

# Jesuit Missions

July-August, 1935

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## Please Note

The attention of our readers is called to the fact that only one summer number of JESUIT MISSIONS is issued: that is, the July-August number. The next issue will be out for September.

# Forward Americans!

The Philippine Islands, a foreign-home mission comprising a large portion of the Island of Mindanao in the dioceses of Zamboanga and Cagayan, the leper 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 Street, New York, N. Y.

American Indian Missions in Wyoming and South Dakota; and British Honduras, a foreign mission in Central America amongst the Caribs and Maya Indians, are cared for by the Jesuits of the mid-western States that comprise the Missouri Province. This Province also cares for four Negro Missions: three in Missouri, in or near St. Louis, and one in Omaha, Nebraska. For these missions the Province Mission Procurator is

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

*Forward Americans! It's a command! It's a statement of fact! It's a challenge! During the summer months of 1935 young Americans, Jesuit priests and Scholastics, will be answering the invitation and challenge of the foreign missions. There will be nothing backward or sluggish about them as in their zeal they prove themselves to be forward Americans. And forward will they go to all corners of the globe—to Jamaica, B.W.I., and British Honduras; to Alaska and China; to India and the Philippine Islands; to Baghdad and the Indian Reservations in Canada and the United States. As they leave home and country, as they bid farewells to mothers and fathers they will be giving heed to the command to go and preach the Gospel to every creature.*



*That command, to preach the Gospel to every creature, is addressed to all of us! No one of us can escape the challenge of the missions! And if we will make the missionaries our proxies and help them on their way, we too can be said to be going forward to promote God's cause. Why not then take advantage of the present opportunity? Transportation to the missions is costly, but each of us by contributing even a mite can lessen or perhaps cover the entire cost of travel for our outgoing missionaries. Will you, dear reader, help your proxies on their way? To forward the forward Americans, just send your offering, large or small to JESUIT MISSIONS or one of the Mission Procurators listed on this page. Forward, forward Americans!*

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

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

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.

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.**  
Holy Cross, Alaska

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.

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.

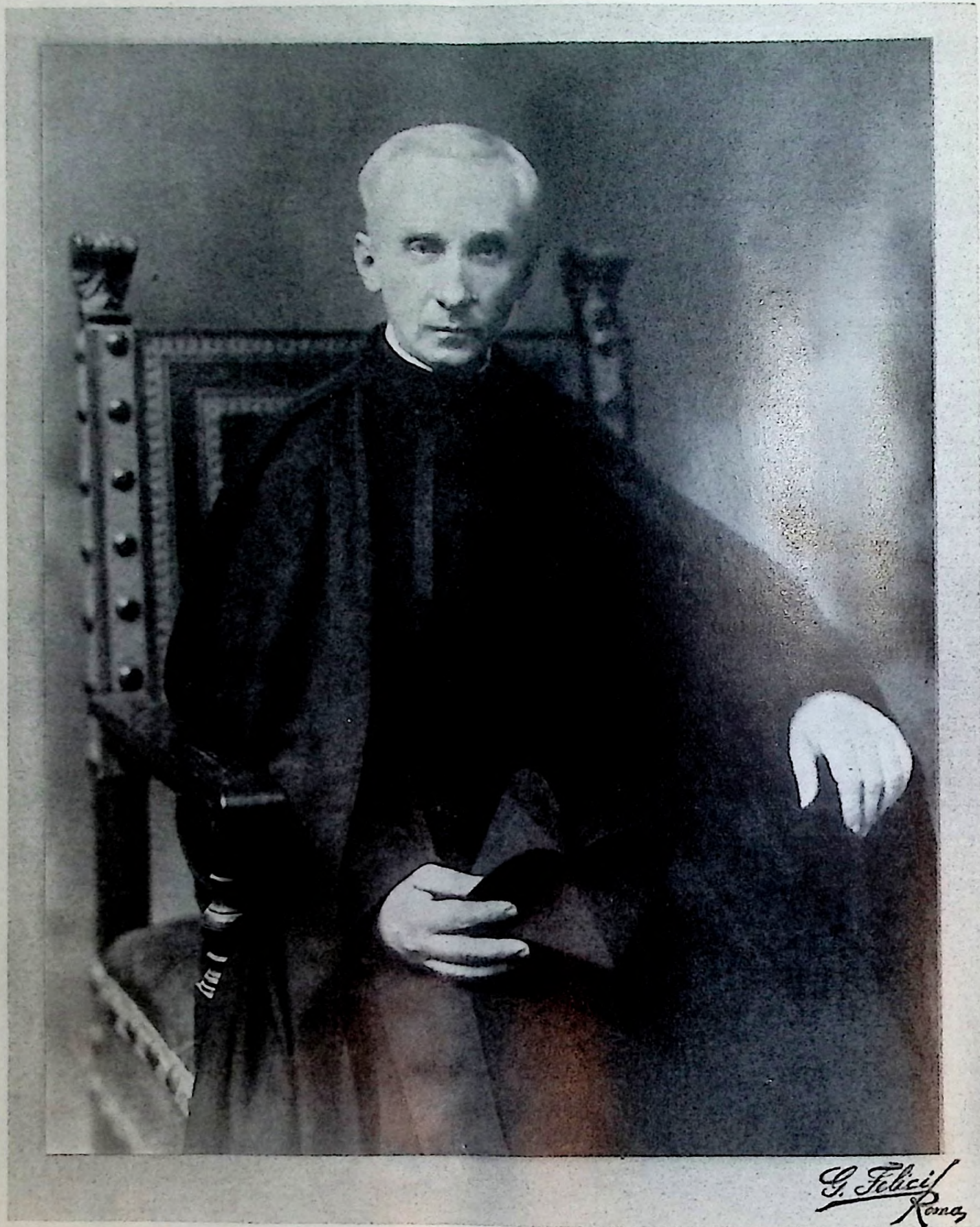
Canadian Indian Missions along Lake Huron and Georgian Bay; north of Lake Superior; and along the Albany River are cared for by the Jesuits of Upper Canada. The Province Mission Procurator is

**REV. FRANCIS C. SMITH, S.J.**  
160 Wellesley Crescent, Toronto, Canada

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

**REV. LOUIS J. LAVOIE, S.J.**  
Case postale 611, Quebec, Canada

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



Go ye into the whole world, and preach  
the gospel to every creature."

Rome 31.V. 1934.

Mr. Ledóchowski  
General of the Soc. of Jesus

# Not Merely Friday

Frank A.  
Sargeant, S.J.

**I**F you are an alumnus of a Jesuit college, I need not tell you what a lay-Brother is. If you are not an alumnus, you can read in the books that he is a man who for reasons probably known only to God, wishes to consecrate his life to God's service in the Society of Jesus, but without assuming the responsibilities of the priesthood. The books will tell you that he takes the three vows of poverty, chastity and obedience, even as the priests do. Now all that is true. But it does not give you a true idea of what a lay-Brother is. A lay-Brother is a crutch for cripples, sight for the blind; he is the guide of youth, the support of manhood, the comfort of old age; he serves you food and feeds you spirituality; he knows all the peculiarities of all the Fathers; he smooths the road in this valley of tears; he measures you for your first soutane and for the coffin where you will wear your last one. He has less schooling than any of the Fathers, but knows more than all of them. He is your mother and your brother. He is Kipling's Gunga Din and Robinson Crusoe's Friday all in one. In truth, he is not merely Friday; he is the whole week of seven days.

**S**OME three years ago, Fathers Rice and Madaras set out to found the present Baghdad College. If Superiors had been able to send with them a lay-Brother, he would have been porter, cook, sacristan, plumber, infirmarian, baker, buyer, carpenter, gardener and chauffeur. But they were not able to send one, nor have they been able to do so yet. So those various functions have been taken care of by the different Fathers and some hired men. Last Summer, however, there came to Sulaikh one day a man named Youssef.

Youssef is about thirty-five years old, a native of Tel Ikaif, a Christian village just north of Mosul. He is married and has two children, attending the Government schools in Baghdad. Belonging to the Chaldean Rite, he knows the Chaldean language; but also speaks Arabic and some English. That makes him invaluable in this country. And what is more, he is ready to do anything you ask him. No drawing lines; none of those words which Saint John Chrysostom calls icy—"mine and thine." He can be familiar without intruding and respectful without servility. Though a working man, he can walk with kings.

When the house boy was in the hospital last Summer, Youssef took care of the rooms. When the cook left us this Winter, Youssef took over the kitchen. When the Government told us



*Youssef, "he can be familiar without intruding and respectful without servility. Though a working man, he can walk with kings."*

that the City Statutes forbade one transportation company from signing a contract to bring our students out from the city, we bought a bus and made Youssef a chauffeur. When the service in our school canteen gave dissatisfaction, we put Youssef in charge of it, much to the delight of the boys. For them also he is mother and brother. When we need materials from the bazaars, Youssef buys them. And when visitors come to the *dirwan*, you can count on Youssef to bring the little cups of coffee and the cigarettes without which no visit is complete here.

**A**T 5:00 A.M., Youssef rings the hand bell that summons us to another day's work. After serving 5:30 Mass, he begins the day. First, there is breakfast. Then the big bus leaves for the city with him at the helm. When the boys are safely deposited in the school, preparations are made for the dinner to be served in the canteen. And the chickens and geese and gazelles and rabbits and turkeys that are in our garden must have their food too. Coffee must be roasted; flowers picked for the altars; visitors interviewed. For life is not without variety at Baghdad College. Then there are trips to the post office and the customs house—oh, the customs house!—and when all is done there is the retiring bell to be rung at 9:45. Then to the roof for a cool night's sleep.

I would not have you get the impression that Youssef is the only workman at Sulaikh or that the lay-Brother situation is solved. Decidedly, it is not. But until it is we shall lean on Youssef.

#### THE FRONTISPIECE

Very Rev. Wlodimir Ledochowski, S.J., who has been General of the Society of Jesus since February 11, 1915. Under his zealous direction the Society's work has expanded in every field, not the least of which is that of the missions. In 1934, the four hundredth year since its foundation, the Order had in excess of twenty-four thousand members, of whom more than three thousand one hundred were on the missions.

# "Please, Sir!"

Andrew B. Ochs, S.J.



ALK about extraordinary and unique introductions! None can compare with that of the Jesuit Scholastic to the Jamaican school boy. Small boys and large boys, black boys and brown boys, Chinese boys and white boys, mischievous and serious-minded boys, boys from the bush and boys from the city, some twenty-two in number within a spacious classroom, yet all with hands in the air and voices breaking the quiet of morning with cries of, "Please sir! Please sir!"—and the American Scholastic is introduced to the Jamaican school boy. Indeed, so often does he hear this phrase during the course of his teaching at St. George's College, Kingston, Jamaica, B. W. I., that it becomes as well known to him as the "Mawnin' Fadah" or "Fadah him come" of the bush people to their loving Fadah. Respectful, polite, well-behaved and at times full of pranks, the Jamaican school boy is in the true sense of the word a "Real Boy."

Handicapped by difficulties which easily outnumber and outweigh those of the ordinary school boy in the States, this is the best way to sum up his school days. To begin with there are the seasons, Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter. On the one hand, the American boy welcomes the change of seasons, for with each change comes a new activity, a new sport to occupy his mind. On the other hand, it would hardly be right to say that the Jamaican boy looks forward with pleasure to a hurricane season or to possible earthquakes which may without a moment's warning render him homeless. Again, the American boy revels in a good snow storm; it makes for fun and thrills; but the sudden downpour of torrential rains is no cause for revel, no time for fun or thrills, for it forces schools to close, causes sickness, fever, and in many cases, death. Add to these the fact that the Jamaican boy is poor and you can easily understand the difficulties which naturally arise as regards tuition, books and school supplies in general. And yet, despite all this, despite a difference in race, a difference in color, a difference in religion, one who comes to know these boys must confess that in every way they are boys.

THIS fact is one which often puzzles people, especially tourists who, in the light of what they see and hear, often misjudge the Jamaican school boy. Entering the grounds of St. George's College, Kingston, Jamaica, B. W. I., during the football season, aside from seeing boys of all colors they hear: "Kick the ball, man!" or "Lawd man, shoot, shoot!" or "Save, save!" or "Goal, goal, goal!" If it be the cricket season, they listen to such expressions as, "Hurry, man, shy the ball!" or "Pretty, pretty!" to applaud a good batsman. Finally, such expressions as, "Me gone," or "Me mek fe go," reach their ears as they behold a group of youngsters



At bat on the grounds of St. George's College, Kingston, Jamaica. "Hurry man, shy the ball!"

bidding each other good-bye. Then having enjoyed their little experience, having sympathized and pitied the young Scholastic who must work among these boys and who must (according to their notions) have a terrible time of it, they step into their cars and are off in quest of more experiences.

Had they but lingered a few moments and visited one of the classes, how different would have been their views of the Jamaican school boy. There was little Mr. Thompson, a Black boy,—we would have called upon him, and the accuracy and speed with which he would have conjugated a Latin verb would have left them wondering. Next, we would have summoned little Mr. Chang, a Chinese lad, who would have gone to the board. The ease and thoroughness with which he would have proved a geometry theorem would have caused them to marvel even more. Finally, we would have treated them to a little elocution by young Mr. Phillips with the rendition of the "Highway Man," and the interpretive and fiery speech of this youngster would without doubt have caused them to applaud spontaneously. Alas! Too late now—already the tourist liner is a mere speck of white on the great ocean,—but school goes on, the Jamaican boys continue on—in the true sense, "Real Boys."

NATURALLY, it is upon these Jamaican boys that the future hope of the Mission in large part depends. For, despite the generosity of the New England and Maryland-New York Provinces of the Society of Jesus, whose members have been laboring in this mission field for forty years, there is still present in the mind of His Excellency, Bishop Thomas A. Emmet, S.J., and of the Very Rev. Superior of the Mission, Francis J. Kelly, S.J., the desire of His Holiness for a native clergy in an economically self-supporting church. At present the total population of Jamaica is approximately 900,000, of whom about 40,000 are Catholics. According to a census taken in September, 1934, there are 974 Chinese Catholics recorded and a possible 200 more whose names have not been recorded.

# Mindanao Mustard Seeds

James G. Daly, S.J.

**T**HE mustard seed was planted in Mindanao, P. I., by Spanish missionaries over three hundred years ago.

What expert planters they were is evident from His Excellency, Bishop Hayes' Confirmation harvest gathered here in Occidental Misamis during the three weeks before the recent Feast of St. Joseph, when he baptized and confirmed close to eleven thousand babies nestling in their mothers' arms, for it is the practice here in Mindanao to confirm in infancy. Eleven thousand mustard seeds watered with the water of Baptism and blessed with the chrism of salvation!

May they in their turn flower a hundred-fold, a rich promise of richer harvests still to come! Of course, this means a lot of work for the sowers. In this, as in all things, the Divine Husbandman Who paced the hill cities and the valleys of Palestine has given us an example that as He sowed and scattered, so we should do likewise. And are not the returns on our investment worth all the continual labor of planting? The satisfaction and the pleasure with which the farmer contemplates a field of ripening wheat or golden corn is not to be compared with the spiritual exultation of the husbandmen of Christ as they regard a harvest of human souls, reclaimed through the merits of the Redemption and basking in the light of God's grace. That is one reason why we will



*The ninety-nine cent chapel, built of bamboo and rattan to house the mustard seed harvest in Occidental Misamis, Mindanao, P. I.*

still plant mustard seeds in soil that has been irrigated truly by martyrs' blood in this far-off island of Mindanao.

**O**NE of these newly planted seeds is the little *barrio* chapel of San Isidro and San Jose, which we dedicated recently. Our nine o'clock start was not well timed, for the glaring sun of the dry season was upon us, and it was only after a three hours' blinding walk that we reached a high plateau. Fortunately, there was a refreshing stream at the half way mark to strengthen the old sacristan for the zig-zag climb to the summit above. The old sacristan's father, you must know, was likewise in the mustard seed business with the missionaries close to one hundred years ago, and his son when a lad of ten became assistant to his father. Since that time, Cusme, that is the name of our sacristan, has been present at the cornerstone celebrations of all our chapels and has presented the holy water for all our mustard seed plantings. It was high noon when we reached the end of the zig-zag mountain trail where a stringed orchestra greeted us with appropriate strains and escorted us to the new (Turn to page 194)

*"Before we began our ascent up the zigzag trail, the sparkling waters of the mountain stream whet our appetites for the lechon banquet that was already scented the air."*



# An Open Letter to My Niece

Charles P. Miller, S. J.



