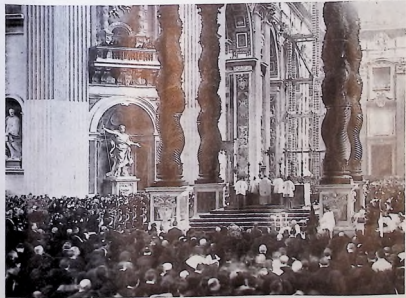




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## IN THIS ISSUE

	Page
Frontispiece	
The "hope" of Honduras.....	194
Abdul's Wish	
Marion R. Batson, S.J.....	195
Out of the mouths of Moslems, God can perfect truth.	
Working the Bad Lands	
Floyd A. Brey, S.J.....	196
A husbandman of God, irrigates the Bad Lands with the waters of life.	
The Tale of Ten Churches	
Joseph F. Ford, S.J.....	198
Houses of God, Heaven's way stations in the hills of Jamaica.	
Out of the Depths	
Joseph L. Lucas, S.J.....	199
"From the morning watch even unto night,"—harvesting for the granaries of Heaven.	
For Souls—Two Bicycles	
Marcella M. Marquard.....	200
As long as eternity, are the long, long thoughts of youth.	
No Miser—A Poem	
Richard A. Welfle, S.J.....	201
"Like a galleon of old, "Richly laden with gold, "That no born king could buy."	
In China's Rice Fields	
G. L. Kennedy, S.J.....	202
Faith, Hope and Charity, the NRA for spiritual depression.	
A B C in Bukidnon	
Frederick W. Henfling, S.J.,...	203
Caesar renders praise to God on the plains of Sumilao.	
Fishers of Men	
Thomas W. McKey, S.J.....	204
Cruising for souls along Alaskan bays and rivers on the chapel boat, "St. Anthony."	
Editorials.....	206
The Mission Intention.....	207
The Mass of the Missions.....	207
Afield with American Jesuits....	208
From Many Climes.....	212
Ebb and Flow—A Poem	
John B. Toomey, S.J.....	214
Flooding all flesh with the blood of the Lamb.	
Book Reviews.....	216
Grateful Acknowledgments....	216

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## MISSIONS OF THE AMERICAN JESUITS

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

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

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

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

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

Rev. Francis B. Prange, S.J., 2440 Interlaken Blvd., Seattle, Washington.

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

Rev. William A. Lynch, S.J., Bellarmine Hall, Cohasset, Mass.

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

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

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

Rev. Leon A. Foster, S.J., 1076 West Roosevelt Road, Chicago, Ill.

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

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

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

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

(13) **CANADIAN INDIAN MISSIONS** along Lake Huron and Georgian Bay, those north of Lake Superior, and those along the Albany River are cared for by the Jesuits of Upper Canada. The Province Mission Procurator is

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

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

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

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Native Indian children at Salt Creek, British Honduras. The Colony of British Honduras is entrusted, for its spiritual care, to the Jesuits of the Missouri Province. One Bishop, eighteen Priests, three Scholastics and three Brothers are stationed in the Colony. Of a total population of approximately 51,000, some 28,000 are Catholics.

# Abdul's Wish

**T**HE day just ending had been a scorcher,—even for us here in India. I stood by the bank of a lagoon that languishes among the reeds not far from Khrist Raja High School at Bettiah in Patna Mission, watching the last rays of the setting sun sift through the branches of the overhanging trees and probe among the tangle of moss and puddle weeds floating near the surface of the shallows. Evening brought a gentle breeze from somewhere and fanned the earth back to life again and broke my reverie by the still lagoon. I turned to go back to the house, the better to escape a contingent of war-like mosquitoes just emerging from ambush.

"Father . . . Abdul is sick."

I turned around quickly, startled by the voice, for I had thought myself quite alone. By my side stood a posing Mohammedan, a carpenter whom I knew well, from a village not far away.

"What sickness, Hanif?"

"Fever . . . and breath, Father," came the reply.

Mentally, I raced down my Hindi alphabet looking for synonyms for "breath" and found nothing but "wind," so I concluded that it was a doubtful case and, therefore, serious . . . doubtful cases usually are. Hardly a month ago an old woman in a village six miles away suffered from "breath" (as I understood it) and sent her son to call me to come with the new "breath medicine" fresh from Father Garesche's medical box in New York. She had heard about it and was sure that it would cure her. After a wild cycle ride over bumpy roads, I found that Grandma was dying of asthma. Plain water, a few words of instruction, and Baptism gave her courage to face death and to forget about "breath" trouble. But Abdul was young, a fine specimen of manhood, and surely not given to asthma.

"Come now, Father, please! He asked for you for three days and is now asleep."

"How long has he been unconscious?" I asked, as we hurried to the house for medicine.

"Since yesterday, Father."

It was a ten-minute trot to Abdul's hut, but it seemed ages before we reached his side.

**A**S usual, the single little room was crowded with wailing women, and the air heavy with smoke from the "sickness fire." Hanif cleared the deck with fair dispatch, and only a few relatives remained to watch the procedure. Abdul lay exhausted on his cot, burning up with fever, and breathing laboriously. I tried every way to revive him, but in vain.

While rubbing his feet and legs with warm oil, his chest and hands with the same, and forcing a little warm milk down his throat, I waited for the story. Abdul, it seemed, had been away working in another city. He had returned home five days before with a cold and a touch of fever. During the night he became worse and told his brother, Hanif, to call me. Hanif thought that

Marion R.  
Batson, S.J.

*Kut-bud-din, the chief, who had befriended the author on his visits from Bettiah to the Mohammedan village.*



Abdul would be better in a day or two and did not bother. Instead, Abdul became worse and ordered Hanif to do as he had asked. Finally, he became too weak to argue, and then lapsed into a coma. I suspected something more, because all the Moslems of this village were friendly, and we had had many talks about religion and other topics whenever they came for medicine. I looked at Hanif and waited for the real story.

"You are angry with me Father?"

"Not at all, Hanif, though you know that you are the worst rascal in all Bettiah. A fine lad you are, as I have told you so often, famous for your pretty mustache, your laziness and your lies; otherwise, a very nice *badmash*."

*Badmash* means rascal in Hindi, and it was my nickname for him. He hesitated, looked at Abdul's wife, and then began with the usual line of polite flattery.

"Father, you are good; you are kind to us; and Abdul came home sick, but said that he had come home to be a Catholic; and he told me to call you, Father; your medicine is good; it always cures, and you pray for us, Father; but we did not believe that Abdul meant what he said,—he jokes so much.

"He quarrelled with the Moulvi Saheb, and all the men came to hear them fight. Abdul said that he could not be a Mohammedan and at the same time be a Catholic; that we did not understand or we would believe as he did, and then he begged me to call you, but I was afraid, Father, because he went to sleep and we thought that he would die anyway. I did call you, Father, didn't I?"

(Turn to page 214)

# Working the Bad Lands

Floyd A. Brey, S.J.



IT'S a long, long trail that winds from Holy Rosary Mission, Catholic headquarters of Pine Ridge (Sioux) Reservation in South Dakota, to that caprice of nature styled by early French traders *Les Terres Mauvaises*, or the "Bad Lands."

To make this trip, you get on the Black Hills Highway at the Mission, and travel westward twenty miles. Then you invoke a blessing on the inventor of springs and pneumatic tires before consigning yourself to the whims of winding, washboard wagon-tracks leading northward forty miles across the prairie.

I was anxious to learn how a seasoned Indian missionary works the Bad Lands. The first prospect of a week-end trip came only after the mission boarding school had unleashed its four hundred youngsters for a thorough rebronzing on the prairie. Then, too, I wanted to see for myself the home surroundings that serve as background for the gratifying training given the papooses at Holy Rosary Mission School.

We took the trail on a fine June morning, prepared for a three days' journey. My host was Father Joseph A. Zimmerman, S.J., whose six chapels and one thousand square miles of mission territory lie on the western fourth of the Reservation. Two of his stations are in the Bad Lands.

FIVE o'clock on this particular Saturday morning found us on our way. There were three of us now, for Father was bringing *Yutapi Wakan*—"The Holy Food"—Holy Communion—to a sick woman. Ten miles down the highway we found a village of tepees in a dell near the church. An Indian Congress explained the gathering. Many of the people were already up and around. The invalid was a sorry sight—an old woman inside the tent, stretched on the ground under a tattered quilt. Father said the Communion prayers in Indian before and after, and we left our Lord there to gladden and console her.

A wedding was to take place at the nearby chapel. Frank Black Feather and Margaret Yellow Horse, the young bridal pair, were already there. During the Nuptial Mass the people devoutly sang their favorite Indian hymns, often in two harmonized voices. And nearly everyone received Holy Communion. After a strictly informal combination breakfast-dinner, Father Zimmerman locked up the Oglala basilica (the Post



Two Sioux Indian girls who took part in the play, "Tekakwitha," presented by the pupils of Holy Rosary Mission, Pine Ridge, South Dakota. The heroine, Winnie White Face, is the central figure.

Office there is Oglala), and we resumed our journey. About twenty miles farther, we came to the White River, spanned by the first and last bridge we were destined to cross beyond the Black Hills Highway.

Farther on we saw in the distance fantastic broken mesas relieving the monotony of a Dakota prairie. Surely, a poet would find inspiration as Chimney Rock, for instance, outlined against the setting sun, "with spires still aflame begins to shroud in purple hues her clayey buttresses and nave."

"How'd do, Father," as we stopped to greet a young Indian and his family passing in a farm wagon. Mrs. had on her shawl, of course, in spite of the heat. The youngsters in the rear beamed their joyous welcome, for they well knew that Father Zimmerman often concealed on his person or thereabouts some delicious rock candy for the kiddies. The family was on a twenty-mile trip to the nearest Government station to get groceries and mail.

"That is Cuney Table, our next stop," said Father, pointing ahead to an unbroken plateau that looked like the cliffs of Dover; "there are only three approaches on this side." We took the central one, and on looking

down from the table-land to the plain some eighty yards below, I saw in the weirdly eroded bank the first specimens of Dakota Bad Lands.

That evening we ate supper with one of the Cuneyes, visited several of the families at their homes, and then returned to the church, centrally located on the Table, to prepare for the night.

SUNDAY about mid-afternoon we left Cuney Table and its fifty square miles of good farm lands. Red Shirt Table, some thirty miles northwest, was to be our next station. Between the two plateaus is a rugged "No Man's Land" so destitute of wood, water, and grass, that it is still unallotted by the Government. For twenty miles the trail wound through this desolation. Father told me about the time his car stalled on this stretch and he had to walk fifteen miles for help.

