his direction the United States branch of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith became the foremost national branch in the world in the support of Catholic Missions. There were years, before the full force of the financial depression affected Mission charities, when the work of Monsignor Quinn in stirring up national interest in the Missions resulted in a total of \$1,400,000 for the general fund of the Society at Rome. In the pulpit, over the radio, on the platform, Monsignor was ever enthusiastic in the cause of the Missions. He possessed talents and gifts which he used in the work nearest his heart. May the missionaries the world over pray and urge their Christians to pray for the repose of the soul of him who spent himself for them, their cause and the cause of the Missions.

CATHOLICITY IN THE JAPANESE EMPIRE

THE Roman *Fides Service* for April 16, 1938, gives a report on the progress of the Church in the Japanese Empire. For many years, the advance in Japan has been slow, though sure. Last year the increase in the Catholic population amounted to 2,791. The total number of Catholics in Japan proper is at present 111,870, as compared with 87,581, ten years ago. The ecclesiastical divisions of Japan at the present time are as follows: 1 Archdiocese, 5 Dioceses, 2 Vicariates, 6 Prefectures Apostolic, and 1 Independent Mission. At the present time, the Archdiocese of Tokyo, the Diocese of Nagasaki and the Apostolic Prefecture of Kagoshima are cared for by diocesan native clergy. In Korea last year, the Catholic population increased by 6,068. During the past ten years the Catholic population has risen from

97,939 to 143,212. Korea has, as its ecclesiastical divisions, 3 Vicariates, and 3 Prefectures Apostolic. The new Prefecture of Zensu is under Korean diocesan native clergy. In Formosa, the Catholic population is now 9,040, whereas ten years ago it was 5,698.

On June 30, 1937, the date on which our various statistics are reckoned, the Catholic population in the entire Japanese Empire was 264,122 baptized Christians and 16,588 catechumens. May the intercession of the many Japanese Martyrs of centuries past bring about a speedy growth of the Church in the Japanese Empire.

CATHOLIC PROGRESS IN CHINA

EACH year we are eager for the arrival of Catholic China's report. The 1938 *Annuaire des Missions Catholiques de Chine* has just come from the *Bureau Sinologique de Zi-ka-wei*, Shanghai, and as usual, is filled with useful information. In face of the undeclared war between China and Japan, and all the havoc that has come from it in destruction of life and property, China's 1938 account is still consoling and its missionaries deserve every congratulation and encouragement. The total number of Catholics in China is now 3,018,338, an increase of 84,163 over last year. Within six years, China's Catholic population has increased by half a million. In 1930 there were 331,756 catechumens (preparing for Baptism); today there are 517,423. There are 4,675 priests, of whom 1,898 are Chinese; Brothers number 1,381 of whom 762 are Chinese; Sisters total 5,993, of whom 3,769 are Chinese. Studying for the priesthood are 959 students in major seminaries and 5,975 in minor seminaries. Baptisms for the year totaled 576,348, and Holy Communions received reach the figure of 29,645,335. In 15,789 schools, 432,903 children are being educated. The administration of the Church in China is divided as follows: 1 Diocese, 89 Vicariates Apostolic, 39 Prefectures Apostolic, 6 Independent Missions: a total of 135 ecclesiastical divisions, of which 23 are entrusted to the Chinese clergy. Surely, the Church is making most consoling progress in the most populous country of the Orient,—and that progress would be even more astounding, were the country free of invading armies and destructive bands of brigands. Let us pray that lasting peace may soon descend upon stricken China, for China is still the land of greatest hope for Catholic development in the East, if only the war clouds can be cleared away.

JESUIT MISSIONS

A MAGAZINE OF APOSTOLIC ENDEAVOR

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Photo by J. W. Rode
Two-Guns White Calf, Blackfoot Indian. He appears on all your buffalo nickels.

Wild and Woolly

Edgar Dowd, S.J.

women who willingly watched their lives wear away on these northern plains. The new church, standing between these staunch structures, points to the future and the prospect of additional missionary endeavor among the tall, rangy Indians of the Blackfoot tribe. Since 1886, Holy Family Mission has been the center of Catholicism on the Blackfoot Reservation that covers four thousand square miles of untilled prairies sweeping east of Glacier National Park, in northwestern Montana.

MINGLING with the tom-toms and war-whoops of this May day powwow is a haunting overtone of the glamorous past, a lyric of the Blackfoot tribe long ago before the West was settled.

The Blackfeet are said to have been the most restive, dishonest and warlike tribe in the State. They had fought the Crows, the Flatheads, trappers and prospectors. They specialized in stealing horses, and tried to rustle the horses of even the Lewis and Clark Expedition. They often took the Whoop-Up Trail into Canada, and from "54-40 or Fight!" fought in all directions. War trails trickling down the face of the steep mountains between the Blackfoot and Flathead Reservations attest the belligerent character of this tribe that was feared by Indians and Whites alike.

Asked to make these vandals of the North behave, Father Peter John DeSmet, S.J., on one of his trips across Montana in 1846, smoked the pipe of peace with the Blackfeet, and then detailed Father Nicholas Point, S.J., to establish a permanent Mission among these savages who followed the western wind and the brown herds of galloping buffaloes.

FOR the next forty years the Indians followed the buffaloes and the missionaries followed the Indians. On Two-Medicine Creek, at a point three miles from the present site of Holy Family Mission, the Indians often paused to feast and to rest. From the high prairie lands, Indian warriors drove buffaloes over the sandstone cliffs, the animals catapulting to their death hundreds of feet below. For a time meat was plentiful. The Indians wasted nothing, beginning with a tongue feast and remaining until the last bit of marrow had been hunted and captured. In view of the fact that the Indians often returned to these cliffs and remained here longer than anywhere else, Father Joseph M. Cataldo, S.J., selected the site for a permanent Mission and dedicated it to the Holy Family, a Mission that today recalls more than do other missions, the wild glamor of "yesterday's memories."

Though contiguous to the eastern boundary of Glacier Park, the Reservation is nevertheless isolated on account of the forbidding expanse of its traceless tracts. It is

GOING a Maying with fanfare and feathers, the Blackfeet Indians staged a three-day powwow at Holy Family Mission, Montana, in honor of a new church dedicated May 15, by Rt. Rev. Joseph M. Gilmore, D.D., Bishop of Helena.

Every available tom-tom, warrior, and war-whoop was pressed into active service for the occasion. Pegging their teepees around Holy Family Mission, on a strip of meadow between Two-Medicine Creek and a wall of sandstone craggs known as the "buffalo cliffs," the Indians manifested their appreciation in swirling savage dances and wild, eerie scalp-songs. The echoes reverberated from the cliffs, caromed on the two three-storied stone Mission buildings, tangled in the nearby cottonwoods, and then escaped to the boundless plains beyond.

As a ship is splattered on the nose with champagne, so the Indians decided to launch in sparkling barbaric splendor their new cream-colored brick church given to them by the Marquette League and two New York benefactors.

The old grey Mission buildings, one the boys' school conducted by the Jesuit Fathers; the other, the girls' school supervised by the Ursuline Nuns, point to the past and the long labors of valiant missionary men and

Indian country, a frontier, a wild and woolly range. Only one highway and one small town break the monotony of the wavy plains. No fences, no roads, no bridges disturb the tall-hatted Indians as they canter across the bleak prairies, with the western wind snapping their pink shirts and a black fire aflame in their wild eyes.

ATOP buttes stand small cabins that are virtually charnel houses filled with corpses wrapped in faded blankets. An obsolete form of burial. Indians give these cabins a wide berth.

The Blackfeet love their western range, and are proud of their ancestry and attached to their heritage. They have kept their lands and their names. Their Reservation has not been thrown open to White settlers, although they lease grazing land to cattlemen and sheepherders. Years ago, when a paleface loomed on the horizon, the Blackfoot always reached for his nearest tomahawk. Early traders and trappers avoided this dangerous country, and consequently did not mingle and finally intermarry with the Indians. Ashley, MacDonald, Finley, Deschamps, DeMers and other names of early fur company trappers prevalent among many tribes, are not found among the Blackfeet. Johnny Little Blaze, Annie Calf-Looking, Charlie Iron Breast, Two-Guns White Calf (the Indian on the buffalo nickel) are familiar names on the Blackfoot Reservation today.

BLACKFEET welcome only palefaces who wear black robes. From the days of Father Philibertus Tornielli, S.J., the first Superior of the Mission, across the years to the present Superior, Father John T. Prange, S.J., the Blackfeet have loved the missionaries who linked their hearts with God and their hands with those of the down-trodden Indian. The missionaries came to give

and to bless, not to take and to menace. Hardening themselves to the fatigue of the trail and steeling their sensibilities to the uncouth ways of the natives, the missionaries kindly touched the savage heart and channeled grace into the souls of that Indian

Father John T. Prange, S.J., present Superior of Holy Family Mission, among the Blackfeet Indians of Montana.



Holy Family Mission's new brick church is the gift of the Marquette League and two New York benefactors.

flock. The sight of the Indians converging to Mass on Sundays, often visiting the Mission, and chatting with the missionaries makes one forget the rough and tumble history of these Blackfeet, and proves that the work of the missionaries has not been in vain.

And the work still continues, unfortunately with difficulties that change but never disappear. Years ago, Father Tornielli could hardly induce the Indians to send their children to the Mission School; today, Father Prange is hard pressed to provide food and shelter for the ninety-seven children at the Mission, who pay no tuition. A few head of cattle, truck gardens about the Mission, together with gifts of benefactors enable the Fathers and Sisters to carry on a work whose results touch immortal souls and project into eternity.

ASSISTING Father Prange, are Father Robert J. Kane, S.J., and Father John O'Grady, two veterans of the plains, who care for the six dependent mission chapels. As an Indian always calls for the priest when death approaches, these missionaries are ready day and night, regardless of the weather, to answer sickcalls. Co-operating with the Fathers in this work is Doctor H. F. Schrader of Browning, Montana.

Six Ursuline Nuns teach the Indian children. The girls are also taught
(Turn to page 167)

Father Robert J. Kane, S.J., "who the night before bumped sixty miles across the plains to meet your train."



Baghdad

“Bams”

Thomas F.
Hussey, S.J.

American baseball “fans” need no explanation of the meaning of “Bams,” but perhaps many of our Readers would appreciate the interpretation that “Bams” is simply the short form of Bambino and refers, of course, to that former king of baseball, Babe Ruth. The Author tells a humorous story of how baseball has been introduced to the boys of Baghdad College in Iraq by the American Jesuits who conduct the College.—*Editor.*

“I DO not think that I will play, Father.” Such was the reply of a confused lad to what the Scholastic thought was a lucid explanation of the fundamentals of baseball. But no American can allow his national game to be dismissed so lightly. The boy played and liked the sport as did the rest of third high. It was at their class picnic, the scene being the banks of the Euphrates, and it was a scene of confusion albeit hilarious. When the dust cleared, we would frequently find two runners on the same base. Some thought that the way to put a runner out was to hit him with the ball, but as it was an indoor ball no heads were broken.

Well, despite the confusion the game was a success. It had been introduced before, but this year it seems to be catching on as an integral part of our sports program. Thursday mornings at our field we usually have more than enough for two teams of ten men each. “Teach me to beat (hit) it, Father,” has become one of the popular requests around the school.

THE boys are evidently drawn by the many-sidedness of the sport, though this was just what we thought would discourage them. In an idle moment some time, think over how you would go about explaining the game to boys who never saw a baseball before and who only understand the ordinary words of the English language. To an American born with a bat in his hands the rules seem perfectly logical. Why shouldn't a ball which rolls foul inside the bases be foul and one that rolls foul beyond the bases be fair? To us it is like a truth of Faith. Or take the regulation that a man on base may advance after a fly is caught but not before. “Why, Father, why?” is the universal chorus here after such decisions.

Then, too, there is the humorous side. Someone yelled, “Run, run,” to a man on base. The second baseman of the team in the field took the admonition to himself and scored for the opposition. At first some of the batting stances were such that it was difficult to tell whether the batters expected the ball to be thrown by the pitcher or by the catcher. One of our Baghdad “Bams” was dropping his bat so earnestly that it was dangerous to stand within ten yards of him in any direction. However, a penalty of an “out” for each offence quickly dampened his excessive zeal in disposing of the bat.



Some of the Baghdad College “Bams.” “We have discovered that the sand lots of America have no monopoly on athletes.”

We fear now that the reader may be acquiring the impression that Baghdad students are athletic “duds.” Please banish the thought and rather recall that they are learning the game without ever having seen how it is played by two good teams. There is visible improvement each week. The outfield is beginning to find it necessary to stand more than just a few feet behind the infield. We Scholastics, who could formerly stretch any long fly into a home run, now find ourselves caught out or held at first. Like other sojourners in foreign lands we have discovered that the sand lots of America have no monopoly on athletes.

AND the game has its spiritual significance also. Playgrounds are not common in Baghdad. The houses are built one against the other and their courtyards are usually much too small for boys' games. For this reason the lads look forward to school rather than to vacation. They will tell you, “Father, I do not like vacation. I have nothing to do.” And boys with nothing to do must surely have Guardian Angels that are working overtime. It was with little reluctance that we invited them up to the field during the Christmas holidays. They came and their little brothers came (we sensed the hand of vacation-weary mothers in this) and all had a glorious time running off their animal spirits.

May God be blessed Who gave us baseball and all other sports and may He bless with clean hearts and strong hearts the boys who are just learning why two runners cannot occupy the same base at the same time.

We may never succeed in developing aspirants for the Big League baseball teams back in America. In fact, we have no such ambitions as we teach our boys how to use bat and ball and to play the game. But we are succeeding in teaching them the value of occupation and how to be occupied, and as they see more and more that sound Catholic education provides for a developed body as well as a developed mind, we are comforted and consoled with the thought that our sojourn here in the Near East will not have been in vain. We will have helped to make tomorrow's leaders out of today's Bams, though in the process of effecting that transformation many a fair ball may have been called foul, and foul fair.

By the Shining Lake

Raymond
Oliver, S.J.

