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MISSIONS OF THE AMERICAN JESUITS

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

REV. WILLIAM J. WALLACE, S.J.
221 North Grand Boulevard, St. Louis, Mo.

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

REV. GEORGE M. MURPHY, S.J.
Boston College, Chestnut Hill, Mass.

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

REV. GEORGE J. WILLMANN, S.J.
51 East 83rd St., New York, N. Y.

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

As thousands of Chinese, like the poor natives here pictured, are suffering from drought and cholera, the Jesuits of the Lower Canadian Province of the Society of Jesus, are spending themselves with burning zeal to save the souls of their charges from the snares of paganism and the diabolical superstitions under which all too many Chinese eke out their miserable existence. In addition to the **SÜCHOW MISSION** in China, the Jesuits of the Province of Lower Canada have an **INDIAN MISSION** at Caughnawaga near Montreal. The Province Mission Procurator is

REV. LOUIS J. LAVOIE, S.J.
653 Chemin Ste-Foy, Quebec, Canada

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

REV. JEAN LAPEYRE, S.J.
4133 Banks St., New Orleans, La.

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. WILLIAM J. DEENEY, S.J.
Sacred Heart Novitiate, Los Gatos, Calif.

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

REV. FRANCIS B. PRANGE, S.J.
2440 Interlaken Boulevard, Seattle, Wash.

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.

Educational work at **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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A vow ceremony in the Cathedral Church of Cagayan, Or. Mis., Mind., P. I. Left to right: Most Rev. James T. G. Hayes, S.J., Bishop of Cagayan; Father George J. Kirchgessner, S.J. (in black), and the celebrant: Father Vincent I. Kennally, S.J. The inspiration of Loyola's first Vow Day at Montmartre in Paris, 400 years ago, is repeated annually in Jesuit churches and chapels around the world

Balingasag Broadcasting

Martin J. O'Shaughnessy, S.J.

The chapel at Lagonglong, mission station attached to Balingasag, Oriental Misamis, P. I. This is only one of many attended by that persevering pastor of souls, Father Martin J. O'Shaughnessy, SJ., of the Province of Maryland-New York.

THE announcer is here, but there is no station over which to waft a worthy word of greeting and gratitude to the loyal helpers of this mission, and so he writes instead.

There isn't much of this countryside that I have not seen during the last six years up and down hills, dodging mud puddles, crossing streams afoot or on the native carabao, holding his tail lest he take a notion to lie down in the middle of the stream and leave me straddling the river bed. On one sick call, after crossing the last river, the mountain beckoned us on. We went farther than I expected, and after bringing the sick man back to the straight and narrow path I was rewarded with two eggs and a bunch of bananas. I was greatly consoled that the people thus showed their appreciation and gratitude for the jaunt I had taken. About to return, I was refused the carabao, because the owner said the animal was tired. I never knew I weighed so much. Two men accompanied me to the first river on the homeward journey, and with their lower arms fashioned chair-like and my arms on their shoulders, I was ferried across the stream. On that particular trip, I was advised to "Carry the horse." Now I know that I am small in stature and not much of a weight lifter, so I declined with thanks. What was really meant was that the horse should carry me, but my adviser was a beginner in English, and his words did not coincide with his ideas. Besides, that horse had one eye, was balky and took to the hills when a horseless vehicle appeared on the road. On another occasion, upon getting the usual reply, "There," to my question, "Where is the house?" I went "There" through cornfields and rice fields for some distance off the road, and found a seriously sick woman in a nipa hut the roof of which was too low to allow me to stand. On my knees I gave her the last rites of the Church.

UNTIL a few years ago there was an old man here who used, as it were, to paddle his own canoe. He could not walk but got along the ground tied to boards, which he propelled by coconut shells fastened to his hands, aided by a knee movement. He used to paddle to the Convento once or twice during the week for his piece of bread and few *centavos*. When about to depart for his heavenly Home, his earthly home was so small that I had to stand outside while anointing him.

Until we opened the parochial school, we were not making much progress. Today, through a few hundred children and the news they carry home from school, we see more parents approaching the altar rail, and often a little tot's First Holy Communion touches the cords of a father's hard heart, and he confesses after many years. The children may communicate as often as they wish, but we keep telling them that the First Friday is their day, hoping that for the rest of their days they will receive our Lord at least on that day.

IN a town as poor as this, it is a worrisome task to have on hand every month between four and five hundred *pesos* for teachers' salaries and other incidental expenses. Upon seeking the Bishop's advice as to opening the seventh grade here, I received the answer: "Unless each pupil going into that grade can pay fifty *centavos* a month or five *pesos* a year, don't open." That was the *finis* to a complete school in Balingasag. If it is a mighty task for ten months hunting for two *pesos* in the primary and three in the intermediate grades, how am I to collect five? So we shall continue as we are, and let the future take care of itself. In the fifth grade last year, we had eleven pupils, some of whom may not return. Unless other pupils come, we may also close the sixth grade. However, if public school teachers do not terrorize their pupils and force them to return to the public school, some may transfer to our school where books are given free. Between the public and the Catholic school pupil there is discerned a vast difference in deportment, demeanor and devotion to duty, parents and ideals. Such education must go on.

An American Nun in Patna

Sister Francis Xavier

Sister Francis Xavier, formerly Miss Killian, was a nurse in St. Louis, Mo., before she heard of Patna, India, and its call for American Sisters. Responding to the grace of a vocation, she entered the Holy Cross Convent at Merrill, Wisconsin, to prepare for Patna. Her generous example is being followed by others. May the number grow by leaps and bounds!—*Editor*.

The little girls of India, like this little Christian, have won the heart of America's first Nun in Patna.

INDIA,—the land of mystery! Six years ago it was the land of desires and ambitions for three of us as we began our novice training at the Holy Cross Convent, Merrill, Wisconsin. Today it is the land of reality for me,—by good fortune the first American Sister sent to Patna Mission, which is in charge of the American Jesuits of the Chicago Province. Knowing the American girl as I do, how I should love to show her this Mission,—for I know how generous would be her response to the Master's call to serve Him here as a "Missionary Spouse."

And am I happy here? I hope I never have to leave this land of my adoption. If I had it to do over again, I would be willing to cross ten oceans to come here, in spite of the fact that after leaving Europe I didn't prove to be a very good sailor, and felt that if I ever set foot on solid ground again, I'd never leave it.

There is something about India and its people that grips and holds one. As you walk along the road (it would be too extravagant if I used the word "street" as you understand it) and see these dear little brown children, and recall that their souls are as yet unwashed by the waters of Baptism, you are filled with an intense impulse to steal them. And since you cannot actually steal them, you determine to buy them by the pennies of prayer and sacrifice. In vain do you search for many expressions of joy or smiles on their faces, unless you smile so forcibly that they are compelled to smile in return.

THE Jesuit Fathers who are working in Patna Mission have told you a great deal about the people of Patna in general, but I should like to give you some specific pictures about the women. I have often been interested in watching our poor Christian women when they go to confession or receive Holy Communion. These poor women have no one with whom they may leave their babies, for seldom do you find a father taking care of the children. Of necessity, therefore, they have to take the youngsters with them. If a mother left her baby on the floor of the church when she went to receive Holy Communion, or when she went to confession, the child would put up such a howl that you could not hear yourself pray out loud. I mention the floor of the church, and I want to say in passing, that the floor is everything for the native. You go into a home and see their primitive way of doing things. Their dress, their mode of living, the poverty of their one-room huts, contrast strikingly with your immaculate homes, your marble floors, spotless kitchens, tiled bathrooms and so on.

Some time ago I went to see a woman who had been injured during the earthquake. While I was talking to her, two large beautiful brown eyes attracted my attention as they peered out from behind a large, heavy, soft, plush-life curtain made out of gunny. The one room was so dark that you could scarcely distinguish the different objects in it. After a short time, we heard a wee cry from the little baby, the first child of the Mohammedan mother. According to Mohammedan practice, the poor woman must stay in that dark, old smelly room for a whole month, and after that she dares come out only by degrees, that is, coming outside the door the first time, then the next time coming a little farther on the porch, as is their custom. The high caste Mohammedan women are simply not allowed to come out of their homes. I feel so sorry for them, because they never have a chance to see any of the beauties of nature nor enjoy any of the privileges that we human beings have the right to enjoy.

PRIESTS dare not enter their homes. We Sisters have the right of way and may go in without ringing the door bell—if such a luxury as the door bell could be imagined. But even we have some restrictions. Let me take you on a brief visit to a native home.

The outer door of the courtyard may or may not be locked. You enter; the ground (*Turn to page* 250)

Shadows on the Bayou

Samuel H. Ray, S.J.

"HOW far will this carry me?" asks Joe, a gaily dressed passenger in the Negro coach. In his hand lie several pieces of small change. The conductor counts the money and gives him a ticket for the station fifteen miles away. Joe rides to the end of his ticket, gets off and starts walking back home. He has had a fast ride on the train. Thus the optimism, often so enviable, crops out on the Negro of Louisiana.

And, indeed, the missionary at work among these good people is often cheered by this optimism and by the steady progress that is being made to make good Catholics of his flock.

The Diocese of Lafayette, Louisiana, for instance, has the largest Catholic Negro population in the States. From all statistics available, this statement is a challenge made and, as yet, uncontradicted. In America, the Diocese of New Orleans is next with 35,000; Baltimore third, with 26,000; and New York fourth, with 25,000. The Diocese of Lafayette itself boasts of twenty churches for Negroes; 26 schools for Negroes, with 4,007 in attendance and 14 priests devoted almost exclusively to the care of their souls.

Catholic Negro boys, all dressed up for the church fair at Grand Coteau, Louisiana.

AN interview with Father Peter J. Weck, the Jesuit pastor of the widely scattered Negro country parish of St. Peter Claver, in Grand Coteau, Louisiana, will give us some notion of what that Father is doing there.

"When the parish was divided last year so that the Negroes could have their own church separate from the church of the White people, the result was a remarkable increase in the attendance at Mass. Out of the original parish of four thousand souls there were found to be two thousand Negroes."

"Do you mean that these two thousand came to Mass one hundred per cent?" I asked.

"Oh no, don't misunderstand me."

"Well, why shouldn't they?"

'They are too poor—even destitute. Take old Will, for instance, who came a few weeks ago to see me about making his Easter duties. He is in rags. He is trying to support himself and his large family on his weekly income of two dollars. It is common for my people to borrow a neighbor's shoes occasionally—not to mention borrowing a coat—to enable them to come to Mass. But while their lot is almost a losing fight, they come, seeking the consolations of religion."

"Has there been any spiritual advancement over the ordinary routine of the parish?" I asked.

"This is most remarkable in the line of retreats and of Sodalities. For instance, this year two retreats have been given, one for a hundred and ninety-six men and boys; the second, for (*Turn to page* 250)

Some of Grand Coteau's Catholic Colored girls who, "milling through the crowd selling chances," did their share to make the fair a grand success.

With Nulato's Father "Mac"

Raymond L. Talbott, S.J.

Indian mothers of Father Mac's parish at Nulato, Alaska.

"STAND clear!" And the native boy frees his hold on the straining leader. "Jump on and hold tight!" Then, Father McElmeel pulls the knot on the post rope; the sled creaks, and the dogs are off. The dogs always gallop at the beginning of the day, and it takes an experienced musher to swerve and swing the sled so as to miss the stumps and bushes during the precipitous rush to the Yukon River. There are no better mushers on the Yukon than Father "Mac," as he is popularly known all through Alaska,—the pastor at Nulato. Father Hubbard describes him as "square-shouldered, blue-eyed, steel-gray haired."

Father Joseph L. McElmeel, S.J., arrived at Nulato in 1924. Except for a few months spent in the States three years ago, he has been working in Alaska ever since. There is with him this year only one Brother, but a wonderful Brother he is. Brother Edward S. Horwedel, S.J., is seventy years of age. Yet he can cut his cord of wood a day without effort. He is a man of all work, a true "sourdough" mechanic. He can build a steamboat, run a sawmill, care for a dog team, direct a thousand and one activities and through it all, he remains always a true Religious. Brother Horwedel has spent over thirty years in Alaska; he came to Nulato in 1932. At present he is constructing a school there.

The Sisters of St. Anne from Lachine, Canada, teach in the school at Nulato. Work would progress very little without the devoted labor of these missionary nuns. Sisters are resourceful and tactful. They know especially how to deal with the women and children.

ST. PETER CLAVER'S MISSION numbers 266 Indians. Nulato is the oldest Catholic mission in Alaska, and it is the starting point for all the stations within a radius of 223 miles.

Let us join Father Mac in his forty-mile trek down the Yukon. The dogs have long since ceased to gallop and have settled down to a steady pace when Kaltag is sighted. In the village, which is a cluster of log cabins perched high up on the river bank almost buried in the snow, there are 104 tenacious Catholics,—admirably tenacious for the amount of attention that can be given them. The dog team jogs along the street in front of the houses on a level with the roofs, so deep is Winter's snow in Alaska.

The occupants of these buried homes dig a space in front of their doors through which they crawl out and walk on top of the drifts. The loft of a trading store is the Father's headquarters. One room serves for parlor, bedroom and kitchen. In the one big room the trader's family sleep, eat and make merry. There are only two White men at Kaltag: one, a Protestant gentleman, teaches in the government school.