Once we paused on a cliff overlooking the worst of the Bad Lands, stretching interminably to the north and east. This rampant range of furrowed, tawny hills affords in sunlight a striking study in light and shadow, and at dawn or close of day a tinted picture of real beauty. No doubt it was the paradox of this geological wonder that inspired one of the representative poets of South Dakota, Miss Fannie Williams, Catholic social worker among the Indians of Manderson, South Dakota, to write her optimistic verses on the Bad Lands.

Ages of erosion have trenched large areas of soft, incoherent rock between the Southern Cheyenne and White Rivers of South Dakota. What remains is a region habitable only by the coyotes that hide in its dry gullies by day, and prowl about on the neighboring plateaus at night.

BUT to continue our trip. Red Shirt Table at last, and not a mishap! This large plateau, three thousand feet in elevation, fills out the northwestern corner of the Reservation. To the west the Black Hills, teaming with pine, darken the landscape. The Chapel of the Sacred Heart, as it overlooks the scenic bend of the Southern Cheyenne River below, terminates the plateau and the Reservation.

Toward sundown we cast anchor at the log meeting-

house near the chapel. What a welcome! To appreciate the cordial reception, one should recall that Father Zimmerman is not a resident Pastor here, but makes this station only once a month, on the fourth Monday, exclusive of sick calls. Besides, we were now in a full-blooded Sioux settlement, where the Indian mask of cautious reserve is discarded.

Two families were encamped, those of the active catechist, Tom Blind Man, and the honorary one, Silas Fills the Pipe. Choice strips of dried meat, taken from the supply on the fence, were boiling over a fire outside. After unloading our outfit, and ringing the



*"Ages of erosion have trenched large areas of soft, incoherent rock between the Southern Cheyenne and White Rivers of South Dakota. What remains is a region habitable only by the coyotes that hide in its dry gullies by day, and prowl about on the neighboring plateaus at night."*

Angelus, we took a loaf of bread and sat down at a bare table in the meeting-house. Hot coffee and sugar were brought in, and later some meat, too, but I preferred to mortify my appetite when this last course appeared. Tom Blind Man, who is a mission product, regretted that he had no more to offer, but promised to get something "special" for our breakfast.

AS this church had no basement, I unrolled my blankets that night right in the center aisle where the coffin rests at funerals. Pleasant dreams! No rats,—at least I was not bothered by any. Father had urged me to trade roosts with him, but I preferred to try the catafalque.

Next morning during Mass, the men on one side and the women opposite sang their old favorites as only these devout children of the plains can do, without even an accompaniment. After Father had read the Gospel in Indian, and finished his sermon, he went to the sacristy to hear a late-comer's confession, then went on to the Mass. True to their practical Catholicity, every man, woman, and eligible child went to (Turn to page 214)

# The Tale of Ten Churches

Joseph F. Ford, S.J.



The last of the ten churches erected at Concord in 1931. "A wattleed, grass-roofed affair," in no way comparable to the merits of the congregation which, Father Ford describes, "as one of the most encouraging groups among the ten congregations."

**L**OOKING back over my seventeen years on the Mission of Jamaica, I find there are ten churches to my building credit. As I sort out the pictures of these chapels, I am struck with the fact that my first one at Above Rocks, built in September, 1918, is easily the largest and best, and my latest at Concord, erected in 1931, you can see for yourself is easily the worst, being but a wattleed, grass-roofed affair. I have shown the congregation that belongs to it, and I can say that they are one of the most encouraging groups I have met among the ten congregations.

**M**Y building career started in a most innocent fashion while the Great War was on. Each time I rode into the parish yard at Above Rocks, I was reminded of the war by the unfinished walls of the new church that looked more like a shattered chapel in France. With what appeared to me to be a huge fortune, something over five hundred dollars, I planned to put on the roof, and rest until I could gather further funds to finish it. The builder cleverly persuaded me to keep the money for the pay bill, and get long credit for the materials. He further persuaded me to go on with the building to the end, and I found I had spent nearly three thousand

dollars. I was grateful for the experience, which has seen me through the other nine, for all the others were repetitions of this one, on a smaller scale.

**I**T is interesting to note that half of these ten chapels are memorial gifts, that came into vogue after the war, with the wonderful broadening interest in the foreign missions. Memories of those first three or four years are seared in my memory because of the utter lack of interest shown in our section of the foreign missions.

Even as I write, I have three or four stations that have no chapels, where we have Mass in hotels, private houses, etc., and I hope to see these through to the possession of their own worshipping places, if God preserves my health, and the memorial idea survives the economic depression. In the meanwhile, I finish this article with a list of the ten and their dates of building: Above Rocks, 1918; Preston Hill, 1919; Port Maria, 1923; Donnington, 1924; Annotto Bay, 1925; Mile Gully, 1926; Jeffrey's Town, 1927; Mandeville, 1928; Monague, 1930; Concord, 1931.

In two of my missions, those of Mandeville and Linstead, I am putting into operation vocational schools which are directed by Sisters from Kingston. This is an application of the Rural Catholic Action of the N. C. W. C. in Washington. If the experiment merits well, I shall soon be able to submit a report somewhat similar to the present, but entitled not "The Tale of Ten Churches," but "The Tale of Ten Schools."



The Church of the Little Flower, Annotto Bay, Jamaica, B. W. I., fifteen miles east of Port Maria, the fifth of the ten churches erected by Father Joseph Ford, S.J.

# Out of the Depths

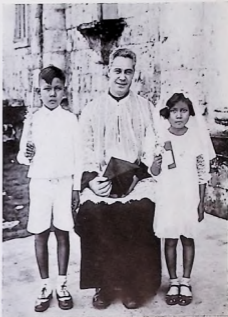
Joseph L.  
Lucas, S.J.

**H**AVE seen the material edifices of our highest hopes, holiest ambitions, and most zealous labors come crashing to earth here at Cagayan, Mindanao, P. I., but have had precious little time to sit among the ruins and feel sorry for failure. The spiritual edifices erected in souls are lovelier than ever, and our material loss has spelled unprecedented spiritual gain. Now we have the spectacle of the field white for the harvest, and only a pitiful few laborers, thoroughly fatigued from apostolic work and harassed by lack of means, striving mightily to gather part of the harvest into the eternal granaries.

Each day sees new millions added to the countless swarms of locusts that have consumed every vestige of edible vegetation, and in their wake stalks gaunt famine. In happier times we were privileged to hold out a helping hand to the poor, hungry and destitute. But that day has long since ceased, and our own struggle for existence is a cause of serious concern. In the midst of this universal depression, word was flashed from Rome that Cagayan had been made a Diocese and our own Superior, Father Hayes, elected Bishop. With this single magic word our ancient dilapidated church is transformed into a cathedral, and a vacant unpainted house nearby becomes the episcopal palace at a monthly rental of twenty dollars.

**O**N Sunday last, with breaking heart, I announced the closing of our parochial school, affecting more than four hundred children, and almost in the same breath announced the opening of a Jesuit high school. Only an ardent faith and an unconquerable hope can fathom such a move. With a huge debt, without a cent of any kind of currency, without any bright prospects of receiving a single substantial gift, in this worst year of the world's history, financially speaking, and when everything else has failed, to announce the opening of a high school seems sheer madness. Yet, if we can get twenty students who can pay twenty dollars a year, we can sustain it, and thus hold our school charter against the coming of a bright and happier day in the world's resources, when we can throw open our doors once again to the little ones, and once again teach them the alphabet and story of Divine Love.

During the Summer, we held catechism classes in the church, but hardly five hundred children attended. Two hundred and thirty received First Communion. Last year, we had 1,235 with 567 First Communions. Reasons given for the decrease were lack of clothes and the necessity of looking for food. However, just as if there were no depression, we are conducting our sec-



Father Joseph L. Lucas, S.J., Vicar Forane of Cagayan, Oriental Misamis, Mindanao, P. I., receives two first communicants on his birthday.

ond Normal Institute with seventy-two teachers in attendance. This year the teachers are paying their own way, and have no assurance of having a position when the course is completed.

Rest assured of our grateful thanks for your inspiring prayers, encouraging letters and kind gifts. We are facing a difficult year, filled with all kind of painful sacrifices and fatiguing labors; but knowing that we are not alone in the battle, we face it with fortitude of soul and a heart full of courage.

May God bless you most bountifully for your kindly assistance, whole-hearted generosity, and, above all, for your prayerful interest in our labors for God. Rest assured of daily fervent remembrance in our Holy Sacrifices and prayers, and in the prayers and devotions of our little ones.

*Just after the preceding article was set up at the press, Jesuit Missions was honored by a personal visit from the newly-consecrated Bishop of Cagayan, the Most Reverend James T. G. Hayes, S.J., in whose diocese Father Lucas is laboring. His Excellency volunteered the consoling information that the Parochial School whose closing had been announced by Father Lucas was still open and would remain so by the grace of God and the generous cooperation of American Catholics. His Excellency likewise announced that the Boys' High School began with a registration of twenty-three students. It was due to the foresight and zeal of Father Lucas, that there was founded last year a Catholic Normal Institute at Cagayan, Oriental Misamis, Mindanao, and which, under the successive direction of Father Joseph P. Cich and Father Vincent J. Kennedy, S.J., has established itself as a potent center of prestige for the educational work of the Catholic Church in the southern Philippines.—Editor.*

# FOR SOULS - TWO BICYCLES



MARCELLA M.  
MARQUARD

*"What's all this about your bicycles? Mr. Long just phoned and asked if I knew anything about it. Said something about heathens and missionaries and money to help them."*

**P**ERHAPS it was the beard;—or was it the white cassock? Whatever it was, Jack had been entranced by Father Mullen's illustrated talk, and for the rest of the afternoon could think of nothing but that strange, far-away land where people didn't know anything about God. At first, Jack could hardly believe his ears; he thought everybody knew about God. But the missionary had told them and, of course, he knew. And he also said that they—Jack and all the other boys and girls—could do much to help these people learn about God.

"You may not be able to do anything big," he had said, "but there are many ways in which you can help."

And then he had told them how they could make little sacrifices and offer them up to God for the missions and the missionaries—little sacrifices, like being obedient and docile when asked to do anything, or giving up a piece of pie or cake when it seemed awfully hard to refuse. And sometimes, when they had money for ice cream or candy, or even a movie, they might deny themselves that little pleasure and put the money in a little bank until they had perhaps two or three dollars, and that amount might even be the means of opening Heaven for some soul. He had also said they must pray for the little pagan children and for the priests and Sisters who were giving their lives to save souls for God, and perhaps some day, when they themselves were grown up, some of them might be called upon to do the same.

**T**HE praying was easy, thought Jack; but what about the money? It took so long to save up a few dollars. He remembered how long it had taken to save enough to buy roller skates. Couldn't they do something right away? For, of course, he included Jane in the project. Jack never thought singly. Jane and he were twins, and whatever he did, she usually did, too. He looked over

to where she sat now, poring over her geography. He'd have to take up the matter with her on their way home from school. But in the meantime, he thought and thought.

