

DIVIDENDS OF CHARITY

Very often, appeals for the missions are based on the physical hardships that must be borne by the missionaries in their quest for souls. In the present instance may we all be refreshed by a story of what past charity has done and be encouraged by the hope that charity in the future will accomplish as much and more. This is the story of the Jesuits of the Missouri Province whose missions are in British Honduras and amongst the Indians in South Dakota. Their Mission Procurator writes:

"In 1823 seven Jesuits built a little log cabin which served as Seminary and Church. From that small seed has grown the Missouri Province of today with its 916 Jesuits of whom 93 are engaged actively on the missions. These missions, in British Honduras and among the Indians and Negroes within the Province, need many more men and require about \$300,000 annually, a far cry from log cabin days. But the spiritual activity of past years in the missions gives some idea of the reward that awaits those who help financially "where the laborers are few." Here is the record of our missionaries:

<i>over 1,500,000 Holy Communions</i>	<i>over 3,900 Baptisms</i>
<i>over 28,000 Visits to the Sick</i>	<i>over 1,100 Marriages</i>
<i>over 845,000 Confessions heard</i>	<i>over 900 Adult Conversions</i>
<i>over 25,000 Sermons and instructions</i>	<i>over 2,900 First Communions</i>

Spiritual records such as Father Erbacher reports can be duplicated for all the missions of the American Jesuits. And all of these missionaries desire that the reward for their spiritual works be shared by those whose financial help has made those works possible. Won't you seek to share in that reward. Please send your money gift for the American Jesuit missionaries to one of the Procurators here listed or to JESUIT MISSIONS, 257 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Just mark your gift — FOR DIVIDENDS OF CHARITY

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How the White Lady
of Tong Lu Became
Our Lady of China.

"A beautiful picture was designed by adopting the queenly dress of the Empress Dowager, and substituting for her face a beautiful one, that of the Queen of China. This portrait known as 'Our Lady of Tong Lu' was finally adopted as 'Our Lady of China.' It is this picture that we may see in many Christian homes today." (See *The White Lady of Tong Lu*, page 116.)

EDITORIALS

A MISSION-MINDED MOTHER

IN announcing the imminent departure of Father Charles Scott, S.J., to the Patna Mission in India, we have already called attention to the rather unusual fact that on his arrival there he will be welcomed by his two brothers, Father Edward and Father Francis Xavier Scott, S.J., both missionaries in Patna. But a still more remarkable story remains to be told about these three missionary brothers. And the month of May is the time to tell it, because it concerns a woman—the mother of the Scotts.

The story begins several decades ago. Its chief character is this mother who has four sons and a really great interest in and love of the foreign missions. According to her means, she contributed most generously to the cause of extending the Kingdom of Christ in far-off lands, and she continued to do so even after her husband's death, although this meant a heavy drain on her meager resources.

Her reward? One by one she had the joy of seeing her sons—all four of them—enter the Society of Jesus. She herself, then entered Religion, becoming Sister Mary Ignatia of the Visitation Order. When her fourth son, Joseph, was ordained in 1925, Sister Ignatia had the great happiness of seeing all four of her sons at the altar in a Solemn High Mass in the Convent Chapel at Elfindale.

This mission-minded mother's prayer and hope had always been that at least one of her sons might be sent to the foreign missions. In 1930 this prayer was answered with the departure of Father Edward to the Patna Mission. Her words of farewell to him, at the close of what she felt would be their last meeting on earth, are classical: "My child, I did all in my power to bring you up a good Catholic. I have ever held up before you the ideal of the priesthood and the missionary. Go now, and do God's work in the field to which He has called you. And remember, never, never let your thought of me or your love of me interfere with your work for souls, or cause you to waver in your purpose or your sacrifice. Go now, and God bless and keep you."

A year later, Sister Mary Ignatia Scott died at the age of seventy-seven, after having spent twenty years in Religion. But the story does not end here. Six months after her death, another son, Father Francis

Xavier Scott, S. J., departed for the Patna Mission. And now a third son, Father Charles Scott, S.J., is about to sail for the same mission.

Will all four of her boys end their days in the Patna Mission? We can be sure that this is the prayer of this mission-minded mother.

MOTHER OF ALL

THOSE who love Our Blessed Lady take great pleasure in realizing how many millions of people throughout the world there are who also love and honor her as we do. We are particularly pleased to see this love and honor given by people so unlike ourselves in appearance and habits and in nationality. Eskimos, Chinese, Japanese, Indians, strange looking natives of Africa and Asia—all have their quaint and charming acts of devotion to the Mother of Christ, different from ours, yet the same, because to them, as to us, she is "Our Mother."

Dying on the Cross with His arms outstretched to embrace all people, the Son of Mary spoke these beautiful words recorded by St. John who actually heard them: "*Woman, behold thy son.*" And after that He said to the disciple: "*Behold thy Mother.*" To many of those who stood by the Cross on that day, this may have seemed no more than the tender good-bye of a dying man to his mother, the entrusting of her remaining years to the care of a friend. How narrow and limited have the ensuing centuries made this opinion seem!

For since that day Mary has, in fact, been the Mother of not one man but millions, and millions have acknowledged her as their Mother. The words, "Behold thy Mother," were spoken to the whole world, to men and women of all times. And if all men have not yet acknowledged them, is this not due in some measure to a lack of zeal on the part of those who have correctly understood them throughout the ages and today?

History has shown us clearly how Mary understood the other words of Christ, "Behold thy son." We—all men—are her children. She works unceasingly that all may be brought within the sphere of her Motherhood. In the mission fields today hundreds of men and women are laboring with great success to bring this about. Let us prove our devotion to Mary by offering our prayers and sacrifices during the month of May for this glorious end.

JESUIT MISSIONS

A MAGAZINE OF APOSTOLIC ENDEAVOR

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The "White Lady" of Tong Lu

Today she is known as "Our Lady of China," but when she stood on the walls and saved the city she was the White Lady.

Wilfred J. Le Sage, S.J.



During the month of May thousands of Chinese pilgrims come to Tong Lu to pay honor to the "White Lady." Part of the crowd that jammed the road outside the Church of Our Lady.

A CANDLE was burning on the table. Two rough looking chieftains were fingering a crude map spread out before them. They looked up for a moment, their devilish eyes met, and each knew the thoughts of the other. The Captain spoke first.

"Tomorrow we deal the death blow to them all," he growled. "To them *all!* Do you understand? These Christians cannot stand before our swords any longer." His clenched fist beat upon the table.

"Yes, I understand!" replied the other as he grasped his sword, the fire of hatred burning in his eyes. "Tomorrow they *must* die!" And with these few words the two Boxer leaders parted for a few hours' rest before the siege of Tong Lu.

THE next morning the Captain was the first to awake and he did so muttering an ugly oath against the Christians. The great day had come at last, the opportunity to crush them once and for all. One thousand terrified Christian refugees had joined seven hundred of their brethren within the walled town of Tong Lu. What chance had they now? It was only a matter of time, of hours, perhaps.

Yes, soon my men will have them . . . mused the Captain. Even now the bloody vision of the forthcoming slaughter flashed before his mind. He saw their houses burning, his own army cutting them to pieces, and finally, the return, the glorious return to the throne of the Empress Dowager. His reward, ah, how great it would be! But in an instant the dream vanished. He reached for his sword.

"Forward to the sack of Tong Lu!" he commanded. The cry was taken up by the soldiers and soon the Boxer columns were on the march.

Meanwhile within the city walls of Tong Lu, the rhythmic chanting of prayers might be heard. All night long the Christians had prayed before the Blessed Sacrament. It was dawn, the men were preparing to fight. Could they possibly hold out against the armed hordes of savage Boxers?

"Today they plan to kill us all," came the timid voice of a woman. "If they break through the gate and mount the walls we are lost. Now we cannot escape, what shall we do? What shall . . ."

"Continue to pray with us," came the reply of an old priest. And the woman pressing her child closer to her side bowed her head in prayer. "Ma-ri-a, *chin chiao yu wei wo teng ch'i.*" ("Mary, help of Christians. pray for us.")

FIRST appeared a cloud a dust. Then the guards upon the wall could see a mass of galloping horses coming toward the town.

"They are coming! They are coming!" they shouted to the Christians huddled together within. Again they prayed . . . in feverish excitement—begging, begging for protection.

Now the guards could see the Captain leading his army. Closer and closer they came.

"Shoot the guards upon the wall," shouted the Captain. But in an instant the guards had crouched low behind the protecting wall. All except one.

"Kill him!" roared the leader. Shots were fired but the figure remained standing. The Captain was wild with anger. What trick was this? Was he real or not? He rode closer to the foot of the wall and stared above. What a strange sight! Speechless for a moment, and then raising his voice, he cried out, "Kill *her!*" Once,

twice, nay, many times, they fired but could not strike Her. It was the Blessed Mother herself standing upon the wall to protect her faithful ones. The Christians with one acclaim shouted, "We are saved, we are saved!"

EYE witnesses of this scene are living today. Whatever impression was made upon the Christians of the time, far greater has been the widespread influence upon pagans, and most notably the Boxers themselves. They were a political religious sect diabolically intent upon the complete extermination of Christians from China. They failed. And yet from this violent group of persecutors, one great truth has been confirmed. The Boxers have testified to the appearance of the "White Lady" who was seen going before the Christians in battle, and finally standing upon the wall of Tong Lu.

Fortunately, we have the truth from those who were actually present. Father Aloysius Chu, S.J., a young Chinese priest here at Zi-ka-wei tells us that both his father and mother were within the walls of Tong Lu during that memorable day of their salvation from the Boxers, in the May of 1900.

What had been the simple story of their lives? During the Boxer Rebellion their home was burned to the ground. Along with others they, too, sought refuge in the town of Tong Lu. Mary protected them from harm, but the Boxers were not completely driven from the country until some time later. Mrs. Chu, then thirty-six years of age, was captured by them and was forced to endure a great deal of torture. After long hours of torment they asked this question:

"Will you give up your Faith? If you do you shall be free."

"I am a Christian and I am ready to die for my Faith," she replied. At this time she made a promise that if God should see fit to spare her life and grant her a son, she would offer her child to the service of God. This favor was asked through the intercession of Our Lady of Tong Lu. She was prepared to die—a martyr for the Faith, but at the very last moment her life was spared by an uncle who pleaded with the Boxers for her freedom. Thus her life was spared, her son became a Jesuit, she lived to receive Holy Communion from his hand, and then shortly after God called her to Himself.

IT was while on a visit last summer, that Father Chu met a very interesting character . . . the Christian leader of the village. His duty is that of directing the

catechists in spreading the Christian Doctrine among the pagans. This man had been a leader before. A miracle of grace had changed his whole life. He was formerly a leader of the Boxers!

Briefly the old man's story came to this . . . "One time while I was away from my native village, a band of robbers kidnapped my son. I knew of the "White Lady" and decided that she might help me. So I made the promise that if my son were returned without ransom I would become a Christian. Later my son was brought back and I kept my promise."

"Was this the only reason why you became a Christian?" asked Father Chu.

"In my heart," he said, "I saw the truth. During the days of persecution I was witness to the death of many Christians. They were innocent, yet they suffered and died . . . and forgave us their enemies. Father, it was their lives that changed mine; they were good, they loved God, and His Mother."



"Mary—my Mother." Many Chinese boys like this one honor the "White Lady" with flowers and a beautifully sincere devotion.

THUS it is through Mary that Christ has come into the hearts of the Chinese. Perhaps in no other place in China has this fact been more manifest than in the little village of Tong Lu. A beautiful church was constructed there in honor of Our Lady. In later years, the Pope of the Missions, Pius XI, manifested his deep interest in the shrine by sending a donation of over three thousand dollars for the improvement and beautifying

of the church. A beautiful picture was designed by adopting the queenly dress of the Empress Dowager, and substituting for her face, that of a beautiful one, the Queen of China.

IT was not until May 7, 1929, that the first pilgrimage took place numbering ten thousand pilgrims coming from all parts of northern China. Thus each succeeding year during the month of May, the village of Tong Lu has been filled with many devoted clients of Mary. His Excellency, Mario Zanin, Apostolic Delegate, has found in Tong Lu one of the greatest consolations of his life . . . thousands of devoted Christians receiving the sacraments at the shrine.