MY dear Betty:—

You complained in your last letter, perhaps justly so, that my letters to you, to use your own expression, were "off the point"; that I did not answer your questions about the life of a missionary, but indulged in ill concealed attempts at "being funny."

To tell you the truth, I cannot determine just what is your opinion of a missionary. Sometimes you give me the impression that you think he is a genial, kind-hearted man, happy and cheerful, who is engaged in a perpetual round of pleasant adventures more or less of his own choosing. Then again, you seem to think he is a sort of superman who stalks through life like a conquering hero, immune to all the ills to which human nature is heir, whose heart has never felt the painful thrust of sorrow's sharp iron, over whose soul the shadow of chilling discouragement has never fallen.

Every missionary has plenty of adventures. But he does not need to seek them. They come unexpectedly—and that is what puts the "venture" in "adventure."

But he is not the superman you think he is. He is thoroughly human, or ought to be, because Christ was so as Man. And the more closely the missionary imitates Christ, the more perfect he becomes as a man. And that means that like Christ he must share the joys and sorrows of his fellow man, that like Christ he must experience fatigue, hunger, thirst, ingratitude, detraction, discouragement; will have his intentions misinterpreted, his words misunderstood, his actions misjudged. And he must endure all this without impatience, without anger, without self-justification, without desire for revenge,—nay, should endeavor to rejoice that he suffers these things because in doing so he becomes more Christ-like.

BUT now I am way off the point, am beginning to sermonize, and sermons are for pulpits, not for letters. What I really meant to do this evening was to answer your inquiries by narrating an event which occurred to me shortly after I came to this mission.

I had sent word to Lodo Hembron, a Catholic of Parhao village, that I would arrive at his house some time Wednesday afternoon, and say Mass Thursday morning. There were three Catholic families in Parhao. Early Wednesday morning I sent my Mass box and bedding by my servant, who had assured me that I need not send my food box, as I would find food in the village.

It began to rain about nine o'clock in the morning, and continued to rain heavily till noon. The creeks were in flood, so I waited till three o'clock before starting. As Parhao was only eight or nine miles distant, I thought I could easily reach it in an hour or so. As a matter of fact, it took me over three hours to make the trip. The creeks were full of water and it was with difficulty

that I found a place to ford them. The roads were so muddy that I could not ride my cycle except in a few places where there was gravel. It was after dark when I arrived at Lodo's house. I must have looked like the proverbial drowned puppy, for my trousers were soaking wet and stained with mud. My shoes were so covered with the same material that my feet seemed to be encased in mud. My habit was splashed with mud, and the perspiration was streaming down my face from the exertion I had been making.

Lodo greeted me politely, but I thought he looked worried.

"Why so sad, Lodo?" I asked. "Did you think I had died, or have you lost all your money?"

"No, I knew you had not died," he answered, with a feeble attempt at a smile.

Further questions would be useless, so I changed the subject and began to unstrap my kit. Fortunately, I had a change of clothing. I retired to a grove in back of the house, where I managed to extricate myself from my wet, mudstained habiliments which were beginning to feel like ice bags.

ON my return to the house my servant had hot tea ready, a most welcome diversion under the circumstances, for I felt chilled to the marrow of my bones. While I was sipping the tea, Lodo casually asked me if I had heard about Monjelu, the headman of Derki.

"No," I replied, "what has happened to him?"

"He had a big celebration today," continued Lodo.

"Were you there?" I prompted.

"By no means," snorted Lodo, "I am a Catholic and do not take part in *dévil* worship."

"Was it a marriage or a funeral?" I queried, sipping the tea, and endeavoring to give the impression that I was not too interested.

"His son was married today," replied Lodo, with equally apparent indifference as he began to roll a cheroot from a *secoua* leaf. "I thought you had heard all about it."

"Why should I hear about it?" I deprecated. "Monjelu is a pagan and would not be likely to invite me to the marriage of his pagan son."

"But the pagan son married a Catholic girl," rejoined Lodo, calmly giving the final twist to the cheroot.

"Married a Catholic girl!" I exclaimed, taken completely by surprise. "Whom did he marry?"

"The sister of John, your catechist from Halwa," answered Lodo as he selected a coal from the fire to light his cheroot.

"But John's whole family is Catholic," I expostulated. "How could such a marriage ever take place!"

"It is still taking place," quietly replied Lodo. "Do you not hear the drums?"

I felt that I needed fresh air and room to think, so I left the compound and began to pace up and down a

footpath in the grove. The moon was just rising. There was not a cloud in the sky, not even the whisper of a breeze. The whole world about me seemed to be at peace, but I could not appreciate it. Inwardly, I felt like a South American Republic on the eve of a revolution.

THE sister of a catechist marrying a pagan in pagan fashion! That meant the sacrifice of a goat in honor of the devil; meant that Catholics participated in this diabolical service and ate of the sacrificial meat. It meant that her catechist brother had been privy to this marriage, had been drawing his pay as a catechist, had pretended to be spreading the true religion of Jesus Christ while at the same time he was actively seconding a marriage that would bring Christ's religion into discredit with the pagans. What a Judas!

While these bitter thoughts were surging through my mind, there was borne to my ears the constant throb of drums from nearby Halwa, drums that beat time for the dancing feet, feet that moved to the rhythm of pagan music, while the dancers sang their ancient pagan songs,—and amongst those dancers were Catholics of my mission, men and women who had sworn on the day of their Baptism that they renounced forever Satan and all his works.

"Is it worth while working for such people?" I asked myself, or was it the Tempter who suggested it! "Why wear oneself out in travel from village to village, living like one of the aborigines getting soaked in the rain, scorched in the sun, bitten by fleas and bugs, and at the end have your trusted men betray you! What's the good of it all!"

I sat down on a boulder, for my muscles were beginning to ache from the exertion and the chill I had received. Then I remembered a letter I had received in that day's mail from the Bishop, and which I had not had time to read at Chamra. I read it by the aid of my torch. It was in reply to my request for permission to start a Girls' Boarding School under the direction of Sisters. Kindly and tactfully, His Excellency informed me that the permission could not be granted at present, as two essential elements could not be supplied,—there were no available Sisters for such a project, and the funds were less available than the Sisters.

"Some more good news," I grumbled, slowly crumpling the letter. Just then a great bat landed in a tree a few yards in front of me, where it hung upside down

and uttered a shrill cry which to me, in my distracted state of mind, sounded like the mocking laugh of an imp of Satan. "What right have you to laugh at me?" I exclaimed, as I hurled the crumpled ball of paper at the bat. With another shrill cry it spread its broad black wings and flew away.

AS I rose to return to the house my servant met me. "Lodo sent me to ask you a question," he said.

"What is his question?" I asked.

"He says there is no rice in the house, and wants to know if you will eat roasted corn?" came the cheerful news.

"Surely, why not?" I said. "But why did you tell me it was not necessary to bring our own food?"

"I thought . . ." he began.



*"While these bitter thoughts were surging through my mind, there was borne to my ears the constant throb of drums from nearby Halwa, drums that beat time for the dancing feet, feet that moved to the rhythm of pagan music, while the dancers sang their ancient pagan songs."*

"You thought, did you?" I interrupted, "An empty stomach leaves plenty of room for thoughts," I added, trying to be a bit sarcastic.

"Not if you fill it with roasted corn," came the laughing answer.

To get my mind out of the whirl of dismal reflections that was agitating it, I joined Lodo and my servant in plucking the ears of corn from the stalks in the field, and later in roasting them at the fire. Lodo's wife, his two sons with their wives and children, my servant and myself made up the group at the meal.

AFTER the meal the company soon broke up, leaving Lodo and myself alone. I was in no mood to talk and in less mood to retire. Lodo rolled a cheroot in that leisurely way of his. Only after he had lighted it from a coal did he break the silence.

"Do you see that crucifix on the wall there?" he asked, pointing to a fairly large crucifix that hung directly over the door.

"It is a fine crucifix," I replied, (Turn to page 194)

# *A Mei* Daniel Donnelly, S.J.

**I**T has been a disappointing sort of day. My whole afternoon had been frittered away on worrisome trivialities; and the malignant humours had hardly been soothed, when the bell rang for supper. Then came the apotheosis. At the door of the refectory I was met by one of the seminarians, who told me that A Mei was very ill, and asked me to go down and baptize her.

A Mei is our ferry-woman. When this Seminary was opened three years ago, another woman was engaged by the month to transport us and all the necessaries of life to and from the main road at the other side of the creek which separates the Seminary from Aberdeen village, Hongkong, China. It was soon discovered, however, that this plausible person was usually busily engaged elsewhere, whenever there was any ferrying to be done. Under these circumstances, it was not long until her mantle fell upon A Mei; but with it descended a very small share of her spirit, for A Mei has proved ever since a most obliging servant.

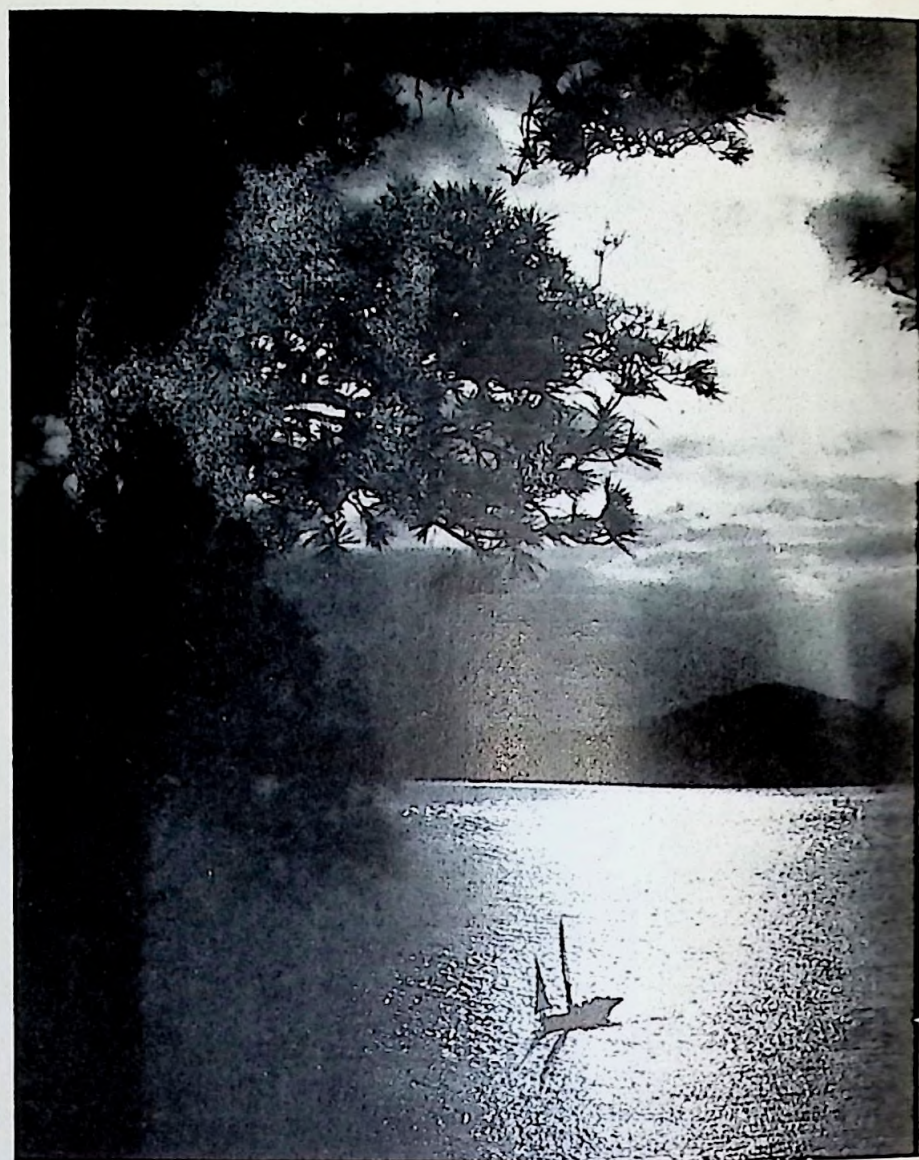
We began here three years ago with three or four Fathers and less than a score of seminarians; and A Mei's one sampan was then sufficient for our needs. We have since grown to three times our previous number, and A Mei now has two liners regularly on the Aberdeen Seminary route, manned by two of her juvenile female relations, while an additional third schooner is in dock, in reserve for rush hours.

In another country and under other conditions, A Mei might have become an old and trusted family retainer, one of those loyal servants of a generation which has now passed away. But East is East. Birth and country were against her, and so she is only a boat-woman, one of the despised *T'eng ka*, who live upon the waters of the sea and feed upon its creatures. None the less, she is a self-respecting, decent woman, hard-working, clean of life and honest to her neighbor.

**A** MEI was approached, of course, more than once on the subject of "hearing the doctrine" and becoming a Catholic, but on each occasion her answer was the same. No, she had no time to hear the doctrine; she had to attend to her ferrying. Besides, it was not necessary to worship God; she was a good woman; she did her duty and did not worship the spirits; nothing more was required.

Some little time ago, however, the subject was again broached to her tactfully, and a solution was found by which she could hear the doctrine without interference to her work, and from the very first instruction, she became interested in the eternal truths which to her were so wonderfully new. And now she was dying.

Hurriedly we prepared all that was required. As we picked our way down the rough steps by the light of an electric torch, I learned more about this unexpected sick call. A Mei, I knew, had been suffering from severe boils, and for some time previously had left the ferry-



*The Master Artist of Nature paints a sunset in Hongkong harbor.*

ing entirely in the hands of her assistants; but I had no idea that her condition was at all serious. The seminarian informed me that she had lapsed into unconsciousness for a considerable time that afternoon.

When we reached the poor old woman's cottage—for A Mei has grown wealthy at her ferrying, and lives now, no longer in her sampan, but in a house on shore—when we reached her cottage, we found her sitting up like an idol on her hard bed, draped in coverlets. Some ignorant village "doctor" had given her—at a handsome price—"medicine" to cure her boils, and the concoction had blistered her whole mouth and throat, leaving her unable to swallow and hardly able to speak.

**A** MEI was eager to be baptized, so I put on cotta and stole, and there, by the light of an electric torch, with my head bumping at intervals against the roof of the tiny cottage, I baptized her. It was a scene which rivets itself in memory. The old woman sitting up like a queen on her boards, a tiny oil lamp burning at her feet; every cranny filled with silent watchers; the priest speaking the self-same words spoken, centuries before, by Augustine and Boniface and Patrick.

And as the solemn prayers went on, exorcism after merciless exorcism, prayer after fervent prayer, in my mind one thought kept recurring: how profoundly supernatural is the Act of Catholic Faith!

A Mei's reason was satisfied. She had made her Act of Faith. Then, of her own accord, she turned to make one of the greatest acts of sacrifice of a pagan in becoming a Christian, the ancestral tablets. Would I not take them away, as Catholics must not have such things?

# In God's Good Time

John B.  
Sifton, S.J.

**F**OR hours you have been driving over a white Alaskan desert with nothing to relieve the monotony, as even the ptarmigans have assumed their white Winter garb. Of a sudden, you strain your eyes. What are those five mounds of snow ahead? Is it merely a mirage? The dogs see them also, and forgetful of several hard days pulling, they strain their collars and the tow-line, using up the last remnant of their strength in the final dash. Gradually, you discern the identity of those mounds. A large church in the center and two flat-roofed two-storied buildings. The Eskimo girls' dormitory and a classroom building on one side of the church, the boys' quarters, warehouses and shops on the other side. Close by a cluster of log cabins and underground igloos shelter the untutored Eskimos. If you arrive at recess time, the river will be dotted with dark moving objects, a beehive of a hundred husky lads and lassies, and before you have time to realize it, they are trying to get a toe-hold on the runners of your sled. The home dogs, in a chorus of howling throats, salute the visiting team.

**A**FTER the inner man has been warmed up with a cup of hot tea, you begin to ask questions about Akulurak, which was founded on August 20, 1889. No, not here, but two hundred miles south.

On that day the two Jesuit Fathers, Tosi and Treca, first set foot on Nelson Island. They had been rowing one full month all the way from St. Michael. Their row-boat held all their earthly possessions. If they had money, it was of no use anyhow, as the natives had nothing to sell. The two priests got busy at once, gathering drift logs along the beach, and put up a cabin. Windows? How could they have brought them along on a row boat? Empty bottles which the tide has washed ashore answered their ambition for window lights. Then they began gathering the children, and there was an exchange of gifts, the Fathers picking up a bit of the lingo and the children a bit of English. The grown-ups must have been wondering what it was all about, as the strangers had no firewater to exchange for pelts.