THE poor Indian people of this village are sometimes without a priest for a year at a time. Most of the children do not even know how to bless themselves or say any prayer. Every evening during Father's stay, the older ones come faithfully to the church for catechism. Some of them understand very little English. The younger people, however, know English well. Each morning all attend Mass, and everything proceeds orderly, that is, if the water and wine are not frozen. It is frequently necessary to hold the sacred vessels with a cloth, because they are so cold. The fervor and eagerness of the mothers and fathers, as well as of the lads and lassies, to know about God is a great consolation to the missionary. They flock to the Father for instruction three and four times a day. With regret he points his dog leader towards Nulato, but thirsting souls urge him to begin this six hour trip along the wind-swept Yukon.

Back at Nulato, the home base, everything is quite comfortable; the Sisters are certainly ingenious. After a restful but short stay, we must press on to Koyukuk, a village of 187, eighteen miles above Nulato.

The little chapel at Galena. It was here that Father Mac said "it warmed up to thirty-five below."

In November, Father Mac arrived at Koyukuk, baptized the babies and performed a few belated marriages. The dog team was now reduced to two Siberian huskies, just sufficient to carry Father's luggage. But what a dinner awaited him! A better-than-Waldorf menu. Not even the classiest hotels and restaurants can always slap down a big moose steak in front of you and say: "Eat lotsi, Fader, we got biiiiig moose in cache, and he is fat." After a substantial banquet the "Fader," seated on the floor, gathers the children about him. "In the name of the Father and of the Son. . . ." No dry-as-dust lectures these, but vivid and graphic. Then, night prayers—prolonged, devout orisons to prepare for sweet dreams and melodious snores. The missionary curls up in his sleeping bag, and, sometimes it is only the bag that sleeps. Now and then during the night one of the older natives lights his pipe for a smoke. Tobacco fumes help to fumigate the dormitory. Next morning, Mass, more instruction and off for the next mission.

"There are no better mushers on the Yukon than 'Father Mac,' as he is popularly known all through Alaska,—the pastor of Nulato.

SEVERAL camps between Koyukuk and Galena must be visited. An important stop is Grimkopf, eighteen miles from Koyukuk. Six people welcome the Father cordially and beg him to stay. Two miles further, Galena, a village of eighty-five souls, nestles on the right bank of the Yukon. The dogs snugly put away, Father goes from cabin to cabin, and he must be minutely careful to miss no one, lest there be a repercussion even months later.

Early the next morning he arranges and heats a cozy, little chapel; then, he traverses the streets of the village, bell in hand, to call the natives to Mass; it is a more effective way than a big bell on the church. No need to say he will step lively, because the thermometer registers fifty-nine below. "No, let me correct that," says Father Mac, "it warmed up to thirty-five below one day," and the difference was noticeable.

Here and there along the trail and back in the woods there are families to be visited as Father mushes to Ruby, fifty-five miles above Galena. Ruby is a dying mining town containing as yet sixty-five Catholics who, sorry to say, have been contaminated by association with the Whites. Then, on again for thirty-two miles over wretched trail to Kokrines.

In 1907, Father Jette with a Brother came to Kokrines to work among Indians who seemed friendly. In a very short time fifty were converted to the Faith. Father Jette bought the church from a Protestant minister who retired; the conversion of the rest of the people soon followed. Kokrines, never a large center, was not sufficiently important to retain a resident missionary, especially in a country where priests were so scarce. Father Jette, in 1913, returned to Nulato. For more than a decade this victimized and spiritually needy village has had occasional and hurried visits. The church is going to ruin, but the missionary must move on to the camps scattered along the ninety miles of ice and snow to Tanana, which is a rather important mission station.

The hospital of the United States Board of Education is stationed at Tanana; the care of the sick and dying calls for a resident priest. Indians come to this hospital from as distant a station as Kaltag. After having cared for the forty-five Catholics at Tanana, the missionary starts on his return trip to the devoted Sisters at Nulato. The Sisters have been deprived of Mass and Communion during the missioner's absence. Rigorous climate and isolation from social life make Alaska a hard mission, but it is doubly hard when the source of virtue and strength is stopped up.

THERE are other important missions already established in Alaska, and there are districts in which missions should be established. Plane visits are flying visits in every sense of the word; the arrival of planes are far between. By sled one Father cannot adequately care for territory that extends twenty-four miles further than the length of New York State. And the Nulato Mission is only a small part of the Lord's Kingdom.

Word just received from Alaska gives the consoling information that Father Paul C. O'Connor, S.J., after spending ten months in the States, has been assigned to Nulato as assistant to Father McElmeel.—Editor.

Moslems and Holy Pictures

Edward F. Madaras, S. J.

WE have Moslems in Baghdad College, and my story concerns three of them. Together with three Jews and twenty-two Christians, the latter drawn from the Latin, Chaldean, Syrian, and Armenian Rites, they formed my first year high school class.

When Christmas came round, I wanted to give each boy in the class a holy picture with an appropriate greeting for the season. At the same time I did not wish to offend the religious susceptibilities of the non-Christians, nor give them reason to feel slighted by passing them by altogether when distributing the pictures, so to them I gave our College calling card, which reads: "Fathers of the Society of Jesus." On each card I wrote: "Best wishes for a happy vacation" and signed my name.

The distribution of the cards took place during the evening study period on the day before the Christmas vacation began. As I went about from boy to boy silently giving each his card, I observed that the non-Christians were looking askance at the cards of the other boys and making comparisons. But I was not prepared for the aftermath.

IT is a well-known fact that the Moslems are the hardest people in the world to convert. One reason for that, doubtless, is that apostasy from Islam is punishable by death, though there are other factors which I, as an inexperienced missionary, shall not venture to set down. Yet there are conversions made from time to time, although no publicity is given to them for obvious reasons.

It might be imagined that since the average pious Moslem knows very little concerning Christians, and consequently holds them in something approaching contempt, they would likewise have very little respect, not to say affection, for Christ and His Blessed Mother. At least that was what I believed until the day mentioned above, when I was disabused of my error.

When the study period ended that afternoon, my Moslem students surrounded me and demanded to have a holy picture like the rest of the boys.

"What!" I exclaimed in mock horror. "You are Moslems and you want Christian holy pictures?"

"Oh, but we also love Isa and Miriam," they answered, that being the Arabic equivalent of Jesus and Mary.

The upshot of it was that they got their pictures. Later on I did some investigating, and I found that the Moslems in Baghdad actually have a shrine to the Blessed Virgin on the other side of the river. More, the Catholic Church here, in charge of the Carmelite Fathers, is visited from time to time by Moslem mothers, who lay their infants on the altar of the Blessed Mother to implore her help and protection, especially in case of sickness.

Tariq Munir Beg Abbas—who, with his Moslem companions, protested to the author, "Oh, but we also love Isa and Miriam," —Jesus and Mary.

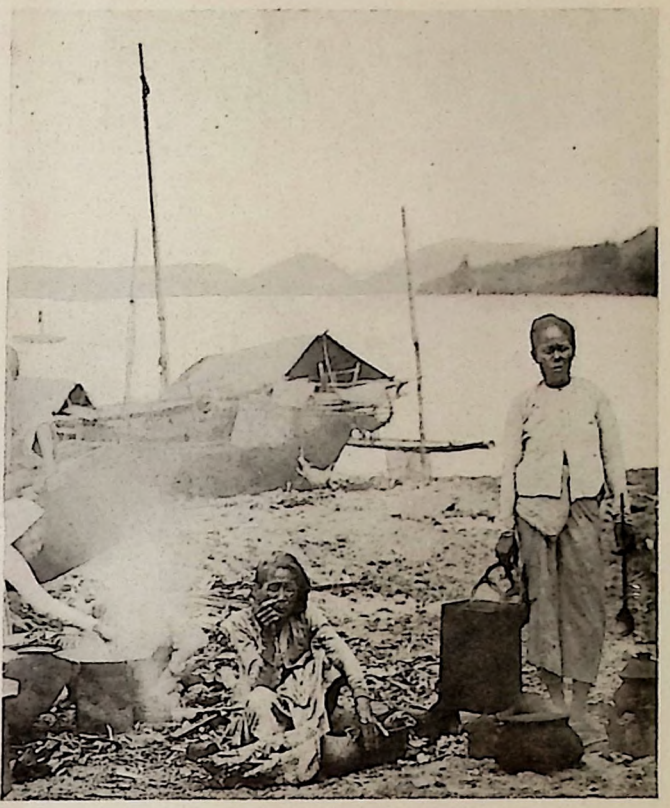
NOW, Christ died for all men, and He wants all to be in the one flock under the one Shepherd. We cannot do any active proselytizing here in the school, for it is forbidden. But I believe that the force of good example, aided by the prayers of our friends back home, will enable us to do much to spread the Kingdom of Christ here in Baghdad.

For one thing, the old order is changing. Formerly, there was a separate Christian quarter here, out of which the denizens did not dare to stir after dark; today you may find Christians in different parts of the city. Our own residence is surrounded by Moslems, and they have ceased for the most part to regard us and the other Christians with the distrust and suspicion which was so common formerly.

May we not hope that those who venerate Christ and His Blessed Mother will in the not far distant future begin to participate as active members in that great family that is the Catholic Church? This hope becomes intense when one reflects that we are only three hours from Jerusalem, Nazareth and Bethlehem, from the cradle of poet, seer and prophet, the religious center of the world, the land of God-made-man.

Moros Get Hungry

Joseph Reith, S.J.



Moro women preparing chow with which to break the Mohammedan fast of Ramadan.

THE Lenten regulations in the Philippine Islands are few and easy compared to those in America. The reason may be the poverty of the people, their inability to get sufficient nourishing food, their low vitality and resistence to disease—but whatever it is, Filipinos during Lent have to fast and abstain from meat only on the Fridays. Abstinence from meat is in no sense a hardship, since the people at all times prefer and relish fish rather than meat.

And yet, with such simple precepts, Lenten transgressions are frequent. In cases I really believe they are not transgressions before God, for many of the people labor strenuously, and the women especially are taxed with the care and nursing of many small children and the burdens of a big household. Nevertheless, I cannot help making comparisons with the Moros.

Around me in my mission in the Lake Lanao region of Mindanao there are five times as many Moros as Christians. The Moros are Mohammedans; uneducated, uncultured, all but pagans, they form a tribe almost distinct from the ordinary Filipinos. They cling tenaciously, fanatically to their Mohammedan religion and many are most rigorous in following its prescripts. Corresponding to our Lent they have a period of penance lasting for thirty days called *Ramadan,* and observe it with a strictness that should put our Christians to shame.

The severe part of *Ramadan* is the *puasa,* a complete fast every day from sunrise to sunset, during which period the devout Moro refrains entirely from eating and drinking, from smoking and chewing, and even from swallowing the saliva. After the sun has gone down he may, and usually does, make up for the rigor of the day and prepares for that of the morrow.

FASTING is not the only prescription of *Ramadan;* the observer must also pray. Allah is the God of the Mohammedans, and all prayer goes to Allah through Mohammed, his prophet. Consequently, in his prayers, the Moro of Mindanao faces towards the west, in which direction lies Mohammed's holy city of Mecca, dear to the Moros and to all Moslems. Prayer must be preceded by ablutions and purifyings as prescribed by the Koran, what might be called the Bible and the ritual of the Moslems. Therein it is written: "O ye who believe! when ye rise up to prayer, wash your faces and your hands as far as the elbows, and wipe your heads and your feet to the ankles. And if ye

(*Turn to page* 250)

The practice of polygamy has made the conversion of the Moro, naturally speaking, almost impossible. It will take long years of prayer and labor to win them to the purity of Christ and the Mother of Christ.

Rambling Round Jamaica

Charles J. Eberle, S.J.

THE great navigator, Columbus, when asked to describe the Island of Jamaica, took a piece of paper, crumpled it and exclaimed, "Behold Jamaica!" Certainly that is an accurate description not only of the contour of my own parish of St. Mary, but of this entire historic island of the Spanish Main. Recently, I had an opportunity of seeing some of this island, as well as some of the stations of my fellow missionaries. We followed for the most part the road along the north coast by the sea, and as the day was clear the Caribbean was at its best. Deep blue and light blue and with all the greens in the artist's palette. Both sea and country were beautiful, and I can well understand now why many of the old missionaries from the Maryland-New York and New England Provinces who have been here would love to return.

Although there are many points of interest in Jamaica upon the north side of the island, the historical significance is not indicated except by the old ruins themselves. There are many forts, some Spanish, some English, with ancient rusty cannons lying where they fell after they boomed for the last time. But there is not a trace of any of the old Spanish churches, though there are Spanish houses and the ruins of an old Spanish monastery at Montego Bay.

TODAY in Jamaica, some eighty thousand acres are under cultivation for bananas. When the sugar boom was on, almost a hundred years ago, I am told that there were a million acres under cultivation. The numerous ruins of old sugar houses that dot the landscape as you pass along the road would seem to bear out these figures. On our trip, we passed through Runaway Bay where the Spanish fled from the English, and through the old Spanish city of Seville which is now only a banana walk. There are numerous places along the route where Columbus is supposed to have landed, notably Don Christopher's Cove. Every least improvement that I saw at a mission station was for me a story book. For instance: At Savanna-la-Mar, where Father James Harney is Pastor, there is a bell tower. It is quite old now and a new one will soon be needed. It took my fancy completely. I could picture the day it was dedicated, the crowd of Protestants and Catholics

Picknies from High Gate, Jamaica, B. W. I. A study in expression.

alike, the struggle to collect the money needed, the order for the bell and the transportation of the same out of Kingston, the supervision of its erection and, finally, the day of dedication. Each and every detail has a story of struggle and sacrifice attached to it. At my mission, I now have the Sisters, and I thank God, for the schools are doing nicely. The Sisters make all the difference in the world and, please God, some day we will have them at all the mission stations.