And then suddenly the idea struck him. At first he put it aside. But it came back again and again. No, no, they couldn't do that,—that was too much. Too much?—to save souls for God? No, no, nothing was too much. He'd ask Jane about it after school.

Which, promptly at three-thirty, is just what Jack did. Jane was interested, but doubtful.

**"W**HAT can we do?" she asked. "We haven't any money. 'Course, when Daddy gives us our 'lowance Sunday, we could save some of that, and then when we get enough, we could give that."

"But, Janey, that would take so long. Besides, that wouldn't be much of a sacrifice. It ought to be giving up something that hurts.—I've thought of something."

"What?"

"Our bicycles." There, that was out.

"Our bicycles? Why, what could they do with those?" It was such a ridiculous idea that Jane was not much concerned.

"We could sell them."

"Jackie Desmon! How could we? You know Daddy wouldn't let us."

"We don't have to tell Daddy. Don't you remember what Sister told us once about God having first place—even before our parents?"

Jane, however, was not convinced.

"But, Jackie, we've wanted those bicycles so long, and we just got them last week. They're so beautiful;—I love mine."

Jack knew well how beautiful they were; hadn't every boy on the street told him?

They had reached home by this time and together they went to the garage to look at their cherished "bikes." There they stood in all their splendor—beautifully red and shiny. Jack wondered if he had been too hasty. They could do something else—save some money from their weekly allowance, as Jane had suggested. But no, he had made up his mind, and he wouldn't go back on his decision now.

"You don't have to sell yours if you don't want to, Jane. But we're twins, you know, and we ought to do the same things." Jack gave promise of growing up to be quite a diplomat. "I wonder how much Mr. Long would give me for mine. Daddy paid \$12.50 for each of these bikes; maybe, I could get ten dollars for mine—it's good as new. And ten dollars would mean lots more than ten dollars over in India."

"Well—" Jane, too, had been thinking. "I hate to part with my lovely bicycle, but if you give yours away, there won't be much fun for me to have one.—But, why can't we do something else?"

But Jack was determined. This was the hardest thing he could think of and that was what he wanted.

"Let's go up and ask Mr. Long right now. Thinking about a thing always makes it harder. And," as he saw tears welling up in Jane's eyes, "we mustn't cry about it; we must do it cheerfully or it won't be any good."

Which, from an eight-year old, was splendid logic.

TWO quiet and subdued twins came to the dinner table that night. Not that they were unhappy,—oh no! Somehow, they felt happier than they had ever felt. Mr. Long, although somewhat puzzled, had been very nice and promised to see what he could do for them.

The telephone rang and Daddy answered it. When he came back to the table, he was strangely silent for a few moments. Then, suddenly, he spoke:

"What's all this about your bicycles? Mr. Long just phoned and asked if I knew anything about it. Said something about heathens and missionaries and money to help them."

Jack and Jane exchanged stealthy glances.

"Why, you see," Jack felt it was up to him to explain, "the missionary told us all about little boys and girls who don't know anything about God and they need money to keep the missionaries there to teach them and he said we could help save souls and so we wanted to do something." Which breathless information was not

entirely enlightening.

"But why didn't you ask for some money to send?"

"Oh, but that wouldn't be right. It must be something that hurts, so we can offer it to God."

"Oh, I see." Daddy was finding his twins more inspiring than a sermon. "Well, we can't ask Mr. Long to take back your bicycles. But I'll tell you what: I'll give you each five dollars now, and then cut your spending money in half for the rest of the year. You'll find that harder than you realize. How will that be?"

"All right," said Jane, mentally relinquishing dozens of ice cream cones and candy bars.

"Fine," said Jack.

"And remember . . . no more trying to sell anything." \* \* \*

THE twins—grown up now—were home alone. They had played tennis all morning and were now enjoying the cool breeze which the shaded veranda afforded, and the silence which so often is more eloquent than words.

Finally Jane broke the stillness.

"Aren't Dad and Mums splendid in not raising any objections?"

"You bet they are!" agreed Jack. "It's not going to be so easy for them to lose both of us at once."

"No, and it isn't as

though we were going just a few miles or a few hundred miles away. Of course, we will at first, but after a few years, we'll be half-way around the world from home. Sometimes I'm tempted to give up the idea of India, and just enter a teaching Order here in town." Jane choked off an approaching sob.

"I know," Jack's voice sounded thick, too. "It's not going to be easy, and sometimes I feel like entering the seminary here. But, Jane,—"  
—when strongly moved, Jack always went back to the old childhood name—"remember our bicycles? Let's not be less generous now than we were then."

"Of course, we won't, Jack dearest. And we'll not feel sorry for ourselves, either. We'll do it cheerfully or not at all." Then, after a moment, "Isn't it strange—and wonderful—that both of us should have decided the same thing?"

But Jack had an explanation.

"Oh, I don't know. We just had to. We're twins, you know, and we always did the same things."

And so, Jack and Jane brought to a rich ripening the fruit of the tree of sacrifice they had planted in youth, at a Catholic school; and now the Master was rewarding them by an invitation to a life-service in His cause.

#### NO MISER I

(To a young missionary)  
RICHARD A. WELFLE, S.J.

No miser I!

The splendor of a sunset sky  
That floods the purple hills, is but beauty dim  
To what I'll render back to Him,  
And with no tears, nor sigh.

Oh, thus would I give,  
As a clear swift stream that tumbles down to the sea,  
Spilling its mellow silver; ay, giving lavishly,  
And with laughter and song.  
As it leaps along  
In its quest for immensity . . .  
Thus would I give.

I shall not hoard  
The gifts Thou hast bestowed, dear Lord.  
Nay, grant but one gift more; just a field all white,  
And length of days, but stay the night,  
Until the grain be stored.

Ah, then shall I give,  
As a new full moon, adrift in an emerald sky,  
Spilling its mellow radiance, as it silently sails on high  
Like a galleon of old,  
Richly laden with gold,  
Which no born king could buy . . .  
Thus shall I give.

# In China's Rice Fields

G. L. Kennedy, S.J.



Y friend, Father Loiseau, residing in a mission center far away in the rice fields, asked me to say Mass for his little flock in a distant corner of his district on Easter Sunday and Monday. It was a request to which I gladly acceded, for the Father is a man who expends himself to the last ounce for his many parishioners scattered over an immense area. He sent his catechist to guide me to the isolated little chapel and to watch over and care for me while I remained in the locality.

My guide, philosopher and friend, brought me at all speed to catch a "fast" train to the nearest station to this little outpost of Christianity. We had only one and a half hours to wait in the cold and desolate station; the only thing we had to warm us up was a first class row among some six or seven peasant women; it was a fine hullabaloo and brought rich enjoyment to the lone Chinese policeman on duty, who watched it, without interfering, with the eye of a connoisseur. Finally, the train came in.

It was a fast train. It beat every wheelbarrow in the district, and I'd back it against every barrow in any other locality. Let 'em all come, and that train would win out. A more worthy opponent was a cow-buffalo, which careered along a parallel path. With tail erect, she flew on before us, and it was only after a mighty struggle and a triumphant blast of the whistle that we passed her. Having no colors to strike, she struck her tail instead, and surrendered.

WHEN we arrived at our station, we had the choice of walking three miles through the muddy rice fields or of taking a sampan ride along a muddy, sinuous canal. We chose the former, and set out on our march under a brisk rain. We picked up a Chinese doctor on our way. He resides at our village but keeps his office at Shanghai. I would have given much to understand the conversation between himself and my guide, in the Shanghai dialect, but alas! Cantonese is my language.

After an hour's trudging along the slippery paths, we arrived at the village, wet and bedraggled. I was hungry, and after an hour's delay, supper was brought in. It was Chinese food with the exception of a good loaf of bread. I made my supper on the bread and a small portion of fish, for I must say I could never get used to the Chinese manner of cooking things, however excellent the method may be in itself.

After supper, it was raining and dark, and the catechist told me that there was a woman dying in the village and that she wanted the last sacraments. She had been sick for many days and did not like to trouble the regular missionary. The catechist had already told her that I could not speak the language, and that I had neither the holy oils nor the Blessed Sacrament, and that her husband should go over to the mission center some three miles away. This the husband promised to do, but did not. When I learned this, I was upset, for death is the decisive moment of one's existence. At the hour of death one becomes either the friend or the enemy of God for all eternity. I expressed a determination to go for the oils myself if I could obtain a guide, for without a guide, I could never get there, since I had not the faintest idea of the direction or the right path. No guide was willing to go through the muddy rice fields in the darkness and rain, so I did the next best thing: I went to see the woman.

AS we left the presbytery, the catechist said, "*Attention aux chiens!*" ("Beware of the dogs!")—Our conversation was in French.) It was well he said so. He had a small electric lamp which he focused on the ground immediately in front of us, and outside the circle of light all was darkness. In a few moments that darkness was alive—alive with snarling, snapping, yapping dogs. As we walked along the narrow, broken lanes, their number was unceasingly augmented. I had no stick and neither had the catechist, and here we were surrounded by what appeared to be (Turn to page 214)

# ABC in Bukidnon

Frederick W. Henfling, S. J.

**O**N November the eleventh, an Academic Contest was held at Cagayan, the largest and most important seaport of Northern Mindanao, P. I. A big open-air stage had been built in front of the rectory and facing the town plaza.

Chalk, erasers, books and blackboards made up the scenery. Judges, examiners, scorers and school children formed the cast of characters. And in front of the stage sat more than a thousand people whose only shelter was a gorgeous moonlit sky. Six schools were represented in the contest. For five hours—till after midnight—the contest continued. The competition was keen and spirited. Many times, in the course of the contest, there was generous applause and a hearty cheer. The record of the children of the Little Flower School of Bukidnon was exceedingly gratifying to me and to all friends of this school. Ten of our fourteen contestants won places. Three won first place, four second place and three third place. One of our students scored the highest number of points of all contestants. It was truly a splendid record, all the more remarkable because it was the first such public contest ever entered. General and generous acclaim and commendation were accorded to the contestants from the Little Flower School. Thus, you may justly feel proud of the record of the children of your school at Sumilao. Though it will be hard to duplicate this same record, we shall strive to surpass it in the spirit of our school—your school—slogan!



The Little Flower School, Sumilao, Bukidnon, Mindanao, P. I., and its energetic architect, contractor and carpenter, Father Frederick Henfling, S. J.

"Pray, study, do your best; then to God leave the rest"—a worthy slogan for Catholic pupils around the world.