ON a little peninsula that juts into a lake of unfathomed depths and endless tributaries there is a tiny village; so tiny in fact, that there are not more than a dozen small log cabins. A little church stands in the midst of it all and is the very center of the miniature town. For days and weeks the only sound that is heard is the song of the birds and the sigh of the wind in the pines or its merry laugh as it splashes the bright waters up on the shores and chases them swiftly back again to their home in the deep. But that is the time when the Indian inhabitants of our little



"By the Shining Lake." In reality, this was part of the Mission Exhibit held last November at the Jesuit Seminary in Toronto, Canada. The setting was so life-like that some youngsters actually knelt down to hear Mass.

town are away on the hunt or berry picking. With their return the little village lives again and basks in the warm June sun under the bright blue sky. Clean white tents and colored teepees spring up on the mossy banks of the lake and form a crown around the Mission Church, whose doors are opened again. There is no Father yet, no *kossinan*, for it is early in the season; but the prayer man leads the beads and starts the hymns. His duty it is, too, to ring the Angelus every day, and when the *kossinan* comes, the same prayer man will ring the Mission bell, peal upon peal, till it is heard away across the lake and the Indians from the other Reserve hasten over the waters to join their brethren.

SOME of the more fortunate children have been at boarding school during the year and they are back with tales that make their parents listen open-mouthed. Tales of pictures that walk and move about, even talk but not in Indian,—of cars that run in wide trails that are made of the same stuff as is used in the basement of the Hudson Bay Store,—cement in English—of stores where there is a wealth of things one never even dreamed of, and all to be had for a few pennies.

And one day comes the rush of wings and the village gathers at the lake side to welcome their own beloved priest, Father Joseph Couture, S.J., the "Flying Padre" of the Ontario Indian Missions of Canada. He has a word for all, a question here, a word of kindness there for someone who has been sick, an inquiry about those who are absent. He will then have leisure for a wash, a meal, a little breviary before Benediction.

They love their Benediction, these people. They have

a faith as perfect as can be found on earth, because they are so much children in that respect. For them, God is there, not the God their medicine man preaches, with cruel power and hard rule, but a gentle Shepherd who said in His "Great Book," the *Kije Manito o Masinaigan*, that He loves the sinner, and that all who followed His word would be saved.

Benediction begins and the whole congregation, taught as they have been for years, sing the *Adoro Te* in perfect unison. Here is real adoration! There are few distractions in the solitude of the forest, and the ordinary worries that beset us are unknown to them. This is God's worship and there is no stinting! What with sermon, beads, Benediction, prayers and a singing practice, there is not much of the evening left.

THE Mass bell rings out next morning and the church is filled again. The choir sings and to the rhythm of the slowly chanted hymns the Indian women rock their papooses back and forth noisily. Prayers follow Mass and the people are off to their little houses and tents and the care of their fishing nets. They do very little during this time of the year.

So it goes for a month, but the missionary must fly away to visit other flocks! The white tents are folded away, the colored bark teepees deserted. Families pile into their canoes and seek out some still more remote place where in groups of five or six they can pitch camp at the edge of some other mighty lake beneath towering pine and hemlock; not too far away, though, for in a very few weeks the *kossinan* will be back for his second summer visit, and again they will hasten to hear the word of God.

In Tagoloan

Walter J. Hamilton, S.J.

“**G**OD is God and there is no other.” No, I have not gone Mohammedan, but I subscribe at least to this tenet of their faith. Indeed, the simply stated truth of the preceding words is periodically brought home to me more and more on the occasion of our annual fiesta at Tagoloan, Oriental Misamis, Mindanao, P. I. Particularly is this true when the fiesta turns out to be a magnificent triumph such as was our last fiesta on February second. That the success was due to both God and His Blessed Mother is a conviction which, while I might not be able to prove it in syllogism form, I nevertheless hold as I hold to the articles in the Apostles Creed.

Despite the fact that on the Saturday evening preceding the fiesta the clouds were lowering, the chimes of Tagoloan parish church continued to ring, inviting all to confession in honor of the first anniversary of the Manila Eucharistic Congress. A general Communion of the faithful had been prescribed as the most fruitful means of bringing down upon the pious folk of Tagoloan a continuance of the priceless graces vouchsafed to the inhabitants of the Philippine Archipelago during the blessed days of the Manila Congress whose memory still persists. However, I was not to be allowed to concentrate upon the fiesta without the general interruptions common in the life of a missionary.

For, to be short, a double-header sick call was announced, and we told the boy who tolled the bell to toll no longer, as we set out for the bush. Several times on the way I said the Magnificat to our Blessed Lady for rain prevention. After giving all the consolations of



This is "home, sweet home" for some of the good people of Tagoloan.

holy Church to the young lady in Santa Ana, some six kilometers distant, I hastened through the woods to give the last sacraments to her husband, who lay sick with a wasting fever in their farm house, two more kilometers distant from Santa Ana.

NIGHT was coming on as my house boy and myself sought the abode of the sufferer, and as we entered the humble dwelling, darkness had already cast its mantle over glen and dale, though the tops of the mountains beyond were clearly visible. One weak flame glowed within a five cent piece of twisted zinc. The natives managed to resurrect another makeshift light also, of one candle power. The young man himself lay on a big double rattan bed which so covered the room that it was impossible to walk around it and likewise impossible to draw near to the patient. Incidentally, the high fever had made the patient deaf, more so even than his wife. The best I could do, after persuading the household to retire from the scene for a time, was to tuck up my soutana and crawl over to the sick man in the middle of the bed. It was difficult enough in this position to give the poor fellow Holy Communion and still more difficult to anoint him. But fortunately we were able to do both. Every word of instruction and advice had to be shouted. Added to this inconvenience was the fact that neither patient nor priest were able to see one another clearly. His abnormal breathing and sleepiness betrayed the gravity of his malady. After I had blessed the household with the Blessed Sacrament, my companion and I carefully descended the ladder steps and wended our weary way through coconut forests, over a little river, up a long bolder-strewn hill. The reader may wonder why we did not take a flashlight with us. The only flashlight we have are the headlights of our car, and because the road to Santa Ana is so difficult we ordinarily do not use the car.

At our arrival home a goodly number of penitents were waiting

in the dark for confession. Then, during supper we were called away on another sick call and at 10 o'clock were hastening in our Chevrolet of ancient vintage through the main street of the town. On the way home we called upon the patient whom we had visited earlier at dawn. I merely mention this visit to show you the exquisite hospitality and inborn courtesy of the Filipinos, which may be detected even from the smallest signs. Thus, in a very weak voice the woman who lay dying whispered to her husband, "Offer the Father a seat." This thoughtfulness even in the midst of her own serious illness, is merely an indication of what we are continually meeting from these Catholic people in Tagoloan. The next morning, though the Father did not hear the church bell, my faithful Brother called me in due time and confessions were again in order, followed by Mass in Tagoloan proper and then in a barrio where the Philippine Packing Corporation has their big pineapple plant.

In the midst of the missionary's coming and going there are not a few consoling compensations. For example, last Friday at 5 A.M., a public school teacher who teaches in Balikanas, a hard hour's trip over fences, rocks and a wide river, came to the church for Holy Communion. The day before was a holiday and she had asked me to let her receive at 5 o'clock on the First Friday. There she was, in the middle of a pitch dark church holding a lighted candle. We gave her the Bread of Virgins and the saintly soul after a fervent thanksgiving left for her schoolhouse by the seashore at Balikanas.

THUS, we had a busily happy and a happily busy week. Monday saw us in Cagayan on parochial business; Tuesday was dedicated to confessions for the fiesta of Wednesday; Thursday was the eve of the First Friday and in the morning we had a procession one and one-half kilometers in length with the band playing unremittingly every step of the way to the Annual Festival of the *sakay sakay* or blessing of the boats and the waters. Arrived at the waters' edge the men placed our patronal statue on a big *baroto* and then launched out into the deep, followed by a procession of variegated sea craft. Standing up in the big *baroto*, the Father blessed the sea, after which all sang the Ave Maris Stella to Our Lady and other hymns. It was all very touching and impressive; Friday was the First Friday and Saturday a day of marriages and Baptisms, broken up with six more sick calls, exclusive of the one that came while we were breakfasting.

I have given you an account of what might well be considered as an average week on the mission field of Mindanao in the Philippines. May I ask the Readers of JESUIT MISSIONS to unite with me and all my fellow missionaries in beseeching the Sacred Heart of the Missionary Supreme for strength to carry on, strength both physical and religious, and for that need of material help which He in His own good Providence knows is necessary to enable us to continue in our work for Him.

In giving an idea of what might well be considered an average week on the mission field of Mindanao I have in no way dwelt on the material needs with which each of us missionaries has to cope. Though I shall try to give some idea of the condition of my church here pictured, you may be certain that each of the Mindanao missionaries would have somewhat the same story to tell of his church and parish buildings. That heavy dark line



Parish church of Tagoloan, Oriental Misamis, P. I. The heavy dark line below the lower roof is the top of the unfinished brick wall. The upper part is made up of rough boards and galvanized iron.

appearing in the picture just below the roof of my church is in reality a wide open gap which gives entrance to hundreds of bats that make their home in our parish church. We have entered upon an intensive bat-extinguishing campaign, perhaps a bit Utopian, which means that we shall put in a ceiling in the church. At present there is no ceiling, and the bats clinging to the beams of the roof are a constant menace to comfort and cleanliness. Thereafter we ambition completing the noble edifice, finishing the present brick walls with concrete, and thus we hope that the bats will be forever excommunicated. Were bats our only pests things might not be so bad, but the ants have wrought havoc to the pillars and posts supporting the roof of our church. We have tried to excommunicate the ants too by imbedding the posts in concrete.

Will you agree with me that we missionaries have aplenty to keep us busy week in and week out? Do you wonder that I plead with the Readers of JESUIT MISSIONS to pray that we may have strength, both physical and spiritual, to carry on? We know you will help us with your prayers to continue our work for the Missionary Supreme here in the Philippine Islands.

Sunrise on Everest

John A. Morrison, S.J.

The Author, an American Jesuit of Patna Mission, has been in India for a number of years. Part of that time was spent at St. Mary's College, Kurseong, in the Himalaya Mountains north of Patna. It was there that he wrote the following article.—*Editor.*

THE diminutive train that snorts and puffs its way up into the Himalaya Mountains from the plains of north Bengal performs a twofold service much appreciated by missionaries. It brings exhausted priests and nuns from the enervating heat of India to the cool and invigorating heights of Kurseong and Darjeeling for a much needed rest. And if you are stationed at St. Mary's, Kurseong, studying theology, it will take you part way to Tiger Hill, that Himalayan lookout from where you may see sunrise on Mount Everest, the highest mountain in the world, and Kinchinjunga, her stately sister.

Recently some of us made the trip. We left at about six in the evening and our little mountain train took us to Sonada. There we had a few hours sleep, then Mass at 1:00 A.M., followed by a bite to eat and my two companions and I, a Tamil from Madras and an Irishman from Belfast, were off for the top.

The night was glorious, cold, crisp and clear, with just a suspicion of frost, and there wasn't a cloud in the sky. It seemed that Nature was trying to make reparation for past monsoons. There was no moon, but the stars were out in all their glory and they gave plenty of light to see the road. The Great Dipper pointed the way to the Pole Star towards which we were climbing and Orion, the Hunter, swung along on his course overhead. In the hills to the south and beneath us, the lights of the town of Kurseong formed a huge spread eagle,

apparently ready to sail off and wheel down to the plains of India a mile below its mountain eyrie. Under the Pole Star ahead of us the twinkling lights of Ghoom beckoned us on to the hill that loomed in dark outline above them.

India is a land of contrasts. As we went along in the cold night air, warmly dressed in woolen socks, sweaters and overcoats, I could not help drawing a comparison with trips made in the Santal country of Patna Mission in sun helmet and the lightest of white cassocks, when the sun glared down mercilessly from its blazing copper arch, and the mercury in the thermometer simmered merrily at a hundred and eight and ten in the shade,—and there wasn't any shade. In the sun it is thirty to forty degrees hotter!

AT about half past three, as we walked along, I noticed a light out of the corner of my eye. Somewhat startled, I turned. I had not expected to see a bright light on the top of a jungle-covered ridge. But it was not a light. It was simply the Morning Star coming up over the mountain and giving enough light through the perfectly transparent atmosphere at that altitude to cast a dim shadow.

Ghoom was a sleeping town when we reached its bazaar at a quarter to four. Here our road led to the right and the ascent was steeper. In places the path was covered with a layer of ice, the remnants of a severe hail storm that Ghoom had two days before. We crunched along in our heavy boots on its frozen surface, a unique experience for my Tamil companion from the plains of India's southland and a real treat for me, an

American, who hadn't been in snow or ice for almost seven years.

THE first aurora was causing the lesser stars to fade as our path emerged from the forest clothing Tiger Hill's lower slopes and led us along the ridge towards the top. Some two thousand feet below us we could see the lights of part of the town of Darjeeling sprawled in the shape of a rough cross on the sides and summit of its own ridge. Forty miles away to the north the uncertain shapes of Kinchinjunga and other snow-clad Himalayan giants loomed up, faintly visible in the dark gray light of earliest dawn. Between those peaks and us intervened the little kingdom of Sikkim, but its lower hills and valleys were still buried in gloom and we could distinguish nothing.

We reached the top in plenty of time to see Nature unfold one of her grandest spectacles. As the light increased, the chill snow fields and towering peaks of Kinchinjunga, Kabru and Jannu stood out clearly, but cold, aloof and distant. The hills that fell away from us on all sides gradually emerged from the shadows and took shape as a red glow tinted the eastern horizon, and soon the tip of Kinchinjunga's loftiest peak blushed a delicate pink in the light of the sun that we could not yet see. Next the sun itself shimmered up

through the faint haze that clung to the plains far out beyond the hills. As the sun came up we strained our eyes towards the west where we knew lay Mount Everest on the frontier of Nepal and Tibet. Only the peak would be visible, as many high mountains lay between us. Everest lies one hundred and seven miles to the west of Tiger Hill, and if any clouds intervened in that distance the view would be spoiled, but this morning we were not disappointed. The final unconquered snow-clad pyramid of the highest mountain in the world stood out clearly.

I HAD my kodak with me and took several snaps that turned out well, but they cannot begin to do justice to the scene. They say that you cannot bottle Florida climate, and you certainly cannot reproduce a sunrise on Kinchinjunga with a kodak. That sight from the top of Tiger Hill simply beggars description. I have seen Long's Peak, and other giants of the Colorado Rockies and they are impressive. But Long's Peak is only fourteen thousand five hundred feet high. Kinchinjunga's altitude is over twenty-eight thousand feet.