ON my return journey, a Father who was visiting the island joined us. He is the Rector of a College in the States and is planning soon to construct a building. As we were passing through High Gate on the way to Kingston, I enthusiastically pointed out to him my new church. Then suddenly upon reflection, I asked him: "Father, how much will your building cost that you are going to erect in the States?" "Well," he replied, "we expect that it will cost over a million before we are finished." I looked at him and then at the wooden walls and beams of my ta-pence hae-penny church. That ended the inspection. Some time later, I related the incident to my fellow missionary, Father Raymond Sullivan, who is a most energetic and self-sacrificing Pastor, stationed at Brown's Town and outlying districts. Together we consoled one another with the thought that, as Father Sullivan expressed it, "Anyway, it is as difficult to build a village church in Jamaica as it is to build a college in the States." For myself, I cannot judge. I have never built a college building, but I dare say, I would venture another church.

At present, the new church at High Gate will serve as a day school. At Port Maria, two schools will be open. I shall remodel the house we own there, making it more lightsome and airy, making it two or even one big room by raising the roof. This I intend as an academy.

A Babe of the Woods

Cecil A. Primeau, S. J.

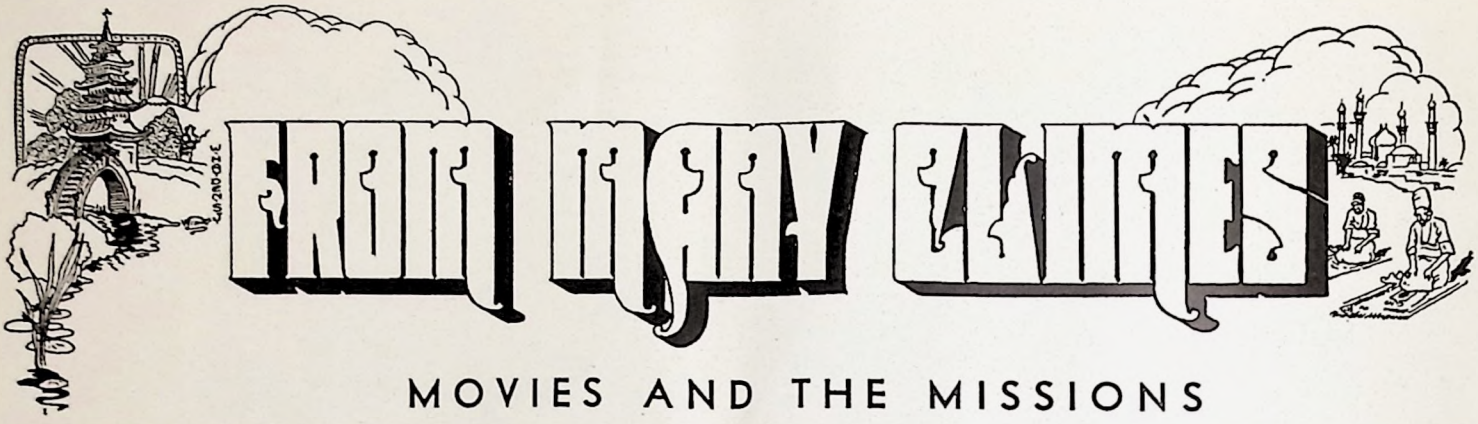
A DARKENING shadow that fell across the room, and that instinctive feeling that someone else is watching you, made me look up. True enough, there in the doorway of our little one-room log shack stood a silent, dusky figure. But there was nothing unusual in that. In fact, it was getting to be a rather common experience. It was just eight days since we had arrived, four strong, at Father Joseph Couture's mission among the Ojibway Indians at Longlac in Northern Ontario, and so far we had been somewhat of a curiosity to these simple-living, red-skinned children of the forest. And it was only natural. Never before had there been a group of Blackrobes in their midst. And surely there must be something going on in *Kossinan's* (Father's) house now, with so many Blackrobes within. And is not the missionary's door always open to welcome them? So they would come—just look in perhaps at first, then venture a step within, answer our *"Bojo! Bojo!"*—"Good-day!" then stand or sit down and watch us indefinitely, seldom saying much unless we ventured a question.

BUT this time, as I looked up, the visitor spoke. He was a middle-aged Indian and he spoke with all their native reticence, briefly, simply. *"Akosi abinodjins."* That was all. *"Akosi abinodjins."* "Baby sick." How like the message of Martha and Mary to Jesus: "Lord, he whom Thou lovest is sick." No request to come; that was understood. *"Anindi?*—Where?" we asked. He replied in typical fashion with a gesture, pointing out a spot on the other side of the bay formed by our point at the head of Longlac Lake and the east shore. Continuing our questions, we learned that the four months old baby of Marie was very sick and the priest was wanted.

A missionary visits the Indian cemetery at Wikwemikongsing. "The crosses," he says, "will be found on close inspection to be decorated, as is the Indian custom, with various articles: beads, holy pictures, medals and other articles owned by the deceased."

IT was then about three o'clock in the afternoon. Father Walsh armed himself with his Ritual and we set out, all four of us, on our first sick call. It was about a mile walk and so did not take us long. On reaching the spot, we found no cabins, just three tents. Being directed to one of them, we entered. There indeed was a scene not easily forgotten, a scene that beggars description, a scene that one must really witness to realize. In the shadowy interior of the tent, on a matting of branches, squatted two women, the one rather aged, the other in early womanhood. Profound silence. The faces of both were cast in deepest sorrow. Never before had I seen anyone who so reminded me of Our Blessed Mother Mary looking upon the dead Jesus in her arms at (*Turn to page* 252)

A sorrowing Indian mother at the grave of her child. "A lonely little funeral procession conveyed the body to its final resting-place in the little cemetery just across from the church."



MOVIES AND THE MISSIONS

The Movies and America

In the current propaganda unleashed against Hollywood through the Legion of Decency, attack and counter-attack have consistently been confined to the unhappy effect of immoral movies on the people of *America,* an emphasis that we can readily understand when we remember that 79,000,000 Americans flock to the theatres weekly, of whom 28,000,000 are children and 11,000,000 are under thirteen years of age.

The Movies and the Foreign Missions

And yet America, with its 120,000,000 inhabitants, is not the only playground in which the movie industry is disporting itself and offering its attractions for evil. For like a Yellow Peril, this immoral plague has descended upon our foreign mission field with its prospective audiences of ten thousand times one hundred thousand souls.

The Worst Indictment

In the name of 165,000 missionary priests, Sisters, Brothers and mission workers, whom distance makes inaudible, we indict the movie industry of America, not only as a traitor to the trust that has been placed in it, but as a traitor to Christianity itself whose dignity it has both discredited and debased.

Discrediting the Religion of Christ

"There can be no question," states Mr. Baijnath Bajoria, prominent non-Christian leader of the Marwari Association in Calcutta, "but that Indians take not only their impressions of western civilization from the cinema, but many also take their impressions of Christian morality from the cinema. Western films discredit Christians in the eyes of the people of India, and it is a definite duty for Catholics to league themselves with other public bodies which are working to cleanse cinema houses of this great evil."

Morals versus Profits

Again, in attacking the indecent posters exposed in prominent places to advertise films, another non-Christian, President Raibahadur Ramdev Chokhani of Marwari Association, stated an imperishable truth in these words: "The morals of a people are of greater value than an industry, and the film industry must not be allowed to prosper at the expense of our boys and girls." There is not a missionary today who would not agree with Lord Irwin, former Viceroy of India, when in an address delivered in London more than two years ago he stated that the White man had lost great prestige in the East, and especially in India, because of indecent films from Europe and America.

As the Movies Show Us

More recently, a prominent Indian after viewing a foreign film remarked: "I am an Indian, I suppose what you White people would call a nigger. I am unacquainted with other sides of western civilization, but what I have seen tonight and on other numerous occasions in places such as this, convinces me that the ordinary middle classes of England and America are the most debased and immoral creations any race or nation has ever produced." How could he judge otherwise, when cast-off films from America are constantly portraying illicit love, love outside of marriage, rape, incest, fornication and adultery, in addition to gangster raids upon the remaining commandments of the decalogue.

A Paradox That Hurts

From 1922 to 1932, Catholics of the United States have contributed to the missions through the Pontifical Society for the Propagation of the Faith, the relatively small total of $9,767,223. Yet even this sum has been deflated enormously in its power for good when we realize that the institutions of Christianity which the American Propagation of the Faith has attempted to erect, the American movie industry has attempted to wreck and raze.

Testimony

Against this pornographic pest, happily, Catholic Action on the mission field itself is already being taken. Thus Mr. R. Krishnanachari, a Hindu, Editor of the Indian *Mirror,* official organ of orthodox Hinduism, writes: "The question is an all-India one, including all castes, communities and religions, and we appeal to the people to sink their political, religious and other differences, real or imaginary, to combine together under the banner of the Legion of Decency and to contribute towards the healthy mental growth of youth." Again, Archbishop Ferdinand Perier, S.J., of Calcutta, calling the Catholics of the Archdiocese to support the Legion of Decency sponsored by the Calcutta *Catholic Herald* in its issue of July 22 states: "Where Bishops, priests and laity work together for a common cause, their efforts cannot fail." The Calcutta League is cooperating with those of Burma, Ceylon and Malaya.

From the Land of Arabian Nights

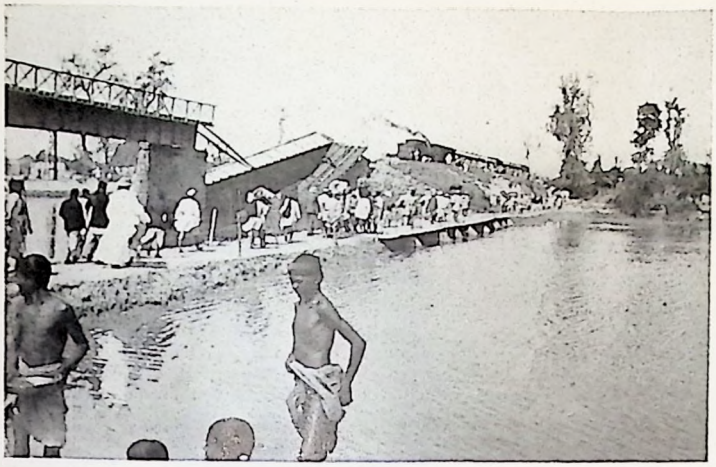
Encouraging indeed is the attitude taken by the students of Baghdad College, Iraq, who wrote an Arabic letter to Father Daniel A. Lord, S.J., promising support for his campaign against indecent films. *El Alam ul Arabi,* one of the leading Arabic dailies, ran several articles on the campaign, causing much comment in the local coffee houses, since there are four movie "palaces" in Baghdad, two of which use American movies almost exclusively.

The Code

In the code adopted by the Association of Motion Picture Producers, the following general policy was adopted: "No picture shall be produced which will lower the moral standards of those who see it. Hence, the sympathy of the audience shall never be thrown to the side of crime, wrong-doing, evil or sin. Correct standards of life shall be presented on the screen subject only to necessary dramatic contrasts. Law, natural or human, should not be ridiculed, nor shall sympathy be created for its violation."

The Voice of Peter

In the name of our Catholic missionaries fighting for the Kingdom of Christ on the mission front today, we pray that the Legion of Decency may continue its fight until the movie industry has adopted its code of morality not only on paper but on film, and until, in the words of Pope Pius XI, the entire output of the industry, becomes a "moral, educational force."



What happened to a railroad bridge at Motihari, not far from Bettiah, when the earthquake shook it January 15, 1934.

Fissures in the road at Muzaffarpur, caused by the heaving of the earth during the quake. The missionary is Richard T. Mehren, S.J.

Father Francis M. Brown, S.J., surveys the ruins in one of his mission buildings at Chuhari.

DEVASTATION IN PATNA MISSION

Only gradually is it becoming known to the world at large that the earthquake which shook northern India, where Patna Mission is located, was one of the worst recorded in history. Fifteen thousand square miles of fertile land were broken up; upwards of 50,000 lives were lost; building damage that is almost incalculable was wrought on the fateful afternoon of January 15, 1934. Patna Mission itself, which is in charge of the American Jesuits, lost none of its missionary personnel, thanks to a protecting Providence, but the loss in buildings was staggering for a Mission struggling to keep above board financially. Superiors of the Mission report the following: 10 churches, 4 priests' residences, 2 schools, 1 convent, 1 orphanage,—all completely destroyed; 6 churches, 4 priests' residences, 4 schools, 2 convents, 1 orphanage,—all seriously damaged.

Father Anthony—native Indian priest—faces the problem of reconstructing his ruined church at Rampur.

Inspecting the geyser-like blow-holes. Hundreds of acres of rice and cane fields were destroyed for cultivation by sand and sulphur from these "fountains."

Monghyr presents its mass of ruins. Reconstructing places like this seems an almost hopelessly disconcerting task.