**T**HERE is another item, which shows the reputation of your school. Last year, two very important official visits were made to the province of Bukidnon; the first in February by former Vice-Governor General George C. Butte, and the second by former Governor General Theodore Roosevelt. As Sumilao is not

situated on the main provincial road, I felt quite sure that these distinguished visitors and their parties would not come to Sumilao, especially since the branch road that leads to Sumilao is so dangerously narrow and flanked by two deep canyons. For that reason, I decided to lead a delegation of welcome out to the Kisolon Plain along the main road. More than a hundred children and adults were assembled after Holy Mass and marched out to the meeting place. It was a difficult (Turn to page 214)



Taxi-ing home by carabao after an orgy with bananas on the plantations of Sumilao.

# Fishers of N



Father Joseph McElmeel, S.J., rests a bit after working in the fields, and poses with "Buster," the lead dog of his famous team at Nulato, Alaska.

ONE Friday morning last August, I left Nulato in our chapel boat "St. Anthony," bound for the fish camps around Kaltag, some thirty-eight miles below Nulato. As first mate, assistant engineer, pilot, cook, deckhand, etc., I had with me a young Indian, Eugene Atokat, alias Black Suspenders. The trip down was uneventful, except that about half way our water pump began acting up, and we were forced to stop the engine to fix it, the

boat drifting with the current in the meantime.

We took turns at the wheel. As it was my first trip, I had not exactly determined upon any definite plan of action, but was to be guided by conditions. After a run of about three and a half hours, we arrived at the first camp belonging to Johnny Six Mile, about four miles from Kaltag. Here I found a baby girl to be baptized; which sacrament I administered on the boat, experiencing the usual difficulty in selecting a name acceptable to all. After proposing a good many, I chanced upon Rose, which found favor. I felt that in baptizing this little bit of humanity, I was preparing a soul soon to share the happiness of Heaven, for as both parents have tuberculosis and have lost six other children, it is hardly probable that this one will live to be very old.

The people were surprised, of course, to see me, but glad that

I was among them once more, for I had not been with them since Easter. After getting some lunch, I gathered the children together from this camp and another close by. This was not a difficult task, for they were all eager to see the boat. I made them feel at home, let them enjoy themselves for a while looking at the pictures in JESUIT MISSIONS, the *Indian Sentinel* and other magazines I had brought along, while Eugene played the phonograph for them. This was a portable one belonging to him, with a varied assortment of screechy, cracked records, but which proved to be very popular with the children and their elders. After this we had catechism and the learning of prayers.

THE work with the children is always interesting and often amusing. "Plaska, you know the Our Father?" Before Plaska has time to answer, a chorus of "Fader, me I know him," greets you. "Davie bless yourself," and Davie, who knows more about our school at Holy Cross than he does of the Holy Ghost, sings out, "In name of Fader and of Son and of Holy Cross. Amen." The children for the most part are bright, quick and eager to learn, and their happy cheerfulness makes teaching them a pleasure.

I let them come and go on the boat as they pleased, and enjoy themselves while I tried to concentrate on a little reading, or my Breviary—a difficult task with the phonograph going. The men also often come on board for a visit, which we encourage as they thus get acquainted with the priest. They are made to feel at home, sometimes tea being served to break the ice (even in Alaska) and by tea, I mean what they mean—a full meal. They are thus led to confide in the priest and ask his advice. "Fader, what you think, I marry that Angeline? The people, they say, I marry her." "Do you want to marry her?" "I dunno,"—but with a fatuous grin that belies his words. Thus much good can be done.

About six o'clock we started getting supper. This getting up of meals was a simple task. Gene goes out and gets a

fresh silver salmon just caught in the wheel, and slices off as many steaks as he thinks we can devour. We had two frying pans and two little Primus oil stoves, which burn with a very hot flame under air pressure. While Gene was getting the fish ready, I was peeling the potatoes and onions. We both fried together, and what a strange sight we must have made there, in the cramped space which was engine room, kitchen and all combined. As I generally finished first, I put the tea pot on and then set the table, a folding one, in the chapel part of the boat. For the first few



A Summer fishing village in Alaska. Camps like this are visited by the chapel boat "St. Anthony."

days we had bread and butter, and cake; but these delicacies giving out, we used rye krip and pilot bread (the proper name for hard tack), with jam or marmalade. Sometimes instead of onions and potatoes, we had canned beans. For dessert we had canned fruit and cookies.

ABOUT seven-thirty the people came on board and, of course, the "kids" young and old. I followed the same program with them, and after they had amused themselves for a while, I gave an instruction, using pictures and an interpreter (Eugene, or someone else) if there were many old people among the audience. It was comical to watch them nodding assent, and giving vent to their feelings by "Ohs" and "Ahs." After this, we had night prayers, and then confessions for any who cared to go. I generally retired about eleven o'clock.

We find that instructing both young and old by means of pictures is by far the best method, and this Summer the boat is to be equipped with an electric generating motor, so that lantern slides on the life of our Lord, the catechism, etc., and other pictures, taken with an Ansco Memo camera may be shown.

The evening of the first day it started to rain, and kept it up almost continually, either drizzle or heavy rain, with the exception of one day and part of another, for the whole time we were down there. Of course, it made it disagreeable, but that is part of the life, and we were comfortable enough on the boat, except that things got a little damp. Saturday night and Sunday we spent at Kaltag, living in the cabin; but we had a tough time there on account of a leaky roof, and decided when we returned from the camps down river to live in the boat if we stopped here again. The people hearing that I was in town came in from all the camps for Mass in spite of the stormy weather.

Monday morning we left for the camps below Kaltag, following the same program at each of them. In the morning we had Mass at an hour agreeable to all, for the different camps keep hours to suit themselves. At every camp all took the advantage of going to the sacraments. These people, wild and as superstitious as some of the Whites, and with all their faults, have the Faith, not real strong in some cases, perhaps, but there just the same; and only by constant, patient efforts, can we hope to help them any. I often think that if we can do nothing but have them die well, we have accomplished much. The children, of course, are our great hope.

Breakfast, like the other



The cutting table at a Yukon River fishing camp. Here the women and girls cut the fish, while the men attend the fish wheels anchored out in the stream.

meals, was a simple affair: hot-cakes generally; sometimes toast while we had the bread; and at times, mush for a little variety. We seldom cooked at noon, except to make tea, or warm a can of soup. If you can imagine such a thing happening, we had a hard time getting fresh fish after the first day, for several days, and had to fall back on ham and canned moose meat. The reason was that the heavy rains had caused the river to rise rapidly, carrying with it much drift and logs. These got into the fish wheels and put them out of commission; (Turn to Page 215)



The salmon are hung up on racks for a few days to be sun-dried before being pressed and placed in the smoke house for several weeks.

# JESUIT MISSIONS

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## A Day of Prayer and Action

OCTOBER twenty-second is *Mission Sunday*. We feel that there is a rather happy coincidence in the fact that this message about that day will reach you on or near September 26, feast of the North American Martyrs. The Martyrs and the story of their heroic lives and deaths are a constant challenge to us Catholics of America to exercise towards home and foreign missions the generosity that these French Jesuits displayed towards America in the seventeenth century when they answered the King's challenge to labor for the benighted pagan Indians who inhabited the New World. Halted neither by perils of sea-voyaging nor dangers of land and canoe travel in those days, balked neither by fear of disease or famine, nor by the ever present treachery that threatened death by tomahawk or slow torture, these missionaries pushed forward in the cause of Christ, the King. And while they bore the brunt of front line attack, their brethren, relatives and friends at home, were praying and doing the quarter-master work of supplying material means.

The lesson for us is obvious. Challenging more vigorously than perhaps ever before is the call of Christ—a call that is issued to young and old of the Catholic world. Some it challenges to a direct following of the Martyr missionaries in the mission fields of the world as priests, Brothers or Sisters; all of us it challenges to a truly Catholic interest in the missions. This interest is not a passing ephemeral thing, but is as deep-rooted as faith itself—in fact, it rests on a proper understanding of our Catholic Faith. Each one of us bears some responsibility in spreading the message of salvation.

Prayer is the first and greatest means at hand, and hence we ought to employ it daily for the missions, the missionaries and the people among whom they work. Of a kind with prayer are the little penances and mortifications that are so potent in winning souls for God. But over and above this, there is the quarter-master work

of furnishing money and supplies to missions. No army could be sustained in the field unless there were a steady flow of supplies coming up from the rear. Neither can missions well survive unless those in the rear, at home, supply the money and other means to sustain missionary health and life, to do the necessary traveling, to build chapels, churches and schools, to train catechists, to educate natives for the sisterhood and priesthood and to carry through the thousand other things that call for financial backing in a well-rounded mission. The natives are not ready to support mission ventures themselves; more often they are far too poor to do so. The work falls—as it did in Old France—on the Catholics at home.

But to be mission supporters, all of us must be *mission-conscious*. And hence the need of *Mission Sunday* to give us a clearer insight into the missions; hence the need of informational and inspirational talks from pulpit and classroom platform so that we no longer regard missions as a passing appeal to which we give alms more or less as we would to a casual beggar. In the constant mission call is evident the pleading Voice of Christ.

Are we unmoved at the staggering figures of paganism? Has our mind gone reeling over billions in national debt or reconstruction figures to such an extent that we have only a dull sort of appreciation of what it means when we say that over 1,000,000,000 souls in the oriental world alone know not Christ? More than half the world's population still pagan or Mohammedan!—and can we pass over the figure with an uninterested shrug of the shoulders or a momentary gasp such as we would give at gigantic China flood or Russian famine figures?

The Catholic Church has a mission army of well over 100,000 priests, Brothers, Sisters and catechists in the field—but does even that figure have any tendency to startle us into a consciousness of the massive proportions of the mission task? And these missionaries are working in 427 vast mission districts divided into thousands of mission sectors and inhabited by some 1,150,000,000 people. Now does not all of this bring home to us the realization of the financial backing required to carry on the work? Missionaries have given up home and money and life itself—and can we leave them without the means to carry on their work? Can we do so without any pain to our Catholic consciences? Literally, millions of dollars are needed—more than twenty millions annually—to carry on the work at all efficiently. Far from that amount is available, and the missionaries are skimming themselves, in some cases doing everything short of depriving themselves of the very necessities of life to keep their missions afloat. Upon no one at home would the burden fall too heavily if each one did his or her task to help. Let *Mission Sunday* and its appeal this year stir us more deeply than ever to do things for the home and foreign missions. The challenging appeal of Christ still goes out to each of us; the mission call resounds through the world. "God wills it!" is even today the clarion call to action in the great crusade of the King of kings. Let us put to ourselves the question: What have I done, what will I do for Christ's missions from *Mission Sunday* on through the year? And let the answer to the second part be a generous one, backed up by positive action *now* and throughout the months ahead.