And the lookout station from which you view all this

is ideally situated. You stand on a high mountain and the land recedes at your feet into the valleys and hills of Sikkim. Then, forty miles away, the foothills rise again into mountains and finally terminate in the glaciers and crags of Kinchinjunga's snowy heights, rising over five miles into the sky in sheer, stark grandeur. Kinchinjunga makes a man realize just a little of the meaning in the words, "Almighty and everlasting God." To the east of Kinchinjunga the same Himalayan range continues on through the country of Bhutan in an unbroken line of mountains that must be visible for a hundred miles. Beyond that jagged horizon to the east and north lies Tibet. To the west are the mountains of the kingdom of Nepal, and beyond Kurseong and the foothills to the south, more than a mile and a half beneath you, the broad spreading plains of India stretch away



"Forty miles away, the foothills rise again into mountains and finally terminate in the glaciers and crags of Kinchinjunga's heights, rising over five miles into the sky in sheer, dark grandeur."

like a huge map, the rivers debouching from the hills and snaking off like ribbons to fade away in the distance.

THEY say that Alexander the Great wept for new worlds to conquer. Alexander should have been a Catholic missionary and he should have stood on Tiger Hill and seen from there the worlds on all sides waiting to be conquered for Christ. In Sikkim there is only a small handful of Catholics. There are no Catholics and no Catholic missionaries in the kingdom of Bhutan. Christ is unknown in the huge country of Tibet, the land of the Lamas, and He is also a stranger in the kingdom of Nepal, where rigid exclusion laws are enforced against all foreign missionaries. And there are three hundred and forty-seven million Hindus, Moslems and devil worshippers, one-fifth of the human race, in India. India with its millions of idols and temples where sacrifice is done to many gods of hate and fear! Pagan, grace-starved India where men yet grope in a darkness that has lain heavy for thousands of years! A land that requires God's grace in torrents and the best efforts that thousands of Alexanders can put forth, if it is finally to be won for Christ!

A Worker of the Vineyard Carmelo Tranchese, S.J.

The present article was written in November, 1937, before the Apostolic Delegate had returned to Mexico. The Author, Father Carmelo Tranchese, S.J., is Superior of Guadalupe Mission among the poor Mexican people of San Antonio, Texas.—*Editor.*

GREAT fuss has been made about the return to Mexico of His Excellency, Leopold Ruiz y Flores, Apostolic Delegate, for some years an exile in the United States. I have just returned from a trip to Mexico. There is a commotion going on down there for his resignation of his high office and his return to his native land. On October 17, it was announced in the Mexican papers that he had just arrived at the capital, and in a few days he would go back to his Diocese, Morelia. To tell the honest truth, this news was a great blow to me, to us of the Guadalupe Mission. Not because we did not like the ending of a long and sad exile, but because His Excellency has been one of the best workers at the Guadalupe Mission and a great encouragement and inspiration to us.

HIS Excellency was one of the first victims of Abelardo Rodriguez' regime. It is an open secret that Abelardo was only an instrument in the hands of Calles. Mr. Rodriguez in sending His Excellency into exile was carrying out the policy outlined by Calles. This man, Calles, was the one who started that terrible persecution against the Church and has been the cause of so much sorrow for the Catholics of Mexico.

Accordingly, His Excellency, without any legal procedure or conviction, was ordered out of Mexico at once. That was in 1932. He was put aboard a plane and sent to Tampico. There he was met by an escort of fifty-four soldiers and accompanied to Laredo, Mexico. From there he came to San Antonio, where he has been ever since.

His Excellency has been living and lives in the Guest House of the Incarnate Word Convent, Alamo Heights. He has one large room, which he uses as his study, reception and library room, and another small bedroom. He is of small height, well built and is gifted with a



His Excellency, Leopold Ruiz y Flores, Apostolic Delegate of Mexico. "One thing which attracts your attention is a portrait on his desk."

pleasant and perpetual smile. He always looks at the bright side of life. And he is full of jokes and witticism. He says that the best country in the world to live in is the United States, the best city in the United States is San Antonio, and the best place in San Antonio is the Incarnate Word Convent.

YOU can always see His Excellency. He is never so busy that he makes you wait or come back. And, when he is with you, he seems to have nothing else to do but entertain you. The first time you meet him, you just cannot help loving him. When you are in his room, you are impressed by the simplicity thereof, which matches very nicely with his own simplicity. But the one thing which attracts your attention is a portrait on his desk. There are some pious pictures and a statue of the Child Jesus on that desk, but a picture just in front of him, on a homemade stand, is the one which you look at instinctively. It is not a beautiful one; but you cannot help keeping your eyes on it. It is no less than Calles' picture, yes, Plutarco Elias Calles' image, with his bushy mustache and all.

"What do you want that picture for?" I asked.

"That man was the cause of all my troubles, of our troubles," he answered with his usual smile.

"Are you going to work any incantation on him?" I insisted, jokingly.

"I pray for him, every day, sev- (Turn to page 167)

The Month at Jesuit Missions

Thomas J. Feeney, S.J.

A challenge to all religious organizations actively engaged in foreign mission work was hurled recently in the presence of 250 Protestant ministers by the Rev. Mark A. Dawber, executive secretary of the Home Mission Council and Interdenominational Body, meeting on the occasion of the 139th Annual New York Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in session at Christ Church, New York City. The nearsighted charge was this: "In this city (of New York) you have all the peoples of the world. If we do not christianize them here we will never christianize them beyond the seas." What is the Catholic answer?

FOREIGN MISSIONS SCORED IN THE NEW YORK TIMES

We have no intention of belaboring the Readers of JESUIT MISSIONS with a retort to the good Doctor which they themselves are well able to supply. The Catholic policy is to christianize both the peoples at home and those upon foreign mission soil. The Great Missionary Himself did not descend from Heaven to teach merely the Jews and pagans of Jerusalem. Neither did He command his Catholic Church to confine its endeavors to the sidewalks of New York. Until, in His own good time, He calls off His hunters from the chase, our Catholic missionaries, like the Hound of Heaven Himself, will carry on in mission fields, both at home and abroad.

THE CATHOLIC ANSWER

However, we are much drawn to agree with Doctor Dawber, when he says: "No nation and no church can rise very much higher than the condition of its under-privileged people." We assume that the Doctor means spiritually under-privileged. But to assert: "If we do not christianize them here we will never christianize them beyond the seas," is to close one's eyes completely to the patent fact and the flourishing progress of Roman Catholic missions around the world.

THE TRUE AND THE FALSE

It is precisely to overcome such ignorance on the part of non-Catholics and to prevent a like ignorance from captivating Catholics themselves, that for the past two months we have been advocating in the pages of JESUIT MISSIONS our Pamphlet Promotion Plan which will enable our Catholics to think and judge correctly when perforce they enter the campus of that great non-Catholic institution—the world of real life. The non-Catholic looks to the Catholic for norms of action.

A SOURCE OF TRUTH

To the literate as well as the illiterate, to the educated as well as the scholar, the pamphlets provided by our Jesuit Mission Press can often act as a compass in a storm of moral doubt. The need for such a guide is ably described by the noted English lecturer, Mr. Francis J. Sheed, as follows: "In papers, movies, novels, in daily conversation, in normal practice we are constantly under the pressure of a different view from our own; no need to particularize; the plain truth is that the Church teaches us one universe and we live in another. If the superiority of the world's view were treated in the world as a matter of argument, it would be a help; but it is simply assumed. Argument might stimulate us to defense; indifference soothes us into apathy. The temptation is to accept one set of values by faith but live by another set in daily practice. This temptation must be resisted with all our might." It is as an anti-toxin to this virus of worldliness and non-Catholic standards that we are promoting our plan for the distribution of Catholic pamphlets.

PAMPHLET READING AS A MORAL CORRECTIVE

Not merely as a moral corrective are we promoting our Pamphlet Campaign. Pamphlets can likewise offer an exhilarating tonic for the mind. According to the author already quoted: "The Catholic reads roughly the same things as everyone else, is subjected to the same pressure of current opinion and emotion as everyone else, and under that pressure varies more or less from the Catholic norm. His mind has lost certain right tendencies and acquired certain wrong tendencies. He is not fully responsive to the true values. Insensibly he has acquired certain sympathies which his judgment tells him to be wrong but which from daily

PAMPHLET READING AS A TONIC FOR THE MIND

habit come automatically into operation. . . . Before he can set about the serious study of life, his mind needs certain corrective exercises, or, to change the metaphor, a kind of fumigation. It must pass some time in company of minds fully emancipated and thus fully Catholic. Thereby, right sympathies, expectations, standards, will once more be in the mind's forefront." Our Jesuit Mission pamphlets aim to provide this contact.

As pamphlets with attractive covers may not necessarily be always interesting in content, so pamphlets whose contents are appealing in their interest may not necessarily be attractive in their cover appeal. Despite repeated warnings to the contrary, there are those who still continue to judge pamphlets in a superficial manner and by their external format, forgetting, as one writer has phrased it, "that you have to peel an orange before you can get at the juice."

A WARNING

One of the most encouraging ventures of recent months in the field of Catholic Action has been the organization of a Youth Program sponsored by The Youth Committee of the National Council of Catholic Women, and the publication in pamphlet form of the 17th address given over the NBC network by the chairman of the Committee, Miss Anne Sarachon Hooley. In its Table of Contents this pamphlet lists a chapter on Books. In conjunction with this should be read Father Daniel A. Lord's pamphlet, "I Can Read Anything." The pamphlet also has a chapter on Vocational Guidance, a topic which we assure our readers will be further illustrated by the excellent pamphlet of Father Lord on "How to Pick a Successful Career." There is a third chapter for Youth on "Preparation for Marriage and Parenthood," a topic that Father Lord treats with priestly delicacy in his popular best sellers, "The Pure of Heart," "Marry Your Own," "They're Married," and his various titles on birth control.

PAMPHLETS FOR YOUTH

In the Foreword of the pamphlet on Youth already mentioned, youth leaders are exhorted to remember that theirs is a privilege of tending the flame of youth. In the words of the author, they are "to curb it that it may do no harm to the possessor or to society, feed it that it may achieve the purpose of its destiny, keep its color gleaming bright that it may bring to the men and women of the 1950's serenity and loveliness and strength." It is to attain this same apostolic objective that we ask our readers to patronize our Jesuit Mission pamphlet stock and to make them known to both our Catholic and non-Catholic youth.

TENDING THE FLAME OF YOUTH

Perhaps the best proof, outside of actual orders for pamphlets, that the Pamphlet Promotion Plan is becoming more popular day by day is the number of letters containing practical suggestions for helping the campaign. I quote from the most recent: "You should have ten exceptionally fine promoters to go to various places and sell the pamphlet idea by personal contact. These promoters should meet once a month for dinner and discuss possible places to get more Promoters; they should likewise discuss new pamphlets; they could collect short accounts of what pamphlets have done for the mission world and how pamphlets have won converts; they could collect stories from people and their reactions to the various pamphlets advertised in your Jesuit Mission Press order blank. I suggest further, that the magazine, JESUIT MISSIONS, should have a page entitled "Pamphlet Exchange." There is no reason why Pamphlet Promoters could not list at the beginning of the Communion Breakfast season the names of places where Catholic organizations are to hold these annual events. With permission of the chairman of the Breakfast Committee, pamphlets could be placed at each plate and each table, both for advertising purposes and for the purpose of sale. It might likewise be possible for the promoter herself, or himself as the case may be, to make a brief plea in behalf of the pamphlets so distributed. As a final suggestion I suggest that in our high schools each class select a chairman and that each child contribute one penny on every Monday morning—that would be four pennies a month. If bought in bulk each child would receive one five-cent pamphlet per month.

MORE PROMOTION PLANS

153

Holy Rosary Tu



"Come," pleaded Red Cloud, great chief of the Oglala Sioux. "Come to my people, you Blackrobes who first taught us of Christ."

"COME," pleaded Red Cloud, great chief of the Oglala Sioux. "Come to my people, you Blackrobes who first taught us of Christ." To Jesuit Superiors in the East spoke the mighty warrior.

"Send them to us," insisted Red Cloud. He was speaking to Government officials in Washington. "Send us Blackrobes. This is now the third time since the days of President Grant that I come to ask for Blackrobes."

Now Holy Rosary Mission turns golden after fifty years of devoted work among the Sioux on the Pine Ridge Indian Reservation in South Dakota. For fifty years the spiritual edifice of the Mission and its work has been slowly built. Countless sacrifices, trials and sorrows on the part of many zealous men and women have added little perfections to the pattern outlined by the Divine Architect. Now after fifty years we can pause briefly and look at this spiritual work of God

and view its beauties. Such beauty is not tarnished by the passage of time. Obviously, in an article like this we cannot hope to single out the most illustrious men and women who have labored at the Mission, nor can we even touch upon the many exciting events of her history. Our task will be rather to examine the role which Divine Providence has decreed to Holy Rosary Mission and to see very briefly how well it has fulfilled its Divine commission.

THE Sioux Indians of the Dakotas were considered one of the strongest tribes in America. Before the advent of the White man they were free to roam this western land in search of buffalo and other game. But like all their brothers, they fell victims to the greater power of the White man. In a frantic effort to check the inroads of the Whites into their territory the Sioux united all their strength and helped in the Custer Massacre. This battle marks the end of the many years of their warfare. It was their last great battle and the Sioux felt that they could not much longer resist the superior forces of the Whites. Submission was thought to be the only and best policy by Chief Red Cloud. Of course, there were not a few young warriors, like that military genius, Crazy Horse, who counseled them to fight to the finish. Suffice it to say that submission was the general policy.

After gold had been discovered in the Black Hills, the Indians had organized forces to check the influx of the gold seekers. Irrespective of treaties and promises, the Sioux lands were gradually taken away from them until only the Bad Lands and their environs remained out of the once large Sioux country. Besides these setbacks, disease and starvation entered the plains to kill this once proud tribe. With the militant Crazy Horse put out of the way, defeated in war, subjected to a life on a limited reservation, unable to hunt the roving herds, their trust and confidence crushed by repeatedly broken promises and expectations, the Sioux found themselves facing a future which promised only misery. As they emerged from their state of barbarism into the civilization of the Whites, these Indians fell into the throes of despair.

No wonder, then, that the promise of a Messiah as given to them in the Ghost Dance religion spread with such rapidity. Briefly, "the underlying principle of the Ghost Dance doctrine is that the time will come when the whole Indian race, living and dead, will be reunited upon a regenerated earth, to live a life of aboriginal happiness, forever free from death, disease and misery." Closely associated with the Ghost Dance was the conviction that the new Messiah was to come and bring back the freedom and abundance that the White man had taken from the Indians. But needless to say, the new Messiah never came exactly as this false belief had promised him.