Another Mil

The author with some of the Sioux high school boys. "There is still living on the Reservation many an old Indian who took part in these superstitious practices. Now their grandsons are in high school, doing work that compares very favorably with the work done by the average American Whites."

FOR forty-seven years St. Francis Mission School had been bidding farewell to her boys and girls on graduation day. Why, then, since graduation had become commonplace, was there so much excitement as the forty-eighth annual commencement drew near? As a matter of fact, there is good reason for this reawakened interest. Another milestone in the educational work of the Mission loomed into sight, when on May 20 the first class of boys was graduated from St. Francis ***High*** School.

To the casual reader, that statement may not have much meaning. But to those familiar with the difficulties and obstacles that stand in the way of educational progress on the Reservation, especially in the way of Catholic education, the fact that we have graduated our first high school class has tremendous significance. It means that the missionary work among the Sioux of South Dakota is not at a standstill. It means that Catholic education is overcoming the difficulties and obstacles, the prejudice and bigotry, that stand in its path. It means that the Sioux Indian himself is making progress, and in keeping with that progress, is anxious for more learning.

Perhaps the words Sioux, reservation, mission, Indians, and so forth, conjure up mental pictures of wigwams, and war paint and feathered headgear and beaded moccasins. Such pictures, to a large extent, are true to life. As I look out of my window my eye is attracted by several tents not far from my class room. Those tents have been there all through the Winter—and they are inhabited. On a Winter's morning, after a fresh snowfall, new footprints can be traced from those tents to the boys' building. For some, those tents are "home, sweet home."

ONE night as I sat at my window, looking out over the prairie flooded with silver light from a glorious October moon, I heard a sound which, until a few weeks before, I had never heard. It was the strange, rhythmic beat of the tom-tom. An Indian dance was being held in the village which borders the Mission. Far into the night that strange thumping, accompanied by the weird shouts of the dancers, floated across the crisp Autumn air.

But it was the church during Midnight Mass on Christmas Eve that provided a picture which not even the wildest imagination could rival. In spite of the sub-zero temperature, the large church was filled to capacity. At Communion time I could scarcely believe my eyes. Up the left aisle slowly moved a long line of brightly colored shawls and beautifully beaded moccasins. Beneath many a shawl a wee Sioux clung tightly to his mother's neck, his large dark eyes glistening in the bright light. Up the right aisle I could hear the slow, steady shuffling of moccasins. Tall, stately, broadshouldered, their hair hanging over their shoulders in long heavy braids, and tied at the end with bits of bright ribbon, the men moved slowly to the Communion rail.

And so the old, picturesque Indian still exists, even here at the Mission headquarters. Out at the mission stations and in the camps he is much more in evidence. Yes, the picturesque Indian still exists. But he is changing, and changing rapidly. He is developing, progressing, becoming educated to the things of modern civilization. It must be remembered that when the first Jesuits arrived at St. Francis Mission in 1886, the Indians of South Dakota were still very much uncivilized, as we consider civilization. They were steeped in superstition and clung tenaciously to their ancient

"The first band with twenty-five members is under the capable direction of Brother Andrew Hartmann, S.J. This number could be increased except for the lack of instruments."

stone

George L. Klaus, S.J.

customs. Glancing through the diary of Father Florentine Digmann, S.J., who began his long and fruitful labors among the Sioux on August 6, 1886, we read numerous passages such as the following:

"When we first came to these Indians, they were steeped in their old superstitious beliefs and practices. The sun dance with its cruelties had been abolished some years before by the government, but the ghost lodges, sweat baths, praying to the painted stones, conjurations of the sick, sacred dances, the fear of the thunder god, who would kill them by lightning unless they did what he told them in a dream, and a host of other superstitions were in full vogue, and the medicine man ruled supreme."

There is still living on the Reservation many an old Indian who took part in these superstitious practices. Now their grandsons are in high school, doing work that compares very favorably with the work done by the average American Whites.

THE course offered at St. Francis High School is a combination of academic, commercial and vocational training. Of course, the school is very seriously handicapped by the lack of equipment and material resources. But in spite of these handicaps, much progress is being made. The academic subjects are intended, as one of the graduates remarked in the commencement exercises, "to help us to live a more intelligent life, to become useful and loyal citizens of our great country." He then pointed out that the study of the English language and English literature rightfully held first place among the academic subjects. In the Junior year the commercial subjects are begun. This part of the work has a three-fold purpose: "to train the mind, to enable us to take care of our own business affairs in an intelligent manner, and to give us a means of earning a livelihood."

The vocational training is carried on through all four years of high school. Speaking of this phase of the school's activities, another graduate spoke as follows: "In the shops we learn to use our hands as well as our heads. The carpenter shop, the baker shop, the dairy barn, the garden, the shoe shop, the paint shop—all have a share in this work, and here, under experienced direction, we learn to do by doing, we learn to make by making."

OUR account of the school work will be decidedly incomplete unless we say a few words about one other type of training given to the boys, a training which is by far the most important—character training. That the students themselves realize the importance of character training is brought out by the words of a third commencement speaker. "Of what good would be all our knowledge, all our ability, all our skill and accomplishments, if we turned out to be men without character, men without the courage to stand up for what is right and just and noble? If our education is not to be in vain, if it is to fulfill the purpose for which education is intended, it must be an education in which character training holds first place."

Religion, of course, is the essential part of character training. It would edify the most fervent Catholic to see the high school boys, morning after morning, at Holy Mass. At least fifty per cent of them receive Holy Communion each day. And it is not an unusual occurrence for every boy in the high school to receive on the First Friday. The young

"And so the old, picturesque Indian still exists, even here at the Mission headquarters. Out at the mission stations and in the camps he is much more in evidence."

speaker concluded his talk with these words: "If we have followed the example that has been set before us, if we have imbibed the principles that have been taught us, we shall go forth from this great school truly educated, not only in mind and body, but also and especially, in heart and will. We shall go forth as leaders of our fellow men, shining examples to the world of true Catholic education."

Do the Indian boys engage in extra-curricular activities? Only one who is a stranger to the Mission would ask such a question. The fame of St. Francis' basketball team has spread far and wide. Last Spring that fame became nation-wide through the team's participation in the National Catholic Tournament at Chicago. St. Francis boys were general favorites with the fans at the Tournament. The trip to Chicago was made possible by kind friends of the Mission, especially those who helped to arrange several games en route, thus enabling the team to defray some of the expenses.

IT is not only at the Mission School that basket-ball reigns supreme. One might say that the entire population of the Reservation is one great body of fans. From every part of the Indian country they come to see the boys play—it may be during a raging blizzard with the mercury almost hiding in the bulb of the thermometer. Some folks have been known to travel over a hundred miles to see a game. The Indian women are just as enthusiastic over the game as are the men. They attend in large numbers, wearing their bright-colored shawls and carrying their papooses with them. Last Winter when the famous Harlem Globe Trotters, a nationally known professional team, played the Indian boys, a large crowd of fans was waiting at the door three hours before the game was scheduled to begin, fearful lest they might not be able to get a place. On (Turn to page 252)

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The Day: October Twenty-First

OUTSIDE the church, autos of varied makes from the cheaper to the more expensive models were parked along the street. Within the stately edifice Sunday Mass was in progress, and the priest had just read the Gospel. Turning then to his audience, he announced that today throughout the world, at the express wish of the Holy Father, Mission Sunday was being celebrated. All were asked to join the Society for the Propagation of the Faith; all were urged to do more reading of mission literature to acquaint themselves better with the grave responsibility of the Church's task on the missions, with the wonderful advances that were being made there in the cause of souls, and finally, through this reading, to see just where their part in mission responsibility and mission help came in. Prayer, above all, was needed; sacrifice was needed; money was needed.

The appeal had been stirring, and the response of some, especially of some of the poorer folks, was generous. A dollar was pretty much for them to give just now, but after all, it was given for God's work, the mission work for souls. "God bless those missionary priests and Sisters!" And so they gave, even though it meant some pretty stiff budgeting for a while to cover this added donation. Times were hard.

Others—and so many of them would never have noticed the difference of a few dollars—shrugged their shoulders. After all, what business of theirs were these missions? Anyhow, they had never been able to see why they should be called on to support missionaries who were foolish enough to go to pagan countries when there was plenty of work at home, if they were really set on that sort of thing. Why throw away men and money on these repulsive foreigners? At any rate, so these folks argued, the missions weren't going to be any particular concern of theirs. Hadn't the depression hit them too? After all, they had had to forego getting the latest model to replace their 1933 touring car; they had to cut down a bit on parties; they had to take a cheaper seaside cottage; they too had to budget some to cover all expenses and not to miss too many of the luxuries of life. And so, well, forget about distant missions and missionaries.

But, thank God, not all forget. There are yet many faithful souls who do help. They are those who still value the sacrifice made by priests and Sisters who go to the missions, and they try to help them; who still recognize the call of Christ to go and teach all nations, and since they cannot go themselves, yet are anxious to do their part in helping those who can go and are eager to be on their way. They know the value of souls bought by the Blood of Christ, and they want to help on the work of reclaiming them. To them, Mission Sunday means much; to them the Society for the Propagation of the Faith appeals strongly; to them the call for help sent out by the Religious Orders and Congregations doing mission work comes, and they understand and help.

Let us pray that the appeal of Mission Sunday may resound from every Catholic pulpit in the land this year more strongly than ever. Pray that true knowledge of the missions may be spread more widely so that the knowledge may lead to more profound interest, more fervent prayer, more generous financial aid.

And for those who cannot give the needed help in money, there is always the great gift that the missionaries plead for: help by praying and suffering for the missions. What a stirring lesson the sufferers of Italy have given us in recent years! Four years ago, the so-called "Day of Suffering for the Missions" was inaugurated in Rome. The patients in hospitals and asylums were invited to offer up for Catholic missions all their sufferings on Pentecost Sunday. The invitation was heeded not only in institutions, but throughout the city as well, and some seven thousand sick of all social strata suffered for the missions on that day. In 1932, the "Day of Suffering for the Missions" was extended to all Italy. The results are astounding. On Pentecost of that year, two hundred and sixty thousand inmates of hospitals and two hundred thousand sick who were cared for at home offered up their sufferings for this intention. There were, too, numerous conversions in connection with the "Day of Suffering." Here is a mission lesson.

Does not the lesson stir us to do all we can with prayer, suffering and money to help the mission work of Christ's Church? What we wrote in these pages a year ago may well be repeated again here. "Are we unmoved at the staggering figures of paganism? Have our minds 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 a billion souls in the oriental world alone know not Christ? . . . The Catholic Church has a mission army of well over 100,000 priests, Brothers, Sisters and catechists in the field. . . . And these missionaries are working in 427 vast mission districts . . . 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?"

The Mission Intention

Pagan Tribes of South America

"JESUS, good Shepherd, through the Holy Eucharist, draw all men to the Fold of Peter." This invocation, which carries with it an indulgence of three hundred days, is particularly appropriate when understood in conjunction with the October Mission Intention. Because of the International Eucharistic Congress to Buenos Aires, October will be truly a month of the Eucharist, and it is precisely through the graces of the Eucharist that His Holiness is hoping to shepherd within the one, true Fold, the pagans who, straitened with want, or tangled in the brambles of pagan superstitions, are today lost in the almost inaccessible forests of South America. Today, the total Catholic population of South America is more than 82,000,000, of whom there are in the forty-eight South American missions enumerated by B. Arens, S.J., (*Etat Actuel des Missions Cath.*) 1,837,395 Catholic natives, 10,328 catechumens, 451,074 Protestants and 668,492 pagans. Of these latter, almost 600,000 are to be found along the shores of the Amazon, estranged from all civilizing contacts and, relatively speaking, in the same barbaric condition as were their ancestors when our Catholic missionaries first landed among them four centuries ago. These aboriginal pagans, exclusive of the Asiatic, Chinese, Japanese, Malayan and Hindu immigrants, are to be found in almost all the republics, by the shores of the Orinoco and the tributaries that flow from the Andes to the Amazon, along the borders of Peru and Bolivia and in the Gran-Chaco which divides Bolivia, Argentine and Paraguay. Their own poverty, plus their inaccessibility, plus the tragedy of the Jesuit Reductions in Paraguay, account in great part for the slowness of their conversion. Buenos Aires is the Spanish for fair winds. Fair indeed would be the wind upon whose current shall be borne to the natives of South America's febrile jungle lands the salutary reports of this year's International Eucharistic Congress. Yet fairer by far would be that plenitude of Eucharistic graces through which the prophecy found in the pages of Isaias may soon be fulfilled in these pagan aborigines: "The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light: to them that dwelt in the region of the shadow of death light has risen." (Is. ix, 2.)

Therefore, from October 10 to 14, on the occasion of the thirty-first International Eucharistic Congress held at Buenos Aires, may the readers of JESUIT MISSIONS join their prayers with those of His Holiness, Pope Pius XI, for the pagan unregenerate tribes of South America.

The Mass of the Missions

The Chalice The Chalice is the cup inlaid with gold from which the priest consumes the Blood that has redeemed the world. It is a sacred cup, a holy grail. Yet there is another holy grail which tradition tapering off into legend tells us was

"The cup, the cup itself from which our Lord
Drank at the last sad supper with His own.
This from the blest land of Aromat
After the day of darkness, when the dead
Went wandering o'er Moriah—the good saint
Arimathean Joseph, journeying brought
To Glastonbury, where the Winter thorn
Blossoms at Christmas, mindful of our Lord.
And there awhile it bode, and if a man
Could touch or see it, he was heal'd at once
By faith, of all his ills. But then the time
Grew to such evil that the holy cup
Was caught away to Heaven and disappeared."