The following Summer brought Father Barnum and Brother Cunningham. Studying the lingo kept the priests busy, and Father Barnum kept them cheerful. But all along they were planning great things A. M. D. G., a church and a school. So Father Barnum and Brother Cunningham picked up the oars of Fathers Tosi and



*When you come to the end of the trail at Akulurak, you will be treated to a cheery welcome from Alaska's young and old.*

Treca and headed for St. Michael. They got there, secured lumber and a more ambitious vessel, but alack and alas, a vicious gale followed them, and they had to jettison their cargo in order to save their lives,—which was wise. As a result of the loss, the idea of building on Nelson Island was given up there and then. They bade goodbye to Nelson Island and went in search of a suitable location on the mainland. They finally decided on the spot where you are now visiting, Akulurak. They were on solid ground at last.

**B**ESIDES the large home plant with a hundred boarders and some twenty odd day pupils, there is no need of looking for work. Five chapels have been built at strategic points, not counting Scammon and Hooper Bay and Kashunak which are looked after by Father John Fox, S.J., and his Sisters of the Snow.

And Nelson Island has come into its own also. For the first time since the Fathers had moved away from there, Father Paul Deschout, S.J., is now the resident pastor of Nelson Island, to the delight of the people.

"It is good to be here," writes Father Deschout. "As soon as I arrived the people built me a nice cabin. The church is crowded every morning. Nor is there a moment when there is not at least one faithful visitor to our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament. Their fervor and zeal is that of novices. A young man and wife have gone to a large village to teach the catechism and prayers. When I wanted to grubstake them, they refused, saying they were working for God, not for their stomach. The zealous pioneers who did the sowing, planting and watering are now most certainly rejoicing in Heaven for never having given up the hope that sooner or later, in God's own good time, Nelson Island would be a most precious pearl of His Kingdom in the Far North."

# A Jungle

## Oasis

A. J. Antony

Williams, S.J.

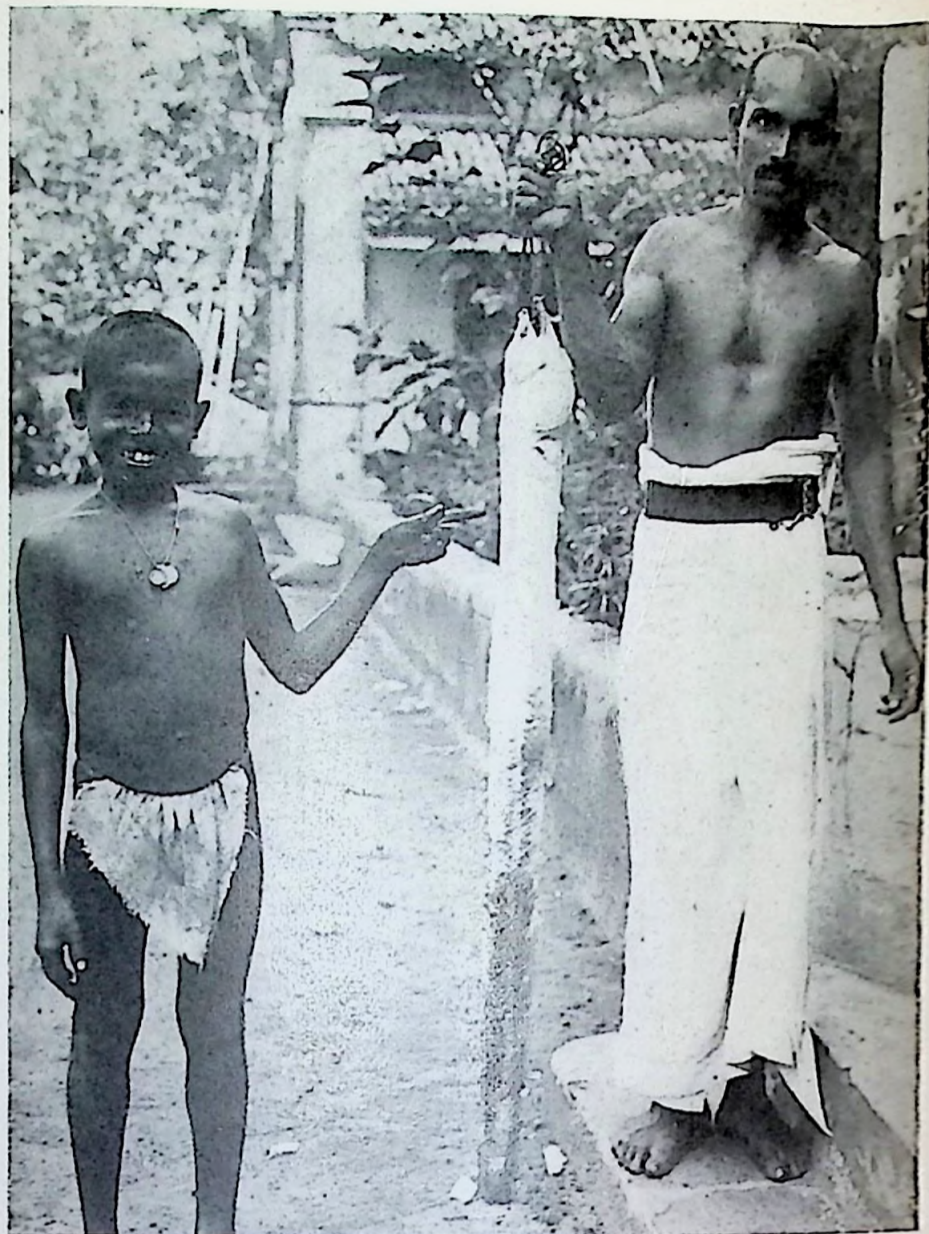


IF any of our readers, wearied by the stress of modern city life and worn out by a constant dodging of motor cars and other like ills, feels in need of a rest cure, I have found just the spot for him: Hiniduma, a little mission station in the heart of the Ceylon jungle. True, to arrive at the station is no mean feat, but well worth the trouble. There is a highway from the east—a direction that no one wants to come from—and even that leaves much to be desired; it took me two full hours to do about twenty miles, and all the time we were expecting a jar to tell us that a rock jutting up in the center of the road had played havoc with our back axle. The usual way of reaching the place is to start from Galle by motor bus—not the luxurious motor buses of civilized countries, but just a wooden superstructure on a chassis,—very hard and very cramped, full of betel-chewing Singhalese and with a pleasant little habit of breaking down several times in the course of a journey. I was once in one and we had tire trouble; unfortunately, they had no pump, and every time the tire had gone flat the whole bus was jacked up, the wheel removed and connected with the exhaust of the engine. Sounds a bit primitive and a bit tall, but true.

Well then, having successfully negotiated the thirty-six odd miles from Galle, without too many breakdowns, you can either walk or go by boat for the last seven and a half miles. If you decide to get rid of bus-cramp, the walk is through the jungle: quite a fair path, but plenty of *andanas* to cross; these consist of a trunk of a tree, usually in its virgin state, with rounded surface, crossing little ravines that vary from eight to thirty feet in depth. There may be, if you are lucky, a hand rail, but it's not much use, as a rule, as it is either rotten or too frail.

IF you prefer not to walk, you can take the boat: a flat-bottomed affair that is pulled along by a rope by a couple of coolies;—and the journey takes a good three hours. If the news of your arrival has gone before, you may find a chair in the boat, otherwise you will have to sit in a very cramped manner. But if there is enough water and you have let Father John Jacobs, S.J., know that you are coming, he will meet you with his motor boat: not quite the sort of boat to set up world's records, but a very serviceable home-made affair. But just one word of warning: if you suddenly, as I did, decide to change the date of your arrival, don't send a telegram—it will arrive twenty-four hours after you do.

Arrived eventually at the mission station, which lies on the river bank, you will be greeted first of all by



*Solomon, the deaf and dumb boy of Hiniduma, has caught an eel bigger than himself.*

cheery Father Jacobs, only too glad to see a new face to remind him that the world does not consist merely of jungle. If it is a holiday, there will be crowds of orphans playing about on the flat in front of the residence: cheery little souls, clothed mostly in very little and the grace of God. When I arrived, kite making and flying was all the rage, and many of the boys were far too intent on their business to have time for more than a fleeting glance at a visitor. Conversation with Father Jacobs was continually interrupted by requests for materials (usually brightly colored paper) or for advice on the aeronautical properties of a newly invented design; but the Father never seemed to lose patience.

The last advice of Father Jacobs before you turn in for the night will be: "Don't forget to look under your pillow; you may find a scorpion; and, by the way, don't forget to look into your shoes before putting them on." He may then airily tell you that he blew a hole in the roof a couple of days ago when he was lying in bed and saw a cobra in his room. He usually has a gun in his room and cartridges handy.

THE next morning, the first thing, after watching the orphans bathing in the river and being present at their Mass, will be to look round the estate, which consists of some acres of rubber. The income from this helps to keep the orphans, but it does not suffice to feed nearly a hundred hungry mouths. The idea of the estate is to provide work for the Christians. Hiniduma is in

the midst of a pagan country, and unless some work can be found for the Christian converts, there is very grave danger of their starving, as conversion means cutting themselves off from their families—an extraordinarily serious affair out here. Then Father Jacobs will take you round and with pride will show you his workshops, for his great aim in training the orphans is that they will be fitted for their future life which is to be the hard life of a jungle villager. So there is plenty of manual work for them—and plenty of games as well. Then in the midst of the wanderings he will show you his home-grown tobacco (and quite good it is), then a little tea for home consumption. On going round, one sees a number of pits a few feet square and deep; these are gem pits. Not that the Father has as yet found any valuable gems, but it is gemming country and there is always a chance; so far the yield has been just a few small stones—worth very little.

LATER on the Father will suggest going out with the gun. He seems very insistent on this, and the reason soon becomes pretty clear: he wants something to eat, and the only way of getting fresh meat is to go out and shoot it. You may have to be content with a hare or two, or you may be lucky and come across a wild boar or a porcupine. Or, if the worst comes to the worst, you may have

to descend to monkey meat; luckily I never had to get to that, but Father Jacobs tells me that as long as you don't know what you are eating, it is quite tender and delicious. Of course, you may also come across a snake or two: a cobra or a python or a polanga (and then you shoot quickly and straight). The Singhalese have a proverb which says that when a polanga bites, it clears off at once lest its victim fall on it; and it attacks without any provocation. One thing you can be absolutely certain of finding, and that is leeches: not one or two, but leeches by the dozen and the score; these little brutes—something like a small garden worm—have a wonderful power of scent, and Heaven help the last man in a line if there are a number of you; the first man gets off scott-free,—he just acts as the ground bait,—but not the others. All the same, if you tread too closely on the good Father's heels, he will politely, but firmly, ask you to keep just a little farther back; if a snake suddenly pops out there must be jumping room.

On these expeditions we were usually accompanied by a number of the orphans, who came along to carry the bags and the game. They are most friendly little beggars, and thoroughly enjoy their outing. Wonder-

fully enough, they don't seem to mind the leeches very much, and the struggles of a stranger to avoid the embraces of the blood suckers seem to provide them with a good deal of amusement. The expeditions are not easy going; they are mostly through the jungle, except occasionally through paddy or rice fields. And the jungle is the high jungle, and it comes very close to the mission station; at the back there is just the cultivated part of the estate between the house and the jungle, and in front, the river, then more cultivation, then jungle.

BUT as one sits on the veranda in the evening, watching the orphans at play, and pleasantly tired, the peace of the jungle gradually steals over one. And then at six o'clock the Angelus rings, play stops, and we all say the Angelus together. The kiddies then troop off to



*Playground in front of bungalow and church at Hiniduma,—an oasis in the heart of Ceylon's jungle.*

the church for Rosary, and we are left alone on the veranda steps smoking our pipes and listening to Father Jacobs' stories of his work, his hopes and his difficulties—but more often of his hopes. And one realizes that it is not all plain sailing at Hiniduma, either morally or materially. The children he gets have often got a pretty poor sort of family history behind them, and failures are inevitable. But he makes a point of never refusing a child if he can possibly manage to take him, or her, in, for it is often the only possible chance the child has of saving its soul, and as a good fisher of souls the Father cannot let the chance slip; and, even though he sees no prospect of the extra seventy rupees (twenty or twenty-five dollars) necessary to keep the child for a year, he trusts in the Lord and carries on. And so we sit on. Darkness comes suddenly, and then we go in to supper. After supper comes the most pleasant hour in the day, when the orphans all gather round on the veranda and talk at the top of their voices, a happy family party, till off they go to bed with their Father's blessing,—and then it is time for us to turn in also. And one's last act, after searching pretty thoroughly for unwanted beasties, is to thank God for the work at Hinidumas.



# FROM MANY QUARTERS



## CURRENT EVENTS IN MISSION LANDS

### One More Holocaust

A telegram from Shanghai, April 8, says that the Rev. Joachim Martinez Manrique, a Spanish Jesuit missionary of the Vicariate of Anking, Anhwei Province, has been murdered by Communists. He is the fifth Jesuit of this province to have fallen into the hands of Reds in recent years. Father Manrique was thirty-eight years old.

### Released from the Ranks of the Reds

Details of the release of Father Cyprian Bravo, Spanish Dominican missionary of Fukien Province, who was kidnapped by Communist bandits in January, 1934, have been received from Rev. Frederick A. McGuire, American Vincentian missionary of Sinfeng, Kiangsi Province. The Communists were being pursued by the Cantonese troops when they decided to liberate Father Bravo. The leader gave him five dollars and a pass to take him safely through the Communist territory. On February 27, Father Bravo reached the Catholic mission at Sinfeng where at one time the Reds had their headquarters.

The Red leaders, according to Father Bravo, believe in and practice spiritism. They consulted the spirits through a "medium," about the fate of their captive. The spirits replied that he should not be killed because his death would only further the cause of the Church in China. Then the spirit quoted the words of Tertullian "The blood of martyrs is the seed of Christians." These experiences alone would be an interesting narrative, but when combined with the whole thirteen months story they will make a thrilling tale. Father Bravo promises to write the story as soon as he is able.

### Militant Atheism

Those seeking an intelligent and a brief appraisal of the world-wide propaganda of Communism, which is identifying itself with Atheism, particularly as it exists in India, Peru, Canada, Europe, Bulgaria, Germany and Belgium, will find it in an eighty-page pamphlet by Rt. Rev. Msgr. M. D'Herbigny, President of the Pontifical Commission for Russia, and published by the S. P. C. K.

(Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, Northumberland Avenue, W. C. 2, London, England).

### Protestant Good Will

"The scholarship of the Roman Catholic Church and the superiority of her educational institutions, not only in this Presidency but throughout India, is unquestioned," says a writer, signing himself "A Bangalore Protestant," in a recent issue of the *Madras Mail*, "and the charge of ignorance levelled against her recently by certain advocates of birth control at their public meetings is not worthy of notice. Invective and abuse are not argument, and are weapons employed only by a defeated opponent."

### Medicine for Body and Mind

More than a million Chinese poor persons, says an article in a recent issue of *China Light* of Shanghai, receive free medical treatment from Catholic priests and Sisters every year at the Shanghai mission. For most of these people, this is the first contact with Christian charity. The Catholic Church maintains several clean and well-equipped dispensaries in Shanghai.

While Shanghai is insistent upon caring for the Chinese bodies, an association in Hongkong, similar to the Catholic Truth Society of England, is being planned by a group of priests and Catholic laymen. Books and pamphlets on Catholic Faith and morals will be printed in Chinese and sold throughout the country at a low price. The founders contemplate a vast organization with which it will be possible to circulate several million publications in the country every year.

### Highways to God

Ten bridges and more than two hundred miles of roads have been constructed in the Yunnan Marches, China, near the Tibetan frontier, under the direction of Father George Andre, a priest of the Foreign Missions Society of Paris, who has a little mission at Changputong. These highways have helped to bring material prosperity to the district.

On a recent visit to Hanoi, Indo-China, Father Andre brought with him three

Tibetans who had never seen railways, aeroplanes, electrical appliances and other modern conveniences. After eight days of sight-seeing, which included, among other wonders, a flight over the city of Hanoi, they exclaimed, "Heaven must be like this!"

There is a flourishing Catholic life in many parts of Tonkin, which Father Andre took care to impress upon his companions, hoping that they would try to persuade their friends and relatives of the advantages which such life would bring to their own Tibet. After a journey of three days by railway and forty days on horseback they reached their home in the mountains of central Asia.