HE did come, however, in a more wonderful and spiritual manner. For in this crisis, as always, Divine Providence came to the rescue of the befuddled Sioux by bringing the true Messiah, Jesus Christ and His Holy Church. In 1887, at the request of Bishop Marty, O.S.B., Father Jutz, S.J., and Brother Henry Billing, S.J., who is still living at the Mission, began

the work of the Holy Rosary Mission among the Sioux. For many months they lived in a small log hut and supervised the building of the school. On August 20, 1888 the work commenced, and

A general view of a few of the Mission buildings from the boys' side. On the extreme right is the New Gymnasium, then the Boys' Building; the office and a portion of the Girls' Building can be seen on the left. The Chapel Building does not appear in this photo.



ns Golden George Bischofberger, S.J.

August, 1888, it was completed at the cost of \$40,000. Particular mention must be made of Miss Katherine Drexel, now Reverend Mother Katherine, foundress of the Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament. Without the material aid of this noble lady the school might never have come into existence nor have continued once it had begun.

Soon after the Jesuits had taken charge of the Catholic Boarding School they invited the Franciscan Sisters of Stella Niagara, New York, to take care of the girls and to help in the entire undertaking. As might be expected, these generous and self-sacrificing Religious joyfully responded to the appeal. They are still carrying on after these fifty years with untiring zeal the work begun by their pioneer Sisters.

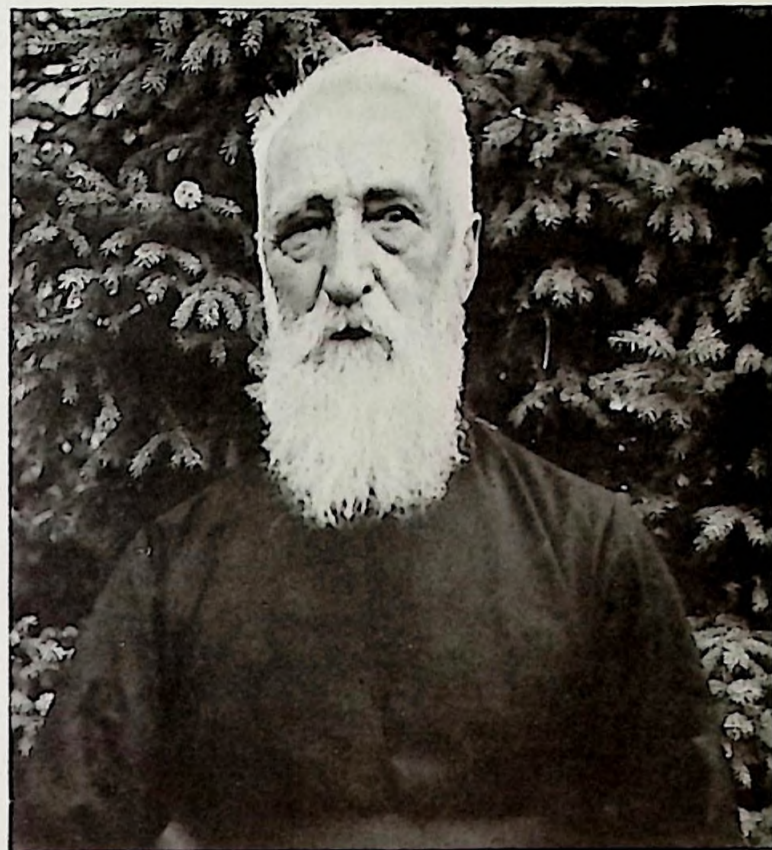
IN the fall of 1888, the first Catholic Mission School on this Reservation was opened. Almost one hundred children were gathered that first year, mostly from French and Mexican half-blood Indians. The full-blood Indians were slow to come but they, too, were soon won over to the gentle ways of the Blackrobes. One circumstance which caused considerable anxiety and which taxed the patience of the School personnel was the problem of "running away." Indian children who are accustomed to a roaming freedom find it irksome to lead a regulated life. Even though little Pain on Hip and Mary Ten Fingers were provided with everything which could make them comfortable: good food, clean clothes and warm beds,—yet they repeatedly sought the chance of running away at night, even in winter time when the snow was deep and the cold was intense. Little by little this propensity has diminished until now there are only spasmodic traces of it.

The objective of these first missionaries was to win the hearts of the children and then the adults. From the Mission School as from the hub of a giant wheel, the activities of the Mission reached the outer edges of the Reservation. Priests braved the intense storms of winter and the muddy, treacherous trails of summer to bring the Mass and last sacraments to the lowliest of the Sioux. Many have had the indefatigable Father Placidus Sialm's experience of being taken down from a horse unconscious from the intense cold. Only those who know this country and its conditions can realize what sufferings and privations the pioneers endured. Naturally, such generous self-sacrificing service could not long go unrequited, and soon the Sioux were converted to the religion of the true Messiah. From this humble beginning the work of God

has continually increased until now there are, besides a School with an enrollment of four hundred and ten boys and girls, thirty chapels situated at scattered points throughout the Reservation. Instead of one Priest and a Brother, the Community numbers seven Priests, three Scholastics, nine Brothers and twenty-two Sisters.

Many events, some excit-

Sioux Indian boys and girls gather in the old quadrangle at Holy Rosary Mission on the occasion of the Silver Jubilee of Sisters Serena and Donata. The Franciscan Sisters of Stella Niagara, N. Y., have been working at Holy Rosary since shortly after its foundation.



Brother Henry Billing, S.J., still stationed at Holy Rosary Mission. "How uncommon it is that one of the original founders of an institution lives to see its fiftieth anniversary!"

ing, some sad and others glorious, enter into the history of this half century of the Mission. Like the rosary of our heavenly Mother which has glorious as well as sorrowful mysteries, so also did the Mission which bears that loving name experience many joyful as well as sorrowful events. Perhaps the most significant tribute of the trust and confidence of the Indians in the Mission may be found in the incidents which happened only two years after the institution started. The "Messiah Craze" of which I spoke above had taken hold of some groups of Pine Ridge and Rosebud Sioux. The victims of the craze left their homes and danced for days, giving no care to their occupations and causing much excitement and disorder. The Whites were in no great danger because the Indians thought of no violence. Unfortunately, how- (Turn to page 167)

Service Free!

Thomas J. Hennessey, S.J.

IT was late when Father Frederick J. Donovan, S.J., returned to his little house at Above Rocks, Jamaica, B. W. I., wearied and car-sick after many miles of uneven road and tortuous curves.

"Home at last!" he sighed with relief, "and now for a good long sleep."

He set the alarm at the extraordinarily late hour of seven o'clock as a little treat after his labors. Then to sweet dreams. Too soon a knocking at the door, persistent, louder. He could no longer ignore it. With an effort he rose and went to the door. A little boy awaited him, hat in hand.

"Who's sick?" he asked.

"Me come, Fader."

"Yes, I know, but what for?"

In answer the youngster held out forty cents in nickels and pennies.

"Change, please sah!"

Father Donovan actually felt limp; he thought sadly of his lost sleep, but fortunately, he is the possessor of a good sense of humor, a saving grace for any missionary, and he handed over the desired pence.

Out there in the country, American money wasn't of any use to him either, but he couldn't let the youngster down, he couldn't disappoint one who counted upon him so confidently.

HOW did the boy get the money? From tourists who set him climbing coconut trees and rewarded him for his agility and skill. Unfortunately, for the youngsters, and a bad blow to their trust in human nature, there are those with a perverted sense of humor who pass off pfennigs and other valueless coins on the poor lads.

Father Donovan is hopeful of passing on the coins to



First Communion Class at Above Rocks. The dresses are the gift of a zealous group of New York ladies who spend each Tuesday afternoon sewing for the missions.

one of his friends on a ship in Kingston.

"More nickels and pennies?" they charge him comically as he approaches them. "What will we do with them?"

"Oh, the passengers can toss them over the ship's side, for the boys to dive for," he replies airily.

But this isn't the only call upon Father Donovan's good nature. There is a small epidemic of sore throats in his neighborhood, and he has to render first aid. Thanks to the medical supplies furnished by the Catholic Medical Mission Board, he has Dobel's solution to meet the need.

The word soon passes about that "Fader have somethin' fe cure quick," and there is a run on his stores. Aid is rendered not only to his own flock, but to others who present themselves with ready assurance that they will be served.

A MORE serious case comes to attention. A lad with a very bad sore on his leg comes to the house. Long neglect has been followed by an application of leaves of a local plant, clay and all, just as it was pulled out of the ground, and there is now a bad pus formation. Resolutely, our missionary goes to work with his medical instruments. He is almost nauseated by the odor of the wound as he removes the harmful covering.

"Fader him hurt now. You brave sah!" he prepares the lad, who bears the painful process very well indeed, no little soothed by the anaesthetic administered to him, —a peppermint stick. Then a strong antiseptic in the open wound brings tears down his cheeks, but the peppermint stick pulls him through. Subsequent treatments bring results, and our patient is now on the road to full recovery.

Thus we see that even here in Jamaica, there is still room for the Corporal Works of Mercy as well as for caring for the souls of the inhabitants, and our men do not fail in either respect. Pennies and nickels, sore throats and sore legs disturb sleep and occupy the missionaries' time, but in the end souls are saved.

The "Rosary Procession" winds its way through the mountainous districts of the Above Rocks Mission.



Catholic Missions among the Negroes of the United States

The Mission Intention for June

SOME time ago, our Holy Father, Pope Pius XI, who watches with paternal solicitude the zealous apostolate among the Negroes in the United States, had a letter sent to the bishops of this country, urging, as a personal appeal from himself, an intensification of this work so full of salutary results.

"One cannot think without sadness," this message says, "of how much remains to be accomplished, and of the fact that millions of these Negroes know little or nothing of the Divine Savior's revelation and are, therefore, deprived of the benefits of the Faith. Out of about twelve million of these people in the United States, it appears that only two hundred and fifty thousand are Catholics. Now more than ever are they exposed to the dangers of unbelief and to pernicious doctrines of every sort. There is urgent need to take their condition to heart and to procure for them the light of the true teaching of Jesus Christ."

There is a ring of challenge to the Catholics of America in those words of the saintly Pontiff. And in addition, he pleads this month for the prayers of the millions of Associates of the Apostleship of Prayer throughout the world that "Catholic Missions may be multiplied among the Negroes of the United States."

What exactly is the status of the Negro of the United States in religious matters?

The total Negro population of the United States is given as 13,000,000. Of that number, well over 7,000,000—the figure has been put as high as 7,750,000—have no religion at all; of the remainder, only a small proportion are entirely satisfied "where they are." Nominally, at least, 5,000,000 belong to various Protestant denominations.

Coming now to the Colored Catholics, we find that they number 262,243 according to the 1938 Report of the "Commission for the Catholic Missions among the Colored People and the Indians." Obviously, the Catholic situation is most distressing and calls for some vigorous action. But distressing as it is, there is a much more hopeful and helpful attitude than there was a decade ago. The Report, referred to above, sums up the present situation as follows:

"Fifty dioceses have Negro missions or parishes. The number of priests throughout the country who are exclusively engaged in caring for Catholic Negroes and in winning others to the Church is now 301 (assisted by 1,100 Sisters). This is an increase of seventeen priests within a year. The number of reported converts for the year is 4,480, although our reports are incomplete in the case of several dioceses.

"Catholic schools for Negro children number 214. During the past year three new schools were opened: St. Peter Claver's, Detroit, Michigan; St. Augustine's, Memphis, Tennessee; and St. Jude's, Montgomery, Alabama. High school courses have been added in St. Benedict's School, Omaha, Nebraska, and in St. Joseph's School, St. Louis, Missouri. The total enrollment of the schools has increased to 40,011 pupils, rep-

resenting a gain of 1,169. The new schools, the increase in attendance, and enlarged programs have required the addition of twenty-five teachers.

"New churches, marking the definite establishment of new missions or congregations, have been dedicated in the following places: Crosby and Marshall, Texas; Mansura, Louisiana; Selma, Alabama; St. Augustine's, Memphis, Tennessee; and Buffalo, New York. Several former out-missions, such as Fulton, Virginia, and Scott and Duson, Louisiana, have attained an independent status and are now in charge of resident priests.

"The fact which indicates the missionary character of the work is the number of Negro converts, which represents over seven per cent of the converts in this country. Yet the proportion of priests working among the Negroes to the rest of the clergy is one to one hundred. Within a fifteen year period the missionary personnel has been enlarged by fifty per cent but the annual number of Negro converts has increased one hundred per cent. This disparity is partly due to the establishment of new mission centers and partly to more adequate staffs in the older missions and parishes. It shows, however, that Negro converts are being made even in greater measure than convert-makers and mission centers are supplied."

Consoling as is the progress of Catholic work among the Negroes during the past year, it is crystal clear that our Catholic body as a whole has not yet fully awakened to its responsibility. More apostolic workers: priests, nuns and lay people, are needed; churches and schools must be built and social works established. The Colored people do and will help, but they are to a large extent too poor. At least in some degree this is due to the fact that they are discriminated against by Whites. There are inspiring instances among our Catholics where they have fought against this discrimination, but sadly true is it that there are far too many examples—even among our Catholics—of an unreasonable antipathy to the Colored race.

We send our missionaries abroad to evangelize the pagans and non-Christians of other lands and we neglect those at our very door. Reasonable? Logical? Hardly. We ought to labor zealously for both those at home and those in foreign fields. Again, when we come to know something of the story of our missionaries in distant lands, we realize how very much they must enter sympathetically into an understanding of the qualities, repulsive or attractive, of the people among whom they work. Have we given the Negro a fair deal in this regard? Let us go half way at least in making it possible for the Colored people to find Christ. All of us must do this: not only our bishops to whom the Holy Father addresses his words, but priests and people as well. Let us join our prayers to those which, from all quarters of the world, will be sent heavenwards during June, that, according to the Holy Father's intention, "Catholic Missions may be multiplied among the Negroes of the United States."

Afield with American Jesuits

CHINA

Father Leo F. McGreal, S.J., writes from Gonzaga College, conducted by the American Jesuits in Shanghai:

"Things are still bad here in Shanghai. The promised million dollars from the American Red Cross will ease the situation, but the greatest difficulty will be in getting help to the interior where it is so badly needed. Relief work in the city is well organized and generous help is coming from all parts of the world. I have been asked to serve on the Advisory Committee for the distribution of American funds.