Yet for a time even in this our own generation, men thought it had returned in the shape of the so-called Antioch Chalice which was unearthed in Syria in the year 1910, in an underground hiding cache. The holy relic was submitted for examination to the Reverend Guillaume de Jerphanion, S.J., Professor of the Pontifical Oriental Institute. His decision was as follows: "That the Chalice of Antioch could have appeared in the beginning of Christian art is as untenable as the notion that a man can be born full grown. If we must choose a definite date let us put it about the year 500."

The Chalice of our priest has not in truth been touched by the lips of Christ at the Last Supper. Yet it daily holds the same Blood of Christ and, therefore, when raised aloft at the Elevation, may this Chalice be for us what it was for King Arthur's Knight, Sir Percivale:

The sweet vision of the Holy Grail (that shall drive us, as it drove Sir Percivale) from all vainglory, rivalries and earthly heats that spring and sparkle out among us in the jousts and waste the spiritual strength within us, better offered up to Heaven.

Father Edward A. Scott, S.J., of the Province of Chicago, reading the Gospel of salvation to natives in the Santal Parganas, Patna Mission, India.

THE ROSARY

Telling their rosary for those friends who have helped in their conversion, these little converts from paganism and thousands of others make their prayers an endless chain of intercession for their American Jesuit missionaries and the friends and benefactors who support the missionaries.

The American Jesuit missionaries themselves, linked together in a common purpose, form a rosary encircling the globe. East and west, north and south, they have gone to preach the gospel to every creature. They like to believe that their friends back home are almost as numerous as the people entrusted to their missionary zeal.

You, the friends and benefactors for whom the missionaries and their converts tell their rosaries, have a common bond which links you together, and have a medium whereby you can come to know what conversions are being wrought, what successes are being had in answer to your prayers.

Won't you help to encircle more of the land with a larger rosary of friends who in turn will pray to Mary on their rosaries that still more souls may be won to Christ by the missionaries; that still greater successes will crown their labors for their King?

Will you then, please,—

renew your subscription to JESUIT MISSIONS now?
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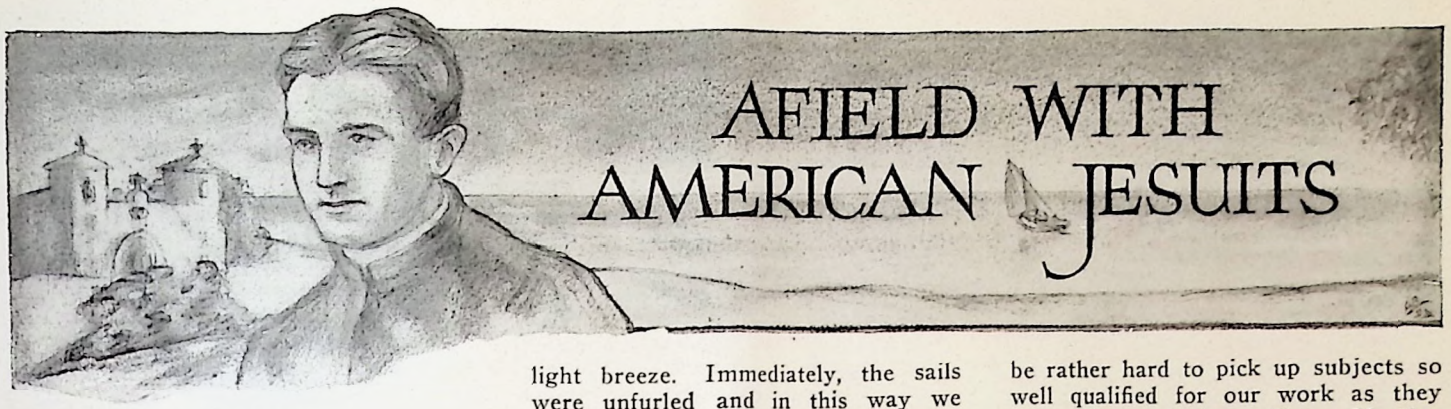
(Find a subscription blank on the back cover)



AFIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUITS

ALASKA

Father Bellarmine Lafortune, S.J., the apostle of King Island, Alaska, sends the following interesting notes:

"Your readers will perhaps be interested to hear about this particle of the Lord's Vineyard which bears the pretentious name of King Island. For some years now, its whole population has been Catholic. It is sometimes surprising to see how the Catholic Faith takes deep root in the uncultured natures of our people.

"Last Fall, due to the depression, quite a few of our natives could not buy the ammunition they needed. To run short of flour and sugar, tea and coffee, is bad indeed; but to run short of ammunition means starvation among these people who live exclusively from what they can get out of the sea. Up to the present time each native hunted for himself, but due to the shortage of ammunition they had to devise other means to get meat and oil and ivory. Charity did what human means could not. The natives came together and prayed and deliberated—and here is how they solved their problem. They picked out the best shooters among them, put two in each boat, and gave them arms and ammunition. With ten or fifteen other men, armed with cutlasses and axes, they set out on the hunt. The sharp-shooters did the killing; the others skinned the animals, sorted the meat, etc., and on their return, divided the booty equally among them. In this way, as much meat, ivory and hides were secured as if each one had had a gun.

"In the early Summer of each year, the natives travel from King Island to Nome. The natives had to use their outboard motors because the wind was either contrary or dead altogether. These outboard motors are fine when they are new, but after a few Summers they give a great deal of trouble. We had not made more than ten of the ninety miles that separate King Island from Nome, when our motor stopped. No amount of cranking could bring any action. For a while, our boat was towed by another boat which still had its motor running, but finally that one stopped too. Then there was a lot of measuring and figuring and praying. The good Providence saw our plight and sent us a light breeze. Immediately, the sails were unfurled and in this way we made about twenty miles. A dead calm followed; the sails were lowered; and by saving all the drops, we secured enough gasoline to feed the motors in the other boats that were still running. We managed finally to reach Nome. Had those natives been selfish, some of them would have had to paddle at least forty miles—a pretty tough proposition when, besides three or four tons of freight, we had forty people aboard skin boats."

* * *

From Little Flower Mission, Hooper Bay, Alaska, **Father John P. Fox, S.J.,** writes under date of July 23:

"Many thanks for your kind note of April 4 which I just received. I had no Mass stipends for a good part of the present Winter on account of the poverty of our friends in the States, and I hope that by this time things will be better. We have had no mail since the middle of April, and just now I have some only because I made a trip with our little St. Patrick to bring it.

"Death has been reaping quite a harvest here at Hooper Bay these last three months. Eight have died, and there still are a few on the sick list. Among those that died are two of our native Sisters. Their passing to a better life has left a big hole in our small Community. Numerically, we can fill their places soon enough; but it will be rather hard to pick up subjects so well qualified for our work as they were. One of them, Sister Martina Azian, the youngest of our Community, lived at St. Mary's Mission, Akulurak, with the nuns from her second year to the eighteenth, and had profited by every opportunity this gave her. The other, Sister Gertrude Ayomik, though she entered the same mission school when a little older, spent about thirteen years there, also with very great profit. Both were in love with their new life, were close friends, and died during the same month of July. They are lost to us on earth, but we are sure that they will continue their work in Heaven, along with Sister Clotilda Leo who died at Hooper Bay a little over a year ago."

* * *

Father Francis B. Prange, S.J., left Seattle on the *SS. Yukon,* Sunday, July 22, for Holy Cross, Alaska. Father is Mission Procurator for Alaska. He plans to spend the Winter doing mission work there. In late Spring he will return again to the States to care for the provisioning of the Mission for the following year.

Walter R. Luebke, S.J., of the Missouri Province, who has joined the faculty of St. John's College, Belize, British Honduras.

CHINA

Very Rev. Adelard Dugre, S.J., Provincial of the Province of Lower Canada, is making an official visit to the missions of China where Canadian Jesuits are located. He left Vancouver on September 8, and reached Shanghai on September 23. Besides visiting the Mission of Süchow, he intends to visit the Seminary of Haimen in the Apostolic Vicariate of **His Excellency Monsignor Simon Tsu, S.J.,** where some of the Canadian Jesuit Fathers are teaching Latin. **Father Alphonse Boileau, S.J.,** and **Brother Joseph Bergeron, S.J.,** are accompanying Very Rev. Father Dugre, and will remain in the Mission. Besides these, two Scholastics: **Gabriel Brossard, S.J.,** and **Adrian Lavariere, S.J.,** and **Brother Leon Fontaine, S.J.,** have been assigned to the Süchow Mission.

JAMAICA, B. W. I.

The following note of struggling perseverance comes from **Father James M. Harney, S.J.,** at Savanna-la-Mar, Jamaica, B. W. I.:

"Times are a bit hard, but with God's help we will pull through. When one cannot pay, he can always find

Father Stephen A. Shea, S.J., of the Province of New England, who sailed for missionary work in Jamaica, British West Indies, August 11, 1934.

lodgings in the Poor House and such lodgings in Jamaica would get any one into the Martyrology. I shall try to keep the pen wet, and promise an article on conditions in the Revival district where extreme poverty is a commonplace thing."

* * *

Father Charles J. Eberle, S.J., forwarded a picture of the Moneague Lakes which he says have arisen day by day, inch by inch, where there were formerly cultivated land and fields.

"The depth and breadth of the flood are indicated from the fact that the coconut trees and houses were almost entirely under water which stretched away for miles. They are now real deep wide lakes and several people have already been drowned in them. Motor boats are now running over what was once fields. I tried to take the inland route to Brown's Town to **Father Raymond Sullivan's** Garden Party and found that the lakes now covered that route. We have a church in the town of Moneague which is about a half mile from the lakes."

* * *

What we hope is a typical instance of the effect made upon non-Catholics by the spiritual labors of our Jesuit Fathers in Jamaica, is recorded in **Father Delany's** book, "The History of the Catholic Church in Jamaica," as follows:

"To Doctor Scott, the eminent physician who later entered the Church, we are indebted for the following glimpse of **Father Dupont,** who worked on the island for thirty-eight years and to whom a statue is erected in the Public Park at Kingston:

"One very rainy night during the cholera epidemic I was called to a sick man in the West End. In those days we had torrential rains, and so the roads on East Queen and some other streets were built concave for carrying off the vast volume of water and our streets were not then lighted at night. My path lay along these streets and it took all the courage in me to set out in my carriage on such a night to see if I could render any assistance to the sick man. As my horse waded through the water, being coaxed by a careful coachman, I could barely discern a light flickering in the distance. Imagine my surprise as I neared this will-o'-the-wisp to espy ahead of my well-curtained carriage, a figure in black, with lantern in hand, splashing through the veritable river, the only person whom I saw on the streets that night. On nearing my destination, I recognized the dear **Father Dupont.** Father! Father!' I called, 'where are you going on such a night as this, only water below and black clouds above?' 'To the sick,' was the simple reply. This heroic act made a deep impression on me. Thought I, here am I going as comfortably as possible and with all human precautions to do what I can for the body, with the hope of helping it and of my fee being paid, and there was this priest trudging through the rain and drenched, on the blackest of nights, without the hope of earthly reward, going to minister to a man stricken with this dread disease. Surely he must know that he possesses a priceless gift to bestow on the dying! From that night, I was convinced of the truth of the Catholic Faith."

PATNA, INDIA

Writing some time ago, **Father Charles P. Miller, S.J.,** of Gajhi, P. O. Chakai, Via Sumultala, Dist. Monghyr, India, had this to say:

"A big village is holding meetings to decide about coming over in a body. One village came in that way. I shall go there on Saturday next. Please pray hard this week, as this village is in territory where till now I've had no success.

"This week the Protestants held a *panchayat* for a whole day over one of my new churches, trying to oust me, or at least give all the trouble they can. They called in the Zamindar's sepoys to help them. I do not own the land, and the Catholics protested that the church belongs to the community, so the *panch* has not been able to get any satisfaction so far. In another village where I am putting up a church and where seventy-five per cent are Catholic, the same scene (minus the *panchayat*) is being enacted, and the Hindu Mahajans are lending a hand. On the other hand, there is such a widespread general interest in Gajhi Mission, such a favorable attitude that, with the help of a Himalaya range of prayers, I hope for big things."

* * *

Charles R. Bonnot, S.J., who has been teaching at the Santal school at Bhagalpur in Patna Mission, writes:

"The Jesuit Scholastics of Patna Mission had a very pleasant trip to the hills for their retreat and a little rest. It certainly was a pleasant change from the trying heat of the plains. On my return, I had expected to get out to Gokhla, the new site of our school for the Santals, but was disappointed, since the buildings were not sufficiently ready for us. However, it was a bit of luck just the same, as the Santali *pandit* is here with us and I have at last an opportunity to get in a few good licks at that language, without all the disturbance of regular routine. For me, it is much more difficut than Hindi, for one has to know a good deal before he can form simple sentences for himself. Please say an *Ave* to the Blessed Virgin, Seat of Wisdom, for me once in a while.