But what does this mean to us? Have you and I the consolation of knowing that we are helping some priest, Sister or catechist in spreading the name of "Mary" among those who need her so much? Remember that only eight out of every thousand have ever heard her name, and more than three hundred thousand people die in China every week.

Oscar and the Finer Things

John A. Morrison, S.J.

THE place was a Paharia village out in the hills of my Poreya Hat sector. The time was early afternoon. I was baptizing a Paharia baby.

"Therefore, accursed devil . . ." I read from the ritual, "depart from this servant of God . . ."

The devil left the Paharia baby I was baptizing all right, but I am afraid that the Old Boy decided to have his revenge

on me, because it is pretty sure that he entered Oscar.

During the Baptism, Oscar had been tied at the edge of the village. Half way through the ceremony he tried to get into a fight with another pony passing by, a little habit that Oscar has. And after the Paharia baby had been made a child of God and I had blessed his parents' house, Oscar was anxious to be off. One foot was in the stirrup, but before I could swing the other leg over, Oscar broke into a run.

Just then, the knapsack I had slung over one shoulder slipped. I grabbed for the knapsack with one hand and tried to hold on to the saddle with the other. But alas, for putting faith in that second-hand saddle Father Charles Miller, S.J., had sold me,—the leather ripped. And borrowing language from the airman, this missionary went into a tail spin and made a one point landing on the elbow.

IT was the first time that Oscar had seen me down and he enjoyed it. Tossing his head, and kicking up his heels he made off for a distant jungle-covered hill, with my Santal boy trailing him at a distance of about two hundred yards. There was nothing for me to do but brush off the dust, and make for the next village on foot. Luckily for me, some Santals were cutting wood on the edge of the jungle about five miles away. They helped my tired boy catch Oscar and the two showed up after dark.

It was lucky for Oscar also. He is a tough pony, but there are leopards in that jungle, and I wouldn't have risked a bet that he would have passed the night there alive. Oscar's heritage is a constitution that can stand heat and hard work, and a streak of cussedness that makes him always interesting.

As ponies go, Oscar is not what you would call handsome. Perhaps you have seen a picture of the Horse



"The sky had darkened during the afternoon and a beautiful scene lay spread before Oscar and me as we started on our way down. . . . It all meant nothing to Oscar . . ."

Marines, Uncle Sam's mounted sea soldiers who used to protect American interests in North China. They rode Mongolian ponies, cousins to Oscar's father. When I first acquired him I was a little ashamed to be seen riding him, because my feet did hang close to the ground. But later I saw a picture of the Governor of Bengal riding a hill pony while on a visit to

Bhutan in the Himalayas. My feet hang no closer to the ground than the Governor's. If he doesn't mind a short pony, why should I?

When I began work in this Poreya Hat sector of Patna Mission, Oscar was still pulling an *ekka*, or Hindustani gig in the bazaars of Bhagalpur. That accounts for his temper. If the Hindu theory of transmigration of souls is true, then *ekka* ponies are the Souls in Purgatory. What a life! They are on the job from dawn to dusk, on short rations, and every *ekka* driver is a masterful and constant wielder of a short handled whip that keeps his steed on the jump, a stinging nuisance in their waking hours and a frequent nightmare to their troubled sleep.

ALL that is changed for Oscar now and he no longer pulls an *ekka* in Bhagalpur. But a horse's temperament improves slowly and Oscar still lacks an appreciation for the finer things of life. When he sees me coming he will sometimes whinny—if it is meal time and he knows that I have a pail of gram for him. But he also whinnies at the sight of other horses. This thought helps keep me humble. But he does a pony's work in a pony's way and that is what counts out here.

Oscar is at his best when the going is hardest. Not long ago I wanted to visit my Paharias (hillmen) at Chewa Tetria, far out in the Raj Mahal hills. The Paharias are a tribe distinct from the Santals. They were in this part of the country long before the Santals came. Their villages are hard to reach and they have always clung passionately to their homes in the hills, refusing to come down to the more accessible plains. We have converted a number of them, and as they had not been visited for some time and there was a baby waiting for Baptism I was anxious to get there.

We started off through the plains and in crossing the

low ridges that separate one rice field from another, Oscar was in difficulty. He was accustomed to the broad roads of Bhagalpur from early youth and it wasn't quite fair to make a pony tread a raised path that would have tried the mettle of a goat. But a Baptism was waiting at the top of the hill and missionary horses are sometimes asked to do things out of the ordinary.

OSCAR walked along the narrowest ridges as though they were paved with egg shells, slipped into the mud on either side and scrambled up again almost perpendicularly while I embraced his neck to keep from parting company. Oscar balked and pawed the ground at little breaks in the ridges only a foot or two wide, and then jumped them wildly when soft words failed and I let him know in no uncertain way that this was no time for dilly dally.

Then up out of the mud of the plains on to the rough and rocky path of the hills. The jungle was thick on both sides of the path, and there are leopards and bears in there, but the leopards at least will not harm you in the day time. One day one of my catechists told me he came across two bears fighting in a hollow. He didn't tell me how fast he got away from there, but he certainly made good time because a bear will attack a man on sight and he knew it. And just this afternoon another catechist told me that a bear killed two men in his district. But that is another story.

Oscar climbed steadily in spite of the steepness of the path and soon the plains lay spread out far below us. We reached the village, inspected the school, baptized the baby, visited our Catholics and blessed their houses. I was about to leave the last house when I noticed a young woman lying on a rope bed in a dark corner of the room.

"Who is that?"

"That is my wife."

"Is she sick?"

Robert smiled: "We had a baby day before yesterday."

"Congratulations."

Robert smiled again.

"We can baptize him now."

Robert seemed surprised: "Isn't it too soon? He was born only two days ago."

"No, of course not. And besides, it may be a long time before I get back to the hill top."

SOON we had made another Paharia baby a child of God and then it was time to leave. Evening was not far off and I wanted to get out of the jungle with Oscar and onto the plains again before bears and leopards began their nightly prowling.

The sky had darkened during the afternoon and a beautiful scene lay spread before Oscar and me as we started on our way down. Clouds over the hills and plains of my district made a picture that I shall not soon forget. It all meant nothing to Oscar, but he enjoyed

a few mouthfuls of green grass while I dismounted, set the camera's automatic release and then walked back into the picture with him.

We negotiated the woods safely before nightfall and reached the village where we would spend the night shortly after dark. Two Paharia Baptisms is a good day's work for Oscar and he earned his pail of gram that night.

POREYA HAT, my district, is some twenty miles long and about the same distance wide. Scattered in villages throughout this district I have some twenty-three hundred Catholic Santals and thousands and thousands of pagans. As my Catholics need care, I am not able to remain very long in one place, but spend a good part of my time covering the district.

I have an old Ford bus that takes me where the roads are at all passable. But there are many places that a Ford can't reach. Then I put my Mass box, blankets and



The author, Father John A. Morrison, S.J., chats with Untouchable boys of the leather worker caste. Father Morrison has recently been appointed Editor of *The Patna Mission Letter*.

other necessary baggage on a bullock cart and I entrust myself to Oscar. When I go places that the bullock cart can't reach, carriers handle my baggage hung on poles slung across their shoulders. The sacraments, like the mail, must go through.

When we have little mud and thatch chapels in villages away from headquarters, we use them. And where we have no chapels we live with our Santals and say Mass in their courtyards on planks laid across the legs of an upturned bed. This is a good deal like Bethlehem, as Santals' cows, water buffaloes, pigs and chickens share the courtyard with us. My pal, Oscar, shares all this with me.

SOME day Oscar will paw the ground and balk and fight with other ponies for the last time. And if there is a Happy Grazing Ground for ponies, Oscar will surely get there. With all his little "foibles" he saves a missionary's legs and has no small part in helping spread the Kingdom of Christ in the hearts of Santals and Paharias who live in villages scattered over our hills and plains.

Back to the Benches

Richard J.
McCarthy, S.J.

ONE proof that Catholic mission technique is becoming more practical every year is the insistence on the fact that missionaries first obtain a working knowledge of the language of the country in which they reside. One will not be surprised, therefore, to learn that the writer and his fellow Scholastics at Baghdad College, Iraq, are once more back on the benches of first-year high school which we thought we had left for good some thirteen years ago.

Lest any psychologist among our readers begin to suspect some dark secret of double personality, or second childhood, or mental atavism, we hasten once again to explain that the only reason for our action is the desire to learn the Arabic tongue. This tongue is reputedly one of the most difficult in the world. So we decided that, besides our efforts with our special teacher, we would more or less beard the lion in his den and find out how the Arabs learn their own language. At this writing we still have much to find out, but with time and patience we hope for greater progress in the future.

Our classmates were somewhat bewildered when we calmly took our seat among them; under the appearance of an aplomb which we have been cultivating for years, we managed to conceal our own bewilderment when the class started. They were not sure of our exact status and observed us narrowly for several days. But now we are one of them and expect soon to find ourselves throwing spithalls or pinching our neighbor and enduring a consequent public disgrace.

IT was a surprise to our classmates to learn that we knew how to write a passable Arabic hand; the first day we recited they were amazed (we were ourselves) but it was the day that we read our composition to the class that we scored a veritable triumph. Now they no longer think of speaking English to us and as a result we have to look very wise and knowing when they greet us with a rushing torrent of Arabic. Some day, we console ourselves, we shall match them, torrent for torrent, but we wonder, secretly and painfully, when that day will be. When it comes we shall be able, with God's help, to do something in this land where the harvest will be great indeed, though as yet it is far from ready to be gathered.

Of course, even without a knowledge of the Arabic tongue, much good can be done in a country like Iraq by means of a liberal arts school such as Baghdad College. Teachers for Arabic can be obtained from among the scholars of the country itself. Our American Jesuits,

on the other hand, who do not yet know Arabic perfectly, function much as they would in the United States.

Living conditions naturally vary. Yet, the religious life of the Jesuit, together with his school life follow rather closely the American pattern. Thus, on Our Lady's feast day, February 2nd, Father Leo J. Shea, S.J., made his final vows in the Society of Jesus. The



American Jesuits in the country of the "Arabian Nights." The members of the Faculty of Baghdad College, Iraq, gather around the table and talk things over.

vows were pronounced in the presence of the boarding students in the old school chapel. Reverend Father Vice-Rector celebrated the vow-mass. Father Shea's many abilities and generosity have brought down upon him many and trying assignments. At present, he is sub-Minister, Major-Domo of the boarding school, and teaches fourth high English and Religion.

IN the evening of the vow-feast, the Fathers and Scholastics combined their talents (efforts, at least) to present a "Golden Hour" in Father Shea's honor. Father Francis Anderson's ballad, Father Michael McCarthy's parodies and Father John Williams' solo were outstanding features of the entertainment.

Before we leave Father Shea, we must tell you that he is giving the Lenten course at the school. He will deliver weekly lectures on the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass.

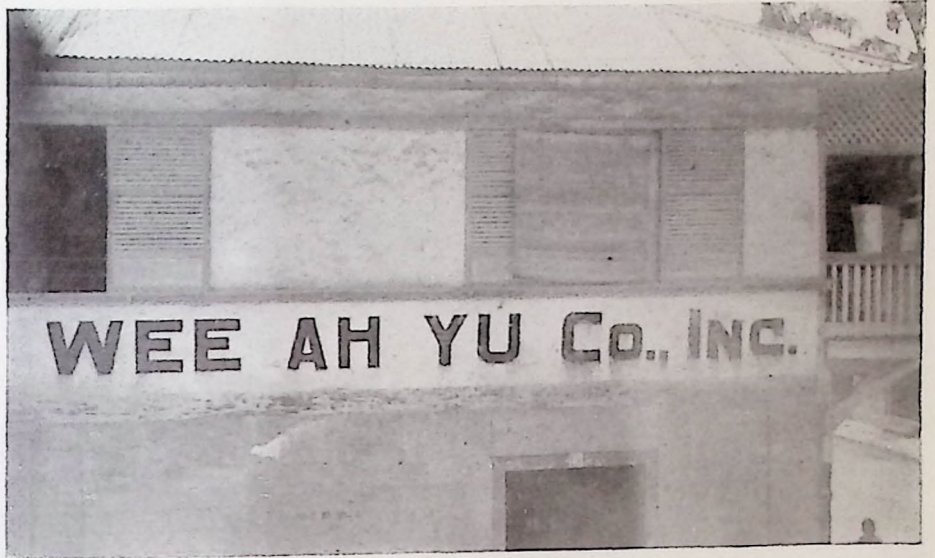
Reverend Father Vice-Rector presided at the recent monthly reading of marks, at the end of which he stressed the Catholic character of the school and the importance of the Religion class, not for mere theoretical knowledge, but for every-day living.