### Mass Conversions

The Bishops of Nellore and Vizagapatam have written articles which have been published in the *Catholic Leader* of Madras, supporting the proposal to establish a fund of one million rupees to be devoted exclusively to missionary work in India. Both Bishops emphasize the importance of Indians taking more interest in the conversion of their fellow countrymen.

In these two dioceses there is a mass movement towards the Church, but it has been necessary to refuse many villages asking for instruction because there has been no means of paying teachers. During the last fifteen years, the Catholic population of Vizagapatam has increased from 6,000 to 20,000. During the last five years, there have been almost 10,000 conversions in the Diocese of Nellore, and at present 5,000 persons are going through the period of instruction and probation before receiving Baptism. Sixteen Indian priests have been ordained for the Diocese of Vizagapatam since 1924.

### "Star of the Sea"

The "Star of the Sea" is the name of the little home-made sailboat used by the Marist Missionaries of the Friendly (or Tonga) Islands, in the southern Pacific Ocean. The boat is an absolute necessity in this part of the Pacific where the priests must minister to little groups of natives scattered here and there on tiny islands which are sometimes at great distances from one another.

# Pagan Lepers and Catholic Prayers

Hugh J. McNulty, S. J.

**D**O you know what a Turk is? One of those people who wears a little, tight, round, red hat called a fez which they change sometimes for a long piece of calico or silk that they wind around their head, called a turban? Well, in Culion, we have some like that among our lepers. They are called Moros and are Mohammedans. The other day I met one of them dragging his foot along. One hand had gone dead; he was a paralytic. I thought he was a man well on in years, but he was only twenty. It is hard to tell the age of a leper.

A few of these turbaned Moros have become Catholics, but they are very few in number, for Moros are generally fanatics and do not hesitate to cut and kill Christians when there is a good chance to do so. Three hundred years ago they robbed and plundered and carried off slaves even in the vicinity of Culion. But we have nothing like that now, of course, and our Moro lepers are good citizens, despite the fact that their fanatical traditions remain and make it very hard to convert them.

I was just looking at one of them in the hospital. He is all broken down with leprosy and must soon go to meet our Lord in judgment. Yet, it is next to impossible to get him to receive any notion of Baptism. Help us with your prayers to do something for our Moros. Our Lord died for them as well as for us, and His grace can reach them if we pray. This is one of the many works for souls that our Lord wants accomplished by the prayers of the Faithful. You ask me: "Does it ever work?" Here is my answer.

**T**HE other day an old Chinese from Canton went bad with leprosy all over, a terrible collapse. He had no friends but the Holy Angels. I called on them and said from the heart of a priest: "Dear Saint Joseph, order out the guard; not a corporal's guard, but a million Angels to help this poor, dying leper." The little French Sister, not half as broad as her bonnet, and no bigger than your nine year old cousin, but a worker



*"A typical corner in one of our wretched hospitals. This girl is a mass of decay and very helpless but very patient, and receives our Lord every morning in Holy Communion. Soon He will call her to Heaven."*

among the lepers for seventeen years, saw me and rushed at me in French and Spanish:

"You must baptize him. He will die very soon."

"Hold your horses, Sister," said I. "The man is a pagan Chinese. He doesn't know a thing about our Lord and Baptism."

"Oh," said she, "I saw him looking at us when we were saying the Rosary. I am sure he wants to be of our party, and would receive Baptism if we told him about Heaven."

**S**O we called Tony Tan, who is a good Catholic and a Chinese from the same place, Canton, and a leper, of course. You should hear Tony go at the dying man. One might figure that they were talking about the week's laundry on a Chinese ticket. To my surprise, Tony swiftly grasped the big crucifix from the table. The little French Sister went down on her knees at the other side of the leper's bed, praying fervently while she kept stroking the poor leper's forehead with a pad of cooling alcohol. I went down on my knees beside Tony, and said I to the Holy Angels: "I'm going to try to help a little bit." Tony went on in Chinese lingo faster than a new Ford. The dying Chinese began to brighten up. He was smiling, and against all expectations reached out his stumpy, mangled hand to hold the crucifix himself so that he could get a good look at our Lord.

Tony exclaimed: "He likes!"

"Tell him about Heaven," said the little French Sister.

"I did," said Tony. "He likes!" (Turn to page 195)

THE Catholic religion has been preached more effectively these last few days than it could have been preached by all the missionaries of the Mission in a year." It was thus that a visiting Father summed up the auspicious visit to the Vicariate of Anking that was made from November 12 to November 16, 1934, by His Excellency, Most Reverend Mario Zanin, Apostolic Delegate to China.

Although the visitation had been announced for November 14 or 15, a telegram received on the eleventh informed us that His Excellency would arrive on the following day. From that moment on bustle was the order of the remaining hours. Old and young collected banners, erected triumphal arches, spread their most beautiful tapestries, raised inscriptions of greeting and hung thousands of colorful lanterns, without which no oriental demonstration of note is either canonical, rubrical or orthodox. Even the *principales* doffed their dignity and with brush and paste box started out to write their "Welcome" on the walls. Above the church itself were draped the colors of China and of the Vatican, and superimposed upon all was a display of illuminated bulbs arranged in an artistic "M," visible from all points of the city and calling the attention of the natives of Anking to the celebration that was taking place in T'ien tchu t'ang.

At 6:30 in the evening of November 12, His Excellency was welcomed amid a display of pomp such as would be equalled rarely even in a European capital. This extraordinary show of official favor and courtesy was due to the fact that General Tchang Kio-liang, who had been engaged in conference with His Excellency in Hankow, had telegraphed to the Governor of Anking to apprise him of the visit of the official representative of the Pope. From that moment on, boats, military bands, squads of soldiers and police were placed at our disposal, and outside of allowing themselves to be converted to the Catholic Faith, the authorities could do no more.

ON November 13, the feast of St. Stanislaus, His Excellency pontificated at High Mass, accompanied by the children's choir, and inaugurated a triduum of prayer for peace in China. Nor did he neglect to note that the very word *chino* signified peace. After receiving the Christians in audience, His Excellency attended a *velada* presented by the students of the School of Catechists, whom he exhorted to be ready to assist

# The Apostolic D

the Fathers in a very special manner in the great work of evangelization.

Anselm

At the end of the evening academy, conducted privately for His Excellency by the Fathers of the Mission, Very Reverend Father Superior arose and addressed the Delegate as follows:

"It is customary in China, on occasions such as these, to make an offering of flowers. Therefore, I offer to Your Excellency, two Passion flowers with which our Lord has deigned to bless our Mission, namely, the captivity and perhaps the martyrdom of Father Avito and of Father Lopez."

Continuing, he read two letters, one in reference to Father Avito, in which a missionary of Szechwan reported an encounter which one of his Christians had with a Red, according to whom, a short time before, the Communists had decreed the death of a foreign priest in the Roman religion. Could it have been Father Avito? In that district of the Reds, we know that there was no other foreigner who was both a Catholic and a priest. The second letter revealed the principal motive which influenced the Reds of China in their capture of Father Lopez and persecution of the missionaries. It is because, as they state: "They (the missionaries) have preached, are actually preaching now, and we are persuaded will continue to preach doctrines which are absolutely opposed to ours. If the missionaries will stop preaching their doctrines, we will stop persecuting them."

THE outstanding events of November 14, second day of the celebration, were a banquet tendered to His Excellency by the Government officials, and his visit to the University of Anking. At the banquet, the guest of honor skillfully led the conversation from chopsticks to St. Ignatius' meditation on "The Use of Creatures," and from China's material crisis and depression to the foundation in morality as developed in the manual of the Spiritual Exercises written by the Founder of the Jesuits.

"You may now release for publication," he remarked playfully, "the fact that this is the first time that the Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius were spoken of in the Governmental Palace of Anking."

Dignitaries present at the banquet given by the Government to His Excellency, Most Rev. Mario Zanin, the Apostolic Delegate to China, S.J., Vicar Apostolic of Anking, His Excellency, the Apostolic Delegate, the delegate



# Delegate in Anking

Narcissus, S.J.

At 4:00 in the afternoon, His Excellency was looking down from the stage of the Reception Hall of the University upon eight hundred pagan hands wildly waving and four hundred pagan youths enthusiastically cheering the representative of the Vicar of Christ on earth. Later, these students listened to His Excellency as to an oracle, as he stressed the need of a solid foundation for youth, not only in mathematics and physics, but especially in morality. His words, spoken in Italian, were translated by Doctor Yupin, a Chinese ecclesiastic, educated at Aurora University, Shanghai, and the College of Propaganda, Rome, and the recipient of various doctorates as well as the present National Director of Catholic Action in China. The Rector of the University, though a pagan, insisted that he prayed as do Catholics, and at the supper that followed the reception, graciously invited His Excellency to pronounce grace both before and after the meal. It was consoling to hear this pagan Rector contend that those who deny the existence of God do so because they are blind.

THE last day of the celebration opened with Mass in the chapel of the Daughters of Jesus at Sheng Mu Yüan, under whose refined auspices His Excellency was later honored by both a *velada* and reception. Then at 12:15, His Excellency attended a banquet in thanksgiving to the Government officials. On this occasion, both the Fathers and the Brothers served, and it was a point of much interest for the visitors to hear that even His Grace, the Bishop, had often done likewise, following the example of Jesus Christ Who came to serve and not to be served. Present on the dais with His Excellency were the Delegate of the Government, the Rector of the University and Doctor Yupin. At the second table of honor sat His Lordship, the Bishop, State officials and Very Rev. Father Superior. Seated in honor at the other tables were the Secretary of the Government, the Secretary of Education, the heads of the Chambers of Commerce and Communications, the Vice-Rector of the University, with the heads of the different Departments in the same, the Mandarin and the Director of the Provincial

Observatory. At 3:00 P.M., a short visit was made to the Infirmary of Brother Joaristi, who, in his zeal, has been attending on an average almost two hundred sick pagans and Christians every day of the year. It is in this way that thousands of pagans learn of the Catholic religion.

IN his farewell conference to the missionaries themselves, the Delegate charged the Fathers with the careful education of his seminarians whom he styled "the apple of his eye." Likewise, with the education of the Chinese youth for whom, sad to say, Anking, as yet, has been unable to provide a single Catholic college. Lastly, for the education of the Chinese woman, whose growing emancipation from the shackles of slavery has so progressed in one direction that two of the Generals in charge of the Red hordes are women. If educated in Catholic principles, His Excellency said that these same women would rival the work now being done by the Directress General of Catholic Action in Italy who has achieved with her organization what would be almost impossible for men to do. Needless to say, co-education is disapproved since "in keeping with the wonderful designs of the Creator (the sexes) are destined to complement each other in the family and in society precisely because of their differences which, therefore, ought to be maintained and encouraged during their years of formation, with the necessary distinction and corresponding separation according to age and circumstances."

At 8.30 in the morning of November 16, the Apostolic Delegate took his departure, accompanied to the boat by deputations of Church and State and by almost the entire population of that city. In his personal retinue were His Lordship, the Bishop, Very Rev. Father Superior, and the Secretary of the Government, who had been directed to accompany His Excellency as far as Wuhu and Nanking. Thus ended a period of contact between Church and State whose value for the salvation of souls it is almost impossible to conjecture. It has brought much needed "face" to the Church before the State, and has introduced the State itself to what Christopher Dawson calls that moral idealism so characteristic of the Western mind, the fruit of an age-long tradition of Catholic Faith and spiritual discipline, and to that Catholic humanitarianism which is the peculiar possession of a people who have worshipped for centuries the "Divine Humanity" of Jesus Christ.

to the missionaries of Anking. Continuing twelfth from the left, the Rector of the University of Anking, the Most Rev. Frederico Melendro, Governor of Anking, Father Narcissus Alonso, S.J., Superior of the Mission of Anking.



# JESUIT MISSIONS

A MAGAZINE OF APOSTOLIC ENDEAVOR

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## Catholics and Education

WITH the Summer months, many Catholic parents will be planning for the further education of sons and daughters in high schools and colleges. That education should unquestionably, both because of the Church's command and because of the solid reason behind the command, be in a Catholic school. The reason advanced for this is the same that impels missionaries the world over to found Catholic schools in their growing missions; it is the same that prompts bishops to plan for higher education under Catholic auspices in more fully developed missions; finally, it is the same that should prompt the generous support of more affluent Catholics when appeals are made to them to help Catholic education in home and mission dioceses.

Writing on "The Aim of Christian Education" (*The Catholic Encyclopedia*, under title: "Education"), Rt. Rev. Msgr. E. A. Pace says: "Had Christ's mission ended when He quitted the earth, He would still have been in word and work the ideal teacher, and would have influenced for all time the education of mankind so far as its ultimate aims and basic principles are concerned. But as a matter of fact, He made ample provision for the perpetuation of His work by training a select body of men who for three years were constantly under His direction and were thoroughly imbued with His Spirit. To these Apostles, moreover, He gave the command: 'Going therefore, teach ye all nations . . . and behold I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world' (Matth., xxviii, 19, 20). These words are the charter of the Christian Church as a teaching institution. While they refer directly to the doctrine of salvation, and, therefore, to the imparting of religious truth, they nevertheless, or rather by the very nature of that truth and its consequences for life, carry with them the obligation of insisting on certain principles and maintaining certain characteristics which have a decisive bearing on all educational problems."

A system of education, therefore, which is not founded on the belief in God and a hereafter; one that simply ignores man's relationship to his Maker; one that would eliminate any reference to man's duties towards that Maker, is simply not true and full education at all, and is most assuredly not the system of education for a Catholic child. The idea of God and the supernatural is as essential to true education as is the solid steel frame work to any large building. Without it, the whole superstructure is in grave jeopardy.

Too often, parents, even Catholic parents, are influenced more by fine appointments in school buildings than by what is taught there. Fine architecture, latest type ventilation, spacious halls, swimming pools, etc., seem to play a greater part in the final selection of a school than do the curriculum and those who are carrying it through. Let us not forget that a fine building can house those who teach ungodly false doctrine, just as a fancy binding and liquid English can be the purveyors of immoral and atheistic teaching in book form.

We do not say that in Catholic education, profane learning is to be neglected, but we do say that while it keeps pace with the best education anywhere, it is to be directed properly and in its relation to that which is supreme and essential: namely, God's preeminent place in the educational plan. Experimentation has been wildly unrestrained in the American non-religious schools, and much of the experimental work has led to failure,—a point which parents are apt to overlook, but to which even non-Catholic educators are not blind. Catholic schools cannot and will not let pure experimentation enter the phase of education which bears on religious training. They do try new methods, new ways of doing things, but there never is, nor can there be, the thought of eliminating that which must permeate true education,—namely, the element of the supernatural.

We Catholics cannot jeopardize the Catholic Faith of our children. We would do this were we to fail in our duty towards Catholic education. Perhaps few American educational institutions are professedly irreligious, but far too many are unreligious, and turn out to be fine productive soil for irreligious minds, both among professors and among students. To send Catholic boys and girls to such schools would be to experiment with that in their lives which ultimately is alone worth while.

"It is, therefore, as important," writes the Holy Father, Pope Pius XI, in his encyclical *On Christian Education*, "to make no mistake in education, as it is to make no mistake in the pursuit of the last end, with which the whole work of education is intimately and necessarily connected. In fact, since education consists essentially in preparing man for what he must do here below, in order to attain the sublime end for which he was created, it is clear that there can be no true education which is not wholly directed to man's last end, and that in the present order of Providence, since God has revealed Himself to us in the Person of His Only Begotten Son, Who alone is 'the way, the truth and the life,' there can be no ideally perfect education which is not Christian education. . ."

Here then is the solid reason for the choice of a Catholic school for Catholic boys and girls.

# The Mission Intentions

July—The Propagation of the Faith in the Large Cities of Asia

ASIA embraces nearly one-half of the total population of the world. Yet, out of its 913,700,000 inhabitants, scarcely 20,000,000 are within the Fold of the Good Shepherd. Three special reasons urge us to concentrate our prayers, during the month of the Precious Blood, on the great cities of Asia. First, great cities are at once the receptacle and the source of culture and commerce as well as of the arts and sciences, and from them all others draw both good and evil. Secondly, the great cities of Asia, namely, Beyrouth, Bombay, Calcutta, Madras, Colombo, Rangoon, Saigon, Canton, Nanking, Peking, Shanghai, Hongkong, Tokyo, Manila, and Batavia, are centers in which Europeans can either impede or aid the propagation of the Faith by their influence, their character, their morals and their example. Thirdly, the propagation of the Faith in these cities is rendered more than ordinarily difficult because of the variety of peoples, languages, religions, floating populations, and especially of that "deceitfulness of riches that choketh the word" of Christ. Pray that these great cities of the East may not become like Capharnaum, Tyre and Sidon, cities of dereliction, but other Romes of election.