"Here at Gonzaga College we opened our second semester on February 14, with a large increase in numbers in both the primary and high schools. The primary will run well over three hundred and fifty and the middle school just under three hundred:—thus we will reach our maximum capacity."

* * *

Another report which reached California on March 21, tells us that the American Jesuit House of Nanking has been taken possession of by the Japanese. They have left the gate locked but have broken a hole through the back wall and entered the residence in that way. Every cabinet has been opened and every object of value has been taken. Also, five thousand dollars worth of lumber has been carried away. Readers may recall that the Jesuit Fathers had just begun building operations on the Nanking Institute when the Sino-Japanese conflict broke out. The present loss of building material will be a great handicap when the day comes for the resumption of building activities.

* * *

Father Adrien Sansoucy, S.J., is the Procurator of Süchow Mission in China. He makes his headquarters in Shanghai. Süchow Mission, as our readers will recall, is entrusted to the French Jesuits of Lower Canada and has suffered considerable material losses, as have the other missions in China, where the undeclared war has been raging. Newspaper reports about the sinking of the *Panay* make it unnecessary for us to explain the reference in the following account from Father Sansoucy. He entitled it, "My Panay."

"That morning, Saturday, December 4, I will not forget until doomsday. I was on my way to Tsungming to hear the confessions of nine Sisters of the Immaculate Conception. No news of them had reached us since the beginning of hostilities and I had intended to make inquiries concerning their condition. The English Consul, whom I had notified of their presence on the island, had sent along with me Mr. Boothby, one of his attaches who spoke French fluently. We, together

with the captain and three guardsmen, were the only foreigners on the boat. But a hundred and fifty Chinese passengers crowded the vessel. Mr. Loh Pa-Hong's boats, having discontinued sailing since the middle of August, the *Siushan* of the Butterfield and Swire Lines henceforth replaced them on the regular schedule.

"Things were quiet as far as the Whangpoo. We passed through the Japanese fleet of nearly sixty men-of-war anchored at the mouth of the Yang-tse-kiang without any trouble. About a half an hour from Paochen, where I was supposed to land, from my place on the deck I heard a queer, metallic sound. It stopped and then repeated itself, continuing at intervals of a few moments duration.

"Then the frightened expression of two Chinese gentlemen scared me into the nearest cabin, with both following on my heels. There we threw ourselves down, six of us in all, and stretched out full length upon the floor, trying with more or less success to assume Liliputian proportions.

"Hm! River pirates!" I thought, 'but they would have to be rather daring to try their funny tricks with the Japanese just out of sight! Anyway, if that is who they are, I'm ready to give them all I own!'

"The Nipponese planes,' someone else then suggested, 'must be having a bit of fun at our expense!'

"Impossible,' I answered. 'The tattoo of the bullets clearly indicates that the attack is coming from the shore!'

"For a few minutes nobody spoke. Suddenly it dawned upon me that I was in danger, maybe in great danger. Instantly followed an act of resignation to the Will of God. I was even ready to die if such was His holy Will. But



Father Adrien Sansoucy, S.J., Procurator of the French Canadian Mission of Süchow, China, who is stationed in Shanghai. As is narrated in these pages, he recently had his own thrilling though dangerous "Panay" experience.

first of all, His Will was that I make the most of the means at my disposal, and so from the bunks, I dragged down the two mattresses which served as a protection for the six of us.

"The tattoo of the bullets kept on. One bullet, fired from vantage ground, apparently entered our cabin. A protracted 'Oh!' ensued. After some time, the violence of the attacks died away. No one in the cabin had been hurt.

"Several minutes later, convinced at last that all was over, I ventured on deck. There I found Mr. Boothby who had just left his shelter in search of me. He informed me that the head officer, a Chinaman, had been struck in the head by a bullet. Immediately, I ran up to the captain's lookout to see if I could be of any assistance. The poor fellow was unconscious; the bullet had entered his temple and had come out below the eye.

"There was only one thing to do: baptize him! So I poured the water on his bleeding forehead, baptizing him conditionally in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. . . .

"Four others had been wounded, two guardsmen and two Chinamen, not as many, after all, as one might have suspected from the sound, for the bullets had been unable to penetrate the metal bulk-head of the hold in which most of the passengers had hidden. The captain decided that he had had enough for one day and turned the boat back towards Shanghai.

"Had bullets really entered the cabin where I had sought refuge? As I did not want to leave the wounded officer, it was impossible for me to ascertain the truth. However, in the cabin shared by Mr. Boothby and myself, four bullets had left their mark. Three of them had continued clear across to the cabin facing our own on the opposite side of the boat.

"Before closing this account of my trip up the Yang-tse, it may interest you to know who did the shooting, what happened to the Sisters I had set out to visit, and finally, what became of the injured officer I had baptized.

"The poor man died that evening at Shanghai. Nobody will ever know with certainty who the gunmen were, so I leave that to your perspicuity. It is beyond mine. According to recent information the Sisters are all well and safe.

"Should you ever come to Shanghai, I will be glad to let you see a little souvenir of that December morning—the bullet which had buried itself in my cabin wall. It is the only souvenir I kept of the affair jokingly referred to, by several of my friends, as 'My Panay.'"



Father Edmond A. Anable, S.J., of the Maryland-New York Province, who will leave this summer for Alaska as a volunteer to the arduous missions of the far North.

ALASKA

From Hooper Bay, Alaska, where Father John P. Fox, S.J., is the zealous missionary of a large territory, we have the following interesting picture of whale hunting:

"Get the hook, there are whales in the Bay! Where are your kayak, rifle, spear and hook? Though everybody and his brother is running for his rifle and outfit, some already got ahead of him. But it makes no difference. Whale hunting, to amount to anything is not a one man's job. It takes a dozen or so. For you can't shoot them in the water. The ordinary procedure is to drive them on one of our numerous mud flats (you see these are good for something besides worrying boats), where the whale will soon find himself in only a few feet of water. And, of course when his belly begins scratching the mud, he gets excited and usually crawls up high and dry on top of the bar. That makes a fine mark for the nearest Eskimo. Occasionally, you will get a wise one that knows where his safety lies. Instead of allowing himself to be driven on a bar by the Eskimos, who surround him, shouting and beating the water with their paddles to scare him, he will turn back out to the deep. And if the kayaks are too closely ranked he may spill one or two on his way to safety, as happened here about two weeks ago. After the whales are shot, they are left on the bar till the next tide comes up and lifts them from the mud. Then the hunters put the hook to their booty and drag it in. We have seen as many as forty-eight whales being brought in that way in one

round-up. This year they had three fairly successful round-ups that netted in all some thirty whales, besides an occasional single one."

* * *

Father Martin Lonneux, S.J., has been in Alaska for a number of years. He has been a most successful missionary and is a tireless worker. He writes from his headquarters at St. Michael:

"Your very kind letter of February 10 just reached me. I thank you very much for your kind words and the great interest you show in my work. I also thank you for the generous check.

"For two years now I have been trying to finish the prayer book in Innuvit. I mimeographed the first fifty pages last winter but ran out of paper. I hope to find time next week to print the other thirty pages. I am anxious to have this work done, as my people are asking me for the book all the time. Several Fathers, too, are waiting for it. I am also working on an Innuvit catechism with explanations. This is a very slow work as I can only work on it when I am on the Yukon, and when I can find a little free time.

"The system I have adopted in caring for my district seems the most satisfactory for the good of the people, but not for my own convenience. I have no real home. I have my headquarters here in St. Michael, yes, but only for the sake of the mail. I am not here oftener than in any other station. From October 1 till November 22, I was in Hamilton, then went to Chiniliak where I remained till after Christmas. I came back here for New Year, attended to my mail and then left for Stebbins. I closed my visit there on February 28, went to visit several sick people on the Yukon and now I am here to do my priestly work. I will remain till after Easter. It will then be time for me to visit out of the way places. I do not know yet where I will be for the break-up. In summer I will have to visit my many camps. With this system I am at least five weeks in each central station. I want to be that long in each place because I cannot do any solid work in less time among these people. I have also trained my people to come where I am. On the second, I arrived in Chiniliak for a three days' stay. The next day all the people from Pastolik, a village fifteen miles to the north, came for the First Friday. Many even remained until I went away."

AMERICAN INDIANS

The Indian Missions of South Dakota suffered heavy losses in recent months at the death of two valiant Brothers who had given years of heroic service to the Indian Missions.

Brother John Giehl, S.J., died at the age of seventy at Holy Rosary Mission. He had been a Jesuit for forty-

six years and had spent forty of them among the Indians. At various times he was cook, carpenter and gardener. His valiant work in these various occupations was a great help to the missionaries in carrying on their work among the Indians.

Brother Francis Koob, S.J., was sixty-one years old when death came. He had spent forty-one years in the Society of Jesus as a zealous worker in the various occupations that were given to his charge. After spending some years at Campion College, Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin, he went to St. Francis Mission where he has been cook and buyer for a number of years. He was a tireless worker and gave himself unsparingly to the material tasks about the Mission.

In addition to their energetic work in behalf of the Indian Missions, the good Brothers help much by their prayers. Their fervent lives as well as their constant labors are a source of much of the success that has come to St. Francis and Holy Rosary Missions among the Sioux Indians of South Dakota.

Brother George J. Bohland, S.J., a young Jesuit Brother formerly stationed at St. Stanislaus Seminary, Florissant, Missouri, has gone to St. Francis Mission to take up the work formerly cared for by Brother Koob.

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

Father Andrew Cervini, S.J., missionary at Jasaan, Balingasag, Oriental Misamis, Mindanao, P. I., is a tireless worker, ever zealous and ever optimistic. He writes:

"January and February have been hectic months. Going, going, going all the time. Last week I was up in the mountains again at Claveria. Had forty-two first Holy Communions. This was due to the good work of a young widow who began teaching for me. Three days a week she went to



Brother George J. Bohland, S.J., who has gone from St. Stanislaus Seminary, Florissant, Missouri, to St. Francis Mission, St. Francis, South Dakota, where he will be cook for the Jesuit Community at the Mission.



Joseph N. Behr, S.J., of Baltimore, Md., who has just completed his studies at St. Andrew-on-Hudson, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., sails from Vancouver on June 7, for further studies and missionary work in the Philippine Islands.

the Public School to teach the catechism to the children. The first communicants ranged in ages from seven to seventeen.

"Now I am going after their parents. You see, most of the mountain people have been baptized, but it seems that is as far as they ever got with their religion. The result is that they returned to their pagan superstitions. Oh, they all believe in God, but they keep their superstitions. Most of them get married according to the Bukidnon rite. Very few of these ever come to the priest to have the marriage blessed and revalidated. So I say I am going after them. How? By starting a sewing class for adult mountain women only. That widow I mentioned above is the daughter of the former President, and so has much prestige. They will not be afraid to go to her house. Besides teaching them sewing, the lady will also teach them their catechism. In this way I hope to have some of them at least make their first Holy Communion and get married properly. We have one sewing machine up in the mountains now. I am trying to get me a few more. It is very hard to get in touch with the mountain people. For most of the week they are out in their *lugar* (farm) working. They come into the Centro, Claveria, over the week-end. So our classes will have to be on Fridays and Saturdays. Then the catechist will also try to get them to go to the church in Claveria and attend the rosary and get some instruction afterwards. Pray that we succeed in this project. It will be an advance.

"These past few months I have had

many sick calls, and very edifying ones. The sick would receive our good Lord in Holy Viaticum, answer all the prayers for the dying, and then just leave us without a murmur. It is marvelous to hear the old sick saying as I am about to place the Sacred Host on their tongues: '*Ginoo ko Dios ko*' ('My Lord and my God') or '*Dili ako tacus* (I am not worthy). *Pasay-loon mo a ko* (Forgive me)'."

* * *

Father Joseph Lucas, S.J., veteran of the Mindanao missions, after spending some months in the United States, is back again on the missions and in the full swing of work. He sends a few hurried lines from Jimenez.

"Since my hasty departure from the States, I have had a varied existence. For the most part, our sea voyage was extremely rough. I said my three Masses on Christmas morn trying to keep step with a typhoon that rocked our giant liner like a baby's cradle. Japan and China held little interest for me this trip, despite the fact that war clouds hovered over us. Immediately on my arrival in Manila, I was given the assignment of historian for the Mindanao missions, the history to be written within four months. I thought it well to visit all the missions, and seek out documents, together with outstanding events, stories and anecdotes.

"I had finished the first leg of my mission journey, visiting Oriental Misamis, Lanao and Bukidnon. Arriving in Occidental Misamis I found the Superior, Father James G. Daly, S.J., seriously ill, and very weak from bacillary dysentery. I stayed to minister to him, and two days later he passed away, dying a beautiful death, sincerely mourned by his Catholic flock, and non-Catholics who loved him for his deep sanctity, gentle bearing, unassuming manner, and tender love for his people. Since no one else was free to carry on the work, I was appointed, temporarily, Pastor of Jimenez, Superior of Occidental Misamis and Vicar Forane of the Cagayan Diocese: so here I'll be, to all appearances, for some time to come."

JAMAICA, B. W. I.

Filled with a truly apostolic missionary spirit, Father James M. Harney, S.J., refuses to be downed. Here is his latest report from St. Helen's Rectory, Linstead, Jamaica, B. W. I.:

"I am feeling fine again and hope to be in the best of shape to start my building campaign in July. The people are gathering and breaking stones at Donnington and are cooperating nicely. If I can raise one-half the cost for the new teachers' cottage and new school, I feel sure the Department of Education will give me the other half in July. The present teachers' cottage is much too small for the present staff of teachers and I am expecting another teacher soon, so the first thing on the building program must be a new cot-

tage for the teachers. As we are right out in the bush there is no place nearby to lodge them. However, I must build the school immediately after finishing the cottage and I would like to build both at the same time. The school is so crowded now that many of the little pickneys are sitting on the floor."

* * *

From Mandeville, Jamaica, B. W. I., comes word that the "Master Builder," Father Joseph F. Ford, S.J., is again launching construction work.

"I am writing to thank you for your timely help, as it came just as I was getting ready to entertain my priestly brother, Father Martin Ford, C.P., here on a silver priestly jubilee trip. He is sailing in a few days, deeply impressed with the scenery, as well as the spiritual work being done.

"I am getting ready to build another church at a place called Chapelton, having just received the title to the land. It will be very small, twenty by thirty, but small as it is, I must throw myself on some one's mercy before finishing it. I know you will help it with your prayers. I am also venturing something new in the nature of three parochial schools and the necessary quarters for teachers. I have one going here, and I plan to open another at Christiana and at Vere, when I complete the combination garage and cottage."