Indoor baseball, under the direction of Father William Hussey, S.J., has become the favorite sport of the school. Our stellar faculty athlete, Father William Sheehan, was *until recently* the recipient of all the hero worship from the boys. But the other day, Father Vincent Gookin, S.J., decided to make a (Turn to page 140)

We Are You, Incorporated

Francis X.
Clark, S.J.

A sign over a Zamboanga store unconsciously speaks a great truth and gives the reason why your work for the missions and ours is successful.



"We, the Missionaries in foreign lands, Are You, the Catholics at home. We are a Com-pany and we are Incorporated."

BELIEVE it or not—that is the name. "Wee Ah Yu Co., Inc." It is painted in large letters on the side of a Chinese store and warehouse, down here in Zamboanga near the Equator in the Philippines. Wee Ah Yu is a Chinese business man and he has this Company, Incorporated.

Of course, anyone who knows English smiles a bit when he first sees the name. So did I. It sounds just like our words—"We are you"—which make sense, but a little foolishly. How can "we" be "you"?

But in the course of months I happened to pass this store many times. Somehow the name attracted me; I played with it in my mind, pondered it a bit. Then, when a change! Now when I pass, I still smile—but not at the mere coincidence of the thing. It is a smile of joy, of courage and hope. For those five little words—*We Are You Co., Inc.*—contain a truth that makes thoughts transcend seas and hearts hurdle mountains; a truth that so shows forth the unity and solidarity of the Church and so epitomizes the work of the Missions, that a missionary almost leaps to express it. What's in a name? What's in this name? Listen!

We, the missionaries in foreign lands, Are You, the Catholics at home. We are a Com-pany and we are Incorporated.

We Are You? Yes. "The flower of our manhood"—that is what you called us as we sat quietly in the sanctuary one summer evening several years ago, and heard a preacher tell of "these young men who leave tomorrow for the missions." But a flower—is it not one with the plant? Is it not the work of the root, the final expression of that root which, hidden away beneath the ground, labors incessantly, sacrifices, as it were, to form the flower which it will send forth to the world?

So is it with missionaries. If we are "the flower of your manhood," then you were our root. From you we came forth, the unfolding of your Catholic lives. The toil and sacrifices of our parents and teachers, our as-

sociation with relatives and friends, playmates and classmates—all were the root that gave form to the flower of our mission vocation. We are the blossoming forth, not merely of ourselves, but of you, and when we are sent in your name to the mission world—*We Are You!*

Thus "We Are You" by reason of origin and formation. But even today "We Are You," because of those who pray and sacrifice for us. You have never crossed the seas, you do not know our schools and churches, our houses and streets; yet the success we have in closing the eyes of old people in death and in opening the eyes of little children to Life—is not much due to you? Your prayers that rise from darkened churches and subway trains and sick beds and quiet classrooms, linked together by those three little words—"for the Missions"—are they not at the root of our success? So even now, in our teaching and preaching, your invisible aid becomes visible action in us!—*We Are You.*

BUT are we too a *Company*? Yes, as all Catholics are. Not just like the thousands of business organizations the world over, but in a sense more profound and sublime; a company that is real, but unique.

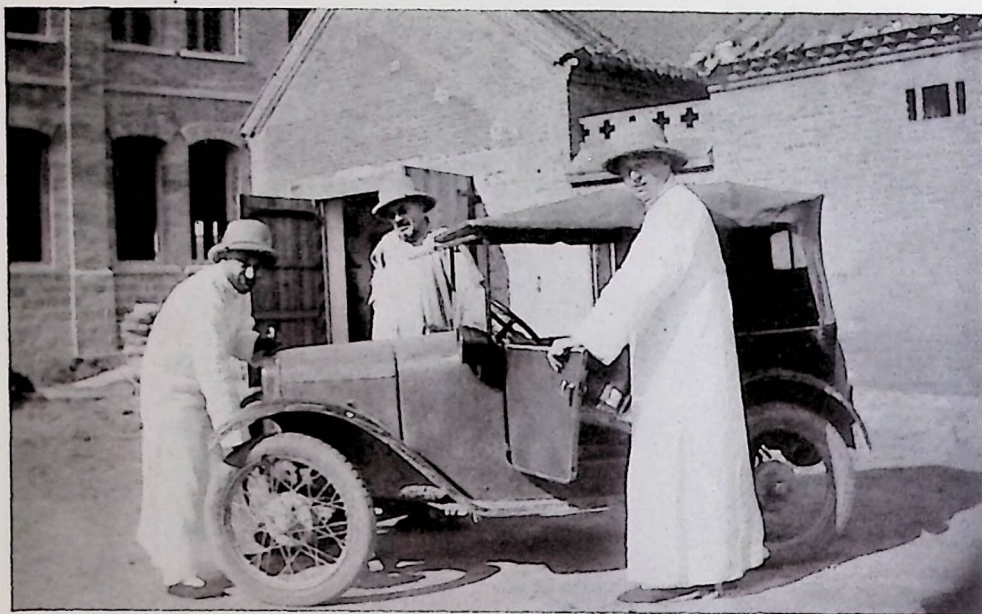
For the word "company" you know, derives from two Latin words; "*com*"—meaning "together" and "*panis*"—meaning "bread." That was its primal signification, and "company" originally meant those who shared the same table, who joined together in eating bread.

But is that not the Church? For all Catholics, though scattered in every clime, are united in sharing the same bread of the Eucharist, at the same altar table. We are a *com-pany*, held together not by a white parchment, but by a white Host. We are a *com-pany* made one not by contract, but by contact—contact with the Eucharistic Christ.

Further, we are *Incorporated*, again in a sense more profound and sublime. It is the Mystical Body of Christ. Throughout any explanation of (Turn to page 140)

Bombs Rained on Suchow

Ernest
Lalande, S.J.



In the Mission Compound before the bombing. Left to right: Leonard Lévesque, S.J., Brother Pesant, S.J., and Ernest Lalande, S.J., the author and Associate Editor of *JESUIT MISSIONS*. The "Baby Austin" was damaged in the bombing.

THESE were something feverish in the air. Something dreadful was due to happen. The little air raids which had become somewhat a part of our daily life, were now multiplying themselves to the point that the droning of the aeroplanes was heard from early morning till dusk.

The climax was reached on May 14th. The people began pouring out of the city and of the two hundred thousand inhabitants that Suchow once proudly boasted, not twenty thousand were left. A few days later, on the 19th, the day that the Japanese troops entered the city and raised their flag on the clock-tower, that number had dwindled down to practically zero.

Suchow, strategic railway center of the Northern Kiangsu Province, whose chief characteristic according to the Chinese and a few others, was its impregnability, had been for months the target or better still the *pièce de résistance* of those huge Japanese bombers. Suchow to its own misfortune just happened to be in that world-famous corridor that the Japanese were trying to get, and the Chinese to keep.

THE most optimistic of the Catholic Mission were Monsignor Philippe Côté, S.J., and Brother Sauvé, S.J.; the others of the Community were better prophets. Suchow fell, the corridor *ipso facto* ceased to exist and the Community won! All this did not happen though in the twinkling of an eye. The Japanese had once tried a few months before but failed completely at Tai-Erl-Chwang, and it was only after some months of thorough preparation on their part that they succeeded, by surrounding movements, in breaking through the Chinese lines. With the help of those gigantic bombers and well equipped artillery, they reached Suchow and raised their flag.

The 14th is a date that will long be remembered in

There were 27 Japanese bombers in the formation. "This is going to be hot," whispered Brother Pesant. And it was! The first bomb fell on the church steps.

Suchow. It was a day of tragic surprise that scared the inhabitants half out of their wits and sent almost the entire population fleeing to the countryside to escape death.

IT was as beautiful a day as anyone could wish. Around 7:45 A.M., the Community had just about finished breakfast, when the alarm signals were sounded. Nothing extraordinary in that, the same had been happening almost every day for the last nine months. People began rushing to the Mission Compound, just like they always did and we went about our daily business as we had always done. The second signal was given, which merely meant that the aeroplanes were near the city limits, that everyone had to clear the streets and get under cover and all noise was to cease. Barking dogs were simply shot.

The distant rumbling of motors could be heard, which augmented with every tick of the clock. We searched the sky trying to locate the planes, but the sun was so bright and the sky so cloudless that our eyes could do little against the glare. A few minutes and we looked again and there far away, three little specks, resembling three little flies in duck-like formation, moving slowly as if overloaded, were heading straight towards the city.

We looked again and instead of three, we could count six, nine, twelve, fifteen . . . heavens above! why, there were twenty-seven of them following each other in perfect triangle style. Brother Dominic Pesant, S.J., whispered: "This is going to be hot." And so it was. We all rushed to our usual place of refuge—the church tower, whose massive stone walls were about the best barricade we could wish for to keep safe of flying shrapnel and stray bullets. Up till now we had been preserved, but today we were to receive our baptism of fire.

The first bomb fell on the church's steps, about thirty

feet away from the tower. The whiz of the bomb coming down had sent shivers up and down our spinal cords, and we waited for the explosion that fortunately did not come. Three minutes' recess and it was enough to scatter all the missionaries through the buildings. Some went in the college at the other end, so that in case of incendiary bombs some one would be there to prevent the fire from spreading. Monsignor Côté went to the first floor of his residence and remained in the corridor, praying.

NO sooner done when two terrible explosions, shaking the very foundations of the residence, sent the window panes flying in all directions and the displacement of the air pulled down all the plaster, raised the floors, twisted the doors and hurled them to the other end of the rooms. Doors and window frames offered no



The Mission Church and residence at Suchow. The first bomb fell on the church steps. Fortunately, it was a "dud."

more resistance than if they had been made of paper. In the basement were crowded six hundred women and children and all of them, as if under the baton of a director, let out one awful scream at the explosion.

Monsignor Côté fearing for the worse, and expecting to see a sight of blood and mangled bodies, immediately went to the basement door to let, as he thought, the few surviving ones out. The door which used to open one way was now pushed so far in, that the only way to make a passage was to shove it still further. By a sort of superhuman effort, which Monsignor Côté said he cannot account for, he was able to open the door about two feet. The refugees, realizing who the person was who had come to their help, began praising God Who had protected them and to "ko to" to the Bishop.

NOT one of them had been hurt, though the bomb fell ten feet away from the house and dug a hole that reached almost to the basement windows! The other fell about twenty feet back of the house, hit a corner of the church and completely wrecked a house that was standing nearby. A third bomb had fallen on

the domestic quarters in back of the church, pierced the roof and went to sleep under seven feet of earth; this last one fortunately did not explode, for if it had, being an incendiary bomb, it would have set fire to the sacristy and would have probably destroyed the church.

DURING all this time, other bombs were dropped all over the city and terrible conflagrations began in different sections. The thatch-roofed huts that were leaning almost on the outer walls of our compound, caught fire. Immediately, all hands were at work removing shutters and windows on that side of our building. The flames were so close that the outside bricks were getting a second baking. Fortunately again, the wind was blowing from the south and our building was on the east side.

The planes left after about an hour. Release signals

were given and immediately people from all over the town came to the Catholic Mission to see the damage. We ourselves set about to see what else had been done. A small bomb had fallen near the garage and had badly damaged Monsignor Côté's little "baby Austin." It had sent rocks and shrapnel about, breaking windows and damaging the brick-work at the other end of the college. The Chinese Nuns' residence had received a bomb, which exploded but did very little damage, and it was there that I picked up my most beautiful pieces of shrapnel.

We immediately decided to send a telegram to

Shanghai. But communications were broken and it was only at dusk that a radiogram was forwarded. . . . "Six bombs. Considerable damage. Everybody safe." Then fearing that the next day would probably be worse, Monsignor Côté decided that we would evacuate Suchow and go to Yang Chwang Tsi, a little village twenty miles southeast, which seemed to be about the safest place in the whole district.