August: Lepers

CATHOLIC missionaries today are caring for approximately 25,000 lepers, of whom 12,774 are in 107 organized Catholic leper asylums, distributed as follows: Africa, 59 asylums with 5,558 inmates; India, Ceylon and Burma, 13 asylums with 2,330; Indo-China, 11 with 2,226; China, 7 with 990; Japan, 2 with 176; Netherlands East Indies, 2 with 106; Oceania, 9 with 1,057; America, 4 with 331; total: 107 asylums with 12,774 inmates. Not included in this report from Rome is the world's largest leper colony at Culion on the Island of Palawan in the Philippines, the foreign mission sector attached to the Maryland-New York Province of the Society of Jesus. This colony began in 1906 with about 400 lepers; in 1916, it numbered 2,000; today, 7,345. Of these, 3,430 are men; 3,170, women; 350, boys; 365, girls. Divided according to religions, there are approximately 400 Protestants, mostly pervert Catholics (the Protestants themselves claim 900), 150 Moros, 25 Chinese, 10 Japanese, 20 other pagans, and 6,240 Catholics. The lepers are allowed to inter-marry, but since 1928, all children over six months old have been regularly separated from their parents. It is planned ultimately to remove them at birth. Since the discovery of the chaulmoogra treatment, 2,938 cures have been effected. Through the merits of the Precious Blood of Him Whom Isaias once looked upon in vision and "thought Him as it were a leper," let us pray that nature and religion will continue to work hand in hand with science to combat this most terrible of all diseases, and to bring hope or peaceful and contented resignation to the hearts of all lepers. The Catholic Church alone can clearly teach these unfortunates how they may use even leprosy as a means to bring themselves back to God.

# The Mass of the Missions

Breaking of  
The Host  
(Continued)

In the *Via Crucis* procession which we began to describe in the last issue, there were some, who, standing with folded arms, for all the world like strangers in their own land, formed an unnatural gauntlet along the line of march. These were the pride of modern non-Catholic education in the Philippines. We shall call them the New East.

The procession has reached the Third Station.

The priest kneels and the Old East kneels with him. The New East keeps its standing position.

The eyes of the Old East are on the Cross. The eyes of the New, on itself.

The arms of the Old East are raised in supplication. The arms of the New East are folded on its breast. The New East is secure in its own independence.

The face of the Old East is moist with tears of repentance. The face of the New East is patiently tolerant. It has been taught to be "broad-minded."

According to a beautiful custom of centuries, the Old East, with feeble voice to the accompaniment of a lone violin, tells the tale of the Passion in a slender melody of song. The New East plays the judge, grows politely reminiscent, but offers no support.

The Old East rises in deep sympathy with its God. The New East relaxes its centurion's pose.

The lips of the Old East move in prayer. The lips of the New East are sealed with Masonic secrecy.

Passing on in procession, a children's chorus chants the *Stabat Mater*. The New East, having dressed fastidiously for the occasion, feels that it deserves a better presentation and tells itself so.

The Old East prays for the New East. The New East needs it, for it is a stranger to its Faith and to its God.

It is this New East that is breaking the Heart of Christ today, and it is this New East that is the most convincing argument for more American missionaries in the Philippines today.

Agnus Dei

Lamb of God Who takest away the sins of the world, have mercy on us!

Lamb of God Who takest away the sins of the world, grant us peace!

Thou art the Lamb of Heaven, of Whom the lambs of earth are but a type. Like them, it is true, Thou too art a Lamb of Sacrifice, but unlike them, Thou alone art the Lamb of Redemption. For Thy Apostle, Paul, has taught us: "It is impossible that with the blood (of earthly lambs) of oxen and of goats, sin should be taken away." (Heb. x, 4.) And yet, not even the forgiveness of the sins of all the world is impossible for Thee, Lamb of Heaven, Lamb of God. And this we know, for he has told us so, whom Thou lovest, John Thy Baptist.

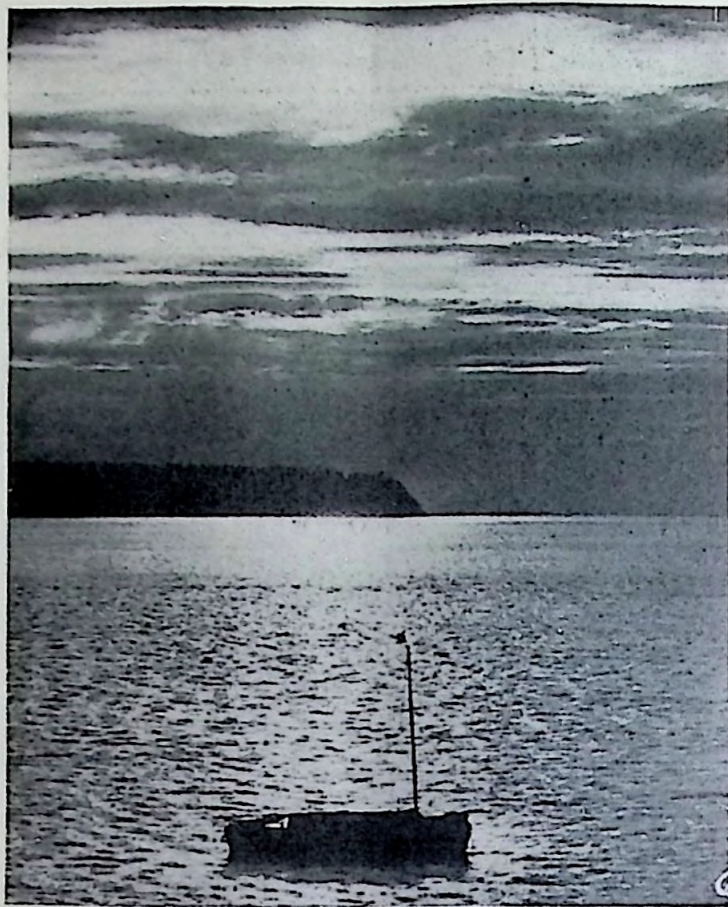
"Behold the Lamb of God, behold Him Who taketh away the sins of the world!"

Lamb of God, grant us peace, grant us the presence of Thy grace, grant us the Paradise of Thy love!

# The Lonely Missionary

The Padre had spent a hard day, but that was nothing new either to him or to his fellow laborers in God's vineyard. The fact that he had become a missionary only at the eleventh hour made the heats of the day even more intolerable to him than to the heroic veterans; in all humility, he could see a little better God's justice in giving pennies all round! How differently was the reality of missionary life from the ideal of it that he had when he first generously volunteered for such a life. After all, the gift is God's; we have no right to the penny whether it is the humble modern copper or the dignified denarius of ancient silver. All are stamped with His image and superscription; it is we who, far from exacting rights from God, must render Him tribute. We must pay not merely the coin of tribute but also the homage of self-surrender. There is a world of difference between homage and coinage; it is easy to pitch in a penny, but not so easy to place one's two hands in Christ's and declare one's self His man; it is easy to surrender the copper of money, but not so easy to hand over self as did the new missionary when his prayers took a quaint form in the heartbroken words: "Here I am dear Lord, turning up again like a bad penny." Thus the new missionary, as a bad penny which had turned up in a foreign mission half way round the world, became The Padre, and tired too, particularly that hot evening.

After his peaceful solitary supper, the jaded, but still enthusiastic priest looked for his brother-priest. Some months before, the newcomer had been puzzled



*Alone and lonely on the Bering Sea*

for a few moments by a perfectly simple verse in one of the psalms in the Breviary. "How good it is for brethren to dwell together." Now God is never sarcastic, yet the nearest brother-priest was over fifty miles off! The answer came at once, silent but unmistakable. That is why The Padre went to the church where his Brother-Priest lived, three yards away,—in the tabernacle. As it was Friday, he meant to make the Holy Hour. There had been Stations of the Cross at three o'clock, a penitential hour in the tropics, making one feel a little more of what Jesus must have suffered on His dreadful last mortal journey. But only "a little more,"—the heat was there, but not the Passion. And even in the dark night, the heat had

remained, but the bright undying flame of the sanctuary lamp shed around the welcome of undying Love. The Padre didn't feel a bit like praying; to tell the truth he was a little piqued at his shortcomings on that particular day—a fine fellow to be left on his own! God's ambassador in a far country—he! And he had wanted to be such a pattern of all the virtues; he was humiliated by his imperfections without being humble. In this way time was slipping by, wasted by the crestfallen youth's repining. But at any rate he was in the attitude of prayer at the foot of the altar, the sweat pouring off his face. He stopped his petulant thoughts to wipe his forehead and streaming cheeks, the big white handkerchief spread out in his hands. But he burst into tears of joy at the shadow of his face thereon. For Veronica had wiped the face of Jesus when He was lonely.

*Loneliness, the missionary's greatest trial, is a cross laid upon all of us. Like all crosses, it is borne the more easily when there is another to share our burden. We can lighten the missionary's burden by our prayerful support; he can lighten ours by showing us the way and giving us the example. Learn how he goes forward under his crosses; gain a companion in your loneliness by reading JESUIT MISSIONS. In his loneliness assure him of a faithful friend*

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# AFIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUITS

## AMERICAN INDIANS

One of the Jesuit Scholastics teaching at St. Francis Mission, South Dakota, gives us an interesting little side light on young Indian psychology.

"Although the Sioux Indians have great difficulty in learning our language when they first enter school, and although some of those who entered school for the first time this year cannot as yet speak much English, yet by constant association with them one learns by their actions that they are a very alert group of children.

"Not long ago I put the small boys to bed in the evening as usual, and as soon as all was quiet, went to my room. I had been there nearly a half hour when I heard one of the boys coming through the dormitory in my direction, and I could tell by the sound of his walking that he was wearing but one shoe. He came to my door and knocked. I opened it to admit little Ross Red Feather, one of the first-graders and a full-blooded Sioux. He informed me partly in English, partly in the tongue of his ancestors and partly by making signs, that he could not untie his shoe lace. I untied it for him and before sending him to bed gave him a few pieces of candy which a kind friend had recently sent me. I soon forgot about Ross and his difficulties with shoe laces. However, Ross did not forget about the candy, for the next evening I had been in my room hardly ten minutes when Ross came in with a big smile on his face and held up a shoe with a lace to be untied which I could tell had just been tied into a hard knot. I hated to see that smile vanish when I failed to give him some candy as I sent him back to bed, but I knew that there would be many more shoe laces to be untied if my generosity continued.

\* \* \*

Acknowledging the receipt of some Mass stipends, Father Louis Taelman, S.J., St. Ignatius Mission, St. Ignatius, Montana, says:

"We had the Confirmation visit of our Bishop on the fifteenth of this month. Fifty-three candidates received the sacrament. The Catholic children of four public schools in our district were excused from school for the occasion, being brought by trucks and

bus to our church. Close to three hundred children could thus listen to the sermon of the Bishop and assist at Mass and witness the Confirmation ceremonies. We are closing our school year next Sunday, with High Mass and Valedictory sermon."

\* \* \*

Father Taelman writes further:

"Looking back over the recent past, St. Ignatius Indian Mission in Montana finds much to be thankful for. Mission statistics for the year 1934, show ninety Baptisms, fifty-nine funerals, twenty-five marriages and one hundred and sixty Confirmations. Besides this, a fine showing was made by the number of confessions and Holy Communions, especially on the part of the children of the Mission School. One of the chief problems now confronting the Fathers at the Mission is the gradual depopulation of the boarding school, due to the encroachments of public institutions. The public schools, with their splendid material attractions and their excellent equipment, made a decided appeal to the impressionable Indian youth. Many convenient services offered by these schools, such as free transportation, warm lunches at noon, and the opportunity of continued home life militate strongly against attendance at our school, and it is not infrequent any more that parents, persuaded by the entreaties of the youngsters, allow them to withdraw from the Catholic school. It is becoming increasingly evident that ways and means must soon be devised of reaching the Indian children on their own grounds; otherwise, they will do without the invaluable blessing of Catholic education."

\* \* \*

Father Leo A. Doyle, S.J., of the Sacred Heart Mission, Pine Ridge, South Dakota, writes:

"Thank you very much for your letter and good wishes, and for the offering for the Masses. I will take care of the Masses very soon.

"Plentiful rains have cheered up the Indians and missionaries. They have had nothing like them for three or four years, and the land began to look like a barren desert. But the rain has restored it to life, and its life has given new life to those who must wrestle from it a sufficiency for existence. It is hard to get much more than that from these sand hills.

"Our First Communion celebration for eighteen Indian boys and girls was a very happy event. They looked very sweet in their new things, and it was a happy day for them despite the downpour of rain.

"Quite a few people have sent us Catholic magazines since you so kindly stated our wants in the JESUIT MISSIONS. We are grateful to them and assure you that much fine work is done in this way."

## BRITISH HONDURAS

Mr. P. A. Albert Avila, Catholic teacher at San Antonio Cayo, B. H., sends the following lines:

"Just a few notes from British Honduras for your column entitled, 'Afield with American Jesuits.' If you please—Father Philip Marin was enthusiastically welcomed on his arrival from the States as an anointed priest of the Most High. A few weeks ago, he paid a few days' visit to the Carib folks at Livingston, Guatemala, and was well received by all, irrespective of color or creed. On his return back to Stann Creek he was accompanied by Padre Rubio, C.M., as far as Punta Gorda. In short, Father Marin was well pleased with the splendid way in which he was treated in Guatemala.

"Our Jesuit Fathers are still on the go over here. Father Daniel M. Coady, S.J., has been transferred from Benque Viejo to Orange Walk, and Father Anthony R. Kuenzel, S.J., from Orange Walk to Benque Viejo. As to Father Joseph L. Kemper, S.J., he is still ascending and descending the naughty hills of El Cayo Town, while Father Quirinus P. Leonard, S.J., is still on his rosary of missions in quest of souls made for Heaven."

## ALASKA

Father Bellarmine Lafortune, S.J., writes from Nome, Alaska.

"As a result of the fire which swept the city last year, there was plenty of work, and with wages ranging from one dollar to one dollar and fifty cents an hour, a good deal of money was put into circulation. Now the work is over and the money goes for all kinds of evil purposes. Thanks be to God, our Catholics behaved very nicely. Another thing which threw some sadness on my Christmas was the thought that my poor neophytes on Diomed Island were all alone. You cannot realize

now those people enjoy such feasts as Christmas, and their joy is mostly spiritual. You see the parents bring their babies to the Crib and explain to them all that they see therein. Those who are big enough, run by themselves to the Crib and look at everything with big eyes and then run back to their mothers. The number of Communions, and the enthusiasm with which the people sing their hymns betray their fervor. It is more consoling to be with them than with the Whites. The natives of Nome suffer from their contact with the Whites. Therefore, they are not as genuine as the islanders. To make things worse, the companies employ as many natives as Whites. That puts the natives in contact with those people the whole Summer. They eat with them, work with them, sleep in the same quarters. They have to work on Sundays, etc. All that is bad. The islanders have the best of the situation, they do longshore work. When there is no boat to unload they work ivory,—consequently, they stay together with their families. It works nicely, and if the Winter hunting is good, they make a pretty good living. Those who work for the companies have ready cash and they spend it foolishly.

"I never had a chance to winter in Diomed. I or somebody else will have to do it as soon as possible. The majority is Catholic, but they are within hailing distance from the Soviets, and that is unfortunate. Last Fall I shipped lumber to build a church. It will be ready by next Fall, and the natives, naturally, expect there will be a Father with them."

### PATNA, INDIA

Some time during the month of July, August F. Wildermuth, S.J., of Patna Mission, will be ordained to the priesthood in Rome. He will be the first of Patna's missionaries to be raised to the priesthood in the Eternal City.

August Wildermuth was born in St. Louis, Mo., February 20, 1904. He attended St. Louis University High School (where he made a splendid reputation for himself, not only as an athlete, but especially as an outstanding manly character), and after his graduation, entered the Society of Jesus at Florissant, Mo., August 7, 1922. In 1926, he began his study of philosophy at Mount St. Michael's, Hillyard, Washington. After one year there, he was appointed to Patna Mission. On his arrival in India in 1927, he was sent to Sacred Heart College, Shembaganur, Madura Dist., to complete his philosophical studies. His years of regency were spent at Khrist Raja High School, Bettiah, in Patna Mission. During those years he also edited a magazine in the Hindi language. His accomplishments as a musician, especially as a violinist, were a great advantage to him in his work.