## The Mission Intention

That the Zeal of Catholics for the Missions Might Increase

NOT so very long ago a group of coal miners were trapped in the pit of a Pennsylvania mine and exposed to imminent death from the fumes of escaping coal gas. While friends pumped oxygen into his lungs, a volunteer rescuer descended to the relief of the imprisoned victims. Today, out of a world total of more than one billion eight hundred million souls, almost one billion are trapped in a Stygian pit of irreligion and moral night, exposed to the danger of temporal and eternal death from the poisonous influence of prejudice and ignorance in the form of a thousand erroneous *isms*. Annually for their rescue and relief, heroes and heroines, a royal missionary priesthood, worthy of the name, are rushing aid or volunteering service often even unto death. They are the volunteer rescuers upon our mission fields who have chosen to descend and daily do descend to the helpless victims of man's ingratitude to man and God. With all this heroism, we nevertheless remain face to face with two unalterable facts: first, the fact that more than nineteen hundred years after the command, "Go forth and teach all nations," four-fifths of these nations are still untaught and unchurched; secondly, the fact, that the fault cannot be imputed to God the Father Who has created souls more than sufficient in number to form a reasonable missionary quota, nor to God the Son Who willed all men to be saved, nor yet to God the Holy Ghost who, as the paying teller in the Bank of Heaven, is on duty by day and by night to advance the graces necessary for the rehabilitation of the mission world. The fault then, must be imputed to those who by spiritual and material succor should be pumping into the minds and wills and hearts of our missionaries, the live-giving oxygen without which, in the natural course of events, they must inevitably die.

## The Mass of the Missions

Offering of the Wine and Water

Who accepts these unspotted hosts? God the Father. For whom are these unspotted hosts offered? First, for the priest himself; second, for those present at the Mass; third, for all faithful Christians. For what purpose are they offered? That all may receive the benefits of Redemption, both in time and in eternity, forgiveness of sin and grace in time and Heaven for eternity.

At the conclusion of the Offertory prayer, the priest traces a cross over the altar with the paten and the host to remind us that the altar is a holy place on which will soon be laid the self-same Body of our Lord that once hung upon the altar of the cross.

At the Epistle side of the altar, the priest now pours into the chalice the wine necessary for the sacrifice to which he adds a few drops of water. From the prayer, we gather that the mingling of the water with the wine is a symbol of the union of man's human nature with the human and divine natures of Christ, a union realized by Communion, realized for life by frequent Communion, realized forever in Heaven. However, there are other reasons for the mingling of the water with the wine:

1. Our Lord did so at the Last Supper. For at the Paschal celebration it was a universal custom of the Jews from which tradition and the Fathers assure us our Lord did not depart, that red wine was used mingled with water.

2. The wine and water recall the blood and water dripping from the wound in the side of Christ. The water from the side of Christ being a symbol of Baptism and the blood from the side of Christ a symbol of the Eucharist. From this stream of blood and water typifying the sacrificial death of Christ, the seven sacraments represented by Baptism and the Eucharist draw the

grace that is their power.

3. By this mingling of wine and water, there is also commemorated the intimate relationship between Christ and His Church. The blood, the more noble of the two elements, symbolizes Christ. The water, the Church. For "the waters which thou sawest," said the Angel to St. John in the Apocalypse "are peoples and nations," the peoples and nations that compose the Church of Christ.

4. Lastly, it symbolizes the mystery of the Incarnation by which the divine nature indicated by the wine was united to the human nature typified by the water.

*A daily offertory of prayer in the missions of Alaska.*



# AFIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUITS



## IRAQ

At the end of the first year of Baghdad College, Father Edward F. Madaras, S.J., gives this school report:

"Of the ninety-seven boys who finished the year with us, all but eight attained a passing grade, although nearly one-half of those who passed were conditioned in one or more subjects and must come around again at the beginning of September to take another examination in the conditioned branches. The highest average received was 94.4; twenty-four boys received an average of 80 or over; forty were between 70 and 80. The school average for the year was 71.5. That will be enough figures for the present."

Like a true missionary, he then continues:

"We have several acknowledgments to make, but we're a bit hesitant as to how we should go about it. The reason for our hesitancy is that we want to be all-inclusive, and we're almost certain that we're going to forget someone. Following our policy of not mentioning individuals by name (because in many cases we think they would prefer to go unnamed), we content ourselves with saying that we have received word from the International News Company in London telling us that certain good little fairies have sent them cash to be applied to our account. Being an institution, Nazareth College in Michigan, gets a mention in that.

"Then the remaining department of the Propagation of the Faith has been busy answering our appeal for Catholic publications. And some industrious soul has sent us a collection of Ripley's cartoons of such magnitude that Father Mifsud decided they must be made into scrapbooks for his boys' library. 'The boys will enjoy it,' he said.

"We somehow feel inclined to hang our head when we tell you that a good lady back home, at the cost of personal sacrifice, is actually sending us a Buick. And just a few minutes ago we were reading in Father Charles Eberle's little bulletin from Jamaica that he had sent a telegram cancelling an order for a Ford after he had lain awake all night worrying about how he was going to pay for it.

Well, in case a sudden getaway should be advisable here, we shall dash across the desert all the way to Jamaica and give Father Eberle our new Buick.

"Georgetown Visitation Convent is something of a problem when it comes to acknowledging their benefactions. They simply overwhelm us with their continued and resourceful thoughtfulness, and it simply isn't possible to keep track of them. This Corona, for example, is a recent gift of theirs. (We began using it on page four after we had taken our old Corona a-1-1 apart last night: we went to bed and left it one mess of parts, and how we're going to get them together again we don't know. We're thinking of shipping the whole thing back to the Corona people and asking them to send us a new one—with elite type this time. They shouldn't have made their new machine so complicated.) By the way, we understand that Georgetown Convent actually reprints the *Baghdadi* for distribution. Can you beat it?

"That shipment from Milford Novitiate consisting, as we learned yesterday, of 2,880 pounds of books, records, magazines and other things gathered by the Novices and Juniors during the past two years' (think of that!) ar-

rived in the country some three or four weeks ago, but Father William Rice, S.J., has not yet succeeded in liberating it from the Customs. But he'll get it out yet, and you may lay to that. What can you say to people who give you a present weighing 2,880 pounds? We're just left speechless.

"Did we mention that one of the Milford Novices forwarded to us a check for fifty dollars which he had received? And he was clever enough to do it at a time when we could still get the pound (or rather *dinar*) for about three fifty. All we can say is that Baghdad is mightily indebted to Milford for all that they have done for us, including their mountains of prayer.

"The Mission Stamp Bureau, run by the Philosophers of St. Louis University, sent us a letter around Easter time from which we quote the following excerpt: 'The Mission Stamp Bureau takes pleasure in sending the enclosed check for twenty-five dollars as an Easter gift for your Mission.' We lost no time in writing to thank them, for in these days people who take pleasure in sending you checks for twenty-five dollars have very nearly become extinct, and we want to do everything we can to aid in preserving the species.

"Out here amid the swirling dust, we are heartened from time to time by receiving a generous spiritual bouquet. It gives us courage to know that such a host of friends back home keeps us in their thoughts and prayers, and if we don't mention them all by name each time, it's not because we appreciate prayers less than material gifts, but because the list would be too formidable."

## PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

Miss Helen J. Devlin of Brooklyn, N. Y., is giving another bridge party—the third this mission lover has given—for the benefit of the Jesuit Mission at Culion, the Leper Colony of the Philippine Islands, in charge of Father Hugh McNulty, S.J.

All mission lovers are invited to the bridge party which will take place at 8 P. M., September 29, at the Hotel Pennsylvania, New York City.

From his Chaplain's Quarters, Leper Colony, Culion, Palawan, P. I., Father



John T. Linchan, S.J., a Scholastic of the New Orleans Province, who set sail from New York for India on Saturday, August 12. He has volunteered for the Trincomali Mission in Ceylon.

Hugh J. McNulty, S.J., writes to a generous benefactress of Newport, R. I.:

"The only piece of news in Cullion is that we just received a Sister—who is a leper. I saw two Sisters coming up hill from the wharf—unannounced! I hurried to meet them. Both were French and of the same Order as our own Cullion Sisters. One of them introduced herself as a leper and had come from a far part of China. Mind you, she had been working in China twenty-six years, as a first-class surgical nurse, and not in a leper place, when the poor soul picked up leprosy, God knows how. She was declared a leper in China on April 3, embarked for P. I. on April 8, arrived in Cullion, April 21. She was not allowed to re-

tions and regulations. Will she recover? I think so. Though she is fifty-two years old, she looks strong and very healthy, not a sign of the foul disease except on her wrists—but, of course, once in the blood, who knows? It just occurs to me that I have made this very gruesome; must sound like the account of a burial. But it is really a triumph. We believe that we have received a saint. At least, when such a person is asked by our Lord to carry such a cross, she must be very dear to Heaven and the Saints. She will bring blessings, I am sure, to our poor Colony."

#### PATNA, INDIA

Acknowledging a gift sent to him recently, Father Aloysius S. Pettit,

On In Santalistan," carried an article by Father Edward A. Scott, S.J. In acknowledging gifts sent to him, Father Scott gives some more information on his mission:

"Thanks again for the various donations you have sent and for the various write-ups, pictures, etc., you have given me. Just now the monsoons are upon us and I look forward to my baptism of mud once more. Still, I would not exchange jobs with Franklin D. Roosevelt.

"You will recall a picture of Sundarmur that appeared in *Jesuit Missions* a couple of months ago. It showed the hill country in which my mission territory lies. Beyond the hills that form the back horizon line, lies what I call Jiojuri Valley. The



Two Fathers and two Scholastics of the Chicago Province of the Society of Jesus will sail for Patna Mission, India, in early October. Left to right: Father Bertram E. Ernst, S.J.; Father Charles D. McAleese, S.J.; Edward H. Niesen, S.J., and John S. O'Connor, S.J.

main in the convent outside quarantine; orders said 'must go to leper quarters at once.' Here was a problem. But our new house for leper girls just built and as yet unoccupied offered a solution. I went and selected some of our big girls, who had been praying to get a Sister to live in their house, transferred them to the new house and had them welcome their new Sister. She could talk only French and Chinese, they could talk neither. I had not thought of that, and it nearly knocked me over when they all, including the Sister, began to cry! The crying was sad and glad, but there was more in it. This new episode was making them all, and especially the Sister, feel more keenly how leprosy makes them outcasts.

"I never realized it so well till I saw this highly trained refined French lady, a veteran Religious for twenty-six years in one of the hardest mission fields, break down and cry as the other Sisters left her and she saw herself relegated to the lepers. But she is over all that now, working merrily with her leper girls and learning a little English and a little of the dialects and Spanish. But when the other Sisters come to see her they must 'stand back' and observe all precau-

S.J., Superior at Khrist Raja High School, Bettiah, writes:

"Thank you again. I wish I could get all dress out of those words. I'd certainly like to. And gratitude is a matter of the will, too, is it not? So, in spite of the natural tendency that one may have to selfish gratitude so called, I can really make my 'thank you' a real virtue. And I certainly hereby do!