BROTHER PESANT began repairing "baby Austin" and worked till late that night. Everything of value was put in places of safety and after a couple of hours of rest, Monsignor and the other Fathers began saying their Masses around 2:00 A.M., and at 4:00 the whole Community, with the exception of Father Siu, S.J., and Brothers Sauvé, S.J. and St-Jean, S.J., who insisted on remaining to keep the building from being ransacked either by the Chinese or Japanese soldiers when they would arrive, left the city. Then began the famous exodus. It was estimated that well over one hundred thousand persons left that day. The rest waited but a few days more before taking the fields.

Barrio Road

A DRAMA

There's enough mud and ignorance in it to satisfy the most hardened playgoer. And it really happened in Mindanao

John A. Pollock, S.J.

Scene: Gingoog, Mindanao, P. I., on a *barrio* road.

Characters: Fathers John R. O'Connell, S.J., John A. Pollock, S.J., and driver, helper, farmer.

The car was mired, no doubt about it. It was a lonely road, too, and not much hope of help. But just then a head appeared over the hills, and presently its owner followed, ambling towards us.

"Could you get some help for us?"

"No folks about here."

"Couldn't you find someone?"

"No folks at all about here," as he squatted on his heels.

A woman appeared down the road a piece, who stopped afar off to observe.

"Where does she live?"

"There."

"Where?"

"There."

"Where is there?"

"There," in a tone implying how dumb we were, and pointing behind the trees that lined the road.

"Nearby? Just behind those trees?"

"There," again implying we were dumb, very dumb.

"But you said nobody lived about here."

"Yep, nobody."

"But what about that woman? Doesn't she live only 'there'?"

"Oh, she's my wife."

"Oh, I see," followed by a pause, while we renewed our resolutions about patience.

"She has got a bucket. Can we get some water for our radiator?"

"No water around here."



Father John A. Pollock, S.J., playwright of the realist school—oh yes, and Pastor of Mambajao, not to mention Vicar-Forane of Oriental Misamis, Philippines.

"No water? What's she doing with the bucket?"

"Fetching water!"

"Where does she get it?"

"There" indicating with a motion of his head the other side of the road.

"Nearby?"

"No, no water around here."

"Is that the path to the place?"

"Yeh, but it's a half mile."

A command to our handy man, who was riding with us for just such emergencies, and he borrows the bucket, and strolls down the path, the "half mile," and is back with a bucket of water in three minutes!

"Thought you said there was no water around here!"

No answer. Pause.

"Suppose there's carabao here."

"Yes, there's no carabao here."

"What's that cry we just heard, sounds like a carabao."

"That? Oh that's my carabao."

"Suppose then you let us hire it, and pull the car out."

"Oh no, couldn't do that."

"Why not, let's try him."

A long pause with repeated urgings on our part.

"No, he couldn't do that."

"How do you know he couldn't? Let's try him."

"But you see I got no rope."

"Yes you got no rope, like nobody, no water, no carabao! If you have no rope how do you use the carabao? What good is he to you?"

"Oh the field is fenced, we need no rope, we just turn him loose."

"Yes, but how do you use him? How do you hook him to the plow?"

"Got no plow!"

"What do you do with your carabao? How do you tie a load on him if you got no rope? Do you just feed him? Is he just an ornament?" We were beginning to get riled, stock of patience was getting exhausted.

No answer. Long pause. Finally, he called to his wife to get the carabao, and as she passed out of sight, he shouted:

"Don't forget the yoke and the rope!"

"Rope? So you have a rope after all."

"My brother-in-law's rope."

"He live there, too?"

"Yep."

"And his family?"

"Yep."

"Let's see now. You and your wife and family, your brother-in-law, his wife and family! Yet nobody lives here, nobody, no water, no rope, no carabao!"

Meanwhile the driver had been sitting in the car. Suddenly we heard the engine start, the car budged, we jumped to the sides and pushed and pulled. A (Turn to page 140)



Father John R. O'Connell, S.J., all set for a trip to the Mindanao Hills.

THE MONTH AT JESUIT MISSIONS

THOMAS J. FEENEY, S.J.

National Laywomen's Retreat Congress

1939, year of the World's Fair, New York City will play host to the Third National Laywomen's Retreat Congress from July 1st to 3rd at the Hotel Commodore. More than two thousand delegates are expected to attend with the United States, Canada and South America combining to make it an All-America Congress. The convention should be an ideal clearing house for pamphlet material on retreat topics.

Follow-up with a Pamphlet

For the third centenary of the canonization of St. Ignatius and St. Francis Xavier, Pope Pius XI wrote: "We regard it as certain that most of the ills of our day start from this: that 'no man thinketh in his heart' and We deem it proved that the Spiritual Exercises made according to the method of St. Ignatius are amply strong enough to break through the most stubborn problems under which human society is now groaning; and We have studied the rich crop of virtues that ripen today no less than of old in spiritual retreats, and not only among the members of Religious Congregations and the secular clergy but also among the laity; and what, in our age, is worthy of special mention among the working classes themselves." We venture to comment that much of the fruit garnered in a retreat will rot unless preserved in permanent form such as pamphlet material. The conferences of the Director, as it were, blaze the trail to sanctity; the pamphlet maps it in detail.

Racks for Retreat Houses

The field for pamphlets offered by retreat houses is unlimited. The Cenacle movement beginning in France has spread to Italy, Belgium, Switzerland, England, Holland, Brazil and Germany. In the United States alone there are Cen-

acles at New York, Lake Ronkonkoma, Long Island, Newport, Rhode Island, Boston, Chicago, St. Louis and Warrenville, Illinois. In 1936 in the United States there were 22 permanent retreat houses under the supervision of 12 Religious Orders where retreats were given all the year round, and 88 houses, mostly academies and colleges, conducting retreats seasonally. In this same year, 350 retreats were given to a total of 16,376 retreatants of whom 4,804 were 'first retreatants', newcomers. While business women topped the list, those present included teachers, high school students, social service workers, married women, telephone operators, nurses, domestics, factory girls, lawyers, the unemployed and so forth. For each of these, the pamphlet was an invaluable source of wholesome food for meditation.

"A Layman Looks at the Mass"

In this most recent ten cent Queen's Work pamphlet, the Drapers and the Rockfords in a four-some of bridge, pass from cards to the Mass as a topic of conversation. As the reader flips over the pages, he finds that the layman in question, one, Art Kuhl, has both good eyesight and insight. A millionaire seeking to work off his purgatory in this life would do well to sponsor this pamphlet for the congregations at the 12:30 Sunday Masses. One reading would stiffen their resistance to the lure of night life and keep them from surrendering their Sunday Communion to a Saturday night and Sunday morning drinking bout.

"Dare We Hate Jews?"

The Catholic solution of the Jewish problem is the conversion of the Jews to Catholicism. The best case technique is that used by Catholic missionaries for two thousand years who have won and are winning today not through hate but through love, for in the words of the author of this latest five cent pamphlet, "the story of the conver-

sion of the world to Christianity—and that world, we must remember, certainly was not always Christian and was often violently opposed to the faith of Jesus Christ—tells us that the work of conversion almost always begins with intense love. Thus did Christ work. Before He preached, He healed the sick. Before He spoke of God's love, He openly and devotedly manifested His personal love of men. Christianity has advanced because the first Apostles prefaced their preaching with evidences of their love in miracles and gentleness. Missionaries gain the love of their pagan associates by building hospitals, bringing in nurses who follow the divine physician, gathering the neglected little children into orphanages, taking the sick in their arms and carrying them into the medical stations, sincerely loving the people they have come to convert to the faith."

"Have You a Soul?"

Did you ever see a soul? Did you ever shake hands with your soul? Did you ever walk down the street arm in arm with your soul? Did you ever measure your soul with a yardstick? Did you ever weigh your soul in the balance? Then how do you know that you have got a soul? For the answer, see Father Lord's fifteen cent pamphlet, "Have You a Soul?" The answer is important, for Jesuit Missions, since no souls, no Jesuit Missions.

Promotion Technique

Sister Victoire of Santa Barbara, California, teaches us a lesson in promotion technique: "Please send me fifty of the little booklet, 'Advertising the Catholic Church,' as I intend to enclose a sample copy of this pamphlet in all the different letters I send out to poor missions. I hope, thereby, that you will receive so many orders that it will then be possible for you to reduce the price. I am also enclosing one dollar to have my subscription renewed for JESUIT MISSIONS as I get many names of poor missions from this magazine."

De Smet-Sioux Centenary —



Father Pierre Jean De Smet, S.J., one of the greatest missionaries of the last century. This year is the centenary of his first momentous meeting with the Sioux.

HOW Isaac Jogues planned in 1642 to establish a mission among the Sioux, but was captured and tortured by the Iroquois; how two hundred years later, in 1863, Father Pierre Jean De Smet, S.J., likewise planned to establish a mission among the Sioux, but was prevented by the White man's refined cruelty toward the Indians; how Iroquois descendants of Jogues' torturers sent expeditions through Sioux territory to St. Louis, Missouri, in quest of priests; and how the Blackrobes finally founded permanent centers among the Sioux—this is thrilling history, a romantic tapestry of life—whose human threads stretch thousands of miles over the North American Continent and down hundreds of years, forming a pattern of intrigue and delight the student of apostolic work among the Indians.

The year 1939 is a De Smet anniversary. One hundred years ago De Smet first met the Sioux. It was a portentous meeting: De Smet was the West's greatest Indian missionary, and the Sioux were its most powerful tribe.

OVER the Sioux De Smet grew to have a unique influence for which he became celebrated through the United States. Cabinet secretaries begged De Smet to help the Government make peace with hostile Sioux; United States generals anxiously besought De Smet's aid in treating with them; on one occasion President Lincoln conferred with the priest about them; military and historical authorities acclaim him as "alone of the entire White race" one who could penetrate to the hostile

Sioux and return alive. While the Sioux feared and hated the White man for his treachery, they loved and trusted the Blackrobe for his God-fearing honesty.

ASTOUNDING is the way in which Jogues, De Smet, Iroquois and Sioux cross trails in history. Father Francis Talbot, S.J., in *Saint Among Savages*, and Dr. James J. Walsh, in *American Jesuits*, are recent writers to point out Jogues' zeal for the Sioux. Says the latter:

"Jogues proposed not only to convert the Indians at Lake Superior, but, going far beyond that to the headwaters of the Mississippi, to convert the Sioux, the immense tribes of the prairies and mountains of which he had heard traditions. He was actually planning these western expeditions when he was taken prisoner August, 1642, by the Iroquois and cruelly tortured."

SAVAGE Iroquois of 1642 stopped Christ's messenger from reaching the Sioux. But Christian Iroquois of the early nineteenth century were greatly responsible for bringing De Smet, a descendant in spirit of Jogues, to the Sioux.

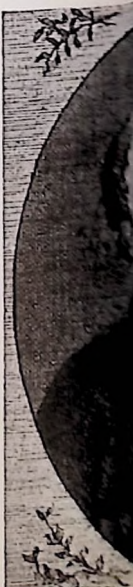
Between 1812 and 1820, says L. B. Palladino, S.J., in *Indian and White in the Northwest*, a band of Christian Iroquois left the Mission of Caughnawaga, near Sault St. Louis on the St. Lawrence. Under the leadership of a splendid character, Ignace La Mousse, better known as Old Ignace, they reached the land of the Flatheads. These docile Indians listened with avidity to Old Ignace's explanations of the Catholic Faith. They were eager to have Blackrobes. At the inspiration of the Iroquois they sent an expedition of four men to St. Louis, Missouri, three thousand miles away, an act of heroic audacity which is breath-taking. None of the Indians had ever seen a White man's city.

Bishop Rosati, of St. Louis, in a letter dated December 31, 1831, testified of the profound impression which these earnest Indians made on all who saw them. Two died in St. Louis but not before receiving the sacrament and were buried in the old cathedral cemetery. Because St. Louis had few priests, none could be spared for the distant Northwest.

IN 1835, the undismayed Flatheads sent Old Ignace himself and two sons to St. Louis. The sons were baptized there, but no priest was obtained. Again, in 1837, Old Ignace, three Flatheads and one Ne-Perce set out for St. Louis. This time the Sioux struck unwittingly at Christian envoys. The travelers were in Sioux territory. Near Ash Hollow, Nebraska, a war party of Sioux surrounded and killed them.