On special feast days when no Church music for the Indians was available, he wrote the words and the music to suit the occasion. When an organ was sent to Bettiah, he was the only man available to learn to play it.

He began his theology at Kurseong in India, and shortly after, was sent to Rome to complete his studies. Altogether, he spent some six years in India and is eagerly awaiting the day when he can return there as a priest of God.

\* \* \*

Writing from Kurji, Digha Ghat, Patna District, India, Very Rev. Peter J. Sontag, S.J., Superior of Patna Mission, says:

"Was it bad water, or the irregularity that just cannot be avoided, or the unaccustomed food?—At any rate, Father Rudolph W. Bohn, S.J., returned from the first tour of his new mission field among the Santals, repulsed but not vanquished. After a few days of convalescence from the disastrous effects upon his usually so sturdy physical equilibrium, he writes that he hopes soon to be his robust self again, and that this first skirmish has not frightened him in the least. 'I always need a bit of time to get acclimatized,' he writes. More power to him in the extensive and arduous



August F. Wildermuth, S.J., of the Missouri Province, but now attached to Patna Mission, India, will be ordained to the priesthood in Rome during July.

field sanctified by the memory of Father Raymond J. Conway, S.J., who labored so devotedly in this sector, and whose name is still uttered with deep reverence by all who knew him there."

\* \* \*

"Before the torrential monsoon rains come on, Father John A. Kilian, S.J., and Father Francis I. Stoy, S.J., hope to have their spacious new church safely under roof. Though its walls will be mud and its roof thatch, it will seem a stately cathedral to the sturdy Santals, many of whom will walk to Sunday Mass here from greater distances than some of their American cousins would travel in their car. But Father Kilian will not fail to remind his congregation that it was the generosity of American brothers and sisters in the Faith that made the building of their big church possible, while other equally generous members of Christ's Mystical Body in Australia, New Zealand and Europe help to pay the catechists and teachers without whom most of this congregation would still be offering sacrifice to Satan, while the Sisters who are the devoted and valiant helpers of Fathers Kilian and Stoy in this great emprise for Christ the King, certainly could tell many a pathetic story of how friends in Germany, despite poverty and rigorous laws and surveillance, manage to triumph over both in order to send their mites to help those still poorer than themselves in a land where Satan is still worshipped by so many."

### JAMAICA, B. W. I.

Father William F. McHale, S.J., writing from Lourdes Rectory, Morant Bay, Jamaica, B. W. I., notes:

"I have two projects that are very promising but which I am unable to undertake for the same old reason. I would like to start a school here at Morant Bay and acquire a site, and an old bank building for a church at Port Morant, eight miles to the east of Morant Bay. Not a tremendous sum is needed, especially for the school. It is only the salary of the teachers that constitutes the problem, as the churches here are frequently used as schools."

\* \* \*

Father Leo T. Butler, S.J., Winchester Park, Kingston, Jamaica, writes:

"My Chinese mission has now grown to fourteen hundred souls, and as they are all young we have a most promising number of good strong Catholics for the future, and they are really good. A Chinese girl (although she is married two years, she is still only a girl) lay dying the other day in the Chinese sanitarium. When asked if she was willing to die, she said: 'Yes, but I hope it will be on Good Friday so that I can suffer with our Lord.' That is the stuff of which these fervent little Orientals are made and which gives

us great consolation. One of my boys here in the College hopes to become a priest. I also have a little Chinese nun who hopes to receive her vows next year."

\* \* \*

Father James J. Dolan, S.J., St. Helen's Rectory, Linstead, Jamaica, writing to his fellow Jesuits at Shadowbrook, West Stockbridge, Mass., notes:

"The practical conclusion from controversy, whether held in private or with a group, usually amounts to this: 'If the leaders of the sects cannot agree among themselves, how will the poor people ever find the truth?' In the last analysis, it takes lots of prayer to win them. My entrance into the confidence of non-Catholics has been through the door of the ordinary works and pleasures of the man-of-the-street. I've talked plumbing and medicine, carpentry and law, tennis, cricket and ping-pong, billiards, contract bridge and pinoche, current fiction, politics and current history. After a few conversations, non-Catholics begin to notice your character and compare it with others in other religions. After that, they begin on some of the stock charges against the Church, then to philosophy, especially ethics, and, finally wind up with theology. I have talked a great deal of religion here, but have not made any outstanding conversions. Most of our convert work, I am persuaded, must be done on our knees, in communion with all those who are praying for the spread of the Faith, and especially for the conversion of England and her colonies."

### CANADIAN INDIANS

Father Oscar Labelle, S.J., recently visited Toronto to lay in some supplies for his missions. He speaks optimistically of the present conditions among the Indians of Christian Island and Cape Croker reserves. They have so far got along without any Government relief. "There is, of course," he says, "no money, but also no real want. The Indians have been able to find work—for the most part cutting cordwood. They receive no cash payments for their labor, but are supplied with foodstuffs and clothes."

\* \* \*

Towards the end of Winter, the following notes came from the Canadian Indian missions:

"At Spanish, the Brothers have been busy for two weeks cutting logs in the woods, felling as many as seventy-four a day. Brother Nicholas Vandermoor, S.J., and his boys haul them to the mill. Brother Henry Jacoby, S.J., is giving lessons in the tonsorial art to some of the Indian boys. They began by designing a new model of barber's chair; it started from an old organ stool.

\* \* \*

"Despite his seventy-six years, Father Stephen Dufresne, S.J., retired



*Gerald J. Pope, S.J., of the California Province, who has just completed his first year of regency at the University of Santa Clara, will join the California Jesuit missionaries in China this Summer.*

Indian missionary, is active in attending to sick calls in the vicinity of Spanish, during the absences of Father Timothy Dwyer, S.J. Father Dwyer recently completed his last trip by dog team this season, going to Sagamok and back from Spanish. The going was not too good, as the Spring floods have begun. 'Coming home,' he says, 'the dogs and I waded through two feet of water for over three miles. Sometimes just the dogs' heads were above water. The ice was solid underneath, so there was no danger. I had my luggage piled high on boxes so it wouldn't get wet, as my sleigh is only eight inches high.'

"The Indians on the Mississauga Reserve cut forty cords of wood for Father Dwyer, and this he was able to sell for eighty dollars. The money will be used to enlarge the little church there. Some of these Indians are still very superstitious, and believe in dreams. One man dreamt that he was not to have his little boy baptized till he was seventeen; the child must be dressed in certain colors, and so on. But at midnight on the third of March the missionary was called to the house to drive out the devil; and the next day the boy was brought to the church to be baptized, though he was only seven years old. The devil, or whatever it was, had given the Indian a bad fright."

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Writing after Easter, Father Dwyer reports that he had a busy Eastertide attending to the spiritual needs of his various missions. He spent Palm Sunday at Cutler and Easter Sunday at Sagamok. There were many consoling manifestations of Faith in connection with the Indians' Easter duties. For instance, Albert Owl, a former pupil at the Spanish school, walked twenty-four miles from a pulp camp behind Massey to Sagamok, to make his Easter duty. He left the camp at 8:00 P.M., reached Sagamok at 3:00 A.M., and remained fasting till after the High Mass at 10:00 A.M., as the Blessed

Sacrament was not reserved before Mass. Then Father Dwyer took Holy Communion to various old people on the Sagamok Reserve, who were unable to come to church; it was 3:00 P.M., when he reached the last of them, an old Indian woman; but she was still waiting, and had not broken her fast.

The Indians on Father Dwyer's territory made a collection at Easter, among themselves and their White neighbors, and bought their missionary a second-hand Ford. This will be of great assistance, particularly in carrying his equipment around, as not all his chapels are properly fitted up.

### CEYLON

In a letter received some time ago from John W. Lange, S.J., who with John J. O'Connor, S.J., (both of the New Orleans Province) is teaching at St. Michael's College, Batticaloa, Ceylon, there is an interesting account of trouble between Tamils and Mohammedans.

"The little palm-thatched church at Valechchenai, a village some twenty miles northwest of Batticaloa, was burned to the ground on the night of February 2. The fire was a deliberate act of incendiarism, perpetrated by a faction of Moors (Mohammedans), one of whom was caught and jailed. There is a certain amount of hard feelings in different localities between the Moors and the Tamils—not explicitly between the Moors and Catholics. Hence the act was no evil intention against the Catholics as such, but against the Tamils.

"The humble church at Valechchenai, which is in charge of Father J. Delahaye, S.J., was located in a Moor section, and it is rumored that one of the Moor chief-men dropped a hint that the Catholic Tamils should be ousted. The value of the edifice was some rupees 300, close to one hundred and twenty-five dollars. That's cheap, of course, but here the climate is not severe, and if the edifice keeps out the sun and rain, it's quite sufficient. Wood cannot be used with impunity in heavy construction work, because of the white ants.

"Fortunately, the Blessed Sacrament was not reserved there, for the only thing that could be saved, by the time a few faithful Catholics arrived, was the altar rail; the altar itself was in flames. Due to the thatch construction, not a scrap of the church remained, and when Father Delahaye arrived at the spot, about 8:00 A.M., on Sunday morning, February 3, he was confronted by a smoking heap of ashes.

"At Kalmenai, twenty-five miles to the south of here, on the sea, the Moors have manifested hostility towards the Tamils attending the Catholic (Jesuit) school there; but no serious outbreak has taken place. The Government has a firm hand, of course,

on the entire population; and no form of disturbance would be allowed to progress very far. The burning of the church was a covert act—not one of open hostility and defiance.

"There are three large settlements of Moors in the immediate vicinity of Batticaloa: at Kalmenai, there are several thousand; at Kattankudy, an exclusively Mohammedan settlement, there are some 13,000; at Eravoor, there are several thousand; and there are others scattered in different localities. In general, they are quiet and peaceable, and have a reputation, even among the Tamils, for honest and generous business dealings. Their principal occupation is trade; they are merchants. They own plantations, too,

new record—confirming one thousand seven hundred persons, mostly babies, in one day. I began at nine in the morning and finished at six in the evening, with only a half hour out for lunch. Since the parents and one or two sponsors are present with every child to be confirmed, I calculate that there were well over ten thousand people in the church during the ceremonies. I confirmed about two hundred and fifty at a session, and as soon as the church was empty the crowds piled in again. It was a hard workout physically, but immensely consoling spiritually.

"I am very grateful for the very generous donation of Mass stipends that you sent me at the end of the

the whole island of Camiguin, has been in a state of disorganization. There have been no permanent pastors in any of the four parishes, frequently one priest being in temporary charge of two, or even of all four! Oftentimes there has not even been a temporary shepherd, but these missions were cared for by such visiting priests as could occasionally be spared from Cagayan. Mambajao was far from being abandoned during these ten years, but in all that time it has not had one steady hand at the helm. Hence it is disorganized. Yet, Mambajao is one of the largest towns in the Diocese of Cagayan. The people had long been begging for an American Jesuit Father, but none could be spared except an occasional visitor.

"But at last their prayers have been answered and Very Rev. Father Superior has decided that he can man the place, and has already stationed one American Father in Mambajao. Naturally, a place so long without a permanent shepherd is in great need of reorganization. But the sheep are most tractable, and responding readily to all requests and suggestions of their new leader. In fact, already after only a few weeks, Mambajao, spiritually, is booming."

\* \* \*

Father Vincent de Paul O'Beirne, S.J., recently appointed Pastor of Jasaan, writes of his new station:

"The first week I spent with Father John Pollock, S.J., my predecessor, listening most of the time. I am,

let me say, very fortunate to come into such a well organized parish. He was very methodical, a tremendous worker, and loved statistics. So his records, financial books, filing case, correspondence, are all in fine order, and you can go back year after year for five years and see just what has happened. How he managed to do all the work he did, I don't know. I shall try to give you some idea of it.

"Jasaan, formerly a municipality, is a *barrio* of Balingasag, situated along the coast almost south and a little west of Balingasag, and seventeen kilometers distant. On the other side, the next town is Tagoloan, fourteen kilometers, and then Cagayan, nineteen kilometers more. The parish is not very extensive along the coast, stretching eight kilometers towards Tagoloan to Villanueva (*barrio*), and six kilometers towards Balingasag to Kamatayan (*barrio*). I can reach either end of the parish in twenty minutes by auto (Ford station-wagon, 1930). There are five *barrios* along the coast—Bobontugan, Aplaya and Solana, plus the  
(Turn to page 196)



Fathers Eugene A. Gisel, S.J., Andrew F. Cervini, S.J., and Joseph A. Priestner, S.J., of the Maryland-New York Province of the Society of Jesus, who will sail this Summer for missionary work in the Philippines. As Scholastics before their Theology, these Fathers already taught in the Ateneo de Manila. In company with the Jesuit Scholastics featured on page 161 of the June issue of JESUIT MISSIONS, Father Gisel and Father Priestner sailed June 14 on the Canadian Pacific ocean liner, "Empress of Japan."

and paddy fields. A Moor is easily recognized by his shaven head, and the loud-colored *verty* (men's skirt) that he wears. Frequently, he is to be seen with the familiar Turkish fez hat; or with a cloth cap, somewhat equivalent—according to his wealth. The women are never seen on the streets."

## PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

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

"The Bishops, in a recent meeting at Manila, have decreed that all parents who continued to send their children to the Silliman Institute, an American Protestant College, should be refused the sacraments. Many of the graduates of Silliman are teachers in the public schools here, and bitterly anti-Catholic.

"In my visitation of Occidental Misamis, I confirmed eleven thousand persons, mostly babes in arms. In one town I had three thousand five hundred in three days. I think I set a

year. I am grateful for all you have done for the priests of this diocese. What you have done for them, you have done for me, and thus I am doubly grateful. May God reward you all!"

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Father John A. Pollock, S.J., whose new address is St. Nicolas Church, Catholic Rectory, Mambajao (Camiguin), Misamis, P. I., notes his change of address:

"Well, the change has taken place, effective the end of February, after five exceedingly happy, busy and more or less fruitful years in my beloved Jasaan. May the dear patient Lord forgive my many blunders, and reward those gentle patient sheep, who also overlooked the shortcomings of their shepherd.

"You may now announce that Father Vincent de Paul O'Beirne, S.J., is the new missionary in Jasaan, and that the Society has taken over Mambajao with me in the saddle as Pastor at Mambajao, and Vicar Forane of Camiguin Island.

"Since 1925, Mambajao, and indeed

# Links with the Past

James O.  
Fleming, S.J.

**L**AST Summer an interesting link was forged with the glorious past of the Canadian Indian Missions. It was the blessing of a church dedicated to St. Isaac Jogues, S.J., at Batchawana Bay on Lake Superior near Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario. The choice of one of our Martyrs was not due merely to devotion, but was made because of the historical fact that St. Isaac actually visited this district, though he did not remain to evangelize it.

A rather lengthy but very interesting excerpt from the "History of the Catholic Missions in the United States," by Gilmary Shea may be quoted here. At a great gathering of the tribes in Huronia for a "Feast of the Dead," some Chippewas from Lake Superior were so impressed by the missionaries they met there that they invited them to visit their country,—an invitation which was joyfully accepted. "By command of their Superior, two missionaries, Father Charles Raymbaut, thoroughly versed in the Algonquin customs and language, with Father Isaac Jogues, no less complete a Huron, were detached to visit them. On the seventeenth of June, 1641, they launched their canoes at the mission house of St. Mary's, and for seventeen days advanced over the crystal waters of the inland sea, amid the beautiful islands that stretch across the lake, clustering around the lake-gemmed Manitouline, so hallowed to the Indian's mind. When they reached the falls, they found two thousand Indians assembled there, and amid their joyful greetings, the missionaries gazed with delight on the vast field which lay before them. . . Earnestly did the Chippewas press the two Fathers to stay in their midst. 'We will embrace you,' said they, 'as brothers; we shall derive profit from your words;' but it could not be so. The paucity of missionaries in the Huron country did not yet permit the establishment of that distant mission. Raymbaut and Jogues could but plant the cross to mark the limit of their spiritual progress. . . After a short stay they returned to St. Mary's, and hopes were entertained of soon establishing a mission on Lake Superior; but Raymbaut shortly after fell a victim of the climate, while Jogues began in his own person a long career of martyrdom prelude the ruin of the Huron mission, the death of its apostles and the destruction of the tribe." (Pages 349-350)



*Blessing of the bell at Batchawana on August 19, 1934. Left to right: Father William Gagnier, S.J., veteran missionary among the Canadian Indians, Very Rev. Msgr. T. J. Crowley, Father Paul Prud'homme, S.J., and Father C. C. Fawcett of Sault Ste.-Marie, Ont.*

SO much for the event of the year 1641. Now let us turn to the present. On August 19, 1934, at the blessing of the new church, there were a number of things that bore a striking similarity to the event three hundred years before. First, of course, the identity of place and people. Again, there was the gathering of tribes, not, it is true, so numerous, yet equaling their ancestors by generosity and their disregard of suffering in their desire for the word of God. Many of the Indians had to journey over fifty miles, and one group over one hundred and fifty miles by boat, which meant, due to their primitive means of transportation, constant discomfort and hardship, especially in the obtaining of food on the way. Finally, the priest in charge of the mission has much in common with his predecessor, Saint Isaac Jogues. This latter was a native of France and a priest of the Society of Jesus who came to Canada to labor for the salvation of the Indians; in his boundless zeal no work was too trivial if it was a means to his lofty aim. Thus, we read among other achievements that he directed the building of Fort Ste. Marie, the site of the present Canadian shrine. Father Paul Prud'homme, who serves this mission of Batchawana Bay, is also a native of France and a priest of the Society of Jesus who came to Canada with the same noble purpose: to save souls; nor does he hesitate to stoop to any work which is of use in God's vineyard, as witness his procuring the necessary funds for his new church, and the manual labor he himself did, both in directing the construction of and even personally decorating the interior of his church.