"Father Augustine Forster, S.J., has come to us at Khrist Raja, and will stay while his health permits. He is falling right into line, as Minister (in charge of temporalities) and Procurator, and is taking a man's work in teaching besides. It took just one period of class for the smallest boys we have to capture Father Forster. He came after it and wanted to know whether it would not be well if he taught them a second period also.

"Our village schools have had a hard time keeping their heads above water during the rains. Boys tell of coming through water shoulder deep—and of not coming at all. Some of the teachers were perhaps more easily scared than the boys."

The July-August issue of *Jesuit Missions*, under the title, "Looking

second line of hills includes the eastern boundary of this valley where lies Dhanni, my farthest station to the southeast. Every two weeks or so, I pass by Jiojuri on my way to Dhanni, a twelve-mile journey from my headquarters at Sundarmur. Each time I spoke to any one who would listen. The people were friendly, but made no move towards accepting the Faith. About a month ago, I sent my best catechist to the valley to stay a week while I traveled north to give Father Dertinger's people a chance to make their Easter duty. Father has been sick for a time but is at present at Bhagalpur. On my return to headquarters, James, my catechist, met me with a smile. "We must have Mass at Jiojuri soon," he said. I knew that that meant Baptisms."

Michael D. Lyons, S.J., who has been in India for some years, has drawn up the following interesting items:

"Do you know:  
"Some missionaries in Patna Mission of the American Jesuits are making an average of one convert per day?"

"There are eight universities in India?"

"It is probable that St. Thomas the



John J. O'Farrell, S.J., of the California Province, sailed on the "General Lee" for Shanghai, China, on August 16.

Apostle was martyred in India?

"Last year Patna Mission registered an increase of twelve per cent in its Catholic population?"

"There are one hundred and eighty-eight different languages spoken in India?"

"There are over fifteen hundred newspapers in India?"

"There are two hundred and fifty colleges in India, twenty-three of which are exclusively for women?"

"There are American Catholic missionaries in three institutes for men and five for women working in India?"

"There is a new Catholic rite that originated in India in 1930, called the Malankara Syrian rite?"

"There are nearly three thousand magazines published in India?"

"There are about one million persons in Patna Mission to each missionary priest?"

"The largest Catholic dispensary in India was founded by a priest ordained in the United States?"

"Many thousands of Catholics in southern India claim to be descendants of converts made by St. Thomas the Apostle?"

"India has three times the population of the United States?"

### ALASKA

Father John P. Fox, S.J., is not only a giant physically, but in mission zeal as well. His heart burns for his Alaskan missions which have been so hard put to it financially during the days of the depression. From Hooper Bay he sends the following message:

"I hope that with the new President things will quickly pick up. Unless they do and in a hurry, I am afraid that a number of our missions—perhaps most of those not having schools attached—will be closed. Among these would be our own Hooper Bay

with its four dependent missions.

"You have perhaps read or heard already that since last August 5, we have a new Sisterhood here in Alaska with the novitiate here at Hooper Bay. Eight novices have so far been invested with the holy habit of the Sisters of Our Lady of the Snow, and five more candidates have been decided upon as fit for our work. But I was not able to admit them to the novitiate on account of the uncertainty about the necessary food to keep going next Winter. As soon as this doubt can be settled, they will be admitted. All those that I have admitted and accepted so far as candidates, have been chosen out of a group of good material, mainly from our two schools of Akulurak and Holy Cross, and I think they will do fine work. They certainly are thoroughly in earnest. It would be a pity if this much needed aid to our mission would have to be abandoned simply for the lack of a few miserable dollars, especially as everybody knows and admits that our greatest need here for many years has been the dearth of missionaries, and that frequently the priest has to spend most of his time in mere material work that has nothing to do with his sacerdotal functions. It was to relieve, if possible, this serious need, that I started the new Sisterhood. Father Superior has indeed assured me that I need not worry about the novitiate being closed, as he himself would pay the bill for next Winter in case I cannot; but that does not quite satisfy me; for I know only too well how flat his pocket book is these days, and that he probably will not have the money to make good his promise, how willing soever he may be."

There has been so much grief because of the possibility of closing down certain missions in Alaska, that it is a relief to get a note of optimism from Father Joseph Tomkin, S.J., Superior of Holy Cross, Alaska. It is to be hoped that the other mission centers of Alaska will soon be in the same position as is Holy Cross, and will be able to get through the coming Winter without having to close down any stations:

"The year at Holy Cross has been a very happy one. All are in good health and praying hard. Some few months ago prospects in the material line were so dark that we wrote Rev. Father Provincial to supply us with flour and rolled oats for the coming year and we would be able to pull through. Just a short time ago, good Bishop Crimont wrote: 'We have three thousand dollars yet unpaid on last year's bills, and this year looks even worse.' We put in extras in potatoes and vegetables, which, with our reindeer herd and the recurring runs of fish in the Yukon would keep us on the safe side of starvation. Just a few days ago, the boat put in with a full

supply of everything, and how the good Bishop did it we have yet to learn. One thing is sure, that all placed great confidence in St. Joseph and prayed to him constantly in private and in public for the last eight months, 'to give us to eat.' With our poor, simple people, St. Joseph is not merely a great Saint in Heaven above; he is the factotum of Heaven and earth, confidently approached in every need—and our needs are many."

### JAMAICA, B. W. I.

Andrew B. Ochs, S.J., writes from St. George's College, Kingston, Jamaica:

"One of the greatest obstacles to teaching in Jamaica is the fact that the boys are very poor and as a result find it most difficult to buy books. It is not uncommon to have in class a boy who at the end of three months lacks the necessary class books. Consequently what is needed badly to offset this difficulty, is a fine and well equipped library. The present St. George's Library is far from being such. Its books are few and in many cases almost entirely eaten away by ants."

Father Charles Eberle, S.J., nearing the end of his first year of mission life, writes:

"When I came on the missions I was under the impression that it was mostly a matter of winning souls to God. Candidly that seems to be a side issue. My whole day seems taken up with bargaining over an old shack at Richmond, safeguarding as best I can the good construction of the new church, and bartering automobiles. It honestly seems that preaching the word of God takes a back seat. Certainly it does in the realm of time and worry. If I worried over my sermons



Albert R. O'Hara, S.J., of the California Province, sailed from Portland, Oregon, en route to Shanghai, China, on August 16.



Father Thomas L. McLaughlin, S.J., of the Province of New England, who returned to Jamaica, B. W. I., for missionary work on August 26.

the way I do over the pound, they would be masterpieces, I am sure.

"Hate to drag you back to the Alms House, but of late most of my experiences have been there. So bear with me. On a cot lies a black man struggling for his breath. That morning he called for the priest who had baptized him the week before. About the cot beside the priest gather the maimed and the lame, some few Catholics, and a few of the idle, for whom death, which they see daily, is not yet a commonplace, but an object of curiosity. His bed is of boards, covered with blankets. He is covered with a blanket. The odor of the sick man is foul, and as the inhabitants of the room increase, it becomes fouler.

"The Parochial Clerk at Port Maria, a Catholic gentleman, has telegraphed the priest who lives twelve miles away at Highgate. He arrives, gives the man absolution and then anoints him. Then he begins the prayers for the dying. Outside a wagon with a loud spoken driver approaches and dumps a load of wood near the slender partition of the room where the man is dying. One or two go out and remonstrate, and a short but loud argument follows, but nobody else minds it. The priest goes on with the rosary and the idlers increase.

"As I knelt there waiting for his last breath, I could not help but think 'What does it matter, what does it matter?' What mattered then his black skin, what mattered then his ignorance, his life under a tropical sun out in the plantations where he worked with his cutlass for a few paltry shillings a day? The same Christ is waiting to greet him in paradise who will meet the man dying on the feather bed elsewhere. And so he departed, a pauper, whose name is probably forgotten today by the few paupers that attended his funeral.

"I write this for the consolation of those at home. This man, a convert of a few days, like the good thief stole

away Heaven. At home, too, the priest meets similar experiences. But the novelty of this scene, the ignorance of the penitent, and the distance make it all so different. So I mention this incident for your consolation, for you who in these scanty days have dug down in your slender purses, and helped to feed and keep me here. You have helped this soul to paradise, and I am sure he will not forget you."

\* \* \*

The same missionary continues:

"There are two Sisters at the church in Port Maria and two at Annotto Bay. They are there for about a week and a half, conducting a Religious Vacation School. How self-sacrificing these women are! They have taught school all year in Kingston, and now have come out here to the country in their holiday period to teach the spiritually neglected children. It is a precious week and a half for the children at the above named missions, and I dread to see the day when these Sisters will depart. They have nearly fifty children at each place. Would, oh would that we had them there for good. Who knows, maybe some day."

\* \* \*

Father Leo Butler, S.J., St. George's College, Winchester Park, Kingston, Jamaica, writes:

"Many thanks for the Mass stipends. Do you know there were just eight stipends in the house when the letter arrived? So they came in handy, I assure you, and Father Arnold wishes to thank you for your thoughtfulness. Since then, I believe three of the Fathers have received some more, so we cannot complain. Did I tell you that one of my Chinese is entering the native Sisterhood on the eighth of September? We tried out in two missions this year a Summer Vacation Sunday School, one in Linstead and one in Mandeville. At the latter, thirty showed up the first day, of which only two were even baptized Catholics. Looks as if the field is ripe for the harvest. The Sisters took charge in both places, one set from the native Sisters and the other from the Sisters of Mercy. The Sisters have broken ground for their new convent in Mandeville. They hope to start a school there inside of a year."

#### AMERICAN INDIANS

Father Albert C. Riestler, S.J., writes from St. Stephen's Mission, Wyoming:

"Father Matthew Connell, S.J., is giving all his time to the Reforestation Camps, and has a strenuous time at his six stations. The men in the camps here are mostly from New York and Brooklyn, and there are many Catholics among them. Father says Mass at a different camp every morning, and has sermon, confessions and Benediction the evening before. Here at St. Stephen's, we are pre-

paring for the school year beginning in September, when the Indians will return to us once more. We are able to raise a little money this year by selling vegetables, as our garden has been doing wonderfully well."