But the Christian Iroquois and the northwestern Indians were invincibly determined to secure Catholic priests. Undaunted still, and unafraid, the Flatheads in 1839, sent two Catholic Iroquois down the Yellowstone and Missouri Rivers on the long trip to St. Louis. God's provident hand not only guided them in safety to their destination, but took them to the very man who was to be sent to them, to Father De Smet, just recently stationed on the Missouri River among the Potawatomes at the present Council Bluffs, Iowa. Father De Smet wrote:

"On the 18th of last September (1839) two Catholic Iroquois came to visit us. They had been for twenty-three years among the nation called the Flatheads and Pierced Noses, about a thousand Flemish leagues from where we are. I have never seen any savages so fervent in religion. By their instructions and examples they have given all that nation a



9-1939

William J. Moore, S.J.

met first met
had longed
two hundred

great desire to have themselves baptized."

The historic first meeting of De Smet and the Sioux occurred about May 11th of the same year, 1839. De Smet journeyed to them in a characteristic role: he was an apostle, and a peace-maker between the Sioux and the Potawatomes. He went to the Sioux post at the mouth of the Vermillion River, a short

distance above where Sioux City now stands. There the chiefs and warriors of the Yankton Sioux invited the priest-visitor to a feast. De Smet gives an amusing account of the meal:

"All were seated in a circle in a grand lodge or tent of buffalo hides. Each one rested his chin on his knees, the legs drawn close up to the body, a position that my corpulency would not allow me to assume. I, therefore, seated myself like a tailor on his table, with my legs crossed. Every one received a big piece of venison in a wooden trencher; those who cannot finish their portion are permitted to take away—it is their custom—the remains of the dish. I was among this number, and I had enough left for two days."

After the feast, Father De Smet persuaded the Sioux to make some presents to the children of Potawatomes whom they had killed. This practice was called "covering the dead." That evening De Smet gave an instruction on the Apostles Creed and baptized a great number of little Sioux children, first fruits to Christ. His great work had begun.

THE Bishops at the Plenary Council of Baltimore in 1835, had confided the Indians to the Jesuits. It was natural, then, for Bishop Rosati, after the four visits of the Iroquois and Flatheads, to repeat to the General of the Society of Jesus what the Indians begged: "For the love of God, my Very Reverend Father, do not abandon these souls."

Father De Smet volunteered to go and was accepted. He went in 1840, and was delighted with the love of the northwestern Indians for the Christian mysteries. It was on his return trip that he met the Sioux a second time in an encounter which became the basis for warm, enduring friendship.

A party of Blackfeet Sioux warriors armed with guns, bows and arrows, almost naked, and painted grotesquely, surrounded De Smet's little party as it camped by a spring. The chief stared fiercely at the priest, then addressed a Canadian who could speak Sioux:

"I have never seen such a man in my life. Who is he?"

De Smet says:

"My long black robe and the missionary's cross that I bore upon my breast especially excited his curiosity. The Canadian answered him (and under the circumstance he was prodigal of his titles) 'It is the man who talks to the Great Spirit. It is a chief or Black-gown of the Frenchmen.' His fierce look at once changed; he ordered his warriors to put away their weapons and they all shook hands with me. I made them a present of a big twist of tobacco, and everybody sat down in a circle and smoked the pipe of peace and friendship."

St. Isaac Jogues who was planning an expedition to the Sioux when captured and tortured by the Iroquois, August, 1642.

The Blackfeet Sioux were deeply sincere in their longing to learn of the Great Spirit. While Father De Smet said grace before the feast, the entire company raised their right hands towards heaven.



High Bald Eagle, ninety years old, sits on the steps of St. Francis Mission, to think over old times. Father De Smet was the great apostle of his people.

"We raise our hands," explained the chief, "because we are wholly dependent on the Great Spirit; it is his liberal hand that supplies all our wants. We strike the ground afterward, because we are miserable beings, worms crawling before his face." Then, says Father De Smet, the chief "took from my dish a piece of *pomme blanche* and put it in my mouth with a little piece of buffalo meat."

This sojourn among them was the foundation of De Smet's powerful influence over the Sioux. The influence he acquired never lapsed, but, as Chittenden and Richardson, biographers of De Smet, declare grew until it "came to be the greatest ever wielded by any White man."

DE SMET was planning to commence a mission among the Sioux in 1863, but was compelled to abandon the attempt. Maddened by the constant encroachments of White men on their lands, the Sioux, during the Civil War, tried to stop further incursions. Generals Sibley and Sully led two forces against them and severely chastised them. A permanent center among the Sioux could not yet be started.

Early in 1867, the Secretary of the Interior requested Father De Smet to go to the embittered Sioux to arrange a peace. In 1868, he was again asked to visit the Sioux hostiles and induce them to meet Government Commissioners. Father De Smet left St. Louis on March 30th with Generals Sherman, Sheridan, Harney, Terry and others. When the Generals (Turn to page 140)

"Fawda Come"

James M. Harney, S.J.

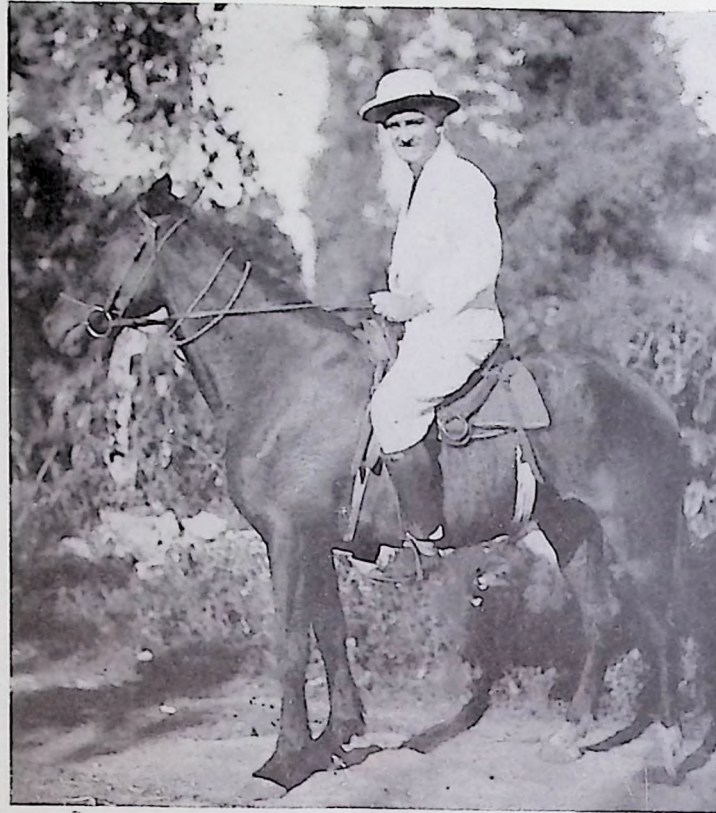
CONCORD is a district situated in a mountainous section of Jamaica. There are two ways to get there and both are equally bad. If you start in the early morning you may soon find yourself looking down upon a sea of clouds for you to climb up into the heavens, and the mist lies before you like a sea. It is a beautiful sight especially when the sun is shining but the beauty of the scene must be sacrificed, the missionary must come down out of the clouds and get on to Concord where his flock are gathering for his monthly visit.

You wind and wind as you descend and finally come to a level stretch where instinctively one "steps on the gas" and before you realize it you come upon a little structure of wattle and daub which is called St. Bernadette's Church. Most of the people have already gathered but it makes no difference, the chimes of Concord must be chimed to announce the arrival of "Fawda." So little Mr. Radway, who is known as the "Professor," grabs his instruments of music, a club and an iron kettle, and begins to strike the note which tells the world of Concord that "Fawda Come."

THEN the business of the day. A few of the men come hurrying to the auto to get the bags and "Fawda," attended by his Pullman porters, crosses the threshold of the church. The congregation ceremoniously and instantaneously rise, the old women and the little children curtsy, "Mammie" Simmonds bows profoundly with the grace of a rheumatic ballet dancer and the chapel rings with the joyous chorus, "Mornin' Fawda."

The altar is arranged, confessions are heard, and then the prophecy of Malachias is fulfilled: "From the rising of the sun to the going down of the same My Name is great among the Gentiles and in every place there is sacrifice." Here in this humble abode the Victim of Calvary offers Himself again as the Victim in the Sacrifice of the Mass. 'Tis the Mass of the Missions.

After Mass, thanksgiving and then breakfast during which the collection is presented as a stimulus to indigestion. It comes in on a tin plate and ranges from five cents to fifty though it has an inclination to verge away from the fifty. However, the people are poor and, God bless them, they are conscious of their duty to supply their Pastor. "Fawda, me bring you some heggs."



"Fawda" James M. Harney, S.J., rides the Revival bush.

"You like yam, Fawda? Me put one in the car."

BREAKFAST over the priest becomes spiritual adviser, legal counsellor, and whatnot. Then there is inspection of work. The men have burnt fifty barrels of lime, the foundations of the two-room cottage have been laid, and the people are joyfully looking forward to the day when the priest will remain a few days at a time and have a place to rest his head at night. This will be accomplished within a few months and then watch the Concord Mission grow because the district is very well disposed towards the Church but most of the people cannot come for instruction during the day.

St. Bernadette's is now eight years old. It was started by Father Joseph Ford, S.J., in 1931, and it began right from the ground up. The first little church was made with bamboo sidings and a thatched roof. Later the sides were plastered with lime and earth mortar which produced the familiar country structure which is known as "Wattle and Daub," a zinc roof replaced the thatch and the whole effect though a bit rough, gave a fairly substantial structure. It is about as large as a good-sized living room. One Sunday we had a wedding there and the bride appeared in a veil almost as long as the church. Of course, the bridal veil had to be gathered up to make room for the one hundred and thirty people who attempted to squeeze into the church which is crowded when it has a congregation of forty.

THE first congregation had three or four Catholics but now we have thirty-five or forty attending Sunday Mass which these good people have only four times a year. Their Faith has been nourished for the most part on a week-day Mass which is said once a month. Yet these people have gathered every Sunday to attend the simple service conducted by their catechist and to recite their catechism in unison. Their knowledge of their catechism is a consolation to their Pastor. St. Bernadette's Mission or Concord, despite great handicaps, has done very well and it gives signs of doing a great deal better. The converts, on the whole, have been faithful and the interest of the non-Catholics of the district makes one think that "The field is white for the harvest." When my little two-room shelter is finished we shall try to gather in the Harvest.

Missionaries from England

The Mission Intention for May

WITH only two million Catholics in a population of forty-seven million Englishmen, of whom by far the larger part are members of the various sects of Protestantism, it might seem on reflection that missionaries for England rather than missionaries from England would fulfill the greater need. Yet, in the mind of His Holiness, Pope Pius XI, of blessed memory, it was not so much the ultimate conversion of England herself for which we are asked to pray, as the evangelization of the far-flung territorial districts and mandated land that is the British Empire. It is from this tiny island, then, as from a center of diffusion that light must come to the nations of the Gentiles still in darkness.

More than seventy years ago on April 24, 1886, Cardinal Manning voiced the same objective when he said: "There are two centers in the world from which the light of Faith and of the Church ought to be diffused throughout the world—the one a spiritual center and head of the Faith and of the Church in all nations, the City of Rome; the other, the center of the vastest Empire to be found on earth—England." Then, lest this ideal languish on its mount of vision, the same Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster leads it quickly down into the valley of deed by a momentous decision: "Seeing that we need priests for our (own) country, we must send them to the stranger. The number and zeal of our priests, their success and works will be in proportion to our liberality in giving of that which we have received."

What England herself had received is, of course, the heritage of history. In 596, Pope Gregory I dispatched to them the Benedictine monk, Augustine. The faith he planted, flowered in the saintly Boniface, Willibrod and Sigfrid, as well as in the zealous Walburg, Licba and Thecla. A warring Christendom and the aftermath of exhaustion that followed the Crusades, almost quenched the torch that had flared so brilliantly in the island kingdom of the North. Relighted at Ireland's shrines of Faith, it glowed once more only to sputter out again, except in the breasts of individuals, at the Reformation. English Jesuits native to the soil then borrowed new light from Rome and, long before Cardinal Manning had his vision, made incarnate in their lives and immortal in their martyrdom the missionary spirit of the English.

Today throughout the farthest confines of the Empire the best traditions of this spirit are preserved by these same sons of St. Ignatius, by members of other missionary organizations, but especially by the Fathers of England's first exclusive missionary society, that of St. Joseph at Mill Hill.