May we not be pardoned for finding in these various coincidences an illustration, beautiful and inspiring, of the eternal vigor of our Church, which can in every age produce apostles and people differing in naught but the generation, in their zeal and generosity?

# BOOK REVIEWS

**Blood-Drenched Altars.** By Francis Clement Kelley. The Bruce Publishing Co., Milwaukee, Wisc. Price \$3.00.

An elaborate appraisal of the past and present in the Mexican Government's war upon religion. A book that makes vocal the pent-up thoughts of millions of Catholics and non-Catholics, irrespective of country and of race, and for the first time renders completely articulate the indignation of the entire civilized world. Against the Spanish and Mexican background, we are carried on from the conquest of Mexico by the *Conquistadores* to the quick results obtained by the Church in civilization, particularly in education and works of charity. Then beginning with the first revolt, we suddenly see upon the path of progress the slimy trail of the spirit of evil. The story is likewise an indictment, from which there can be no recoil, of interference in Mexican affairs by America and by the Spanish and York Masonic rites. The principle of greed alone can interpret the dance and counter-dance of presidents in the ebb and flow of Mexico's religious politics. Like a Daniel (not a Daniels) the Most Reverend Author points to the handwriting on the wall, the ultimate fate of Mexico, namely, a Mexican Russia, a democracy or annexation by the Colossus of the North. Documentation makes the book easy evidence for investigation by the Supreme Courts of every land, and yet one closes it feeling that while the author has won his case before the world and has even indicated the way out, still, not without reason did he insert the doctrine of Christ's Mystical Body and the law of sacrifice, inexplicable to the spirit of this world but clear to the Christian as it was to Bossuet when he wrote: "It is a law that the Church cannot take a step forward but what it costs her the life of her children. To establish her rights, she must let her blood flow in streams. Her Spouse has purchased her with His Blood and she must purchase His grace at a like cost."

**With Hearts Courageous.** By Edna Kenton. Liveright, Inc., New York, N. Y. Price \$2.00.

The tragic romance of the early French Jesuit missionaries among the Indians of North America, a story that will entertain our Catholic boys and girls, while inculcating a deep-rooted love and admiration for these blackrobed heroes, martyrs and saints. No better models can be offered for our youth in that religious idealism whose essence is that folly of the cross which a pagan world has long rejected, than these other Christs who lived and moved and had their being in the pioneering days of the

New World. We pray that the vivid recital of their lives with the Redskin and the innumerable details of Indian mythology, superstition, folklore, dress, food, dwellings, his dances, music and songs, his arts and crafts in peace and war, may be a long-standing memorial to the author's own diligence in research and her grasp of the psychology of youth.

**Gerard Raymond.** St. Anthony Guild Press, Paterson, N. J. Price \$2.00.

This little brochure of seventy-five pages, based on the diary of a Canadian school boy, is released to the world as an irrefragable proof that Christ still lives in the members of His Mystical Body and that grace can still triumph over nature and a pagan world. God has honored the family of M. Camille Raymond in their son and brother, and has honored Gerard Raymond by taking him unto Himself while still leaving him, through this ably edited document of his life, as a model of youth, one whose code of perfection consisted merely in converting the "terrible *quotidien*" or the daily monotony of life into a Jacob's ladder up which as on alternating rungs of love and sacrifice this beautiful creation ascended to his God.

**Principles of Ethics.** By Dom Thomas Verner Moore, Ph.D., M.D. J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia, Pa. Price \$3.00.

The present text is an admirable attempt to bring the principles of ethics down from the mount of vision into the valley of deed and from the heights of theory to the work-a-day hospital life of our student and graduate nurses. The general principles of law, moral responsibility, virtue and vice, the moral duties of man to himself, to other men, to the family, to the State and to his profession, the relation of religion and morality, and points in the history of medical and nursing ethics are clearly expounded and integrated with practical needs by honest, unequivocal statements of the most recent decisions from Rome, like those, for example, contained in the chapter on "The Morality of Certain Operations." A list of principles summarizes the contents of each chapter, and where there is need particular topics for discussion are added, taken from diaries kept for three months by ninety-five nurses. The items thus collected consist of 2,265 moral problems, 67 problems of etiquette and 100 questions as to the proper course of action in certain situations. The Reverend Author is to be congratulated on his endeavor to aid our Catholic nurses in adjusting their professional lives so as not to risk the loss of life eternal.

**Leadership Manual.** By Florence M. Hornback. St. Anthony Guild Press, Paterson, N. J. Price \$1.50.

A timely and scientific study of the modern study club idea replete with well balanced classifications and practical instances of leadership, organization, the adult learner and his handicaps, methods of study and the group meeting. This manual is a real contribution that will serve to orientate Catholic lay leaders in their approach to the growing and popular urge for adult education. There is no reason why Catholic adults like Catholic children should not continue to grow in wisdom and age and grace before God and man.

**Anti-Christ.** By Joseph Roth. The Viking Press, New York, N. Y. Price \$2.25.

A prophecy of the reign of Anti-Christ written by a prophet of the people. A remarkable instance of spiritual awareness reminiscent of the utterances of the Old Testament Seers. A message as far superior in its power for good to the literary trash which is being dumped like reeking produce on the book markets of today, as are the intentions of this visionary of the spirit to those of the spirit of evil and his minions. It is precisely as a warning and an exhortation that Anti-Christ may be recognized in all the shapes in which he appears, to wit: in Hollywood, the munition makers, the press, Communism and inventions, that this trumpet call has been sounded. We respectfully suggest that the author's next study of conditions be confined to the forces of Anti-Christ at work in our non-religious school systems, both public and private.

**Vita Christi.** By Mother St. Paul. Longmans, Green & Company, New York, N. Y. Price \$2.00.

Experience and the word of God teach us that our finite minds must often elevate themselves to the Infinite Mind in prayer, if we are ever to realize within us the moral idealism which it is our duty to attain. In "Vita Christi" Mother St. Paul offers our Catholic laity and Religious matter for contemplation on our Lord's public life for the time after Pentecost. Contemplation as here understood is not that act of the will by which we consent to allow the Holy Spirit to favor us as He may, but contemplation in the Ignatian sense involving all the faculties of the soul, reason, imagination, memory and will. It has been written that all wise interpretations of the Bible are Catholic. This is particularly true of "Vita Christi" which has within its pages the passport to eternal life.

**Fifty-six Years A Missionary in China.** By Mother St. Austin, S.A. Burns, Oates & Washbourne, Ltd., London, England. Price 5/-.

The spiritual romance of an aristocratic nature which found its real vocation only in the absolute sacrifice so distinctive of the Society of the Helpers of the Holy Souls, a triumph for grace and free will in one who to her latest breath with eyes and heart sought Golgotha. A rare apostle, to whose natural charm there was wedded an elusive radiance of other worldliness which continually netted souls for God, capturing both their affection and their supreme respect as the Madonna of Sen-mou-ieu. The story includes a wealth of intimate touches from the childhood days of Eugenie de Maurepas and from Notre Dame des Arts, her reactions to the first promptings of her vocation, her stirring novitiate during the terrors of the Commune, a background which fitted this brave and valiant woman for her life work at Zikawei, Shanghai, China, where in 1924, she merited for her admirable works, performed in accordance with the Institute of the Helpers of the Holy Souls, this tribute of Monseigneur Costantini, the Apostolic Delegate: "You have forestalled every wish of our Holy Father, the Pope. You have Chinese nuns and pagan schools besides the great mission works. May God bless such intelligent and far-seeing initiative." The pictures of the Presentandine or native nuns, sketches of the Morning Star College for pagan Chinese girls of the higher classes, and the beautiful oblations made at Pensionnat, the nursery garden of Chinese vocations make this biography an enduring tribute of praise not merely for the noble lady whose portrait is herein depicted but for that still more noble Society according to whose rule she so faithfully lived and died.

**The Walters Family.** By Florence M. Hornback. St. Anthony Guild Press, Paterson, N. J. Price \$2.50.

In this entertaining and very practical book we are given a portrait of family life in America, vividly, interestingly and with lofty purpose. The narrative pictures the normal family in the city or country, in its every day life, with its problems, troubles and joys, the devotion and affection, conflicts, developments and adjustments relative to each one of the members. We come in intimate contact with the sort of people we have rubbed elbows with practically all our lives, and are made aware of the latent poetry, the absorbing interest these lives invariably present. The narrative has depth of human appeal and is rich in dramatic episode. More than this, it is suggestive of ways and means of solving the problems most families must meet from day to day. The psychological study made of the ordinary happenings of life in a simple and sensible way, makes the

book interesting and of unusual practical benefit for our Catholic homes.

**Catholics in Colonial Days.** By Thomas P. Phelan, M.A., LL.D. P. J. Kenedy & Sons, New York, N. Y. Price \$2.50.

To aid Catholic students according to the mind of the Fathers of the Council of Baltimore as expressed in their Pastoral Letter of December 7, 1884, "to supply correct information to writers and speakers, to inform the Catholic laity of the glorious record of their forebears in the Faith, is the sole reason for sending forth this book." This purpose, the author has admirably achieved. The book is preeminently a tribute to a humble and diligent searcher after truth who has gone for his sources not only along the well-beaten thoroughfares of familiar authorities, but into the highways and byways, delving into multitudinous articles and culling from the files of forty years research, these glorious contributions of Catholics in colonial days. The whole is an orderly survey of a general field which is being broken up today into small parcels as ground for historical research, scientific studies and doctorate theses. We see the skeleton figures of our text book days rounded out with more generous, biographical data. The chaff of fiction is separated from the whole wheat of fact. Pre-Columbian claims are adjudicated, the loss of Canada clearly traced, and the position of Catholics established in Maryland, New York, Pennsylvania, Delaware, New Jersey, New England, Virginia and the southern colonies. In a word, despite the shameful bigotry and prejudice of Protestant enactments at law, Catholic influence at home and abroad was so pervasive during colonial days as to be of a piece with the part played by our country's immortal Catholic explorers.

**Pioneer Padre.** By Rufus Kay Wyllys. The Southwest Press, Dallas, Texas. Price \$3.00.

The present study of one who has been called "The greatest missionary in Spanish North America" is made by a writer whose admiration Padre Kino has undoubtedly captured. Yet, we feel that this respect is due rather to the Pioneer than to the Padre, for while the author notes the external effect of Kino's priestly labors, nevertheless, he is far from appreciating completely the religious spirit that motivated this missionary dynamo. It is this same lack of spiritual insight and sympathy that is responsible for many flashes of intemperate and unscientific criticism of the Catholic Church and the Jesuits, and in particular for the unintelligent and undocumented charge that the Company of Jesus was guilty of "often setting aside the requirements of Mother Church" (page 26). As a complete life study of "The Padre on Horseback" the book is a contribution valuable for its quotations from manuscripts, private sources, scientific material, and spe-

cial articles and documents as listed in Appendix B, as well as for the chronological order of Kino's journeys given in Appendix A. For the author's many and uncompromising tributes to his hero and for his eloquent *Anohecida* every Catholic will thank him.

**A Saint in The Slave-Trade.** By Arnold Lunn. Sheed & Ward, New York, N. Y. Price \$2.50.

These pages are the product of a bold mind and a brave spirit who fears not to grapple with one of the most difficult topics in the arena of debate, namely, the question of slavery. Likewise, linked up as this subject is with the world's most terrible problem, that of human suffering, the reader will not be surprised to find this life of Claver impregnated with philosophical theories on the nature, purpose and conquest of pain. Again, a summons to judgment is served upon the modern world, bidding it remember that the State exists for individuals and not individuals for the State, and that the individual must not be lost sight of against the background of mass averages and health statistics. The book is both helpful and apologetic, and the author's penchant for clear distinctions is nowhere better realized than in his differentiations between infallibility, omniscience and inerrancy, and again between pagan and Christian slavery. The author notes the greater advantages of the slaves under a Catholic regime than under a Protestant, and in general the greater success of Catholic missions in identifying themselves with the needs of the people. He plays with the mind of William James, both that of James the greater and James the less, much as a school master might play with an illogical pupil. The volume ends with a valuable supplement on The Conquest of Happiness, The Conquest of Pain, The Flight from Pity, Catholic Humanism and Catholic Sanctity. The author has not been sufficiently inured to the spirit of the Jesuits to appreciate the fact that St. Peter Claver not merely submitted to the exactions of obedience in external execution, but also anticipated the least wish of his Superiors. No other type of obedience is compatible with his evident humility. After their perusal of "A Saint in The Slave-Trade," non-Catholic readers will admit with James what Catholics inherited as their birthright, namely, the knowledge that "the folly of the cross though so inexplicable to the intellect, has yet its indestructible, vital meaning."

**"How to Pick a Successful Career,"** and **"Pardon My Manners."** By Daniel A. Lord, S.J. The Queen's Work Press, St. Louis, Mo. Ten cents each.

Another vindication of the truth that success is planned.

Christ, the Gentleman, and Mary, the first Christian lady, contrasted with Usa Straightarm, Isabelle Heedless, Ivan Heavytread and Mrs. I. Gofer Show.

## MINDANAO

### MUSTARD SEEDS

(Continued from page 173)

chapel. Now, ninety-nine cents may seem a ridiculously small sum. Yet, that is the cost price paid for this cathedral. At that, the cost went mostly into food for the workmen on the days when they were gathering the bamboo trees, wood and rattan for the altar. We used rattan instead of nails in binding the beams.

I have called the Chapel of San Isidro and San Jose our mustard seed. From it have already grown twenty-three Baptisms, ten of these being converts from the pagan tribe in the mountains. Undoubtedly, this is but a promise of more to come, and as we descended the zig-zag trail, clearly outlined by a gleaming moon smiling down on these farm lands of God, we could not help but reflect that though we sowers of earth may work, it is the Husbandman of Heaven Who alone can give increase.

### AN OPEN LETTER

#### TO MY NIECE

(Continued from page 175)

trying to be interested. "Where did you get it?"

"That crucifix kept me in the Catholic Faith," he went on, apparently not heeding my query. "When the other Father was leaving, the Father who baptized us, I asked him when he would come back. He said he did not know, as he was too ill to carry on the work of the mission.

"I was very sad when I heard this, and I asked him if he was deserting us. He assured me that God would never desert us. Then he gave me this crucifix. 'Hang it over your door,' he said, 'and let it remind you that if I cannot return, then another Father will come to look after you.'

"I hung the crucifix where you see it now, just where he told me to hang it, over the door. And I was very happy at first, for I thought that Father would soon return or someone else would surely come. But the weeks passed. Weeks turned into months, but we heard no news of a Father coming to us. My pagan relatives laughed at us,

at me and my sons. They told us we were fools for becoming Catholics, for by so doing we had been excluded from pagan marriages and festivals, and now we were deserted by our own *guru* (teacher). The Protestant catechists talked to my sons and advised them to join the Protestant mission. My sons and I could not answer all their arguments, but I said: 'Wait! That crucifix there is a pledge that God will not forsake us. A priest will come.' Thus I counseled them, but in my heart I was becoming very sad. How much longer would we have to wait? I prayed every day and asked God not to forsake us. My sons grew impatient. They said that since we had no one to look after us, it would be better to become Protestants than return to paganism. So I said to them: 'Very well, but which Protestant religion will you join? There are four different Protestant religions in this district and the adjoining one, and no two of them agree, neither with one another nor with the Catholic religion. Therefore, we may as well stay where we are.' They could not answer this argument, so they kept quiet. But it was hard, Father, oh so hard, to go on hoping and praying when there seemed no hope.