"Mother Ganges has water running out of her ears now, for there have

Left to right: Charles J. Sedlack, S.J., Robert J. Snyder, S.J., and Nicolas J. Pollard, S.J.—all of the Chicago Province—who will sail for Patna Mission, India, early in October.

been heavy rains. The little islands that can be seen during the dry season are under water, and if you roll off the end of our property, you won't have to go to confession, for a bath in the Ganges, you know, washes away all one's sins. I have bathed in it a number of times, but still feel the need of confession just the same. It is a dirty hole, say what they will, but nevertheless its waters do cool one off on a sweltering hot day."

* * *

Very Rev. Peter J. Sontag, S.J., Superior of Patna Mission, writes:

"Patna Mission has waited long for its first American Jesuit Brother. October should bring us, if not an 'American,' in the usual sense, at least a Central American in the person of **Brother Antonio Ugarte, S.J.** Brother Ugarte is a Basque, a countryman of St. Ignatius and St. Francis Xavier. His acquaintance with Father Sontag, while the latter was in Spain, directed his attention to Patna Mission, and his coming to Patna is the realization of a long-cherished desire. Brother Ugarte is still a young man, and so Patna welcomes him with the hope and wish that he may spend many years of fruitful labor here where Brothers are so sorely needed to relieve the Fathers of so much work that rests on their shoulders, simply because there are no other competent hands to take it over."

* * *

The Superior sends on a message he received recently from **Father Rudolph W. Bohn, S.J.,** who has been in charge of the construction work of the new Santal headquarters at Gokhla:

"**Father James R. Gibbons, S.J.,** is trying to get the post office located at Mirza Chawki. He has been here for a week, has secured more land, collected rent, secured fruit trees and hedge, fixed all our cycles, bought us, by the way, a new one on your Reverence's account, and kept our table well supplied with fruit.

"I have fenced in a chicken yard where I have thirty-two small chickens. The Sisters left us six hens to keep for them in their absence. One hen today laid its sixth egg on the window sill of the room adjoining mine; another laid its egg on the altar shelf next to the vigil light; and the third left its egg on Father Gibbons' alb on the vesting table in the sacristy—such are the Sisters' chickens!

"We finished the bricking of the girls' well just before the heavy rains of last week. We are trying to finish other work here and there in time for school. The rains have done only minor damages to the buildings.

"I had a marriage last Wednesday—the second since my ordination. Today, I secured a *dhobi* (washerman) for the Fathers. As yet, we have no cook for our kitchen. Last evening forty doors and windows arrived and, when we have finished putting in all of those that have come to date, there will be about 175.

"All of us are in good health. Father Gibbons' week at Gokhla has given him some needed rest. **Father James A. Creane, S.J.,** is expected back most any day after his much needed vacation."

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

Most Rev. James T. G. Hayes, S.J., writes from Bishop's House, Cagayan, Oriental Misamis, Mindanao, P. I.:

"This week I am starting out for Surigao to begin my visitation there. This part of my district is well taken care of by the Missionaries of the Sacred Heart from Holland. The only difficulty is the support of the many schools which they are running so well. I do what I can to help them, but at most it is not much. I hate to face a difficulty like this and not be able to do more.

"I expect to have a big job with the Confirmations. Without a doubt, the number on this trip will be nearly five thousand. Please keep me in your prayers."

* * *

The following interesting excerpt is from **Francis J. Renz, S.J.,** Sacred Heart Novitiate, Novaliches, Caloocan Rizal, P. I.:

"On Easter Monday, the Philosophers and Juniors left for the Ateneo de Manila where they spent their villa. A very restful and enjoyable time was had by all during the fifteen days' stay in the city. Use of the Ateneo's athletic facilities, visits to points of interest in the city and vicinity and swimming in Manila Bay were the order of the day. Among the excursions was one to the National Shrine of Our Lady of Antipolo and one to the Church and old Novitiate at San Pedro Macati, both built by the Society before the Suppression, and now in the hands of secular Fathers. The site and funds for the latter were donated by Pedro de Brito, a captain in the Spanish Army, and work was begun in 1607, the year following the Institution of the Philippine Province. The buildings were completed in 1620, the year in which the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock. It was named San Pedro after Pedro de Brito, its benefactor, and **Padre Pedro de Montes,** its first Rector, its heavenly patron being St. Peter, the Apostle. The name 'Macati' was probably the name of the section in which it was founded. The institution flourished until the Suppression of the Society in the islands in 1768, but was never reopened after 1814. The Novitiate is now in ruins, but the church is still being used.

"On April 30, our first graduates, three in number, left the Sacred Heart Novitiate to begin their Regency at the Seminary of San Jose in Manila.

Left to right: Anthony J. Adams, S.J., Paul O. Smith, S.J., Ralph H. Schenk, S.J., Scholastics of the Missouri Province who have taken up the work of teaching the Sioux Indians at St. Francis Mission, South Dakota.

May they be the first of a long line to go forth from Novaliches, to help in the spreading of Christ's Kingdom throughout the islands."

* * *

Father Eusebio G. Salvador, S.J., writes from the Catholic Rectory, Plaridel, Occidental Misamis, Mindanao, P. I.:

"May and June were busy months. I have still two stations to visit before the end of this month. In less than two months I have visited more than 350 children and grown-ups. This means much rushing from one *barrio* to another, but our dear Lord has been good to me. So far, I have had only a few days of my accustomed fever and dizziness. However, my worries in regard to the parish distract me from my own physical ailments. For I have worries. These worries are of many kinds; worries in regard to my Sunday Schools; how to open the places I have to close for lack of funds; how to open more to satisfy the need and demand of the parents; how to finish my new *convento*; how to help and equip many *barrio* chapels in ruinous condition; how finally to make sure even of my own food."

Father Thomas F. Gallagher, S.J., Catholic Mission, Occidental Misamis, Misamis, Mindanao, P. I., emphasizes once again the fact that "teaching catechism is the all-important work here in Mindanao. It is surely hard work but it is the only hope of preserving the Faith."

* * *

Father Martin J. O'Shaughnessy, S.J., St. Rita's Church, Balingasag, Misamis, notes:

"Our *convento*, seventy years old, is now a home for old rats. While I chase or poison the rats, let other natives and foreigners tell you what they think of this *convento*. 'Altogether too hot,' says one. 'Too many earthquakes in this *convento*,' says another. He meant that the house shook when one walked. No one can make a move in this *convento* without the whole family knowing it. Another visitor remarked that the *convento* tilted too much. That, however, I do not mind, provided I can get to the outside before a strong *baguio* tilted it beyond equilibrium."

* * *

Father Joseph Reith, S.J., Maria Auxiliadora Mission, Dansalan, Lanao, Mindanao, P. I., comments on Moro customs:

"Moros do not commit suicide. The idea is abhorrent to their Mohammedan instincts. But when a Moro grows tired of life he takes noble (?) means of shaking off the mortal coil. He goes 'juramentado.' A juramentado roused to a frenzy of religious fanaticism, believes that he can reach the blessed bosom of Mohammed by killing Christians. The more he kills, the greater his reward. Consequently, armed with a brutal bolo, he starts on his mad rampage of slaughter, hacking right and left. He may maim or kill a score of Christians before he is shot down, as he inevitably is. In fact, that's what he is after; it's a meritorious suicide."

The same Father adds:

"The greediness of a French prince has come down in history to us through his characteristic expression, 'I want too much of it.' It was his way of expressing his unrestrained desire for any object that won his fancy.

"We might properly use such an expression to tell our Lord the part we want to take with Him in the great apostolate of souls. "Please dear God, I want too much of it! My desires, my enthusiasm, my prayers, my zeal, my love—all these have outdistanced my physical powers and my opportunities. But, dear Lord, to share to the utmost in that wonderful plan that brought You all the way from Heaven to earth and to the Cross, I do want to do everything I can. To extend the reign of Your Sacred Heart give me strength, give me vocation, give me fervor and efficacy of prayer, give me outlet for my zeal, let me prove my love. I want too much of it.'

"We have evidence that for Francis Xavier, 'too much' was always 'too little.' 'More, yet more, O Lord,' was the cry of his heart. May our own zeal know only such limitation."

AMERICAN INDIANS

Early in the Summer, the following glowing account came from **Father Placidus F. Sialm, S. J.**, veteran missionary of Holy Rosary Mission among the Sioux Indians of South Dakota:

"Our Easter celebrations were very satisfactory. We had many Communions in every chapel where we could have services. My schedule on Easter was as follows:

"Easter Sunday. First Mass in Kyle in my old church; it was never so filled. Before 6:00 A. M., men came for confession. Former mission school children sang the 'Guardian Angel Mass' in two voices; Cecilia Hernandez played the organ. The church had been beautifully decorated. After High Mass I gave the first Benediction. Two others were to follow.

"The second Mass was down at St. Stephen's, eight miles away. The evening before, I had heard there many confessions, but many kept coming next morning, and it was 11:00 A. M. before I started the second Mass, with sermon in Sioux and in English. After Mass, 'Little Chief' invited me to eat breakfast with him on the ground near his wagon. Then all the Indians had Easter dinner in common, with many speeches. I explained the meaning of the Easter egg, with four points referring to Christ—the egg typifying the grave and Resurrection. When the long dinner was over at 2:30 P. M., I gave the second Benediction and distributed palms, because I was not down there Palm Sunday. I then had some Baptisms and instructions.

"At 4:00 P. M., I took the large Sacred Host down to St. Barbara,'s, where my people were waiting for me in full numbers. At 5:00 P. M., I had Benediction down there in the glorious Bad Lands, after which I explained to them the mysteries of Easter. It was dark when all went home, preparing to come the next morning for confession, Holy Mass and Communion. I went over to James Clifford's for supper (four miles), and came back to instruct (until 10:00 P. M.) a convert for Baptism. Then I had still all my Office to say—luckily a short one on Easter! In the company of Christ in the Blessed Sacrament, I went to sleep in St. Barbara's with a hearty *Deo gratias*.

"This was my delightful Easter Sunday, April 1, 1934, spent in three mission churches, with two Masses, three Benedictions, four sermons, two Baptisms, one hundred and thirty-two confessions and Holy Communions."

* * *

Father Leo C. Cunningham S.J., sends interesting sketches of Sioux Indian life at Our Lady of Lourdes Mission, Porcupine, S. Dakota:

"The other evening, my catechist and I traveled down the Porcupine road to a log hut where a poor Indian woman, a non-Catholic, is dying of tuberculosis. Until a year ago, her name was Ethel Parts Her Hair, but she married Levi Black Bear, also a non-Catholic. The woman is only nineteen years of age and was rather an attractive Indian girl. She has been wasting away with her sickness and now looks like a living skeleton. When we entered the house, we found present, besides the couple, Sam Stabber and his wife, and a number of old Indian women squatted on the floor. We shook hands with each individual. The sick girl and her husband showed real pleasure at our coming. I spoke some words of consolation to the poor sufferer, and reminded her that if she was a friend of God, all her sufferings would be rewarded with the glory of Heaven. My catechist read, in Indian, the Act of Contrition and some other

Left to right: Charles J. Murray, S.J., Daniel V. Campbell, S.J., and William A. Ulrich, S.J., Scholastics of the Missouri Province who have gone to South Dakota to teach the Sioux Indians at Holy Rosary Mission.

Joseph P. Connell, S.J., of the Province of New England, who sailed for studies in Beirut on August 31, 1934.

prayers, and then we all sang some Catholic Indian hymns. We offered a little gift of candy and beef cubes that some good friend had sent us. The husband, sitting patiently near his sick wife, thanked us graciously for our visit. As we traveled away, my catechist remarked how fortunate we Catholics are to have the sacraments to strengthen us at the approach of death.

"There is a boy in our school named Stanley Little Boy, about twelve years of age. Stanley has been nicknamed by the boys, 'Clown.' He is as good-hearted as he can be. He has only been at school about two years and has not learned to talk English very correctly. During school time the other day, I saw him skipping out of the yard toward a little log hut where he lives. I asked him where he was going. His answer was short and snappy, 'Sister-get-shirt.' I found the explanation of his remark when Sister told me that in playing at the pump, Stanley got his shirt soaking wet. He was getting chilled and she thought it best to send him home for a dry shirt. He returned in a short time with a dry shirt put on over the wet one. Stanley is learning to serve Mass. The other day he asked me this question, 'Father, you me serve?'"

IRAQ

The new address of Baghdad College is: Baghdad College, Sulaikh, Baghdad, Iraq. Information in regard to the new quarters is given by **Father Edward F. Madaras, S.J.,** in the *Baghdadi:*

"It was the feast of St. Aloysius. We were seated round the table after dinner with the Armenian Archbishop and his good friend, Canon Magnard. A messenger arrived with the information that **Father William Rice, S.J.,** with a companion, was wanted at the City Hall. Arrived there, we learned that we were at last to sign the papers that would transfer to us, after eight months of negotiations, the twenty-five acres or so of property on the banks of the Tigris on which shall rise the new Baghdad College. There was a halo of solemnity about the ceremony of signing, for we were informed that the document permitting the sale to aliens had been signed by the King himself; furthermore, that this was the first sale of its kind since Iraq became a nation. The full import of this latter factor was not entirely clear to us, but we were made to feel that it enhanced the importance of the ceremony.

"The fact that our articles of incorporation were approved on the feast of St. Joseph, and that the property transfer was made on the feast of St. Aloysius, shows that we have the Saints on our side. Who can stop us now?