"What a vast difference it would make to the Missions, and to the whole world," says the Editor of *The Missionary Magazine*, in aid of the English Jesuit missionaries, "if all professing Christianity were united in faith and action! To begin with, our forces would be



An African mother and her children in the Mission conducted by the English Jesuits at Triashill, Southern Rhodesia. The British Empire includes many mission territories.

more than double: we should number about a hundred million more than one-third of the population of the world! Spiritual and corporal relief would be immensely multiplied not merely by the additional members of the true Church but by elimination of rival organizations for the spread of Christianity, or rather by spreading them over a wider field. Instead of several rival houses of Christian worship in one mission station, each with its schools, hospitals and other means of improving mind and body, one would often be enough and would, naturally, be unhampered by opposition; if more were needed, our former rivals would have been turned to brothers-in-arms. Think, too, of the different budget which the one and only Christian Church would command, for the necessary equipment!"

In 1910, at Edinburgh, and in 1937, at Utrecht, the Protestant missions worked hard for a union which would include the Church of Rome. Such a missionary union of English Protestants and Catholics would be the complete fulfillment of the Mission Intention for May.

AFIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUITS

JAMAICA, B. W. I.

Have You Any Stencils?

Father Harold Sullivan, S.J., lets us in on the difficulties he has encountered in tracking down a reduplicator in Brown's Town, Jamaica, B. W. I.:

"I am going to relate what it meant to get hold of a reduplicator. As you know we are in Brown's Town, seventy miles away from the single source of any conveniences such as supplies for the reduplicator. A woman, Mrs. How-Martyn, was invited out here from England to assist the Birth Control Movement.

"She was the reason why a mimeograph was essential and why I have this one at present. When my brother, Father Raymond Sullivan, S.J., who was finishing his retreat at Winchester Park, heard that she was to lecture in Brown's Town on the following Monday (his retreat ended on Saturday night), he borrowed a contraption from the Park called a cycleograph, to put out an answer to all her arguments before she got started. That machine was originally used by Adam and Eve.

"Then began the search for the seemingly impossible—a real mimeograph in Brown's Town. Some one remembered that a man, dead for years, used to have one. The sources of information were tapped until we found out who it was. Success crowned our efforts. Then came the job of borrowing it from one, not a Catholic, realizing that, perhaps, she would be on Mrs. How-Martyn's side. A dear friend of the owner is a convert. With this young lady, Father Harold went to the house and found her asleep. But time was flying and we still had no mimeograph.

"Father Can Have It"

"Now just put yourself in our shoes who were asking of one, whose sentiments were, to the sum of our knowledge, at best doubtful, for a mimeograph just as she was blinking the sleep out

of her eyes. The young lady introduced me and I mentioned what we wanted and why. The response was characteristic of the better class. 'For Father Raymond? Why, he can have its use with pleasure. I would do anything for him. He has done so much for our town.' On the way to the storeroom she explained that we were very fortunate as her son was taking the machine

AMERICAN INDIANS Calling All Scouts

Daniel H. Hannin, S.J., a Scholastic missionary at Spanish, Ontario, writes:

"We have started a Boy Scout Troop at our school. The troop consists of Iroquois and Ojibway boys between the ages of twelve and thirteen. There is only one drawback to our success and that



Father Henry I. Westropp, S.J., veteran Patna missionary, chats with Indian girls of Holy Rosary Mission, Arrah, India. He was once a missionary among the American Indians at Holy Rosary Mission, South Dakota.

with him to Kingston to use it in business there. The machine had been carefully taken apart and cleaned after her husband's death. I groaned. Yet after examination of it, I felt that the combined genius of the crowd of us could get it running.

"To make a long story shorter, we got the paper, cut the stencils, rolled out the finished product, clipped the sheets and gave a copy to each person as he or she entered the courthouse for the lecture on Birth Control. Before the speaker began the audience had a refutation. A Kingston paper called our statement, 'One of the clearest and most potent answers that it has been their pleasure to print.'

"The answer did much to frustrate Mrs. How-Martyn's work."

is, lack of equipment. Perhaps some of your many readers in Canada and the United States could help us in this respect. We would be glad to receive used Scout clothes, books, drums or bugles, in fact, anything that Scouts could use. Our appeal gives Catholic Scouts a chance both to do a good turn to their brother Scouts and also to help the missions. Packages or letters should be addressed to: Reverend Daniel Hannin, S.J., Indian Residential School, Spanish, Ontario, Canada."

Indian to "Indian"

An interesting story of how the American Indians of Holy Rosary Mission, Pine Ridge, South Dakota, helped the Oriental "Indians" of Holy Rosary Mission,

ALASKA—PHILIPPINES—INDIA

Arrah, India, is told by **Father Placidus F. Sialm, S.J.**, of the Pine Ridge Mission.

The American Indians dropped pennies into their own home-made cribs at the various mission churches attended by **Father Sialm** and the money was collected and sent to **Father Henry I. Westropp, S.J.**, of Holy Rosary Mission in India, **Father Westropp** himself was once a missionary at Holy Rosary Mission in Dakota. **Father Sialm** took his place in this work and **Father Westropp** was later sent to Patna, India, with the first contingent of Americans going there and he also established a Holy Rosary Mission on the other side of the world and is now engaged in converting the natives of India who are also called "Indians," but who don't bear much resemblance to the American Indians.

The American Indians enjoy very much this help they send the Oriental "Indians" and, of course, **Father Westropp** and his "Indians" are also delighted.

BRITISH HONDURAS

Largest Since Hurricane

From **Father Robert L. McCormack, S.J.**, come a few facts on St. John's College in Belize:

"We registered seventy-nine students for the new year, which is, of course, the biggest group we've had since the hurricane, and is just about what the record was for day scholars at the old College, although the number of boarders was far greater.

Father Allan A. Stevenson, S.J., is in Honduras now giving two German retreats. He hopes that he may be able to do something to attract some more boys to us. However, it is very hard to get money out of Honduras and Guatemala now, even for education, and especially for Catholic education. The Catholics in Mexico are doubtlessly too poor to send boys here and risk the danger of more persecution at home. A number of requests for information come in from these countries but we get few boys.

"We have now seven boarders,

and have recently done some substantial enlarging of the floor space of the college for better classroom facilities. Our graduates passed the School Certificate Cambridge examinations; they have practically no trouble, other than some prejudice at times to get into the service. These jobs are not always the best paying jobs in the world, but they are certain salaries, and they nearly all carry with them a pension which helps very much."



George B. Wong, young and talented Chinese student of Aurora University, Shanghai. He wants to be a Jesuit and to work with the priests of the California Province in China.

In the Saddle

Father Daniel M. Coady, S.J., writes to report that things are going well at Orange Walk:

"During the latter part of 1938 I was alone a great deal. And that accounts for my tardy correspondence. The churches, schools and missions in the neighboring villages have to be looked after. And a good deal of my time was taken up in this work. Orange Walk is the main station. From here a number of out-missions have to be cared for.

"At times when I least expect it a call comes from a distant village. I have to saddle my horse and start out. Lately I was

called to Yo Creek. I got there in time, administered the last sacraments and hurried back to headquarters. Then came a call from another place about eighteen miles in the opposite direction and that meant another long ride. Occasionally the riding is hard; especially, if one has not been in the saddle for a few weeks."

ALASKA

Uncle Sam's Attic

"A thousand thanks for remembering the missionary on the top of the globe—or in Uncle Sam's Attic—as someone jokingly remarked," writes **Father Edward J. Cunningham, S.J.**, of Pilgrim Springs, Alaska. "My mission has the distinction of being the youngest, the poorest and the most northerly Catholic Orphanage in the United States possessions.

"I have two Jesuit Brothers, five Ursuline Nuns, associated with me in the work of saving souls. I am the only priest. At present I have seventy children in my care, most of them orphans, the rest with only one parent, and to run this establishment I have nothing but the donations, Mass stipends and offerings, given to me by the pious Faithful. All these children are wards of the Government but our generous Government never thinks that I could use a little recompense for the upkeep of their children.

Dear Water

"The Pilgrim River, one half mile from the house, supplies the mission with H₂O, and in summer this work of supply is an easy matter. A wind-mill on the bank of the river pumps the water from the river and sends it through pipes to the tank at the kitchen. No trouble, no bother, the wind does all the work. But at the first sign of cold weather, the pipes must be drained and disconnected, otherwise they freeze.

"Then small drums are placed on sleds and hauled to the river, either with horses, dogs or auto-truck. The sled runs down on the

BAGHDAD—BRITISH HONDURAS

ice, a hole is cut, and with buckets, the water is dipped up, spilled into the drums on the sleds, and hauled to the house. Three or four trips must be made before the kitchen tanks are filled and three times a week the sleds must go to the river for supply. It is a wet job always, but when the weather is thirty and forty below zero, it is not only a wet job but a cold freezing job.

"Horses, driver and workers are walking cakes of ice when the work is finished, and frequently all outer clothing must be removed when the work of bringing the water to the house is finished. Now if you have ever done any printing or developing, you know how much water is required. Have I got the heart to waste water in photography when it is brought to the house under such difficulties?

Pilgrim Springs, the cost of water is very high. It is peddled around from door to door and costs as high as fifty cents for five gallons.

"I just received a letter from some friends of mine living at Point Barrow. There water is extremely hard to get, though Point Barrow is situated right on the coast. The few small lakes of fresh water in the neighborhood are allowed to freeze, then the ice is cut into blocks and these blocks brought to the various houses. Near the stove in the kitchen is usually a large wooden barrel. The cakes of ice are placed in these barrels. The heat of the room soon melts the ice for drinking or washing purposes.

"We surely envy you with your taps, running hot and cold water and numberless other conveniences. Well, if we had all the comforts of home, then where

mos were jammed in this year just will not do. We had the children squatted down on the floor right up to the communion railing and up against the Crib, so that the youngsters were reaching into the little stable of our Christ Child and stealing our lambs during the sermon. The temptation was too much; without budging from his seat on the floor any of the little boys near the Crib could reach out and grab a sheep or even kidnap a shepherd with impunity.

"Though it was bitterly cold outside we could not make a fire and needed none either till the services were over. For the people were jammed right up against the stove on all sides; and anyhow it got so hot by the time I started Holy Mass (the church was packed a half hour before Mass began) that many of the folks just peeled off and assisted in shirt-sleeves, and at that the sweat was rolling off many a noble brow.

—*And 30° Below Outside!*

"The natural heat of the bodies of so many of those crowded into a small church was too much. But you can't shut off such natural heaters; the only remedy is a big ventilator and though that, too, was wide open, I guess it was not big enough. As the stream of cold air blew into the room it turned into a little cloud of steam, and that, along with the condensing breath of so many people when it came into contact with the cold walls, caused a down-pour of water along every wall.

"Hence, as I said, fire was needed badly after services to dry up the church. Little pools of water had gathered all along the bottom or baseboard of the inside walls. And the following morning those pools had turned into ice."



On the way from Bhagalpur to Patna, Father Francis Stoy, S.J., and Father Edward Scott, S.J., wait for a connection at the railroad station at Kiul.

"Occasionally I am forced to make some pictures but when I am through with the water I am using for developing or washing the prints, I do not throw it away but put it in another bucket and I use this over again for washing my face, hands, etc. I do everything but drink it.

Dearer Water

"In other places in Alaska where the people have not the same ease in getting water as at

would be the joy of missionary life? So we take it and like it and find pleasure in living in a country like this."

Pious Thefts

According to Father John P. Fox, S.J., of Hooper Bay, there is more than one reason why he will have to enlarge his church:

"I see where we will have to enlarge our chapel (we call it church) sometime before next Christmas. The way our Eski-

CHINA

Swamped with Students

From Shanghai, Father Leo F. McGreal, S.J., tells about Gonzaga College and war refugees:

"We are in our mid-winter vacations now and are preparing to

JAMAICA—CHINA—CEYLON

celebrate the Chinese New Year which falls this year on February 19th. Actual classes for the second semester begin on the 22nd, and from present indications it looks as though we are going to be swamped with new students. Many more than we can take have applied for admission, so it is only a question of selection to fill out the vacant places in our limited supply of classrooms.

"The primary school has already opened the semester with an increase of one hundred and fifty over last term. Father Zi, S.J., has added a new department, a free school for the refugee children and the extremely poor of the neighborhood. There, too, the demand far exceeds the capacity.