"Then you came. And the first time you said Mass here I wept, wept for sheer joy. God had not deserted us. He had sent us a priest."

L ODO ceased speaking. I looked up at the crucifix, that incontestible reminder of God's love for man. But somehow I could not see it distinctly. My eyes were filling with tears. "God, what an abominable coward you have chosen to be Your priest!" I said in my heart, and hung my head in shame.

Lodo relit his cheroot and continued: "Do not be angry with John, Father, on account of that marriage. He is a fool. We Santals are great fools. He will repent, you will see. This marriage had been arranged long before John's family was baptized. It was a good match and Monjelu would not hear of breaking it, and John's father would have had to return the wedding presents and the money, a

thing he was unable to do. We shall pray for them, and you will see that some day his sister's husband will become a Catholic."

I stared at the flickering fire. There was a lump in my throat and I could not trust my voice. This convert from paganism, who had never seen a book of theology, had more faith, more trust in Providence, than I, an anointed priest of God. For very shame I dared not look at that crucifix. It seemed to me that Christ was chiding me through the words of Lodo. He had sent me, His priest, in answer to the prayers of these people, to console them and help them. And I, forgetful of my commission, had set myself up as their judge.

"You are tired, Father, I shall leave you," said Lodo, as he rose from his place. I bade him good-night and then sought the footpath in the grove,—this time to say my rosary while I reflected on the five Sorrowful Mysteries.

T O my surprise, over twenty people were present at Mass the next morning. Lodo had notified two Catholic families that lived in Bherni, about one and a half miles distant, and they had eagerly come to hear Mass. Eight of the congregation went to confession and received Holy Communion.

Mass was said under a thatched roof used as a shelter for cattle during the rains. The congregation was seated on straw that had been strewn over the ground for the purpose. Several calves bawled lustily from a pen nearby. The air was redolent,—and not of roses.

"God created the universe," I said to myself, "and then shows a marked preference for a stinking man-made cowstable." Perhaps it was my Guardian Angel who prompted the accompanying reflection that man makes a stinking cowstable and then thinks he is the lord of the universe.

No sooner had I finished the Consecration than I began to experience a sort of fear, not a dread, nor a fright, but such a reverential fear as comes from the realization that one is in the presence of overwhelming greatness. This is a poor description of what I actually felt, but

I shall not attempt any analysis. The Divine Act of the Mass, if I recall Newman correctly, proceeds swiftly. It is not the time nor the occasion for the priest to indulge in reverie nor self-reflection. But I do remember distinctly that one idea came clearly before my mind, as clearly as the forked lightning in the stormy sky,—Lodo had prayed and hoped that a priest would come. The crucifix had been the pledge and the anchor of his hope. The Crucified Christ was answering that prayer, answering it with all the generosity of a God. He had sent His priest. I am that priest. But I am here not for anything I can give from myself, but because the Divine Victim and High Priest wishes to renew His Sacrifice in Lodo's house, nay, will give Himself to Lodo and his children and to these Catholics who have placed their trust in Him. I felt that I was at one and the same time a participant in and a spectator of a Divine Drama, the Drama of Christ's love for man.

ONE by one those eight persons approached to receive the Body and Blood of Christ under the Sacramental veil,—Christ giving Himself to them, to each one personally, by my own hand. At each Communion, I felt that some Voice said to me: "Is it worth while working for such as these? See what God thinks of them."

While I was packing my Mass kit after Mass, Lodo said to me:

"Now that you have come to stay amongst us, do you intend to take the crucifix away? The other Father said I should leave it over my door till a priest came to us."

This suggestion was an astounding one. This Lodo seemed to drop thunderbolts from his lips. I looked at him in amazement for a long minute, and then I replied:

"No, Lodo, that crucifix will stay there till we can build in Parhao a house of God."

"You mean you will build a church here?" asked Lodo, his eyes glistening with excitement.

"That is what I mean, Lodo, a church," I answered. "We Catholics are few in number now in Parhao village, and I have no money

with which to build a church. But with such faith as I have seen here, we shall not only get the money to build a church, but we shall get the converts to fill the church."

"Do you hear what the Father says?" exclaimed Lodo, turning to the small group that surrounded us. "We are to have a church here in Parhao, a real church of our own."

After a morning cup of tea and



*His Excellency, Bishop Bernard J. Sullivan, S.J., who has returned to Patna Mission, India, after some months spent in Europe and the United States in the interests of his Mission.*

some *chapatties*, I strapped my kit onto the carrier, gave my blessing to the small congregation, and departed. But before I left Parhao I searched the grass at the foot of a certain tree till I found a ball of crumpled paper. I carefully straightened it out and put it into my pocket. "If faith can bring a priest to Parhao," I said to myself, "then it can build a church in Parhao; and if it can build a church it can also build a Girls' Boarding School and bring Sisters to conduct it."

And there, Betty, you have the story of a missionary who was struggling through a storm, with no

one near him to whom he could confide his troubles and difficulties. And when all seemed lost, and further effort seemed useless, he met Christ coming to him, walking upon the waters. You have read a page from the diary of a missionary, a page neither you nor anyone else ever would have seen were it not that you are thinking of becoming a missionary Sister and seem to be afraid of what may happen to you.

Your affectionate Uncle.

P. S. I forgot to tell you that Parhao now has a church of its own capable of seating nearly two hundred people, and that there are at present nearly one hundred Catholics in that little congregation. Now, all that is left for the Lord to donate through some kind friend is the Girls' Boarding School.

#### PAGAN LEPERS AND CATHOLIC PRAYERS (Continued from page 181)

"Tell him about Baptism," said I. "That it will make him a Christian and bring him to Heaven."

Tony answered rather sharply. "I told him that you are a man of Jesus Christ Who died to bring us to Heaven. I told him you can bless him, and that it is Baptism that will make him a Christian, and he is sorry for all his sins. Go ahead, baptize him, he is ready."

WELL, it took us less than an hour. We baptized him Joseph for a happy death. Then I noticed he was saying something to me in Chinese. Tony explained:

"He is thanking you."

He settled down as peacefully as a child, was soon unconscious, and passed away that evening with every sign of a death of the just.

The whole thing was done by the little Sister and the Holy Angels, but they work, of course, by means of the Sisters. Our Sisters are doing wonderful things. Their holy vocation is one of the greatest schemes in God's plan of grace. That is the way God hears our holy prayers, through His Holy Angels, and by means of the Sisters. Pray that more and more of them will come to our Moros, our Chinese and our Japanese, for we have many such lepers and other pagans, too.

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(Continued from page 190)

two mentioned above—and twelve stations in the hills; Claveria, one of them, a municipality and probably as large as Jasaan itself, is the furthest, twenty-five kilometers. These must be reached on horse-back. Cagayan is thirty-three kilometers away, and par for the trip is fifty minutes. You might imagine the parish to be Oyster Bay, New York, covering from Locust Valley to Cold Spring Harbor, and going back as far as Hicksville, about the year 1910, with a Ford jitney for transportation. That would give a fair idea of the distance in time.

"But what a difference in the amount of work! A priest here does more work (spiritual) in a year, than probably half the priests on Long Island put together did in 1910. Here are some figures for the year 1934: Baptisms, 556; marriages, 113; confessions, 25,000; Communions, 51,800; priests, 1. Besides, there is a Seventh Grade Parochial School, recognized by the Government. The population of Jasaan is about 2,500, twenty-five per cent of whom are under twelve years, (4,000 Communions a month); the whole parish has about 8,000 Communions monthly, and the school about 300. The coast *barrios* are visited once a month, Saturday afternoons for the Holy Hour and Sunday for Mass; the fifth *barrio* gets the fifth Sunday or a week-day. At Bobontugan, I had 193 Communions, at Aplaya 79.

"The *barrio* program is something like this: you arrive at 4:30 Saturday afternoon, start confessions, baptize when the babies have all arrived, begin the Holy Hour, leave the altar for the confessions (a Promoter of the League leads the prayers and hymns), return to the altar, recite the *Pagbayad*—I mean the Act of Reparation—and give benediction. Return home for supper. Sunday morning, confessions at Jasaan at 5:30, Communion at 6:00, to the *barrio* for Mass, return about 8:30 for Mass at Jasaan, breakfast at 9:30, Baptisms at 10:00. Then you have nothing

to do till 5:00 P.M. Rosary and benediction, or Stations at 7:15.

"The two big days of the month at Jasaan are First Friday and the nineteenth, the latter being devoted each month to St. Joseph. They are spaced nicely, and we have about five hundred Communions on each day. This month, March 19, the number may be higher."

## IRAQ

Very Rev. William A. Rice, S.J., Rector of Baghdad College, gives a few familiar touches of life in Baghdad:

"If this dust storm continues, I shall have to call it a day—or try to find some air-tight compartment where the dust cannot enter, and continue this letter. Already, I've dusted this typewriter off five times, and it looks now as if I had allowed the dust of several months to accumulate on it. This one is not as bad as the one we had a month ago. You will find the statistics in the coming *Baghdadi* (if it ever is published). From our courtyard we gathered four hundred and fifteen pounds of dust! And Father Joseph Merrick computed about two thousand tons and more to the square mile! But, we cannot complain. In comparison with our first year here we are having a wonderful time. Then, we were getting dust storms almost every week; now, they will come once in a month or two.

First, I want to thank you for the Mass stipends and the accompanying check. I'll see that they are paid in the month of June as requested.

"Then I want to tell you that the *Baghdadi* is in press, has been there for two weeks, and the printers have about twelve pages set up! The entire thing will take thirty-two pages, with the cuts, so you can figure out how long it will take . . . especially as the Boss Printer told me yesterday that he did not think he had enough type for the thirty-two pages. He thought he had enough for sixteen, but was not quite sure about the thirty-two! So that when he prints the sixteen pages he

will have to scramble his type and start all over again for the remaining sixteen. I'll leave you to imagine what compliments Father Madaras is making these days on the ways and methods of printing in Iraq. When the cuts were made (Father Madaras had made them exactly twice the size and had put down on his drawings, 'Reduce one half'), it was found that some one had made a mistake—they were made too big for the line (I suppose they had enlarged them twice, instead of reducing them . . .), and they had to be made all over again!

"Friday, we celebrated the feast of St. Ignatius. The Chaldean Patriarch was invited to say Mass for us in our little chapel. Of course, the boys could not fit into the chapel—it will hold only about a dozen. But there was plenty of room in the yard, and with the doors of the chapel opened, they could all see perfectly well what was going on. The Patriarch, of course, said Mass in his own liturgical language, Chaldean, the same language, some scholars say, that our Lord used when he talked to the people of Jerusalem and Judea, and Galilee. He would not have them sitting far away from him. He would have them near so that he might make his talk the more familiar. And so he waved to them, '*Talu, aulaadi!*' ('come closer, boys!') All crowded close about him, and for twenty minutes he spoke to them on Catholic education.

\* \* \*

Father Frank Sargeant, S.J., writing from Baghdad College, Iraq, says:

"From the roof you can look down on the road that runs from Baghdad to Sulaikh, and there you can see the most varied assortment of living things—human and dumb—that can be seen anywhere. East and West, Occident and Orient, Ancient and Modern, Christian and Moslem and Jew—all mingle to make what would be a first-class movie reel. There are braying donkeys and camels and *arabanas* and automobiles and trucks and bicycles; there are Arabs in their native dress and natives in the latest Hollywood dress; men with long robes and ladies veiled except for a little peekhole; young boys driving their donkeys to work and others crawling to school with their books under their arms; peddlers carrying their wares (if you can call garden produce that) in baskets on their heads and ladies walking gracefully along with several jars balanced on their crowns; now and then fully armed policemen riding by with their rifles slung from the saddle; dogs and children aplenty. Out on the river the circular *gufas* floating down toward Baghdad or huge rafts called *kallaks*, piled with bags of produce for the city, and sailboats and sometimes a motor launch. I think that I have never seen more color and variety gathered in one place. The world flows by our door at Sulaikh."

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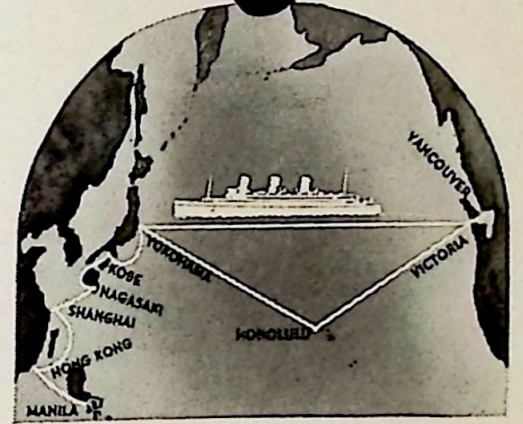
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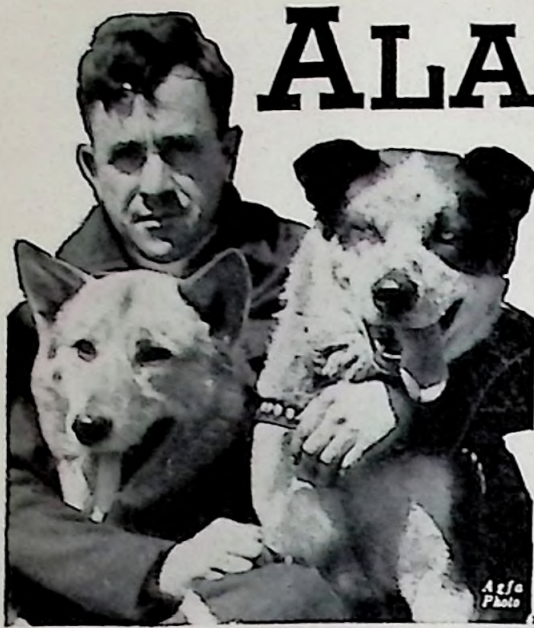
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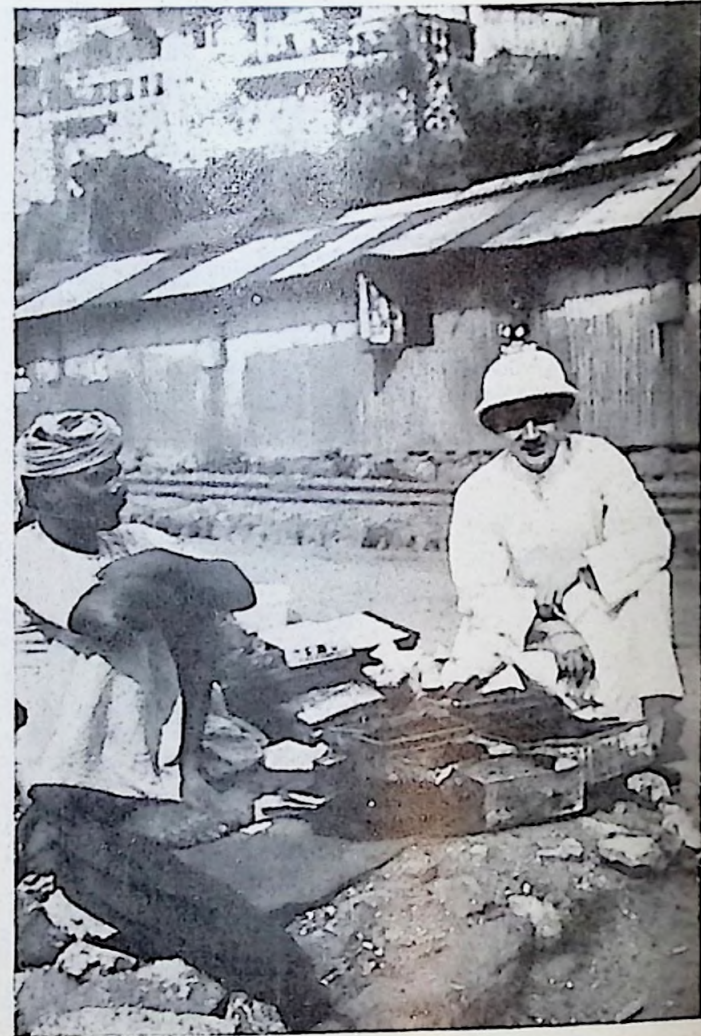
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