\* \* \*

From Holy Rosary Mission among the Sioux Indians in South Dakota, Father Leo C. Cunningham, S.J., writes with the usual enthusiasm:

"At Our Lady of Lourdes Mission, Porcupine, where the Sisters of the Humility of Mary are cooperating in the work for souls, we are building a two story frame house that will give us a dormitory for Indian girls of the ninth and tenth grades, and a classroom. This development was very necessary in order to safeguard the morals and faith of the Indian girls who graduate from the eighth grade here at Holy Rosary Mission. It has been a hard task to raise sufficient funds, but thank God, we have collected almost enough to pay for the material. I must still order wall board and some beds and other furniture. Besides furnishing food and clothing for the twenty Indian girls we expect for the higher grades, we shall have a day school for the children in the grades, and we must furnish these scholars also with clothing and with a noonday meal.

"We had some terrible prairie fires and forest fires here on the Reservation a few days back. They did very much damage in destroying the grass so much needed for the stock, and in ruining pine trees that will take years to replace. The fire came very close to our church property at Porcupine. We were fighting it Saturday night and nearly all day Monday. Finally, our prayers were answered and on Tuesday we had a wonderful rain. We thank God because this rain not only put out the raging fires, but saved the corn and potato crops."



Father Edward J. Whalen, S.J., of the Province of New England, who, after three years' missionary experience in Manila, P. I., sailed for missionary work in Jamaica, B. W. I., on August 26.



# FROM MARY TO MARY



## Catholic Action in the Missions

Not so long ago, America was electrified by the arrival of General Balbo and his Men in White, bearing their message of good will from *Il Duce* to the people of the United States. Their achievement was epochal and worthy of the unstinted ovation it provoked. Yet, it is entirely incomparable in any degree with the achievements that are being wrought day and night by consecrated men and women vested in white, in black and in brown, who, as emissaries of Christ, are advancing by the mass movement of Catholic Action the exercise of the Corporal and Spiritual Works of Mercy upon our mission fields.

## A Citation of Honor

Worthy of unique distinction is the Jesuit Province of Belgium which contributes 405 or 15 per cent of the 2,754 Jesuit missionaries in the world today. Out of 829 priests, 278 or 34 per cent are on the missions; out of 527 Scholastics, 88 or 17 per cent and out of 193 Brothers, 42 or 22 per cent.

## Brothers of Mercy

Numerous Religious Orders and Congregations in the Church have a recruiting station for volunteers to this Camp of Catholic Action. One such recruiting office is the Novitiate of the Brothers of Mercy, 49 Cottage Street, Buffalo, N. Y., where young men between the ages of seventeen and thirty-seven, who are animated by a true religious spirit, and who, for love of God, wish to devote their lives to the care of the sick or other charitable works, are accepted.

## Instructing the Ignorant

Down in the Salisbury Vicariate, South Rhodesia, Father F. Ketterer, S. J., draws a picture of a Black Forest, of rushing streams, high kopjes, tree-laden, debouching into smiling valleys and then in a sudden opening under a spreading leafy tree, the village teacher standing with his seventy pupils gathered from native kraals. "The fact is brought home to me," Father Ketterer writes, "that if we are to convert this country, it must be done through the kraal schools."

## On a Cemetery Isle

Nevertheless, while faith and instruction come by hearing, they do not necessarily come immediately, as Father Bernard De La Espriello, S. J., missionary of Yap in the Caroline Islands, frankly states after one of his sorties to the Island of Uetagai. "Everything the people saw in my catechism slides and pictures, they interpreted in a material manner. One, for instance, when he saw in a picture of Heaven the serpent who lay under the feet of St. Michael, asked me, 'How did that animal get into Heaven?' The men are filled with superstitions and the women and children think of nothing except the preparation of the next meal."

## Witch Doctors Rampant and Couchant

The need for Catholic Action in the form of Christian Doctrine is never more evident to the western mind than when compared with the gruesome rites of superstition, rampant and couchant, among primitive people, as for example, in the following incident which took place in Mariannhill, South Africa. One day in May, a little native boy, five years of age, failed to return to his home, and through a long search was carried on in the district, nothing was revealed until the police, after persistent inquiry, learned that he had been carried off by a witch doctor. The man had been seen with a bag on his shoulders from which came weak cries of pain and fright; some natives peering into the bag had seen the child. But no one dares to stop a witch doctor. Sometime afterwards, the body was found buried at a lonely spot in the Drakenberg. A hand and an ear, to be used in making medicine, had been cut off while the child was still alive, and some other organs of the body had been removed, while the throat was slit from ear to ear.

## Feeding the Hungry

While the Divine Almoner alone knows the full extent of the mercies wrought by Catholic Action on the missions, still, significant items are matter for publication, such, for instance, as the fact that at Aliwal North, South Africa, Monsignor Demont, Prefect Apostolic of Garip, is feeding daily eight hundred starving children of all races in the mission

schools of that region, so severely stricken by drought.

## Even Unto Death

At Galle in Ceylon, Father Michael Soden, S. J., a Belgian Jesuit, dived into the sea fully clothed to save a drowning boy. He was caught by a whirlpool and drowned. The priest had taken a group of boys on a picnic to Bouna Vista. While on the rocks at the edge of the sea, his camera dropped into the water and one of the boys jumping to save it, found himself in difficulties. Without a moment's hesitation, Father Soden dived to the youngster's aid, but impeded by his clothing, was pulled under.

## An Impossible Old Fossil

Irresponsible malcontents, such as George Bernard Shaw, are a challenge to Catholic missionaries because of their inflammatory advice to youth. "Read the real books," says Shaw in a lecture to the Hong Kong University students, "and steep yourself in all revolutionary books. Get up to your neck in Communism and everything of that kind. If you don't begin to be a revolutionist at the age of twenty, then at fifty you will be an impossible old fossil. If you are a Red revolutionist at the age of twenty, you'll have some chance of being up-to-date when you are forty."

## Lo Pa Hong Versus G. B. S.

On the day of wrath that is to come and which even George Bernard Shaw cannot escape, we wonder whether he will care to stand for the consequences of his message to the youth of China. Would he not rather approach the Judge with a record of Catholic Action to his credit such as is that of Mr. Lo Pa Hong? Mr. Lo Pa Hong is the actual President of China's National Association of Catholic Action. Since its founding, twenty years ago, the Shanghai branch has opened twenty chapels, seventy-one meeting places where 14,740 conferences have been held. It has introduced seven new schools from which 2,200 students have been graduated. It has opened five hospitals and nineteen dispensaries, two orphanages and two homes for the aged poor. Its record of Baptisms is approximately 250,000.

Did you read

# AN OPEN LETTER

in JESUIT MISSIONS for September?

Therein the Reverend Editors thanked all friends and subscribers for their generous cooperation especially during these days of unemployment and general depression.

Furthermore, the Editors gave assurance that JESUIT MISSIONS would continue to maintain the high standard of its general appearance together with its copious illustrations and interesting stories.

What is more, we promised a bigger magazine, thirty-two pages instead of twenty-eight, for the same subscription price of \$1.00 a year.

And we asked each friend and subscriber to prove their appreciation to the Editors of JESUIT MISSIONS by securing at least **one new** subscriber.

At the present time we repeat our request.

## As your response

- to an open letter published in the September Number of JESUIT MISSIONS
- to the great movement of today for genuine Catholic Action
- to the great movement of today for expansion of the Church in foreign missions

## Do one of these two things for your friends

- show them this magazine and ask them to subscribe
- give them a subscription as a present for their birthday, anniversary . . . .

## Certainly one friend of yours

wants this broadening, instructive, entertaining contact with the Catholic Foreign Mission Fields!

Your answer to an open letter is already prepared for you on the back page of this issue.

## ABDUL'S WISH

(Continued from page 195)

Abdul was resting. He responded as I pinched his arm. . . . He might recover.

"I believe you, Hanif," I said, "but Abdul is very sick. He may not live. You waited very long. We must carry out his wish though,—it was his last request."

I JOINED the group of Elders seated around a low fire beneath a tree outside, and we talked. I told them that I was going back to get more medicine and that I would return later and try my best to cure Abdul and also to carry out his wish for Baptism. If he should die without my doing what he desired so much, he would be deprived of complete happiness in Heaven,—and the fault would be mine. I then explained what it would mean,—that it was God's desire that all men love and serve Him according to the teachings and example which He had given us. I urged them to look upon Abdul as a brave man, one who had the courage to do what he knew to be God's Will even though his friends, who did not understand, would laugh at him.

"You know best, Father, do as Abdul wishes. I do not know as he knows; I do not understand, but you say that it is for his good; Abdul wishes it so; his wish is our wish, Father."

Could this be Ali Mian talking! Ali Mian who had given me no end of trouble! Ali, who had undone practically all my efforts to win the confidence of his fellow Moslems by his sneers! Could his deep voice, his sympathetic words, his white beard smother the prejudice and feeling, the fire of the assembled Moslems? Why did they not all jump up, grab me, and strangle me, . . . strangle Ali, then and there, for daring to say such words to Mohammedans! Instead, all eyes were gazing into the glowing coals, placidly watching the white smoke dangle above the fire. Rahaman reached for the waterpipe and began puffing away—the while, thinking.

An hour later I returned with a companion. Abdul was worse. I felt sure that he would not last the night,—not after four days of fever

due to double pneumonia. The house was again filled to capacity with wailing women and too much smoke. The women retired and the men came in to assist me. Before them all, I baptized Abdul a Catholic.

Early the next morning I found Abdul still alive, but sinking fast. We covered him with more blankets and placed him on a longer cot. Hanif, Ali, Rahaman, and three other husky Moslems bore him solemnly to the hospital. The doctors and the good Sisters did what they could, but late that same afternoon, Abdul passed on, according to his wish, to "greater things."

### EBB AND FLOW

John B. Toomey, S. J.

A hush comes down on the hill,  
Giving a voice to the slow  
Touch, touch of quiet blood  
Falling on rocks, and slipping to cool  
In the red-green grass.

The spent tide washes in still,  
Rose pennons thwart Heaven blow.  
As dawn reveals the flood  
Swirling on gold cups, forming a pool  
In the heart-sweet Mass.

## WORKING THE BAD LANDS

(Continued from page 197)

Holy Communion.

Breakfasting again on bread, black coffee and sugar (some accident had befallen Tom's promised treat), we had company this time, for a light rain had brought the two families inside, where they ate their breakfast contentedly seated on the floor. Mrs. Blind Man was all apologies (she could speak no English, but her gestures sufficed) for the dish that had defaulted.

Monday forenoon we turned homewards. On the way back, Father brought Holy Communion to Mrs. Frank Kills a Hundred, two miles or so off the main trail. Her husband had asked Father before Mass to come. And thus by Christ's own command, another lamb of the flock, even in that remote log cabin flanking the Bad Lands, was fed with the Living Bread that cometh down from Heaven.

Bad Lands: desolate—awful—perhaps beautiful! Frenchmen once

expressed their disgust and moved on. Scientists at times have tarried a while to search the hills for Eocene fossils. But the Blackrobed Husbandman of God has come to stay, for with the seven-fold streams of grace, farming even these Bad Lands is a profitable and a blessed pursuit.