"God has been kind to the countless poor of the city during these winter months for we have had a very mild winter so far. That has been a big help to us also as we have not been obliged to use the stoves in the classrooms. The refugee problem has been augmented by the arrival of large numbers of Jewish refugees from Europe, among whom a considerable number of Catholics have been discovered. Eventually they will be assimilated into the foreign community here but for the time being their lot is miserable indeed."

IRAQ

Personalities

From Father Edward F. Madaras' *Al Baghdadi* we get a look-in on some of the various personalities that make up the Faculty of Baghdad College:

"This is the proper place to introduce Father Leo Shea, S.J., since he is in immediate charge of the boarding school. With Richard McCarthy, S.J., he came to us from America about six weeks ago. The sweetness of his disposition coupled with an uncommon fund of common sense and good humor marked him out at once as the man destined by Providence to be assistant to the Minister and majordomo of the boarding school.

"Little did he dream, when he set sail across the sea, that his life

abroad would consist for the most part in bossing a kitchen crew, trying to keep a house clean against overwhelming odds, and being prepared to do any sort of menial work himself from repairing roofs to cleaning sewers. Incidentally, he teaches religion and English to the boys in Fourth High, but that apparently is only



Sr. Natividad Gabor, R.V.M., pronounces her final vows in religion in the presence of Rev. Joseph R. Reith, S.J., at Maria Auxiliadora Mission, Dansalan, Lanao, Mindanao, P. I. This is the first record of such a ceremony in Mindanao.

by the way. By far his main pre-occupation seems to be keeping his boarding house running.

"Now that the showers are properly installed (on reflection, we have some misgivings about the correctness of that word *properly*) and the hot water tank has been soldered and been put back in place again and Father Shea's late nemesis, Abdulmessiah the Plumber, has passed out of his life, his chief difficulties at present apparently center around the commissariat. Just yesterday he was trying to borrow some onions from us. The day before that he sent his man, Black George, over to our house (meaning residential headquarters) and seized six loaves of our bread.

"One morning not so long ago when we only had twenty-six eggs for the Fathers' breakfast, he tried to wangle them out of us, but fearing for our own skin if

we left the Fathers eggless at breakfast, we were adamant in our refusal. We may seem to be heartless and lacking in Christian charity, but the point is that for this first year we are trying to determine boarding school expenses by a carefully controlled system of cost accounting, and we cannot allow Father Shea or anyone else to upset our figures. They will be far enough off the track as it is when the end of the year comes around."

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

Moro Vows

Father Joseph Reith, S.J., active Pastor in Dansalan's Moroland pays tribute to his native Sister helpers:

"The popular saying is that you can never trust the word of a Moro unless he places his hand on the Koran and swears to Allah. I have doubts about the veracity of the popular saying because I am sure that Mohammedans are no more immune to perjury than are Christians. If, however, a Moro, weary of life and yearning for a more glorious reward in the Garden of Allah, takes up the Koran to vow that he will die killing Christians,—well, you had better see to it that the children are all in the house and the doors securely locked because that Moro is going to run amuck.

"Such *juramentado* vows are not as frequent in the Lake Lanao region of Moroland as in other sections, for which we thank God. But I have buried occasional victims and have tried to comfort others in the hospital after they have been hacked by the fury of the terrible *kris*. It usually takes several bullets from a soldier's gun to accomplish the desire of the *anuk*, which stripped of its Mohammedan flim-flam, is an ordinary desire for suicide. But, oh! the horror of its fulfillment, and the dread of it that hangs ever over Moroland!

Better Vows

"To say the least, this is not a very cheerful introduction to the

AMERICAN INDIANS—NEGRO MISSIONS

subject of which I wish to write, but it offers a local contrast. Horrible as is the *juramentado's* vows, with equal intensity in the realm of sweetness and beauty ascended to the throne of God another vow in Moroland, a strange, unique promise to God such as has never before been heard by Moro ears. And its purpose, too, was death, death of self; but hardly what you would care to designate as suicide.

"No one can recall that ever before in Lanao, in the very center of Mohammedan influence, and in direct contrast to its tenets, have the words, 'I vow perpetual Poverty, Chastity and Obedience' been solemnly uttered. Never before have glad voices sang out, '*Veni, Sponsa Christi*'—never before have silent tears dimmed the eyes of a Lanao congregation as a Religious knelt before the uplifted sacred Host and spoke the eternal words of oblation. To Sister Natividad Gabor, R.V.M., belongs the distinction of the pioneer, who, on February 2, 1939, in the humble Maria Auxiliadora Church in Dansalan, before the assembled Sisters, parishioners and school children, bound herself irrevocably to God as a member of the Congregation of Religious of the Virgin Mary.

"I know how great was Sister's ecstasy of joy throughout her Vow Day; I know how real and profitable was the edification to the people of the congregation, but I doubt if anyone realized my satisfaction and pride as I held aloft the sacred Species during the taking of the Vows. Before Heaven it was a moment of distinction for our Mission, for nowhere else in Mindanao was a like offering being made to God; it was a moment that marked real accomplishment and progress; it was a moment of promise of the treasury of graces that shall come on a future day when Dansalan is an older city and Moroland has put aside the *kris* and the Crescent.

"Too few consolations come as yet to the Maria Auxiliadora Mission because it is young and the field is only in the planting. But good seed is going into the resist-

ing soil, and none better guaranteed for fruitage than that sown with the strange words, 'I vow perpetual Poverty, Chastity and Obedience!' the perfect sacrifice."

PATNA, INDIA

"Hope Kicks Eternal"

Father Aloysius S. Pettit, S.J., of St. Xavier's Mission, is beginning to get back to his usual strenuous pace after a long sickness. He writes:

"Hope kicks eternal when you mention a hunch on the support



James Hansdak, a Santal, and the best catechist in the Mission. "Some day," says Father John A. Morrison, S.J., "I'm going to write a book about him."

of a catechist. With all the faults that many a catechist has, there are many good points, too. If we had as little training for our work as they for theirs, I wonder if we would not be fault-speckled also. And I do think that a donation invested in a catechist is better than one in the B. Nw. Ry. in India—and that pays the highest dividends (and makes fewest repairs) of any that I know.

"One of my catechists is en route to Calcutta within a few days, to drum for basket sales

there. I wish New York were nearer and we might revolutionize the lunch basket trade and run opposition to the counters that bring up the cost of living there. If we are not successful in finding good sales in Calcutta, we may be faced with the necessity of folding our tents, and getting back to the status quo of empty stomachs. For around Patna at least I am getting convinced (once more) that we are slow in comprehending the need of a living wage. A few prayers, where you are in a position to say or get them, will help our basket trade to live long.

"You may judge from the typed page that I am gradually getting back into line; so gradually though that one wonders when one will be really goose-stepping with the rest as before. I've never had such a prolonged lazy streak before. This time I'm even tired of being idle. Champatia indeed calleth; Mann respondeth; Pettit sitteth.

"Baby-Catechumenate"

"An idea that is old indeed but hits us regularly is that of the 'baby-catechumenate.' Father Joseph Mann, now in my place is going from center to center gathering the Dom converts, holding them for about a week for as an intensive instruction as the Dom can stand, and letting them go. Because of the time element the 'baby' is introduced above. During the week we foot the food bill.

"Father Mann has just written me that in the last 'meeting' the bill was Rs39/-, some fifteen dollars. Multiply that by a number of weekly gatherings and you have a maximum of instruction given in about the only possible way, as the Doms are so very scattered in their habitations; but something of a maximum of expense, too. If some good people knew of what we are doing in this way I am sure they would find a way to cut fifteen dollars off their gas bill occasionally that the lowest of the low castes of India might get a working knowledge of the Ten Commandments.

"The golden hour for these Untouchables is at hand."

COMMUNICATIONS

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

A Proper "Shriner"

To the Editor:

I am very sorry that you have had to write so many times regarding my renewal of subscription to JESUIT MISSIONS. I have been very busy and in order to save time I turned my subscription in to the Jesuit Seminary at 403 Wellington St., this city, from whence you will no doubt receive the money along with other subscriptions which they have.

You may perhaps be interested to know that my family has long had great devotion to our beloved Jesuit Martyrs, and I have yearly made pilgrimages to their first shrine as well as to the present shrine for the past twenty-four years and we are the grateful possessors of a true relic of Saints John Brebeuf, Gabriel Lalemant and Charles Garnier, given to us by the Very Reverend Father Filion when he was Provincial of our province. We have received many wonderful favors through the intercession of our martyrs and I try not to miss attending the weekly services in their Winter shrine since moving down here to Toronto from Windsor two years ago.

I wish to thank you for your good prayers and to assure you that, poor and distracted though mine are, I do offer mine for the success of the wonderful work of the Jesuits everywhere, who have done so much for me and for mine.

M. Regina Federer, Toronto, Can.

Generous!

To the Editor:

I am enclosing an extra five dollars to be divided between the poor of Baghdad and Father Tranchese's school in Texas. It is not much but I am making a little sacrifice. I have two or three small bills to meet but instead of paying them, I am sending you the money but I will make it up next week. Sometimes I do feel like the poor Oriental looks, but I am happy in the thought that I don't have to spend hours making out my income tax.

I want to thank you for your kindness in remembering me in your Masses. I certainly feel the benefit of all those Masses in more ways than I could tell.

When I have anything to send to China, I send it to Father Pius Moore in San Jose.

San Francisco, Calif. Mrs. C. M.

Beware!

To the Editor:

One day last week a young man giving his name as Mr. — called here showing his credentials and photograph representing himself as an agent for the Missionary Magazine. I told him I was going to send the dollar to the office. He was so brusque and insistent and

said they only got a little commission so I gave him one dollar. I hope he has turned it in. I enclose the receipt he gave me, and see, he did not sign his name. If he is a fraud I hope they get him. He had several other names.

New York, N. Y. K. M. M.

We take occasion from the above letter to advise all our subscribers that JESUIT MISSIONS has no paid agents for soliciting subscriptions. We know that in the past fraudulent agents have acted in the name of JESUIT MISSIONS and have collected money which we never received. Our subscribers in turn were cheated and, till we were able to explain, were incensed with us. May we then issue this warning that no subscription agent has any authorization to solicit subscriptions to JESUIT MISSIONS, and plead with our readers to send their subscriptions directly to us.—Editor.

Publicity

To the Editor:

Our Catholic Truth Committee is planning a Catholic Press display to be held during the latter part of this month. Will you please send us samples of your Catholic publications to be used in the exhibit? Thank you for your attention.

Texas. S. M. High School.

The above request was one of many we received during Catholic Press Month. We were pleased to comply with each request though we regret that we have very little evidence, in new subscriptions, that the publicity given to JESUIT MISSIONS was effective. Though we have heard next to nothing from those who sought to advertise our magazine, we are most grateful for the effort that was made and would encourage our other readers to tell their friends about JESUIT MISSIONS.—Editor.

Inspired!

To the Editor:

I am forwarding under separate cover some old JESUIT magazines which you might be able to use. I might add that every time I've read a story in them, it left an inspiration to do better.

Boston, Mass. J. J. McCormack.

We rejoice that JESUIT MISSIONS has been an inspiration and are grateful for back numbers. We would suggest, however, that as the missionaries already receive JESUIT MISSIONS, back numbers are really not needed by them. Other Catholic magazines, however, are most welcome. We shall be glad to give to any one interested names and addresses for remailing of magazines.

Traveling?

Even if you can't go in person, you can go in spirit to Midland, Ontario, or Auriesville, N. Y., to the shrines of the Jesuit Martyrs of North America.

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Hero of the Hard Trail

St. Noel Chabanel

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God Heals a Medicine Man

Charles J.
MacGregor, S. J.

THE following front page article appeared some months ago in the Pendleton *East Oregonian*:

"Members of the Walla Walla tribe of Indians today buried a patriarch of their group—colorful old George Lucas, more often known as Doctor Star, who died Wednesday at the age of 94.

"The passing of the tribe's old-time medicine man—he had served for about 50 years—marked the loss of one of Eastern Oregon's most interesting redmen.

"He was a full-blooded Palouse Indian, having much influence among the older tribesmen. He took part in the war of 1878. He was reputed to have had 25 wives throughout his lifetime.

"The funeral rites were held this morning at the Bomboy chapel. Burial was in the old Indian graveyard above Cayuse, where Poker Jim and No Shirt, famous former chiefs, are having their last rest. Father Lajoie of St. Andrew's Mission had charge.