"The present house in which we now live temporarily, a huge square of some thirty-five rooms (some of them scarce deserving the title) distributed around a large central court in a more or less dizzy fashion, is only a few minutes walk from our new property. Situated on the banks of the Tigris, and surrounded by gardens, it is bathed in a constant flow of gentle north and west winds. These features adequately compensate for the fact that it has been allowed to fall into a rather shameful state of disrepair during the five years or so that it has stood empty and disconsolate. Now we are engaged in obliterating the ravages of time, and before school opens in the latter part of September, we promise ourselves that it will be one of the finest little schools in Iraq.

"At half-past six on the day set for the beginning of the operations, the Kurds rang the doorbell, but as **Father Augustine Wand, S.J.,** had told them to come at seven and had arranged his schedule with precise accuracy, they were made to wait without until the clock sounded seven. Together with **Father Joseph Merrick, S.J.,** he superintended the removal of the things, and as he had decided and well-considered ideas as to what things should be taken first, and the Kurds work on the assumption that the thing nearest to hand should be the first to move, frequent discussions *De Motu et Mutabilitate Rerum* ensued, carried on in minced Arabic on one side and colloquial Kurdish on the other. As far as we could learn, the Kurds invariably lost out in these discussions.

"There is a saying here in Baghdad that if it were not for the Kurds, the donkeys would all be dead. This refers to the fact that a single Kurd can carry almost incredible loads. Believe it or not, one of them carried the school piano on his back: we not only saw him with our own eyes, but we took a movie of him bending under the weight. Whether to belittle his own achievement, or to increase the glory of the family name, he told us that his father in his heyday had carried loads weighing 1,100 pounds. We could well believe it, for we saw the old man, now well over sixty, help another Kurd lift a box of stationery off the back of a third Kurd, which box weighed no less than 600 pounds. Page Ripley. With no intention of speaking in disparagement of the Kurds, we must say that all their strength seems to be from the neck down. When it comes to using their heads, they are not so strong. Their reason seems to totter when they are confronted with the problem of manipulating a bed or table through a narrow doorway. The simple expedient of simply lifting the recalcitrant object on its side seems never to have occurred to them, and must be pointed out each time the need occurs. Again, they will unload their burdens in the very path which they themselves must use afterwards, thus making annoying detours or tight squeezing a necessity. Moreover, they were hard put to understand why we should be so terribly worked up over the fact that they had dragged a few packing cases across the tops of some finely polished desks and tables. In their eyes, the damaged articles were none the less useful, so why get excited?"

You can well imagine that three days of moving with such men provided many a little scene both tragic and humorous, more the latter, however.

Father Frank B. Sarjeant, S.J., of the Province of New England, who embarked for educational work in Baghdad College Iraq, on August 21, 1934.

Tricking *the* King

Charles D. Simons, S.J.

PEAKED-HATTED Chinese, sun-burnt and simple, bowed to a rectangle and would have fallen over had not his stout pilgrim's staff held firm. *"Shen-fou, Ah!* O Father! I heard you were here and so came to see you!" I was flattered indeed that my recent arrival at Tcheng-t'eou had already been heralded far and wide. Still, the nonchalant appearance of this strange individual in a district where everyone wears an eight-sided broad-brimmed straw hat, and only uses a cane to prod on oxen, rather disconcerted me. Moreover, my uninvited guest felt perfectly at home.

After a few words of polite palaver the homey individual passed over to a corner of the enclosure where two catechists were holding solemn council. A howl greeted the newcomer's arrival, and so I also passed over to see what was up.

"Shen-fou, we want you to meet the King of China!" Flattered still more at having a royal scion come to visit me, I bowed deeply at the first of the race of kings I had ever met. The king, unperturbed, returned again the bow, and to my verifying question assured me that that honor was really mine.

Official business was then in order. The king produced a red-banded Chinese envelope, and confided his intention of writing to Peking that he would be right up there to take charge of affairs. Evidently, he utterly spurned the young Nanking government. Meanwhile he would take up royal lodgings with the missionary.

THE poor fellow, *mei-tze* (cracked) as the local idiom terms his kind, was a Catholic, and so we could not turn him out flatly as his family frequently does when he becomes too bothersome,—and he cunningly knew it. The next morning I gave him twelve Chinese coppers (almost two cents American) to go get something to eat, under solemn promise that he would depart immediately for home, or Peking, or most anywhere else. But I was not so lucky. Sometime later he returned with another smile and the happy news that while I had given him twelve coppers, he had eaten sixteen coppers worth of *fan!* There was nothing then for me to do but congratulate him on his good appetite and draw forth the practical conclusion from my pocket.

The evening, needless to say, found him again with us, much to the discomfort of the catechists. I was more amused than bothered, as the poor king was not at all exacting for accommodations. He wanted no other lodgings than the lap of mother earth for a bed, God's starry sky for an awning and the unhampered Summer breeze of the courtyard to woo him to sleep. The catechists were jealous.

His Majesty, the mei-tze ("cracked") self-styled King of China.

At Mass in the morning, and after Mass, I noticed the absence of the king. Then I recalled having seen him, on entering the chapel, in earnest conversation with one of the catechists. It seems that someone had for fun written the desired Peking letter for his illiterate highness, and the letter was burning in his pocket to be mailed. It just happened that that day, Saturday, the narrow-gauge special was due to pass a neighboring village at about nine o'clock. Twenty *li* away! The king must leave immediately, before breakfast even, urged the catechist, if he wanted his important letter to get off that day. And so he did.

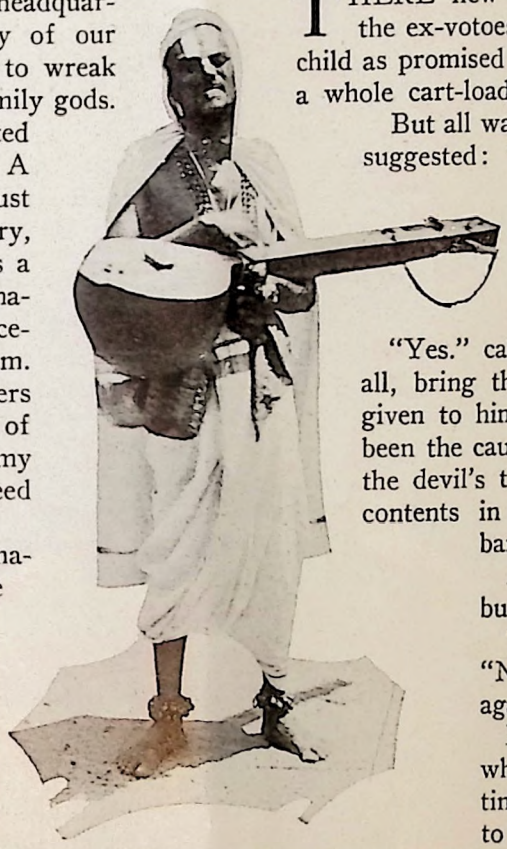
IF the Christians at times play innocent tricks on their kings and missionaries, the pagans do so none the less on their gods and goddesses. One of the most interesting of these is a Cinderella type of divinity, the goddess of the kitchen. True to form, she slips off home to heaven for a fortnight every Chinese New Year, to take part in the festivities held there—and incidentally to talk over the happenings of the past year. And here's the rub. No Chinese wants the goddesses to talk over his family scandals, if such there should have been. Luckily, the departure of the goddess is a date fixed with great exactitude on the Lunar Calendar. Not only is the departure attended with all the ceremony of thundering cannon crackers, but a farewell banquet is spread out among burning punk before the deity. And here's the solution. When scandal is in the air, great care is taken that one of the dishes will be nice tempting sticky candy. And this, not so much that the goddess will go to heaven with a nice taste in her mouth, and hence be unwilling to tell all she knows about such good people, but that the candy will glue her tongue to her mouth and make her incapable of saying anything at all!

Would that the cunning of our bland Chinese stopped at such innocence. Unfortunately, it does not always do so, as may be expected.

Kodhanghi the Sorcerer

Clement Montaud, S.J.

I AM a missionary among the *Kallers,* the Robber Caste in the Madura Mission of India. I thought your readers would be interested in a few words about Ramaswamy, the *Kodhanghi*—sorcerer—of Braviampatty, a village three miles northeast of Valandur, my headquarters. He had been the bitterest enemy of our Christians and had never lost a chance to wreak his vengeance upon the traitors to his family gods.



Last year, he was laid up with a neglected cold, followed by galloping consumption. A pitiable sight he was, with his once robust frame occasionally shaken by a fit of dry, hard cough. The sickness, however, was a blessing in disguise, and it proved for Ramaswamy another way to Damascus. Scarcely in bed, he sent for me, asking for Baptism. I let him know that if he learned his prayers he would be gratified with the fulfillment of his desire. Meanwhile, I told one of my teachers to have an eye on him and, if need be, to give him Baptism in time.

Two weeks after this first attempt, Ramaswamy sent again for me; he did not like the idea of a teacher administering the sacrament and, to make sure, he wanted to receive it from my own hands. I delayed nevertheless for another fortnight and then went to Braviampatty. When I reached the place, the whole village was astir; people would not believe that their sorcerer was going to become a Christian. They accompanied me to the house and some two hundred of them were privileged to witness one of the most touching scenes of my missionary life.

AS I entered the hut, I saw Ramaswamy lying on his mat. He perceived me, rose, knelt down and said in a loud voice: *"Swamy, swamy,* Oh! what a joy! I am at last to become the child of God!"

You can imagine my surprise at this sudden change; all the bystanders wept, and I myself was so overcome that I could scarcely restrain my tears.

"Ramaswamy," I said, "You want to receive Baptism? Do you really know what that means?"

He began to recite on the spot the definition of the catechism. He answered satisfactorily each question I put to him. My catechumen had lost no time; he knew his catechism to perfection. This being so, there was no reason to defer the sacrament any longer.

Then, remembering his first expression, I said: "Ramaswamy, you have been till now the devil's child."

"Yes, Father, and oh, the misery of it!"

"But the sorcerer's tools are still in your house! So, unless you get rid of them, I cannot receive you into the fold."

"Father, I'll have it done on the spot,"—and he called to his son: "Peryakaruppa, chuck out all these implements."

THERE flew out bells, iron walking sticks, the ex-votoes of women blessed with a male child as promised by the sorcerer, sickles, wands, a whole cart-load of them.

But all was not over yet; someone timidly suggested: "But what about the box, that well-known case carried in procession to the famous *Kovil* festival and treated with almost as much reverence as a divinity?"

"Yes." called out Ramaswamy, "first of all, bring that box here,"—and as it was given to him: "Father," he said, "this has been the cause of my misery. I was under the devil's thumb ever since I handled the contents in that box. Oh! These silver bangles!"

And saying this, he took out a bunch of some thirty of them.

"Take them away!" he shouted. "Never do I want to see them again."

Ramaswamy's elder brother, who till then had been quietly sitting by his side, now gave vent to his bitter sorrow.

"Sandala pavi! Who would have thought that you of all, after forty years, should throw out this heirloom of our family!"

"Brother," answered the catechumen, "if you are grieved, you may keep the box in your house. It has been my curse. May you be spared! As for me, I wish for one thing only,—to be at peace with God."

SUCH generous feelings were an evident sign of a thorough conversion. I refrain from describing the sincerity with which my new neophyte made his profession of Faith and renounced forever the devil and his works. One last incident is worth mentioning. I had forgotten to bring a candle for the final ceremony, and as one of the Christians had gone to our nearby chapel to fetch it, an old woman ventured to say:

"Well, Ramaswamy, do you really think that now you are going to recover?"

"I don't know," came the answer, "whether I'll get well; and little do I care. Henceforth I have done with this world; my only thought is of Heaven." (*Turn to p.* 252)

AN AMERICAN NUN IN PATNA

(*Continued from page 228*)

is bare—there are no pretty lawns or shrubbery, no flower beds to greet your eye. As you step up on the porch you are confronted by another door. After entering, you find yourself on another porch, or rather, to describe it better, you see a large open space, surrounded on all four sides by porches, sloping towards the center which is about ten or twelve feet square. The members of the household are sitting on the floor, and perhaps old grandma is smoking an Indian pipe.

Leading off from the porches, there are a number of small rooms which serve as storerooms for rice and other material, and also as sick rooms. It was in one of these latter that I found a young girl lying on the rice sacks in utter poverty. In some bedrooms, you will find a low wooden frame bed about twelve inches high—probably quite stylish in its day (the day of Noah). Springs and mattresses are not used. Some woven material corresponding to canvas is stretched between the bedposts. On top of this, you will find a heap of old blankets or quilts.

The open area I spoke of above usually serves as the kitchen. Here is where our restrictions come in. Since we are Christians, we are looked upon in a way as outcastes. Hence, we dare not touch any of the food or utensils—either with our hands or with our habit. If we should happen to touch anything, it is considered as contaminated and the people will not make use of it.

As a rule, the people are very friendly towards our Sisters. Personally, I am growing partial to the Mohammedan women and especially to the little girls. I have hopes of being able to accomplish something among them for the Kingdom of God.

As I think back to my home and friends in America, I feel a real urge to issue a challenge to young Catholic girls to come out here to India. There are souls unnumbered to be saved for Christ, the King. I know that American girls would take up the work here with real drive and enthusiasm, if only they saw the wonderful possibilities here. Who will be the first American girl to come to keep me company here in Patna?