## IN CHINA'S RICE FIELDS

(Continued from page 202)

two thousand dogs all eager to get a taste of my foreign blood. I have always been told that one should show a bold front to dogs, so I acted on it and I marched calmly after my guide, pretending that the night's enjoyment would not be complete without a few sets of dogs' teeth sinking into my calves. The ruse succeeded, and I entered the sick woman's house unscathed. I heard her confession and gave her absolution, though I did not understand her. This is quite valid and lawful when the penitent is dying.

The house was small and the acme of discomfort, and there she lay, poor woman, after a life of hardship, awaiting her end. When I had finished she drew two dollars, wrapped in red paper, from under a pillow, and offered them to me, asking me to say Mass for her. Poor woman! What toil went into collecting those two dollars! And what faith in their disposal! I refused the dollars, and, of course, promised to say Mass next morning for her.

Next morning she was still living. After interminable delays, the holy oils arrived by messenger, and I was enabled to console the poor soul and fortify her with all the sacraments and rites of the Church.

There were over one hundred at Mass for Easter Sunday, and almost a hundred received Holy Communion, so that in spite of the hardships of the week-end, I felt very happy that I had come.

## A B C IN BUKIDNON

(Continued from page 203)

five-mile hike, especially for the little children. However, it was well worth the sacrifice entailed. This gesture of respect and greeting greatly pleased the visitors and their parties. They treated us with gen-

erous graciousness and gratitude and later expressed their appreciation in the encouraging letters subjoined herewith:

"Baguio, April 12, 1932.

"Dear Father Henfling:

"I have just received your letter of April 2 in which you enclosed the excellent photographs commemorating the great honor which the Mission did me and my party in coming the long way to greet us in the Kisolon Plain in February. I shall always treasure your letter and these photographs. You are doing a great work in Bukidnon. I never saw a healthier and happier group of children than those who greeted us that crisp, bright morning in February.

"Thanking you for your thoughtfulness and praying God's blessings on your work, I am,

"Faithfully yours,

"George C. Butte

"Vice-Governor."

"Manila, July 8, 1932

"Dear Mr. Presidente:

"In thinking over my recent trip through Bukidnon, I recall the particular pleasure I had from the reception you and Father Henfling gave me and my party at the junction of the Barrio Maluko and the trail leading to Sumilao.

"The band and the choir were splendid and I want to express my appreciation of your thought and effort to make me welcome.

"When you have the opportunity, won't you convey to the young girls, from the School of the Little Flower, who brought flowers, my appreciation of this kindly charming gesture?

"It was a pleasure to meet the people of this district and I trust I shall have the opportunity of visiting the barrios of Maluko and Sumilao again.

"Sincerely,

"Theodore Roosevelt

"Governor-General."

#### FISHERS OF MEN

(Continued from page 205)

often even breaking them loose and sending them floating down the river. In making one short run between camps, we got into some drift (impossible almost to avoid it), and got our rudders (the boat has two), entangled, which caused

it to go around in circles. We had to drift a while till we cleared them again.

We were back in Kaltag towards the end of the week, so as to let the few people there enjoy the advantage the others had had of going to the sacraments. All took advantage of the opportunity. This time we lived in the boat. I had fixed up the bed, using blankets instead of the sleeping bag, and was thus able to enjoy a good sleep. Only a few times were we forced to use mosquito nets at night, as the heavy rains kept the pests controlled. The dogs, however, were always bothersome, for each camp had a great many of them chained along the beach, and we generally had to tie up near them. They do not like the rain or wet weather, and keep up a continual chorus of howling throughout the night; but one can get used to anything.

After Mass on Sunday, which was attended by all, I rushed down to the boat, had breakfast (about eleven o'clock), and prepared to leave for Nulato. We were taking a load of fifty sacks of sawdust back with us, for somebody's ice house. Gene and I had filled them Saturday afternoon. The sawdust was wet, and as a consequence, the sacks weighed about eighty pounds each. The loading, however, was a simple task for I had asked the men and boys to help us, which they willingly and gladly did.

We started up stream towards Nulato at ten minutes past twelve. We had a heavy load, with a swollen river and swift current in the poor visibility of a heavy drizzle; but keeping close to the bank, which a flat-bottomed boat can do, we managed to make good time, covering the thirty-eight miles in seven hours exactly. Everything went smoothly; and we stopped only once for a few minutes to put some oil in the engine. We saw nothing worth mentioning except a few wild ducks and geese, at which Gene banged away, but without bagging any.

This reminds me of an important event I almost forgot to mention: the evening I cooked supper alone. Gene wanted to spend the evening at some camp, so I told him I would make out all right. We had been given a wild duck that day, all picked and cleaned, which we were to have for supper; and as there was nothing else of a substantial nature, I took it upon myself to cook it. Being rather ignorant of the art of cooking, I had quite a time watching the two frying pans and trying to keep Mr. Duck from frying to a crisp before being cooked; for, of course, I never thought of covering the pan. When I finally sat down to the feast, it tasted so good that I devoured it almost entirely, leaving only the back bone with little meat. Gene's visit proved to be a failure, as far as supper was concerned, and he re-



*A silhouette of pastoral life by the Tigris in the American Jesuit Mission of Bagdad, Iraq, in peaceful contrast to the rumors of war in our daily press.*

turned about ten, not having had anything to eat but a little dried fish. He got himself some supper, the piece of duck I left being part of it, which he pronounced excellent. Ahem! So although I have much to learn, I believe I can keep from starving.

This ended my first missionary cruise in the chapel boat, "St. Anthony." A few weeks later I was off again, Father Mac having returned from a trip to the camps up river. Thus passed a profitable Summer, battling mosquitoes and overcoming other obstacles of Satan's cleverness in our fishing for souls from camp to camp, while the souls we were fishing for were fishing for fish.



**A Garland of Graces.** By Edward F. Garesche, S. J. Edward J. O'Toole Co., Inc., 65 Barclay St., New York N. Y. Price fifty cents, cloth binding.

Into this "Garland of Graces," Father Garesche has woven the achievements of laborious years, each culled from a hellebore fancy that is forever turning upwards toward the sun. Budding bougainvilliers—a thought for a day—are set side by side with nosegays, musings bright with the woodland's fresh appeal. Offerings of adoration, thanksgiving, petition and reparation lift their heads in humble homage like a burning rose or a lily-like shoot from a bed of green-ging beauty. Yet, some of these graces, it must be clear, are faded with the years, like the graces of youth; some again, are ultra military in their dance, advancing at times almost to the tune of a metrical goose step. Yet, though their carriage be not always graceful, there are thoughts that will arrest attention and even draw a second glance, those that like apocalyptic visions open Heaven to earth and eternity to time. These are they, that in varying degrees are redolent of that poetic spikenard which issues forth from the alabaster box of love and humble reparation.

**The Mass Explained to Children.** By Dr. Maria Montessori. Sheed & Ward, New York, N. Y. Price \$1.00.

It is consoling to be able to add another contribution to the growing list of works upon the Mass for children, this time a Sheed & Ward publication by Madame Montessori, with an approval by Reverend Matthew A. Delaney, Superintendent of Education for the Archdiocese of New York. The division of the work is delightfully clear and exhaustive, treating

respectively of the meaning of the Mass, what is necessary for the Mass, introduction to the Mass, the Mass of the Catechumens and the Mass of the Faithful. About forty diagrams aid the child in visualizing the thought content and are particularly apt in describing what is necessary for the Mass. The fruits of Dr. Montessori's scholarship are served to the child lightly in orderly and palatable courses. While satisfying the first pangs of desire in our children and our children's children, may this book excite a hunger for the Bread of angels and a thirst for the wellsprings of eternal life that are gushing daily in the altar crypt of the Mass from the rising of the sun even to the going down of the same.

**The Function of the Catholic College.** By George Bull, S. J., M.A., S.T.D., M.Litt. The America Press, New York, N. Y. Price five cents per copy.

In a day when education and its function is being more and more departmentalized and the purpose of education more and more confused and disjointed, it is timely to investigate whether or not our Catholic colleges have been influenced by the trend. A timely and distinct aid to such an investigation is Father Bull's excellent pamphlet on "The Function of the Catholic College." That function is distinctly not to departmentalize religion in any sense or to exclude it from any phase of life. Father Bull restores, what he calls the totalitarian or Catholic view of life to our Catholic Colleges.

**First Days with Numbers.** By Clifford Brewster Upton. American Book Company, New York, N. Y. Price forty cents per copy.

"First Days with Numbers" is an indication of the minute attention to child psychology in teaching which is so characteristic of our modern pedagogy. It is an introduction to counting, adding, subtracting, measuring, and is enhanced in an attractive manner by the typographical perfection of its set-up.

**The Catholic Church.** By Michael D. Lyons, S. J. Light of the East Office, 30 Park Street, Calcutta, India. Price Six annas.

An outline of what the well educated man should know about the Catholic Church is offered in this twelfth number of the "Light of the East" series. Presented under such a formality, it will be more avidly read than a work of distinctly apologetic import. The author's knowledge of India's infidel and pagan mentality undoubtedly aided him in his selection of material and the insertion of practical cases. The bibliography to reference books appended to this short course in Christian Doctrine should tempt Father Lyons' "Educated Man" to accompany the author still farther along the road of investigation which, like all roads, leads to Rome. Not merely incidental is the impression that a New Deal for converts may be hastened when the Catholic laity and the Catholic hierarchy in a united front rally to the apostolate of the press in mission lands.

**The Responsive Holy Hour.** Compiled by a Canon Regular of the Premonstratensian Order. The Abbey Press, West De Pere, Wisconsin. Price twenty cents per copy.

"The Responsive Holy Hour" will strike a responsive cord in the hearts both of those priests and of those members of the laity who prefer the inspired word of God vocalized in the Psalms and in the New Testament. Adoration, thanksgiving, petition and reparation, such are the respective objectives of the four quarter hours, a happy division, happily conceived, and happily perfected. Greater congregational interest in the Psalms could be created by indicating briefly the occasion of each. This "Back to the Scripture" movement should lead to another version of "The Responsive Hour" in which the source material could be drawn both from the Messianic Psalms and the Psalms of the Passion.

**Fact and Story Readers—First Steps.** By Suzzallo, Freeland, McLaughlin and Skinner. American Book Company, New York, N. Y. Price sixteen cents per copy.

"First Steps" is a pre-primer with a vocabulary of sixty-eight word forms counting every word variation, and an average of one and one-half new words to a page. It will undoubtedly rouse childish interest by its simplicity and arresting illustrations.

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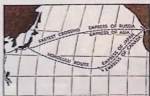
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