"Round-Up goers remember Doctor Star for his tattered old coonskin cap, worn year after year, adorned with a dangling coyote tail."

A "COLORFUL character" indeed, but the spiritual story that remains hidden in the account is still more interesting. Even the suppressed statement "Father Lajoie of St. Andrew's Mission had charge" tells little. For old "Doc" Star remained a pagan—and a mighty vigorous old one—almost to his dying breath. Doggedly faithful to the ritualistic practices of his belief and looking upon Catholicism and Protestantism as both equally deserving of contempt, any and all advances towards him throughout the many decades of his life were all entirely fruitless.

But a merciful Providence, doubtless in recognition of the sincerity of his heart, was to arrange the circumstances of his death. An all-provident Physician it was who permitted that sickness should strike him during those late summer weeks when most of his associates, including the only other medicine man of the Reservation, were still down the river at the fishing grounds, in



An old pagan medicine man of Montana, near St. Paul's Mission.

the mountains and elsewhere—an all-powerful Physician who was to see to it that the prescription offered this aged medicine man by Him was finally to be accepted and would produce the health and happiness that would know no end.

REPORT of the old man's condition—the only report incidentally that reached the Mission throughout his illness—came as such news so often does among the Indians, by a casual remark of one who seldom if ever, came in contact with the Fathers. Only a faint indication of God's grace, a lightly trod footprint as it were, but how well the experienced Indian missionary knows the reward that may await him at the end of that lightly marked trail. So he traces it down carefully and eagerly till he has discovered its secret.

We found him in a sprawling, weather-beaten, one-story house, bereft of paint and care, down by the river, close to the Agency. Off to a corner of the larger room, buried in a mass of blankets as old and sordid as the walls that sheltered them, breathing fast and heavily in that last, feverish, instinctive preoccupation of struggle for existence, he was a pitiful sight indeed. By mere chance, the middle-aged Indian woman in attendance had stumbled upon him, visiting the place while on a trip down from the mountains for provisions. Once again a detail of God's arranging, for although poorly instructed, she was a Catholic, and, at least, not averse to its teaching. In almost any other circumstance, difficult indeed it would have been for a *shum-tsmukh-tsmukh* (black dressed one) even to gain admittance at his bedside.

HIS condition she explained in a few words: for several days past just as he now appeared—no food, no change of position, only that tremendous activity of breathing, and a continual cry for water, "kush!" He had asked for his relatives, and they had been summoned, but had not arrived; he wished for a medicine man to minister to him, but none was at hand; no one coming, he had asked nothing more, but lapsed into stoical silence. On the wall above his head hung a small bell, that in keeping with rigid religious custom throughout his life, he had reached for and rung at certain times.

Fortifying himself with a few moments prayerful, quiet deliberation, Father Lajoie slowly stepped over to the mass of blankets with its human occupant. Bending down on one knee and leaning close to the ear of the aged sufferer, he spoke a few, low soft words of greeting. At length, a nod of recognition. Then carefully, slowly, tactfully, Father Lajoie explained his mission. No answer. A few moment's pause, and then a repeated effort. Again no answer. And again, and, after a longer pause, still again. But all to no avail; the attitude of this medicine man was clear.

The only words that would pass his lips were the repeated request for water, in answer to which he was refreshed by copious draughts from a large tin can by means of a small siphon tube. At length, with a final word of sympathy and encouragement, Father Lajoie took his departure. To the woman, however, he recommended earnest prayer in his behalf, and bespoke his intention of returning.

TWO days later, strengthened still more by additional prayer, Father Lajoie returned to the scene of combat. The sufferer's condition was the same. The woman, however, had an interesting remark or two to make. He had been restless and troubled. Several times he had declared his readiness to die, that it was the will of the Great Spirit, that he himself wished to, but that something was holding him back, restraining him, making it impossible for him to do so. He begged that he be turned completely about, his head towards the setting sun. All was useless. And, as before, came his constant plea for water.

Once again, Father Lajoie began his entreaties—kindly, patiently, earnestly, insistently. Everything seemed in vain. With our imperfect ideas of theological validity and liceity, we urged Father to administer the sacrament, but he was resitant, reluctant to coerce this will. In a quandary, and showing his anxiety in slow movement about the room, he determined to make one last effort.

And this time, after an initial silence that seemed to betoken failure as before, the fever-stricken head suddenly nodded firmly and its lips murmured assent. In the many sick calls on which I have had the privilege to accompany this old experienced missionary, I have



*Myrtle Wolf of St. Andrew's Mission
—the child of typically firm and un-
yielding pagan parents.*

his restlessness, and in their stead came a great peace. Practically abandoned humanly, he had nevertheless, for recompense, the strengthening, comforting companionship of a new-found everlasting Friend.

CIRCUMSTANCES made it difficult to have the funeral services at St. Andrew's. But Father Lajoie was present for the remaining rites at the old Indian cemetery above Cayuse. Here, in accordance with immemorial custom, a lengthy speech by Wo-cat-sie, one of the tribal chiefs, was delivered, at the end of which he astonished everyone by explaining the presence of Father Lajoie and graciously introducing him. Here, without a doubt, was God's further purpose in the saving of that soul—its impression and influence on these others outside the fold.

Nothing speaks more strongly to the Indian mind than concrete fact, and, after the burial service of the Catholic ritual, the story of God's Providence and Mercy toward this universally acknowledged "untouchable" must have had its effect. God's grace finds a difficult entrance to most of these who have been steeped in pagan traditions for generations back, but nowhere is His work more manifest than in the mission field, and as long as there remain souls to win for Heaven, so also surely will there be evidences of His goodness and power, similar to that lavished on old "Doc" Star, medicine man of the Walla Wallas.



Louis Van Pelt of St. Andrew's Mission, dressed up in his father's native costume.

NEW BOOKS

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A Collection of Documents with a Preface by Dom Pierre-Celestin Lou Tseng-Tsiang

The shameless propaganda sponsored by the American press in regard to the war in Spain, has forced the leaders of the Church in China to entrust their statements on the Japanese-China situation, not to the bias of a newspaper censor or the arbitrary policy of a newspaper publisher but to the format of a book and under the authority of a reliable publishing company.

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Longmans, Green & Company, London, England, 3/6 net.

The Jesuits of the Middle United States

In Three Volumes—Volume II
Gilbert J. Garraghan, S.J., Ph.D.

The workmanship whose consummate excellence distinguished Volume I continues unabated in Volume II, in which the story of Jesuit Growth in the Middle United States moves on into the Fifties and the Sixties.

Herein issues of surpassing importance, even for these our days, absorb attention. Foremost is the question of the relative importance of colleges and parishes, a subject of debate that can only be resolved correctly in the light of the circumstances of the times. It is interesting to note that the great missionary, Father DeSmet, S.J., cast his vote for the parish as against the college while the saying, "Ignatius loves the great cities" seems to have turned the brilliant and versatile Jesuit Visitor, Father Murphy, S.J., in favor of the college.

One of the most glorious annals of the Faith in this country is the section featuring Father Francis Xavier Wenninger, S.J., Father Arnold Damen, S.J., and his associates as they realize in the highest possible degree the ideals of the Jesuit ministry through the Spiritual Ex-

ercises in retreats, rural and parochial missions.

A long buried treasure house of literary work is likewise unearthed and achievements of the pen once more cast their spell of eloquence upon the reader. A welcome link between the generations of the past and the present is Father Charles Coppens, S.J. Jesuit relations with the hierarchy and the Sisterhoods always significant for God's glory, are never at any time, as may be suspected, devoid of human interest.

The author concludes Part 3 by flashing upon the screen with almost technicolor detail a few misadventures of the Civil War and its aftermath.

Part 4, the Indian Missions, is a volume within a volume. Standing by the side of the Oregon trail, the most historic of the western highways of middle Kansas, as well as by the side of practically every Indian trail blazed in the Middle United States, Father Garraghan, S.J., as from a reviewing stand, writes for generations yet unborn the most comprehensive history of Jesuit missionary activities among these American Indians yet recorded.

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The America Press, New York City. Three Volumes, \$15.00.

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Fordham University Press, New York, N. Y.

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BACK TO THE BENCHES

(Continued from page 120)

come-back. He singled and tripled with the greatest of ease and poise, and was not long in gaining first honors. Father Sheehan is now the "Ex-Champ."

The boys are now hard at work in preparing for the Intermediate and Secondary examinations of the Government. Every year the Government offers about eighty scholarships for higher studies in Europe and America. Our boys do *not* receive any of these scholarships, for they are not in a Government school. It is an *urgent* need that we get some scholarships for our own boys. Many of them have fine ability but have not the means necessary for a four year course in England or America. When they finish with us we have nothing to offer them. If our good benefactors could only establish a few scholarships in the United States for next fall, September, 1939, they would be building the super-structure of Baghdad College. The school is well founded but we need these scholarships—imperatively—to offset the attractions of eighty-four scholarships which our boys *cannot* attain.

WE ARE YOU, INCORPORATED

(Continued from page 121)

that doctrine the word "incorporated" occurs again and again. Christ is the Head, we are the members "incorporated," or "made one" in the Mystical Body.

Now when we come to define the aim of our *We Are You Co., Inc.*, it is not irreverent to say that we are in "the sheep business." Because thus our Lord Himself described it: "Other sheep I have that are not of this fold; them also I must bring."

And truly when a missionary sees pagan peoples in many mission lands, ignorant of the Way, the Truth, the Life; spiritually aimless, restless, gregarious; without final purpose and with puerile principles, he realizes vividly in how perfect a simile Christ pictured them:—"they lie like sheep that have no shepherd."

Yet there the comparison ends. If all they needed were a shepherd whom they would straightway follow into the sheepfold like real meek and mild sheep, the world would have been Catholic years ago, and the missions a matter of history. Such is not the case. These are "human sheep." They possess their own character and customs, their own traditions and prejudices, in many points contrary to our Catholic Faith. Their conversion to the Truth is rarely accomplished by a single sermon on the seashore. It usually needs a slow education in the classroom. They must be grown in the Christian tradition.

So the modern missionary dreams of schools and seminaries, knowing that these alone can produce the Catholics of the future who will re-cast their native lands in the mould of Catholic Faith and culture. But schools and seminaries are

mighty undertakings. That is why we receive your every prayer and gift with gratitude, and never weary of asking for more. When we look at the missions today, we thank you sincerely for what you have done. But when we look at "the mission of the Missions"—to make one flock for one Shepherd—we plead for your help.

For it is our Father's business that must be carried on, a business that cannot "lose its market" when there are still millions who know not the name of Christ. You cannot do the work alone; you are too far away. We cannot do the work alone; we are too few. But if only we toil together with all our power, you by your prayers and sacrifices, we by our prayers and sacrifices and teaching, this *We Are You Co., Inc.*, can yet "corner that market" and gain the world for the Lord we love.

BARRIO ROAD

(Continued from page 124)

little more push, a little more pull, a little jockeying, more of God's grace, and we struggled out of the mire. You see we had spent so long arguing with that farmer, that the strong tropical sun had dried up the mudhole! *Paciencia! Paciencia!*

Never be the fool that tried to hurry the East. It can't be done. Just sit on your heels and let Nature do the swearing.

DE SMET-SIOUX CENTENARY

(Continued from page 127)

could do no more, Father De Smet's program was to penetrate the interior of the Indian country, find the hostiles, and try to bring them to some point where the Commissioners could speak to them. "It was a most dangerous undertaking, for it was not believed that any White man could approach them unprotected except at the cost of his life. It is saying a great deal that there was only one man in the United States who could do this, but we believe it to be the truth."

How the Sioux were finally herded onto reservations; how Red Cloud and Spotted Tail went to Washington demanding Blackrobes; how Bishop Martin Marty, O.S.B., working in conjunction with the Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions, called upon Benedictines and Jesuits, and founded permanent missions—this is history. What St. Isaac Jogues had not been able to effect, what Father De Smet was unable to accomplish, at last was realized.

Father De Smet died in 1873. He had baptized, since 1839, thousands of Sioux, some of whom still live to remember their benefactor. Of the 30,000 Sioux, about 15,000 are on Pine Ridge and Rosebud Reservations, South Dakota, where Jesuits conduct Holy Rosary and St. Francis Missions. Half of the latter number are Catholics. To these and to all the Sioux, 1939 is an important anniversary year, the centenary of the meeting of the great Sioux tribe and the revered Blackrobe, Father De Smet.