SHADOWS ON THE BAYOU

(*Continued from page 229*)

a hundred and thirty-nine women and girls. We now have the Sodality of St. Joseph with a hundred and four men taking an active part, as also the Sodality of Blessed Charles Lwanga with a membership of seventy-six young men."

IF we visit the annual fair at the parochial school, we put our fingers on the social and the financial life of the parish. All at the fair are dressed in their finest. Here, as at all church fairs, we pick out the steady workers of the parish.

THE MISSIONARY'S CRUCIFIX

Cyril R. Delaney, S.J.

Neath parching sun I dwell apart,
With souls to quench His thirsting Heart.

Each task my puny arms address
I ask His outstretched Arms to bless.

Weary and sore my feet may be;
His bleeding Feet will comfort me.

My drooping head the pillow scorns,
To rest upon His Crown of Thorns.

My heart sustains each bitter loss,
Because my treasurer is His Cross.

The women are selling candies, cakes and gumbo. The young men are selling the ice cream. The girls are milling through the crowds selling chances. Inside the school building, a play is in progress in which the children make their contribution to the fair. At the door of the theater, two men are taking the tickets.

"What do you do with the profits from the fair?" I rather curiously asked the pastor.

"The profits go to help the school," he answered. "But as a matter of fact, a great deal of the profit (about one hundred dollars in this case) goes to buy clothes and books and food for the children who are all quite poor."

Before closing this article, let me call to the attention of the readers of this magazine, the experiment beginning in the Diocese of Lafayette, not to mention the like experiment that is beginning at the same time in the Diocese of Alexandria, namely, the coming of two Negro priests to the city of Lafayette to take charge of a newly erected parish within a parish. In the parish of St. Genevieve, in the cathedral city of Lafayette, Louisiana, there is now under construction a church to be used for the Colored people of that parish. Two recently ordained Colored priests are to take charge of this church.

MOROS GET HUNGRY

(*Continued from page 233*)

are polluted then purify yourselves. But if ye are sick or on a journey . . . and cannot find water, then take fine surface sand and wipe your faces and wash your hands therewith. God does not wish to make any hindrance for you; but He wishes to purify you and to fulfill His favor upon you; haply ye may give thanks."

Ramadan is terminated on the thirtieth day by *hari-raya,* a day of great solemnity. All good Moros gather on that day into their mosques for the final ceremonies and prayers; the Koran is read, prayers for life and the success of the nation, the health of the leaders and the happiness of the people are directed to Allah. Then follows the most impressive part of the service. At the conclusion of the prayer all the Moros rise and embrace one another in feelings of the greatest friendship and esteem. Hatred and enmities are cast aside; bitter foes, and there are none more bitter than a Moro, on this day of *hari-raya* in obedience to the Koran, will embrace and relinquish all enmity and lust for revenge.

THE *puasa* of *Ramadan* is then broken by a gorgeous banquet which makes up in variety and abundance of food for all the privations of the past thirty days. Everyone is welcome, everyone is expected to partake to his capacity and spread the feeling of contentment, of friendship and good-will.

Christianity, of course, has nothing to learn from the Moros; but

(*Continued on page 252*)

BOOK REVIEWS

Suzuki Looks at Japan. By Willis Lamott. Friendship Press, New York, N. Y. Price $1.00, cloth cover; sixty cents, paper cover.

An apologia for Protestantism in Japan. A most informative volume, laden with the good things that Protestantism has been bringing to the Japanese for sixty years. These are seen through the eyes of a Protestant Japanese Christian who introduces us to his countrymen and exposes to the Western mind the reactions of the Oriental to democracy, militarism, education, social details and religion as provided in Confucianism, the way of the gods, Buddhism, the way of Buddha, Shintoism, the way of the sage, but principally as exemplified in Protestant Christianity. Nuggets of interesting facts are everywhere. Thus, *Enryo*, an accumulative characteristic embracing as elements: reserve, diffidence, restraint and ceremoniousness, is offered as a possible key to the insoluble mystery of the Japanese mind. Politeness, the universal social lubricant, is distinguished from Christian courtesy, and in excoriating American films, the author provides new testimony for the Catholic League of Decency. Unlike the traditional Protestant, Mr. Lamott admits that "In the emphasis placed upon abstinence from smoking and drinking by Japanese Christians (Protestant) there is a danger of confusing morality with personal habits which may or may not be harmful." A maxim of Confucius, "As the grass bends before the force of the wind, so it is the duty of the inferior to bow before the superior," explains the effectiveness of Japan's stateism government. Vital statistics on education, pagan and Christian, are given, and in passing judgment on the former, the author is thinking with the Catholic Church. In fact, this Catholic sense of Mr. Lamott is conspicuous throughout the volume, despite the fact that Suzuki studiously avoids mention of Catholic achievements in Japan, and, by the same silence, Mr. Lamott carefully insulates his readers against contact with this One, True, Church of Christ. There is, however, a gracious memento for the early Jesuit missionaries on page 180. In writing (page 195) that "The Christians to whom Paul wrote were not unlike the Japanese Christians of today," did the author forget that both St. Paul himself and his Christians were Roman Catholics and not Protestant Christians? It is on this distinction between Catholic and Protestant Christians that the author's genius for analysis breaks down completely and ceases to function. It is hard, indeed, to differ from a writer whose ideals are so subjectively altruistic, yet, surely, upon a deeper analysis of the problem Mr. Lamott must see that the man-made remedies of Protestantism (its achievements in sociology, education and so forth) will never cure those deep spiritual ills of Japan which are calling for the grace of the seven sacraments, instituted by Christ and administered by the Church which He has founded. Briefly, in answer to the question on page 100, "Can religion, can Christ bring a solution to his (the Japanese student's) problem?" we must answer yes. But, it is the religion of Christ and the Christ of the Catholic Church, not of Protestantism.

Through Mexico on Horseback. By Joseph Carl Goodwin. The South-West Press, Dallas, Tex. Price $2.00.

A diary of forty days and forty nights in the wilderness of Mexico, by an American and a Japanese student from the Missouri School of Journalism. With a slap-stick style, minus any pretense to that suggestive reserve that is essential to true literature, the youthful author lists each item of adventure throughout this land where, in contradiction to the judgment of Mr. Deutsch, President of the New York Board of Aldermen, ambition lies buried and church doors are locked. Apparently content merely to chronicle the physical hazards he has conquered, the author makes no attempt to analyze the tragedy that is Mexico today, nor, unlike Mr. Deutsch, to eulogize the cause thereof. Unconsciously, justice is meted out to the ancient civilization of Catholic Spain, by the author's tribute to the hospitality of Senor Trevino, while his fingernail prints of the Mexican army and the present Bolshevik administration explains in part the utter desolation that is both couchant and rampant up and down the hills and valleys and desert dunes of this unhappy land of the Montezumas. On page 130, the youthful author fails to distinguish between the principle of the revolutionary party, "Free land for all men" with which one may concur, and the means by which this principle is realized, namely, the unethical, unjust, immoral practice of confiscation without compensation. Here and there throughout the narrative, prurient smirks at the virtue of chastity are offered as samples of smart humor, while the concluding paragraphs of the book are utterly indefensible either in thought or in print. Most of all, they are a sad, unwholesome commentary upon these whilom adventurers from the Missouri School of Journalism.

Ninety-Two Days. By Evelyn Waugh. Farrar and Rinehart, Inc., New York, N. Y. Price $2.50.

This book is a description of Evelyn Waugh's trip of ninety-two days through sparsely settled, little traveled British Guiana.

The author met with no thrilling experiences, as he himself tells us; as a result, for the most part, the book is dull and uninteresting.

Mr. Waugh is neither an explorer nor a scientist. He is a man with a flare for going places where few have been and fewer care to go. When he returns he tells us about it. His style is matter of fact, and he makes no attempt to ornament the simple narrative and description.

In fairness to the author, it should be stated that he does give the reader a fairly thorough picture of the country through which he passed. One also gets a brief pen analysis of some of the characters Mr. Waugh encountered along the way, and some idea of the Negroes, Creoles, and Indians, whom one meets in the bush and savannas of British Guiana, their mode of life, customs, religion, civilization or the lack of it. There are also some shrewd comments by the author on tribal customs and how preconceived theories of anthropologists fail to explain these customs.

"Ninety-Two Days" is professedly a travelogue, but the author encountered two Jesuits of the English Province, in their outposts on the Brazilian frontier, and some German Benedictine Fathers and Sisters, in Boa Vista, a forsaken city across the Brazilian border. He makes no attempt to canonize these missioners, but his plain description of them and of their life is a rather vivid picture of the trials and troubles of those on the outposts of civilization, and the fortitude required to endure a daily drab life of monotony.

Guide to the Franciscan Monastery, Washington, D. C. By the Commissariat of the Holy Land, Mount Saint Sepulchre, Washington, D. C. Price thirty cents per copy postpaid.

To one who may be planning a pilgrimage to the Franciscan Monastery in Washington, whose reproductions of the chief sanctuaries of Redemption have won for it the merited appellation of "The Holy Land of America," this delightfully written and instructive guide is virtually indispensable. In it, each separate shrine is fittingly described and the history of its original outlined. This, together with the general survey of little known facts concerning the noteworthy achievements of the Franciscan Order in the fields of science, discovery and religion, will undoubtedly aid in attaining the purpose of the Monastery to interest the Catholics of America and other English-speaking countries in the work of the Commissariat of the Holy Land.

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MOROS GET HUNGRY

(*Continued from page* 250)

some Christians could gather fruitful lessons. When I am told by a weak-kneed, spineless Catholic of my mission that he cannot come to Mass on Sunday, that he cannot fast on the few prescribed days of Lent, that he cannot support his church, I think of the long *puasa* each day of the Moro's *Ramadan,* of the tithe that he sets aside from all his produce for his priests, of his fidelity to his prescribed prayer-periods, of his loyalty, yes, fanaticism to Mohammed, the prophet of Allah.

A BABE OF THE WOODS

(*Continued from page* 235)

the foot of the Cross, as did this sorrowing Indian mother. *Pia Mater!* There in the gloom she sat, sorrow written deep on her whole countenance, her dying babe lying before her,—not in any cradle—just placed upon a blanket spread over the branches, gasping out that little life her mother-heart so treasured. It was evident that the child was dying. Kneeling down we said the prayers for the sick, then a decade of the beads. Father Walsh spoke a few words of consolation and encouragement to the sorrow-stricken mother, and we then returned home.

Evening devotions had just finished when the sound of the little bell in front of the church came to our ears. "What is that for?" we asked. Our question was soon answered. Our sick child had died.

NEXT day, a little before noon, once again a figure appeared in the doorway. It was the father of the dead child. He had been away working and had just returned that morning to find that the Angel of Death had preceded him. He was now bringing his dead child to the church for the final blessing. As the coffin was not yet ready, the body in its white wrappings was laid on a bench in front of the altar rail. Father Walsh read the prayers of holy Mother Church for her dead children. There on the bench the body lay till half-past two in the afternoon, when the tiny handmade coffin was finished. The child was then placed in it and a lonely little funeral procession of four canoes moved out from our point and conveyed the body to its final resting-place in the little cemetery just across from the church. Scarce twenty-four hours had elapsed since our reception of the sick summons, and already the child was in its grave.

But as I thought of it all, I could not but be thankful to God for His infinite bounty in bestowing on this little Indian babe through the ministry of His missionary the redeeming grace of Holy Baptism, for His goodness in taking this unblemished soul to Himself while yet it knew not the stain of sin, for His mercy in delivering it from the life of hardships and temptations that would surely have been its lot. Once again we heard the Voice of Jesus sweetly saying: "Suffer the little children to come unto Me."

ANOTHER MILESTONE

(*Continued from page* 239)

those two nights, not even standing room was available in the spacious gymnasium with a seating capacity of over seven hundred.

The Indian boys take very well to music. Almost every boy from the sixth grade up is a member of either the first, second, or third band. The first band with twenty-five members is under the capable direction of Brother Andrew Hartmann, S.J. This number could be greatly increased except for the lack of instruments. Unfortunately, the band is without uniforms. The fire which destroyed the entire top floor of the boys' building two years ago, ruined all the uniforms, as well as the instruments, many of which have not yet been replaced. Every boy in the band learns to play by note, and their repertoire includes high class classical numbers.

And so, out here on the Dakota prairies, where not so long ago roamed great herds of buffalo, where Indians lived in their primeval freedom, where none of the mechanical monsters of civilization disturbed the peaceful solitude, is being conducted an up-to-date educational institution which, while it has modest beginnings, promises to develop into a school that will attain great importance in the progress, development, and education of these original Americans.

KODHANGHI THE SORCERER

(*Continued from page* 249)

After his Baptism, Ramaswamy, now Vedemanickam, did not seem to be quite satisfied. He clearly wished for something more. I wondered what.

"Extreme Unction," he said, in order to receive at once the fullest measure of Divine grace against which his pride had been fighting so long. I ministered to his desire and left him a perfectly happy man. Three days after, the new Christian received Holy Communion, and the following Saturday he peacefully expired. The Hindus of Braviampatty have changed their attitude towards me. Their wizard's saintly death, we trust, will obtain for them also the grace of conversion.

IF
you are going to
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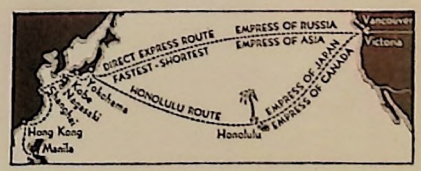

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