* * *

In a later letter, Father Ford tells of launching the work at Chapelton.

"Last week I started my fourteenth church at a place called Chapelton. I



Daniel F. X. Corbett, S.J., of the Bronx, New York City, who has just completed his studies at the Novitiate of St. Isaac Jogues, Wernersville, Pa., sails from Vancouver on June 7, for further studies and missionary work in the Philippine Islands.



Edgar A. Martin, S.J., of Brooklyn, N. Y., who has just completed his studies at St. Andrew-on-Hudson, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., sails from Vancouver on June 7, for further studies and missionary work in the Philippine Islands.

was able to start, as I received all the hard wood, necessary for the framework, as a gift; and now I will have to pick my way very carefully for the labor money. With experience such as mine behind me, I have gone through all the vicissitudes of building, but the cold fact still remains that money is the real worry. The people concerned are collecting and I expect some other help, but as I still owe a little on my last chapel, I have to go slowly."

* * *

Just to show that years in the bush do not dull a missionary's sense of humor, we quote some verses sent us by Father William F. McHale, S.J., smiling Pastor of the Mission of Our Lady of Lourdes at Morant Bay, Jamaica, B. W. I.:

My Celluloid Collar

How dear to my heart is my travel equipment

In sunny Jamaica the scene of my toil;
My sun-glasses, duster, my bags and my helmet

And the ever stiff collar encircling my neck.

Chorus

My celluloid collar, my durable collar,
My never-say-die collar circling my neck.

When out on a journey over mountain and river

My other equipment gets worse for the wear;

My clothing is wilted with much perspiration,

But that celluloid collar is still spic and span.

When sometimes with labor my bones are full weary,
Bills high, money low, Satan restless and strong,
When with troubles of life my poor backbone is wilted,
The morale of my collar just puts me to shame.

Those fresh-laundered linen creations can't take it,
So don't be surprised if I cast them aside.

With the minimum care I get maximum wear;
I wish I could stand up and take it as well.

The celluloid collar once had a slight weakness,
The holes for the buttons would sometimes give way;
But Bohne invented a wonderful patent
And now the whole collar is hundred per cent.

BRITISH HONDURAS

Readers will remember the special article in JESUIT MISSIONS for February which dealt with the destruction of the Catholic church at Benque Viejo, British Honduras. Through JESUIT MISSIONS, Father Anthony R. Kuenzel, S.J., received some help but, of course, not nearly enough to guarantee the reconstruction of a church which would cost at least ten thousand dollars. He is still badly in need of thousands of dollars. His own native Catholics are trying at the present time to raise at least some money by the sale of chicle from which chewing gum is made. The chicle contractors of British Honduras have offered the native *chicleros* the privilege to draw one *quintal*, that is, one hundred pounds, in behalf of the church. This they can sell at market prices and turn over the proceeds to the church fund. If all the *chicleros* come through on this, the Mission may receive upwards of two thousand dollars, though it will still leave them thousands of dollars short of their ultimate goal. However, it is heartening to see the natives do their bit to help on the cause even though they have no ready cash.

PATNA, INDIA

Letters from Father Charles P. Miller S.J., have been far too infrequent of recent years. However, in spite of the fact that he did not get to write many letters, he is still going strong at Catholic Mission, Gajhi, Chakai P. O., Via Simultala, Monghyr District, India. The first portion of his letter was written from Calicut, which he visited after the National Eucharistic Congress of Madras. The second portion was written from Gajhi:

"Patience is a great virtue and you are to be congratulated on having such a generous share of it.

"Your good letter of November 23,

reached me just before Christmas. What a welcome letter it was! Always a 'token' of good will to be found in your letters, though the good Lord knows I do not deserve it. I am taking care of the Masses and have sent the donor a letter of thanks.

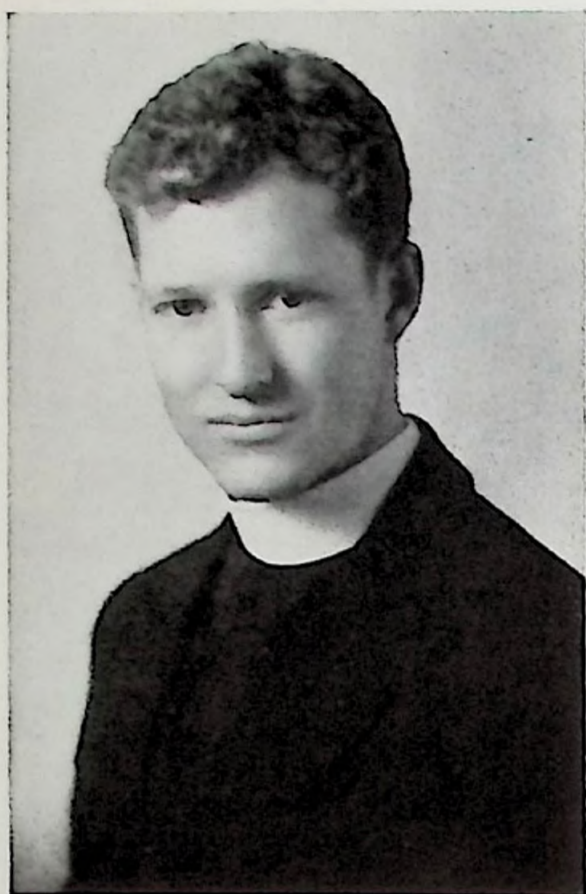
"I was touring my Mission before Christmas. I returned on the twenty-third, evening. The twenty-fourth and twenty-fifth were like the movie of a nightmare. Imagine turning a collection of mud huts into a hotel to accommodate food and lodging for nearly five hundred men, women and children! It all has to be done in less than twenty-four hours. To add to the difficulty of the situation, I was obliged to leave Christmas afternoon for the railway station in order to catch a train for Calcutta and make connections for Madras where the National Eucharistic Congress was to be held.

"It began the evening of the twenty-eighth when a large crowd assembled at the Central Station in Madras to welcome the Apostolic Delegate on his arrival. I sent you all the accounts as printed in the *Madras Mail* and the *New Leader*. These accounts were well written up. I had intended 'covering' the story for you, but I could not improve on the papers, so I sent you the papers.

"It was a wonderful demonstration of Catholicity although it was a purely national affair. India sees that if she is to realize her political aspirations, she must have unity—unity of thought, of action, founded on, proceeding from unity of purpose. The National Eucharistic Congress showed her how



John A. Nicholson, S.J., of Syracuse, N. Y., who has just completed his studies at St. Andrew-on-Hudson, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., sails from Vancouver on June 7, for further studies and missionary work in the Philippine Islands.



James B. Reuter, S.J., of Elizabeth, N. J., who has just completed his studies at the Novitiate of St. Isaac Jogues, Wernersville, Pa., sails from Vancouver on June 7, for further studies and missionary work in the Philippine Islands.

to achieve unity despite the diversity of her peoples and their languages. Let there be unity proceeding from subjection to the yoke of Christ and there will be unity proceeding from the charity of Christ which distinguishes neither Jew nor Gentile, Greek nor Roman. For there were assembled at the religious Congress, bishops and priests and organizations of men and women, representing almost every country of Europe and certainly every province of India. . . .

"That is as far as I got at Calicut. My letter was interrupted by a salesman. I was writing in the waiting room of the railway station—waiting for a train that was two hours late. This salesman turned out to be a Catholic and by the grace of God he accompanied me to the next halt and there he was all 'fixed up.'

"Well, after the Congress I toured some of the South India missions. News reporters seem to be able to write anywhere. I fear I would never make a reporter. You, no doubt, were convinced of that long ago!

"I returned to Gajhi on January 20, and Christmas mail and a month's neglected work were waiting for me. Marriages, Baptisms, funerals, the routine work of the ministry, and on top of that, a village of Mussahars urgently requested Baptism. I had been putting them off for months.

"I garnered ninety-one from that one village. Mussahar means 'rat catcher.' He is an Untouchable, a fine man, who owns nothing but his skin and what is inside it, and works as a serf on the estates of others.

"Several more villages of Mussahars are getting ready.

"Then came your fine letter, plus a check. Ninety-one Baptisms at one time (four days' work), plus that check, nearly gave me apoplexy, and I resolved more than ever that JESUIT MISSIONS shall have an article. You almost got it by this mail. On Tuesday I returned by motor bike from a station thirty miles away. I was racing a storm and lost by half a mile, so I got soaked. I had changed my clothes and as the storm promised an undisturbed evening, I said, 'Here goes an article.' But at seven o'clock came two men with an urgent sick call. I accompanied them one and a half miles in the face of a howling rainstorm, across open country,—no roads. I got home at nine forty-five, so cold that I could not eat.

"By the way, I have purchased a second-hand Indian Scout motorcycle, twin-cylinder. But I have no instruction book for it. Could you please send me one *quam primum*? That is why I sent this by Air Mail."

* * *

Father Aloysius S. Pettit, S.J., is working among the Doms of Patna Mission. Under date of February 18, he writes from Catholic Mission, Chainpatia P. O., Champaran, India:

"Yours of the twenty-first has arrived safely. These little, almost weekly remittances of yours, go a long way to keep the Dom mill grinding. Indeed, if I were not afraid of a dearth of the wherewithal, I'd go in for more catechists, and keep 'em all hopping. For when one tries to spend nearly a week in one center, and the centers just seem to grow of themselves, the amount of work in attending to the Doms of Champaran begins to look formidable. At present I have rendezvous in Chakni, Ramnaga, Narkatiagnj, Sikta, Chainpatia, Lauriya, Chuhari, Dosaiya, Sugauli, Ghyree; and am looking for a foothold in Ramgarhwa and Araraj and Motihari; and by that time will be seeing other localities where one would have a good chance for a week's 'conversation' with Doms. As it is, I take nearly all of my catechists with me everywhere I go, for I can generally give them plenty of work in helping with the instruction of the people who come to any one center. If I had more I could have them canvassing on ahead of me, preparing for more meetings. And I am 'faithless' in this that I would like to see my way ahead financially for at least a few months before I take a new man on at a monthly wage, however small it may be. One meeting costs me about fifteen dollars.

"My last meeting (just over) was a bit peculiar. I had gone to entirely new territory, on the very border of Nepal, the forbidden kingdom. My camp was in an orchard—no fruit at this time of the year!—The orchard belonged to a Mohammedan, who

helped me in every way, in putting up our grass houses, furnishing materials free, or at very low cost, giving much of my own food, even in going about in the villages to urge the Doms to come. For he was a big land-owner and had influence. He came, too, into the meeting itself, twice, to urge upon the people that they give careful heed to what they were being taught—that it was for their best good, etc., almost like a catechist should be, was he. It is seldom that we get help from the outside like that.

"The other side, that the Arya Samajh people should come in, as they did, and try to seduce our listeners to run away—that is ordinary. In these days of political unrest our helpers over here are few outside of our own people; there are many to obstruct our work. And yet it goes on, quietly, unobtrusively, persistently,—the Gospel has not lost its force."

IRAQ

Father Joseph P. Merrick, S.J., of Baghdad College, Iraq, makes a report of Christmas activities in Baghdad:

"At Christmas time I visited many families of the poorest Catholics and distributed little gifts as if from you and gave them your loving greetings. Next year I plan to teach them some English and Arabic Christmas hymns and we will go from house to house singing them. The English songs will be your message to them and the Arabic their message to you. I love to visit them and they love to have me come, even when I haven't anything to give, for they are really very good."



Edward P. Sullivan, S.J., of Pittsburgh, Pa., who has just completed his studies at the Novitiate of St. Isaac Jogues, Wernersville, Pa., sails from Vancouver on June 7, for further studies and missionary work in the Philippine Islands.

COMMUNICATIONS

The Editor will welcome your communication on any topic connected with JESUIT MISSIONS and Jesuit Missionaries.

Friends of the Little Flower

To the Editor:

After reading in the February issue of JESUIT MISSIONS of the terrible fire that completely destroyed the church at Benque Viejo, British Honduras, I was very much impressed with the spirit in which Father Anthony R. Kuenzel, S.J., wrote, saying he knew there were good souls who were willing to make sacrifices for Christ the King, and, especially, when he said he was invoking the intercession of St. Theresa, the Little Flower of Jesus, for the necessary funds to help rebuild his church. In the name of the Little Flower, I would like to contribute one dollar to that fund. I have long been a client of her's and I am sure she will not let Father A. Kuenzel's appeal go unheeded, especially in the noble work of rebuilding the church for its former parishioners.

I have been a patient in this hospital for six years, ill with a nervous breakdown. I receive JESUIT MISSIONS every month here through the kindness of an attendant, and nothing gives me a deeper thrill than to help the missions either by prayers or almsgiving. May I add that the enclosed dollar was raised by laying aside a nickel or a dime as I would get it. You may publish this letter in your issue, as it may be an inspiration for others to donate for this cause.

Philadelphia, Pa.

Elizabeth Cooney.

To the Editor:

Since I do not have any brothers, uncles or cousins, etc., in India, I feel free to talk of Patna Mission, knowing that I am not boosting home stock. I might even add that there are no Jesuits in this smoky city of ours. Quoting a native Patna Jesuit . . . "Your interest in the Patna missions is a special gift from God, for which you should always thank Him."

There are, I think 47 American Jesuits in India—some are out on the missions, others teaching, studying, etc. At the present time there are wonderful opportunities in India for thousands of conversions, but the Patna Jesuits need men, money and prayers. No matter how little you send these Jesuits, they will shower you with spiritual help in return. It might be well here to quote from a recent letter, and show what even *one dollar* a year does for the sender. A few years ago I had the happiness of meeting a young Jesuit in Chicago just shortly before he sailed for India. Since that time I have, each year, sent him a Christmas card, and enclosed a dollar. When he wrote his thanks this year he had this to say—"You know several months ago I had a little shock regarding you, but it soon passed off and you were the gainer of a few prayers. In the Chicago Propagation of the Faith notices I read of the death of a Mrs. . . . It seemed queer coming from Chicago, but then I was not going to take any chances so I added a few extra prayers for you just in case . . ." A Jesuit praying for me . . . and adding a few extra prayers . . . and all this because I send him a dollar at Christmas time!

If by this letter I could touch the heart-strings of some interested person, I would suggest that you get in touch with one of the Patna Jesuits and send him a dollar a month (more if possible!) and then sit back and enjoy, in a spiritual way, all the prayers etc. that he will offer for you. Perhaps a daily remembrance in his Mass . . . and what day passes that we do not ask God's help? Isn't it an added asset to know that a priest of God has already asked God to help you that very day? Your dollar will do much . . . it will bring great joy to the missionary's heart, a two-fold joy; the joy of knowing you are backing him up in his work for God, and the joy of the number of souls your donation will help save. One might even send his or her donation to a young Jesuit now in his studies—follow him through his teaching period; his days in the Seminary, etc.—know the joy that is his on his Ordination day, the day of his first holy Mass, and secure for yourself a share in these. Then follow this same Jesuit through his years of work in the missions of Patna, India . . . and, as time goes on, God, through this holy priest you have been helping, will fill your own heart to overflowing with spiritual happiness. And, long after you are dead, prayers will still be said in Patna for your soul.

I would make an appeal to all lovers of the Little Flower; herself the Patroness of the Missions. If several hundred persons would interest themselves in the Patna missions, and each would send a dollar a month . . . just think of the happiness this would bring! To God, Himself; to the Little Flower; to the Patna

Jesuits; and to thousands of converts in pagan India. Why not start sending "a-dollar-a-month to Patna, India" . . . it is less than 25 cents per week. Surely we can give this amount to God's missions?

Anyone reading this letter, and interested, can secure the name or names of American or native Jesuits in Patna, India, by writing to Father Kilian, S.J., whose address you will find listed in JESUIT MISSIONS.

Pittsburgh, Pa.

A Pittsburgh Patnaite.

The sentiments of "A Pittsburgh Patnaite" are the sentiments that could be and have been expressed by residents of other cities who have no relations amongst the Jesuits, and whose cities harbor no Jesuits. They too have styled themselves "—ites" of Alaska, the Philippines, China, British Honduras, Jamaica, the Indians, etc. They heartily endorse, as do the Editors of JESUIT MISSIONS, the suggestion of sending "a-dollar-a-month" to the various missionaries. Those who may wish to start such a campaign for the other American Jesuit missionaries can secure their names and addresses from the Mission Procurators, listed on page 141 of this issue, or from the office of JESUIT MISSIONS.—Editor.

Peter Claver, Fifty Years a Saint

To the Editor:

As we are celebrating this year the Golden Jubilee of the canonization of St. Peter Claver, it is an opportune time to make known this great Saint and Apostle of the Negroes, who, heretofore, has not been well known or appreciated.

We are sending you a copy of his life by Rev. Anthony Astrain, S.J., and we trust that you will help us to spread devotion to this great Jesuit Saint by an order for a number of copies to distribute to friends or to put in your church book rack.

3624 West Pine Blvd., Sodality of St. Peter Claver
St. Louis, Mo. for the African Missions

It is a pleasure to recommend to our readers the sketch of the life of St. Peter Claver as translated from the Spanish of Father Astrain. The booklet is interesting, well illustrated and—perhaps for many of our readers—best of all, inexpensive. Its price is but ten cents the copy, postpaid. Our Canadian readers may order their copies from Rev. Mother Prioress, Monastery of the Good Shepherd, Halifax, N. S., Canada.—Editor.

Help That Is Appreciated

To the Editor:

Pax Christi. Best wishes for a happy, joyous Easter to you and your fellow-workers, from the Juniors at Florissant.

As you perhaps know, we have a mission club, "The Berchmans Mission Academy." One of the few things that we are able to do for our missionaries is to pray for them, and so each month we offer a spiritual bouquet of Masses, Holy Communions, and Rosaries for one of the missions of the American and Canadian provinces.

Because we feel that your work on JESUIT MISSIONS is really a missionary work, though far removed from the field of action and the consolations of the ministry, we have offered eighty-seven Masses, Holy Communions, and Rosaries for the JESUIT MISSIONS Staff.

May God bless you and your work for the missions.
St. Stanislaus Seminary, Berchmans Mission Academy
Florissant, Mo. Per William Van Roo, S.J.

"Discontinue Sending JESUIT MISSIONS"

To the Editor:

You surely deserve patience for having for so long a time put up with this backslider.

Perhaps you will be surprised to learn that I am not a subscriber. Some kindly disposed person doubtless sent in my name and I do hope, paid for JESUIT MISSIONS in advance.

When I received the magazine for the first time a letter came with it—I forgot from whom—stating that I was to receive it for a year. I was very happy, for I really enjoy its every page. Another Sister who is or "was" here, and who, I trust, was a genuine subscriber used to pass her magazine around and thus I used to get an occasional glimpse into its interesting pages.

I must now ask you to discontinue sending me JESUIT MISSIONS, for I cannot afford to pay for it and I am loth to have you be a loser on my account.

I thank you most sincerely for having given me a special memento in your Mass on Low Sunday, and I pray that you may gain many "true blue" subscribers in return for your kindness to me. By the way, Mary is not my name though I wish it were.

Seattle, Wash.

Sister Edouardine Pepin

Kan-yu

Louis
Hermand, S.J.

This article is of particular interest to American Readers because it deals with a mission territory—Haichow—where the California Jesuits have begun work of recent years. At present, Father Charles D. Simons, S.J., and Father Mark A. Falvey, S.J., are engaged in this new sector, and their address is Catholic Mission, Shuyang, Ku., China.—*Editor.*

KAN-YU? What is it and where? It is one of the sixty sub-prefectures or administrative divisions of the province of Kiang Su, China. At the north it is bounded by the Yellow Sea and the province of Shantung. Its population has been cited at 400,000 inhabitants, but this seems to be quite exaggerated. I would quote it at about 370,000, for there are vast regions uninhabited, due to the flat lands and barren country in the south. Hills and mountains range to the north, and along the eastern coast are many sandy stretches. Down from the northland of Shantung come four rivers, singularly fertile even though their frequent floods are full of the washed-away sand lands. The territory which these rivers enrich is the site of the most well-to-do land owners of the province. They give the impression of enjoying an ease most uncommon in the neighboring countries.

The natives for the most part have the reputation of being a bit "savage," but I can hardly agree with that more or less rash judgment. Since I have met them I have not noticed this characteristic. On the contrary, I have found them very simple and congenial in the rural districts, and in the villages, most agreeable; everywhere, considerate. The manners in Kan-yu are no less civilized than those in the bordering regions. The only difficulty I have arises from the intricacies of their peculiar dialect. Their utterly unusual use of what would be our "i" slows me up to a standstill. Though I have to hand it to them for their ingenuity, I must admit that it is not a case of "the hand being quicker than the 'i'!"

In many parts of the country they extensively cultivate dry rice. No irrigation whatsoever is used, and yet the product is of good quality. There is fine wheat also growing in the plains. Few fields are arid in Kan-yu.

YET, truly, it is not a celestial paradise and I would not recommend my Kan-yu to any travelers seeking delightful sites. A variety of scenery, however, is offered here. From the swampy lands off the coast you pass suddenly into the little Saharas of sand, from which you begin to climb to the now looming hills, and then to walk along plateaus, all deserted and full of gorges—a land with something of the wilderness and desolation that was the delight of St. John the Baptist. And scattered throughout this varied country are little valleys, fertile and shaded by clusters of bamboo trees. These are not to be found in the southern provinces.

In this land of Kan-yu there were but eighty baptized natives up to 1935. Why so few? Because it has never been evangelized. This is due mainly to its great distance from the mission center of Shanghai, whence the missionaries journey to the outlying districts. Again, it is without means of communication. Yet, it was the scene



A French Jesuit missionary of northern Kiang Su, China.

of many missionary endeavors in the past. First, by a Father Gain in 1883, and in 1886, by Monsignor Anzer of the Fathers of the Divine Word. The latter mentioned that he was convinced that the peoples of Haichow and Kan-yu were very well disposed and more ready than others for the word of God. He and his Superior, Monsignor Garnier, regretted sadly that they had no laborers whom they might send into such rich harvest. Twelve years later, in the extreme north, and almost at Shantung, some families went themselves to the missionaries of the Divine Word for Christian training. One of this group went in 1901 to obtain a missioner from Kiang Su, the mission site nearest to Yaowan. A French Father went back with him, but his mission was soon after made impossible by many circumstances.

BUT poor Kan-yu was unfortunate. The eternal history everywhere in the missions, the story of the paralytic who had no one to help him to the saving waters. It was not that the French Mission in China did not try to supply a man. Father Boucher was sent to Shuyang in 1905, and from there he was to open successfully Haichow and Kan-yu. He had just turned his steps to the former when he was recalled to Japan to found the University of Tokyo. This was in 1907 and it was not until seventeen years later that he was replaced. I was given the task in 1924, and have been at it ever since. The story of my experiences would take more space than is available here, and we must omit it for the present.

Soon, however, this cherished life will end for me. Soon I shall give these missionary fields to the Jesuits of California. Their many enthusiastic aspirants to these lands where God's word is beginning to flourish will carry on the work splendidly. (Turn to page 168)

Deep Down South

Michael B.
Majoli, S.J.

NO, "Toots" is not an out-of-date horn which tooted gaily from the slow-moving vehicles of the late 'nineties. He is one of the seventy thousand Colored Catholics who dwell in the Lafayette Diocese, deep down South, not very far from the famed Delta of Old Man River. I have known "Toots" for quite a while, but it was only recently that I made a close study of him.

I had read several stories about the Southern Darky a few months back, and I was so favorably impressed by the habits of life of the Dixie Negro that I was curious to know if the Negroes of the Evangeline country were possessed of the traits attributed to other Southern Darkies. And indeed I found most of them in "Toots," the first object of my study—the familiar dialect, care-free laughter, weakness for watermelon, good humor, and all. But the trait that impressed me most was one I had not even come to find—his sturdy Catholicity. "Toots" was a Catholic through and through. At work, in conversation, or at the baseball diamond, where he keeps order by the mere threat of his two hundred pounds of muscle and a huge bludgeon, "Toots" presents a fine specimen of the Catholic Negro of the far South.

His devotion to Christ in the Eucharist, the exemplary manner by which he rules over his large, thriving family, and the great influence he exercises over his Colored fellow Catholics all deeply impressed me, as did the just pride he takes in the fact that a brother of his is studying for the priesthood at St. Augustine's Seminary, Bay St. Louis, Mississippi.

Indeed, I went to learn about the Southern Darky, and returned with admiration for the Southern Catholic Negro.

BUT then I wondered if maybe "Toots" were not an extraordinary exception to the general run of Catholic Negroes in this section. So I approached Father Cornelius Thensted, S.J., who is working exclusively among the three thousand two hundred Colored Catholics who dwell in and about Grand Coteau, Louisiana, and it is from him that I learned more about the Dixie Negro.

Beaming with enthusiasm for his flock, Father informed me that "Toots" was but a shining example of, and not exception to, the fine Catholics under his care.

Anxious to obtain some first hand information about this class of people, I prodded him with questions:

"What trait of theirs stands out most?" I asked.

His answer was prompt:

"Their spirit of sacrifice for their religion."

I said nothing, hoping he would continue. He did.

"Only last Sunday I picked up a Colored man on the way to my mission church at Bellevue, and rode him



"Toots" and "Ike"—fine examples of the Catholic Negro of the far South.

home. The distance was enormous. I learned from him that he had left his cabin at five o'clock that morning and had arrived a little late for the seven o'clock Mass at St. Peter Claver's Church (Grand Coteau)."

"Some walk, I'd say."

FATHER went on. "And when you consider that this man, who works in the fields all week, gives up five hours of his day of rest to hear Mass, and has to walk a great distance, poorly clad on cold dark mornings and over poor roads, you can readily see what spirit prompts him."

"Most of the parishioners at his mission church," he said, "congregated before six o'clock of a Sunday morning to confess and be ready to assist at the seven o'clock Mass."

"How often do they approach the sacraments, Father?"

"On Sundays, out of a congregation of two hundred and fifty (all that the church will accommodate), about seventy-five receive Communion. Last First Friday, there were one hundred and fifty-eight communicants.

"Their respect and love for the priest is noteworthy," he continued. "Every Sunday after Mass they always have some black coffee and bread or cake for the priest, although they themselves are still fasting. Never do I bring the sacraments to a home without being offered some bit of food as a mark of appreciation.

"And I must not forget their love for their church (the Mission Church, Christ the King, which was erected the past year). The men left their fields for days at a time to help erect it, and to paint and oil the woodwork. And every week four different women take turns in cleaning it."

"What are their living conditions?" I queried.

"Very poor. For the most part, one or two room shanties, poorly furnished, but extremely neat. They may have nothing but newspapers (Turn to page 168)

NEW BOOKS

Character Formation Bakewell Morrison, S.J.

Informative theses which aid in forming character will always be welcome publications, but the more so will this be true when the philosophy behind the thesis is the integrating philosophy of the true and complete Catholic life. Starting with a definition of character as life dominated by principles, the Author proceeds to consider the apparatus with which man has to work, namely, his faculties of soul and body, principles, rules, resolutions and ideals, habits, mental hygiene, free will and its sanctions, punishment and fear, as well as the ever popular endocrines. As the entire volume belongs properly to ethics, we rightly expect our Author to stress the right and the wrong in our free actions and to offer remedies, or better, preservatives for the right way in which to use our faculties. This is done excellently in the chapters on Sex and Breakdown respectively. He is no less practical and helpful in his treatment concerning Study, Play, Citizenship and Patriotism. Some years ago Catholic texts on character were largely discounted because of their academic method of treatment and their total failure to take cognizance of actual life or of the findings of science, particularly in the fields of physiology and medicine. The present volume capitalizes the latest research work in both of these fields and successfully integrates these findings with the only true philosophy for character training, a philosophy which we pray may one day lead the student to the only true theology of life.

The Bruce Publishing Company, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, \$1.85.

Blackrobe

Charles Corcoran, S.J.

It has been the personal experience of this writer that the history which he remembers most clearly and tenaciously is that which was presented to him in the form of historical novels. For when written, and this is to be presumed, from a background of rich and careful scientific research, by an Author of ability and sympathy, the past and its heroes can be made to live and move as of the vivid present. Such an historical novel is "Blackrobe," a most appropriate publication at this time in view of the tercentenary anniversary of the birth of Pere Marquette. The story is a happy blending of historical fact and novel probability. Lovers of Marquette who will be particularly sensitive to preserve the facts about their hero, need have no fear lest they be sacrificed for the sake of romance. The love idyl itself develops naturally from a carefully and cleverly constructed plot which sustains real interest and issues in a suspense finale that is handled with dramatic talent. May this volume of Father Corcoran's point the way for

other lovers of Marquette to go and write likewise. In no better way can the rich, colorful exploits of the early Catholic explorers of America be preserved for posterity or be vitalized for the present generation.

The Bruce Publishing Company, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, \$2.00.

Jesuitenorden und Weltmission Bernard Arens, S.J.

This book of 188 pages is really encyclopedic in character. Its Author is one of Europe's leading authorities on mission questions, and hence one is not surprised at the vast amount of historical and statistical information crowded into the book. From its very inception, the Society of Jesus has been markedly missionary in character and thousands of its members have spent their lives in foreign missions. That the Order today, four centuries after its foundation, looks upon missions as one of its greatest works is evidenced in the fact that about one in every eight Jesuits is on the missions; that is, of a total membership of 25,460, there are 3,484 on the missions.

Father Arens shows what this means in financial outlay and in the magnitude of the works carried on in various parts of the world. He proves clearly, too, that each of the Jesuit Provinces is fostering the mission spirit in its own territory besides caring for its own specific mission, for nearly every Province has a foreign mission to care for, in addition to the many educational and other manifold works it is devoted to at home. This mission interest at home is functioning in the conduct of apostolic schools, the publication of mission magazines, books and pamphlets, the organization of mission aid societies, mission campaigns in schools, etc. "Jesuitenorden und Weltmission" should prove to be an invaluable source book. It is to be hoped that before very long an English translation of the work will be undertaken.

Friedrich Pustet, Regensburg, Germany, 4.20 marks.

A Missionary in the Wynaad Gilbert Coelho, S.J.

An interesting booklet which tells the life story of Father John Coelho, S.J., a native of Mangalore, India, one of nine children given by his parents to the service of God. In his earlier years he had more than the ordinary share of infant maladies and courageously overcame all the handicaps of youth resulting from sickness. After having been ordained a secular priest, he was admitted to the Society of Jesus and in less than ten short years fulfilled a long life. His death came when he was forty-one, after two years of intense suffering from cancer. He was heroic in life and death and may well be an example to others aspiring to missionary life.

Students' Missionary League, St. Aloysius College, Mangalore, India, three annas.

A Hero of the Air E. G. Delpierre, S.J.

A hero of the air was as much a hero of Christian virtue and a true soldier of Christ. As an officer in the French Navy he had learned the value and need of discipline. The practices of discipline he applied to himself with the result that he rose above temptation, mastered himself and became an outstanding Catholic in the midst of companions whom the anti-clericalism of France had sought to rid of their faith. He was a Frenchman who put his faith before his patriotism. This brief sketch of his life is inspirational.

Catholic Truth Society, London, England, two pence.

Kateri Tekakwitha John J. Wynne, S.J.

A new edition of the life of the Lily of the Mohawks by the Vice-Postulator of her cause for beatification and canonization. One cannot but be impressed deeply, as the story of Kateri's life is unfolded, with the extraordinary workings of God's grace that a pagan girl could have lived for twenty years in the midst of the grossest Indian practices and could preserve her virtue unsullied. We do not wonder, then, when at last she was washed in the saving waters of Baptism, that in the full possession of grace, she made such strides in the practice of virtue. The reader feels a gratitude towards the author who has made a maiden of our own United States three hundred years ago, to live again for us in this twentieth century.

Tekakwitha League, New York, N. Y., twenty-five cents.

Priest and People Co-operate in Holy Mass

John J. Wynne, S.J.

An explanation, simple and convenient but none the less complete, of every act and prayer in the Mass. This explanation is given in connection with the Mass for the feast of the Holy Name of Jesus. The words of the Mass and the explanation are paralleled on opposite pages. A brief dictionary of terms used in the Mass or connected with it enhance the value of the pamphlet.

The Home Press, New York, N. Y., ten cents.

Mass of the Angels

A handy booklet with text in Latin and English and musical notations for all parts of the "Mass of the Angels," useful for the introduction of congregational singing of the Mass.

The Liturgical Press, Collegeville, Minn., five cents.

The Way of the Cross

A non-sentimental set of prayers, the Stations of the Cross garnered from the Mass for different feasts of the year and well adapted to the different Stations to which they are assigned.

The Liturgical Press, Collegeville, Minn., five cents.

WILD AND WOOLLY

(Continued from page 145)

to cook and to sew; to appreciate cleanliness and industry, and even the faint stirrings of genuine poise and culture. Among the Blackfeet the percentage of girls who within three months do not forget everything they learned at school is unusually high.

All these details of missionary success were probably not appreciated by those who visited the Mission on May 15. But long after the tom-toms are silent and the last Indian has vanished across a distant horizon, memories of this May day powwow will linger in the hearts of those who witnessed the dedication ceremonies. Indians bedecked with beads and bells, the stone school buildings, the nearby cottonwoods flanking the dark eddies of Two-Medicine Creek will be soon forgotten, but the unique "family spirit" of Holy Family will span the years and cheer the hearts for all time.

The Mission has a heart-tug, intangible, perhaps, and difficult to define, but unmistakably real and powerful. It is more than a frontier display of fellow-feeling. The Mission has deepened and purified the open-handed spirit of the West. A visitor feels not only welcome, but actually adopted into the family circle; incorporated into a great enterprise whose working principles and guiding beacons are generosity and cheerfulness and sincerity.

You are at the Mission only a few minutes before the little Indian boys are three on a hand, and nudging. Shortly after dawn, you and Father Prange are galloping across the prairies, sizing up water-holes, and taking a proprietary interest in short-horned steers. Father Kane, who the night before bumped sixty miles across the plains to meet your train and afterwards failed to give the matter a second thought, is ready to show you points of interest and relate tall tales of Blackfoot history. Father O'Grady, the game authority, will not only furnish you firearms, but tramp across the range to indicate various happy hunting grounds.

Undoubtedly, Holy Family Mission fills one with abiding memories of a strengthening benediction. This impression may be explained, in part, by the fact that the Mission has been so afflicted with hardships and blessed with genuine apostles, meriting the halo of God's special Providence, as it crossed the years in patience, in poverty, in suffering, prepared to welcome all, and to go out into the cold and darkness to aid others.

A WORKER OF THE VINEYARD

(Continued from page 152)

eral times a day," he replied.

Just like unto his Master! The Master prayed for His enemies; he prays for his enemy, the enemy of his Church.

Oh! If Mr. Calles could know this; that on the desk of his victim, to whom he has caused so much suffering, is his picture, and that his victim prays for him

several times a day! What a wonderful way of taking revenge and plotting against the Government!

His Excellency's exile has certainly been a great sorrow to him, but it was a great blessing for Guadalupe Mission, because the Archbishop is not only a great friend of Guadalupe, but actually is one of its workers. He is always ready to help. Several times he has administered Confirmations and has donated the offerings to Guadalupe. He preaches in our churches, hears confessions, attends our feasts, and cheers me up when I feel overburdened with the problems of the Mission. And when there is some financial entanglement in which some poor person is involved, then His Excellency comes to the rescue. When he comes to help, he takes his meals with us. His conversation is very interesting. He tells us about the experiences he has had in his Archdiocese, how in one day he confirmed about five thousand people, and how difficult it is to get from one place to another. He is a great friend.

On my return from Mexico, I was very glad to find out that His Excellency had not yet gone to Mexico. I went to pay him my respects. He told me that the Mexican Government had not yet given him permission to go back. Some very important legal point must have been raised on the subject. They are very scrupulous in the observance of the law down there. Meanwhile, Monsignor tells you the story of his application for permission to return to Mexico, tells you that he is waiting for an answer, and he has been waiting for a long time now, and then he smiles, good-humoredly, calmly, sweetly. In that smile you read a great story of love for his country, of resignation to God's Will, of hope for the future.

HOLY ROSARY TURNS GOLDEN

(Continued from page 155)

ever, a nervous official called for troops to suppress the supposed uprising. Hostilities did follow at the Wounded Knee Massacre. The "hostiles" then proceeded to burn buildings, steal cattle and murder. A bullet mark in an attic door is still a silent reminder of the engagement between the Indians and the United States troops. The eminent ethnologist, James Mooney, writes: "While the firing was going on at Wounded Knee and hundreds of furious warriors were firing into the agency, where the handful of Whites were shivering in spite of the presence of troops and police, these gentle women and the kindly old German priest (Father Jutz) were looking after the children, feeding the frightened, fugitive women, and tenderly caring for the wounded Indians who were being brought in from Wounded Knee and the agency. Throughout all these weeks of terror they went calmly about the duties to which they had consecrated their lives, and kept their little flock together and their school in operation, without the presence of a single soldier, completely cut off from the troops and the agency and surrounded by thousands

of wild Indians." The Indians, indeed, had been given a New Messiah Who taught them precious lessons in charity and gentleness.

Words cannot tell of all the devoted Brothers, Sisters, Scholastics and Priests who have given so many years of their lives to furthering the cause of Christ among these Sioux. Certainly the mere mention of the names of Fathers Jutz, Flor, Digmann, Bosch, Buechel, Schmitt, H. Grotegeers, L. Goll, A. Riestler, A. Keel, D. McNamara and the present Superior, Father M. A. Schiltz, will suggest the many spiritual and material difficulties which they as Superiors had to cope with. We can hardly know the many sacrifices which God accepted from the Mission. Father Bosch, Superior, fell from his horse, broke his leg and died a martyr of charity; Father Keel practically offered his life for Holy Rosary; Father Menne made a vow to offer his life if God would spare the Mission during the years of the influenza epidemic. The next year, 1919, he himself alone contracted the disease and died. Beloved Brother Pat was mangled in a huge wheel at the powerhouse and died, as a young, strong and very capable Brother—an immense loss to the Mission. Mother Koska, the first Superioress, was a true pioneer and remained till death at Holy Rosary. The cataloguing might go on and still we would only touch the surface of the unostentatious and heroic lives of the faithful Brothers and Sisters. Indeed, many interesting happenings and personages such as Fathers Perrig, Lindebner and Westropp must be sacrificed in an article like this.

But we should fail to tell of an unique feature of this Golden Jubilee were we to ignore Brother Henry Billing, S.J. How uncommon it is that one of the original founders of an institution lives to see its fiftieth anniversary! Yet this is the experience of this faithful Brother. For fifty-two years he has been associated with the mission field in South Dakota. We have already seen that he arrived with Father Jutz on that first day of the Mission's history. Since that time he has been occupied with almost every trade which you wish to mention. For twenty-seven or more years, Brother Billing managed the Mission ranch, and while there received the name which he is commonly known by. Brother had taken special interest in an Indian boy who died in his early teens. In Indian fashion, the mother of the boy adopted Brother Billing. From then on, his Indian name was Good Horse. At present he is a tall, stately man with a noble bearing, whose hair and long whiskers are snow white. His contagious smile, good humor and perennial cheerfulness are infectious to all around him. Old age has crept upon him gracefully, leaving all the sterling qualities of his character mellowed and chastened by the years. Good Horse is but one of that long list of faithful Brothers who have given so many years of their valuable work to help bring Christ into the hearts of the Sioux.

In this account we tried to look back and view the original purpose of Holy Rosary. Humbly we can say that for fifty years this Mission has endeavored to fulfill the role given to it by Divine Providence, namely, that of bringing the New Messiah into the lives of thousands of Sioux. May these same Sioux and the many zealous priests and Religious who have glorified this first half century plead before the throne of God that Holy Rosary may continue, despite all vicissitudes, in its Christlike mission.

KAN-YU

(Continued from page 164)

Already, two of them, Father Charles D. Simons, S.J., and Father Mark Falvey, S.J., are doing great things in one of the districts of this Mission, and I trust that from year to year the zealous contingent of American Fathers will constantly increase so that a huge harvest may be reaped. Then, I will gladly be able to say my "Nunc Dimittis."

DEEP DOWN SOUTH

(Continued from page 165)

with which to cover the walls, but their dwellings are always very clean."

"How do they earn their living?"

"By tilling the fields. Most of them work as share-croppers. They are extremely poor, but despite their penury, like the widow of old, they generously contribute their mite."

I still had one question left.

"What are you doing to convert the forty-five thousand non-Catholics in this Diocese?"

"I expect the best results from my own people's good example. So I am concentrating on a two-fold plan."

"And that is—?"

"Retreat and catechetical work. Last year I gave retreats to one thousand three hundred and forty persons, about sixty per cent of those who could possibly have attended. More than half of the adults of the parish were in that number."

There was no need for me to ask him about his catechetical work, for I am well acquainted with it. He has fifteen Jesuit Scholastics teaching catechism at four different catechetical stations, each one having about thirty pupils in his class. Father says Mass at a fifth station, Prairie Basse, but there is no catechizing done there. I asked him the reason for this.

"We have no way of transporting the Scholastics thither."

"You have a car," I replied.

He laughed rather heartily and then said:

"Surely, but unfortunately, it can go in but one direction, and besides, five Scholastics seem to fill it up rather easily."

"Why couldn't they go in buggies or on bikes?"

"They would—if they had them."

Taking my leave of Father, I departed with mingled feelings. It was saddening to realize that in this great twentieth

century of progress, when transportation is such a great aid to business and politics and to their plans that shape nations' destinies, Christ's Kingdom and His plans that also shape the destinies of nations should be hampered by lack of it. But hopefully I uttered the prayer that God, Who sends forth laborers into His harvest, would send them more bounteously the means by which they might labor—even if it were but an old discarded two-seater bicycle of the days of "Daisy."

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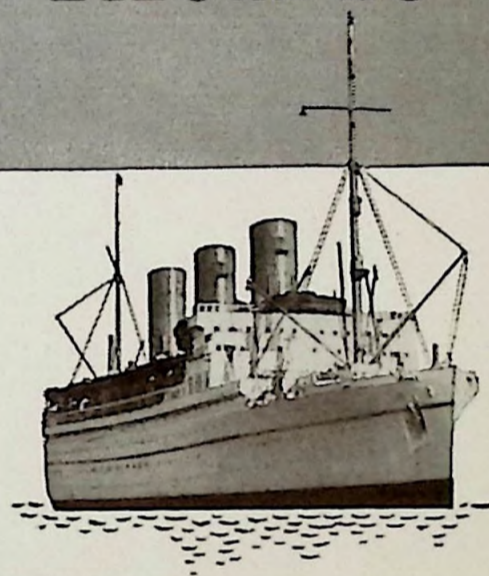
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